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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME IX.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1854.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
329 & 331 PEARL STREET.

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ADVERTISEMENT.—VOLUME IX.

In bringing to a close the Ninth Volume of Harper's New Monthly Magazine, the Publishers gladly renew their acknowledgments to the Press and the Public for the continued and increasing favor which has rewarded their exertions.

Although the Publishers have been obliged to devote no small portion of their attention to the re-establishment of other departments of their business, they are confident that the Volume now completed will show that the interests of the Magazine have not been neglected. The Illustrations exceed, both in number and expense, those furnished in any previous Volume, while the literary matter has been selected from a field continually widening. The mechanical execution has been less immediately under their personal supervision than heretofore, yet the general appearance of the Magazine has not materially suffered. The Publishers are happy to announce that the manufacturing portion of their establishment has now been reconstructed on a scale of much greater amplitude and completeness than before; and they are confident that the succeeding Volumes of the Magazine will be produced in a more attractive form than any that have appeared.

The Publishers have abundant reason to believe that no change is demanded in the general principles upon which the Magazine has been conducted. It has subserved no sectional or party interests; and not an article has been admitted into its pages to which any reasonable or just exception could be taken. The strict oversight that has secured this result will still be maintained. The Magazine will, as heretofore, be in all respects National, and not Sectional. The purpose of its Publishers will continue to be to present the best productions of American and Foreign Literature in the most attractive form. The series of Illustrated Articles already prepared for the next Volume exceed in number and interest any that they have presented, and the number of contributors from whom articles have been secured has been greatly augmented. The Editorial Department will present its accustomed variety, embracing every topic of interest, from the gravest discussion and criticism to the most piquant details of gossip and anecdote.

The Publishers feel warranted, from the materials now in their possession, in assuring the subscribers to the Magazine that the next Volume will, in every point of interest, exceed any one that they have heretofore produced.

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PALACE OF THE KHANS OF THE CRIMEA.

THE STEPPES, ODESSA, AND THE CRIMEA.

WE passed a week very pleasantly at Bucharest, watching the many-colored tide of life which flows through its broad streets. At first we could hardly persuade ourselves that we were not in Paris or Vienna. The French, if the worst colonists, are the best pioneers of civilization in the world. Farewell to the still life of the Orient when its territories are invaded by Parisian cooks and modistes. French modes, French manners, and above all, the French language, saluted us every where. But the old customs and forms have not surrendered without a struggle; they still manifest themselves in picturesque contrast with their successors. In one corner of a splendid saloon fitted up like a Parisian drawing-room grave bearded old Boyards, in long fur pelisses, recline, calmly smoking the pipe of tranquillity; while the centre is occupied with gay groups attired in Parisian modes hardly three months old, whirling in the waltz, the polka, or the schottische, or chatting of those infinite nothings of society, for which the French language is the only vehicle. Servants in the rich half-oriental Albanian costume bear about perfumed waters to bathe the hands of the visitors; or with native grace replenish the bubbling narguilles of the sedate smokers. But every where it is evident that the new modes are gaining ground on the old. With the present generation the race of the old Wallach Boyards will become extinct. This transition is undoubtedly for the best, although attended with manifold evils. Weeds are of more rapid growth than corn, and the vices of a new form of life make themselves apparent earlier than its virtues. Bucharest has justly acquired the reputation of being the most licentious city in Europe. Gambling, in particular, is carried to an enormous extent.

Few things strike one at first more than the profusion of equipages. No person of any pretensions ever walks. One must have a carriage to cross the street. The fashion has partly arisen from the cheapness with which an equipage can be maintained, and partly from the condition of the streets, which are always knee deep in mud, or choked with dust. The few where any attempt at paving has been made, are merely floored over with logs and planks; they go by the name of *ponti*, or "bridges," and are in reality uneven bridges floating on rivers of filth. The public promenade, where the world of Bucharest shows itself most religiously every evening, is a drive through a street, alternately choked with dust and buried in mud. "*Ici*," said a Frenchman to me, "*les jambes sont du luxe; les voitures, au contraire, sont le nécessaire.*" It is quite true; nobody can afford to walk. One may lodge where he will, but he must ride.

The census shows a Jewish population of but about five thousand. We should have supposed there were five times as many. They are omnipresent. Go where you will, you are met by the broad-brimmed hat, rusty gabardine, and flowing beard of the Israelite, which announce to you

the presence of one who is ready to be your servant. He is your slave waiting for orders; or rather he is the slave of your purse. The piasters in your pocket are a magnet, a charm, which binds him to you. You can scarcely touch one, even unconsciously, without bringing before you some of these haunting spirits, as the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp summoned its subject genii. A most serviceable spirit is the Israelite at Bucharest. He can speak to you in half a dozen languages, so that you must be as ignorant of all tongues, other than your own vernacular, as are the ministers whom we send to represent us at foreign courts, if he can not find some medium of communication with you. Of English he is very likely ignorant; but he speaks German and French as a matter of course, and very likely Spanish and Italian, besides the dialects spoken in the city. He knows every body, every place, and every thing—and all that he has and is stands at your disposal, for a very moderate sum—and he will receive any amount of anger and contempt that you feel disposed to inflict, into the bargain. If you feel disposed to add blows, he will avoid them indeed if he can; but he does not dream of resenting them, or of ceasing to proffer his services.

If he is yours you are none the less his, and sooner or later he is sure to come into possession of his own. The sooner you surrender the better for you. He haunts you like a shadow—not obtrusively or importunately, but insinuatingly, persistently. You descend to your carriage, and he is at the door; you turn the corner of a street, and before you have gone twenty paces you see his tall figure on your track, or starting up from some nook in your front. You form a wish, and he stands before you ready to execute it. If by any chance you have employed him for the slightest service, you have bound yourself to him during your stay.

We luckily fell into the hands of old Mordecai, who had pointed out to us the entrance to the baths on our arrival. When we emerged from the cavernous entrance, we saw him standing within a few paces, his tall figure bent forward in an attitude of humility, which yet somehow seemed free from servility. Heaven knows whether he had loitered there all the while we were passing through the Inferno, the Purgatorio, and the Paradiso of a Turkish bath. He had wisely waited for his fee till after we had bathed, and had become comfortable and benevolent. In the beatitude of the moment we of course could not avoid crossing his withered palm with a few paras. He followed us all that day and the next, as noiselessly and unobtrusively as our shadows, never addressing us, but still contriving to let us know that he was at our service. He seemed to have an instinctive premonition whither we were going. We found him awaiting us at the Cathedral gate, at the entrance of the Hall of Assem-



GIPSIES IN BUCHAREST.



GIPSY DOG-KILLERS.

bly, by the foot of the ruined tower of Coltza, which commemorates the occupation of the spot by the mad Swede, Charles XII. For two whole days we resisted the mute offers of his services; but he waited his time, and on the third morning it came.

"Major," said I to my companion, "I must get two or three dollars' worth of piasters and paras." We had both assumed the military rank which we had attained in the militia at home; and perhaps we had brevetted ourselves to two or three grades above those that strictly belonged to us—a wise precaution in Russia, where all rank is military.

"*Ya, wohl, Oberst,*" replied Brown, who was fond of airing his German vocabulary, which was no very protracted operation.

Scarcely had the words passed his lips when I heard a guttural voice at my elbow, in broken yet quite intelligible Teutonic:

"*Erlauben mir, Ihro Ex'ln'sch, gefäll'gscht, Ihro an ein'n Wechschl'r weisch'n?*"—which in corresponding English might run something thus: "Vill his Exshelensh pleash let me show him to an Exshanger?"

"*Ya, wohl*—Very well," replied Brown, proud of having made himself understood by a foreigner, as I nodded assent; and our bearded friend took possession of us. He led us to a brother Israelite, who sat chinking his coin in a dingy little shop. For a certain per centage he speedily transmuted our good honest silver into the brassy-looking small change of the place. A couple of piasters placed in his palm speedily set honest Mordecai's eyes rolling with an expression of benediction, as though he were imploring upon us the good offices of all his forefathers, down to the time of the princely Abraham.

For the remaining four days of our stay at Bucharest we yielded ourselves wholly to his direction; and to do him justice, he proved himself a most unexceptionable cicerone. Under his guidance we ventured to discard our carriage, and to penetrate the muddy suburbs where the poor Wallachs who go on foot, and do not wear Parisian coats, eat their Indian porridge and drink their fiery plum brandy, as their forefathers had done before them. We peered into the squalid huts where generations of keen-eyed gipsies herd together, in rags and filth, under which not unfrequently were disguised forms and features of wonderful beauty, with those delicate hands which speak of their Hindoo origin.

Among the most characteristic sights presented in the suburbs was the manner in which the destruction of the superabundance of the lean and wolfish dogs common to all the East is effected. A stout gipsy drags along behind him the carcass

of a dog just killed; not far behind follows another, armed with a huge club, with his eyes bent upon the ground, puffing away at a long pipe, as though quite unconscious of the proceedings of his confederate. From every lane and alley, out of every hole and corner, from behind every hillock and heap of rubbish, rush out the acquaintances and friends of the dead hero. Old veterans scarred with a hundred wounds abandon the half-gnawed bone or mutilated cat which their prowess has secured, and rush barking and yelling around their enemy; young aspirants join in the cry and pursuit, and a wailing arises like that which went up from the Dardan gates when, as Homer sings, the "divine Achilles" dragged his slain foe around the walls of Troy. The dragger of the slain pursues his steady way, followed by his imperturbable compeer. The canine throng, gathering courage from numbers and their own cries, press nearer and nearer. The leader at length comes within reach of the bludgeon of the hindmost gipsy. Swift as lightning, and inevitable as fate, it descends upon his skull; a smothered howl, and another canine shade is sent to bear company with the slain Hector. The throng scatter affrighted, only to be gathered again at the next turning. At evening the pair of gipsies proceed to the magistrate to render an account of the day's slaughter, and receive the stipulated price per head.

At length the day for our departure arrived. In the gray morning our old *caroussi* lumbered up to the door, with its long file of shaggy ponies. Early as it was, old Mordecai was there, with his head bowed in his usual humble attitude. A few coins pressed rather than flung into his lean hand, brought up a look of gratitude that would have been cheap at tenfold the sum. His face wore a look of proud humility as he pressed his hand to his breast with that Oriental grace and dignity which befitted his lofty lineage rather than his humble fortunes. Poor old Mordecai, I fear it was but seldom that the few piasters he so patiently earned were not embittered with curses and blows.

Day was still struggling with night as we dashed through the muddy *ponti* into the broad marshy steppe, whose unbroken green surface stretched all around. That greensward must be now sadly tracked by the wheels of the Russian artillery, and reddened with the gore of the poor peasantry, slaughtered in a quarrel not their own. Muscovite or Moslem—fire or frying-pan: between two such alternatives the poor Wallachs have but a sorry choice. As the sun arose we turned to take a last look at Bucharest, whose hundred spires, rising above the low banks of vapor, gleamed red in its level beams.

Noon found us fording a river, with an unpronounceable name, whose turbid and swollen current gave evidence that a storm had been raging to the north and east. Not long after we came within view of a range of hills, their summits wreathed with sullen black clouds. At length we came within range of the storm. The rain came down in one long, heavy, continuous shower. The level green plains were speedily transformed into a marsh, where our wheels sank up to the axles.

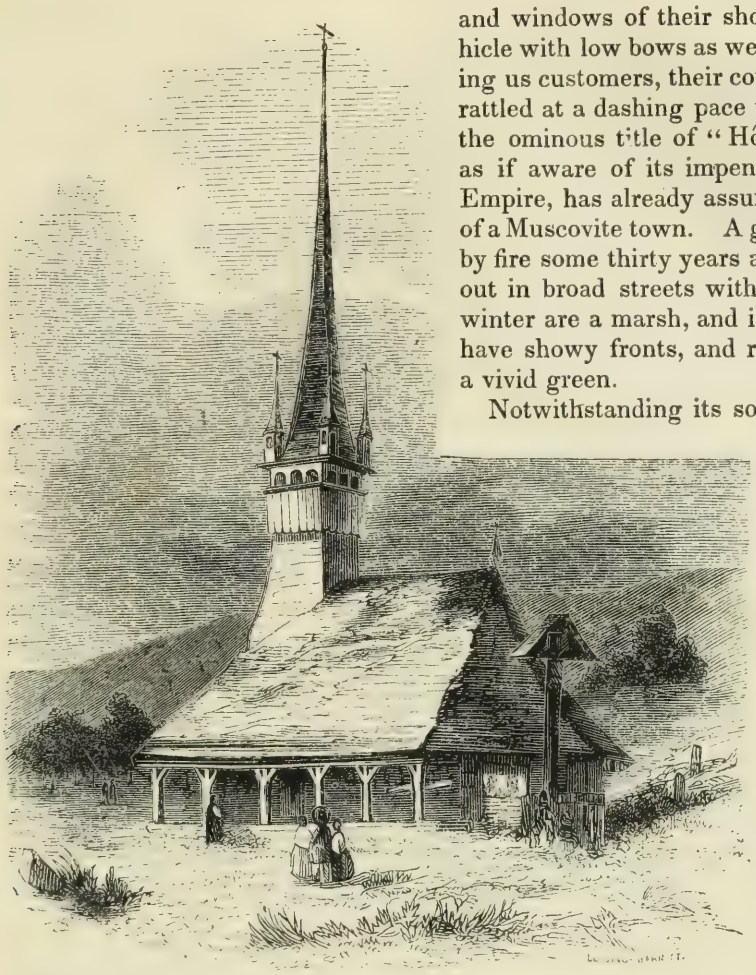
Of the three days' journey through the rain, all my recollections are mingled into a confused mass. I must have dozed nearly all the while. I remember that we passed two or three gangs of wandering gipsies encamped under their ragged black tents. Through the thick smoke we could catch glimpses of half-clad figures of both sexes and all ages, crouched around smouldering fires made of half sodden weeds and brambles, glaring at us from under their matted locks. I remember also passing two or three caravans of the great wagons of the steppes, with their long trains of oxen laboriously making their way through the mire. One, I think, had given up in despair; the cattle had been turned loose to graze, and the drivers were smoking around a fire under a sort of awning stretched between two wagons.

Now and then I was aroused from my doze by an extra jolt as we plunged into a ditch, or by the redoubled cries of our postillions as they frantically urged their tired horses up some steep bank, and found myself and my companion sitting in the damp straw, our shoulders braced together, clutching mechanically the rough sides of the vehicle.

The post-stations where we exchanged horses were solitary huts of clay and reeds, standing in green oceans of herbage. Close by was an open inclosure, in which a troop of horses stood closely huddled together, with the rain streaming down their shining sides. Half mechanically we showed our tickets to the captain of the post, without alighting, while the exchange of horses was made; then dropped the expected *bacchis* into the hand of the expectant official as he returned our ticket. I suppose the amount was satisfactory, for I have a dim recollection of always hearing a "*mestge currint*," as the postillions, vaulting into their wet saddles, sent forth their long piercing cry, flourishing their whips with superhuman vigor.

Now and then we were aware that we were passing a village, and in a more genial mood we might have paused to admire the rustic churches, whose slender steeples rose in the leaden air above the quaint peaked roofs. One night we slept upon a heap of steaming hay in the corner of a leaky post-hut. The next night, darkness had long set in as with infinite difficulty we forded a muddy stream and toiled up a steep bank into a village, where we found a hotel, with a water-tight roof. This village was called Rimnik. Hard by was an old Turkish castle built of brick. Here, we were told, Suwarrow gained one of his great victories, from which he received his title of Count, or Baron, or Prince, or something else, of Rimnik. It must have been just before the "crowning mercy" of Ismail. Next day we came to a river running through the centre of a little village. This was Fokshani, the frontier town of Wallachia and Moldavia, one half belonging to each Principality.

Wait long enough and the end will come. The close of our storm came at last. A bright sky



VILLAGE CHURCH, WALLACHIA.

and windows of their shops, saluting our mud-stained vehicle with low bows as we passed. If they anticipated finding us customers, their courtesy was all thrown away. We rattled at a dashing pace up to a pretentious hotel, bearing the ominous title of "Hôtel de St. Petersbourg." Jassy, as if aware of its impending absorption into the Russian Empire, has already assumed something of the appearance of a Muscovite town. A great part of the city was destroyed by fire some thirty years ago. The new town has been laid out in broad streets with immense squares, which in the winter are a marsh, and in summer a Sahara. The houses have showy fronts, and roofs painted, in Russian taste, of a vivid green.

Notwithstanding its sounding name and showy appearance, our hotel was deficient in sundry appliances of comfort, for which we would willingly have bartered any amount of display. For beds we had our choice between a billiard-table and a naked couch stuffed with straw. For sundry reasons connected with certain entomological researches which we instituted, I chose the former, while Brown determined to make trial of the latter. On comparing notes in the morning, it was agreed that I had made the wiser choice; the bites were worse than the bruises. I doubt whether the whole establishment could boast of the luxury of a pair of sheets; and the ordinary appurtenances of ablution were no more to be had than the philosopher's stone.

greeted us upon our first morning in Moldavia, and a warm sun dried the wet hay in which we were seated, and sent comfort through our benumbed limbs. The country also began to assume a more interesting aspect. The line of the horizon was broken by a range of rounded hills, and a tree here and there relieved the monotony of the landscape. Still our progress was but slow, for the whole country had been flooded, and the plains were one morass, through which our spirited little animals, who seemed aware that we had bestowed a liberal *bacchis* upon their riders, could hardly drag our carriage.

Our course lay in a northeastern direction, through a broad valley watered by the river Birlat. There seemed to be no very definite road; the plain was tracked in every direction by wheel-ruts plowed deeply in the soft soil. They were filled with water, and looked like miniature canals. It was with a sensation of positive pleasure that, on the second day after our entrance into Moldavia, we found ourselves ascending a long sandy hill, with clumps of fine trees at intervals studding its slope. Arrived at its summit, we beheld at its opposite foot the spires and bright green roofs of Jassy, the capital of the Principality. To the east arose a fine range of hills, affording a pleasant contrast with the wide steppe which environs Bucharest.

Of Jassy we saw but little. The water still stood knee-deep in the streets through which we drove. Jewish tradesmen flocked to the doors

The Moldavian capital lies but two short stages from the river Pruth, which for the last two-score years has formed the nominal boundary between the dominions of the Czar and the Sultan. For so long a time the wave of Muscovite advance has been checked. With the wealth of the Golden Horn and the sunny seas of the Ægean in full view; with Constantinople, the most brilliant prize ever offered to ambition, almost under the guns of his navy at Sevastopol; all waiting apparently for him but to stretch out his hand and grasp them, Nicholas has suffered the eight-and-twenty years of his reign to glide away without clutching the tempting booty. No wonder that it should gall him to think that he should be the first of his line who has failed to do something toward the traditional policy of the empire. In the ordinary course of nature his reign must soon come to a close. It has been long and prosperous, yet he has not advanced for an inch this frontier of his dominions. No wonder that he should wish to signalize the close of his reign by the conquest of the city of Constantine, and should glare defiance to the attempt of combined Europe to wrest his prey from him. As far as he is concerned, it is now or never. If he succeeds, his fame will eclipse even that of Peter the Great. It is not a little singular that he relinquished his hold upon European Turkey five-and-twenty years ago, when his forces had crossed the Balkans, held Adrianople, and no ob-

stacle interposed between him and the possession of Constantinople.

Leaving Jassy, we crossed a succession of steep hills and narrow valleys, and arrived at the village of Skoulani, through which runs the Pruth, dividing the town in the centre. Half of it is thus in Moldavia and half in Bessarabia, the latest acquisition made by Russia from Turkey. Upon the eastern bank of the river is established the Russian quarantine station, where we were to undergo a purification of fourteen days.

A dismal spot is this lazaretto at Skoulani. It consists of a huge wooden inclosure upon the low bank of the river, liable to overflow at every flood. Within the inclosure are some half score of huts of a single story, with clay walls, osier roofs, and mud floors. They are arranged around a small court, planted with a few sickly trees. The inclosure is guarded by a troop of Cossacks, and over it waves the bodeful yellow flag of the quarantine. As we reached the Russian bank of the river our passports were examined by a compromised official, to be sure that we bore with us nothing more suspicious than the plague. All being found in order, we were conducted to the lazaretto by the guards. The huge plank gate opened to admit us, and closed after us with a heavy sound, and we were left to our meditations. But we were not to enjoy them in solitude. Every hut, except the one assigned to us, was full of victims like ourselves. With scarcely an exception they were either Jews or Armenians. They all wore long loose gowns of dark woolen, which had not been clean probably from the day when they were first assumed. As they wore these day and night, and had been exposed in them to the heavy rains through which we had passed, the assemblage of odors that rose from them defies all analysis or enumeration. The two-score "separate stinks" that are said to be distinguishable in the city famous for Cologne water and the sanctified bones of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, were like gales from Araby the blest, compared with the concatenation of scents proceeding from a score and a half of unwashed Jews and Armenians, cooped up at midsummer within a muddy lazaretto. They had come from every quarter of the insect-haunted world, and had brought with them the fiercest specimens of the tribes that fly and crawl, bite and sting, pierce and stab: great Shanghai-looking musquitoes from the Levant; fleas from Bulgaria, rhinoceros-backed; ticks burrowing mole-like, and slimy bugs. To the main army, native to the soil, were joined contingents from Stamboul and Smyrna, from Hungarian pusztas and Dutch fens, from Trebizond, Trieste, and Cadiz. Down they poured upon us in cohorts and squadrons, in line and column, by troops, battalions, and regiments. They made night hideous with their humming and buzzing, their creeping and crawling, their biting and stinging. It was the Grand Industrial Exhibition of the Insects of all Nations. During the long dark hours, how we counted the challenges of the guards outside of our walls, measuring out the night, hour by hour, longing for daylight to appear and send the foul swarms back to their lurking places. At last the sun would rise, piercing the creeping mists with level rays, like Christian knights charging with lance at rest through the dense lines of the unbelieving hosts. Higher and higher up mid-heaven strode the great luminary, showering his beams down upon us perpendicularly, as the Norman arrows at Hastings fell into the Saxon palisades, piercing helm and brain. Then came the long hot afternoons, when the slant sunbeams swept through our prison like the grape-shot at Buena Vista. How we longed for evening. With evening came thick heavy dews and frequent rains, soaking through the cane roofs of our huts, forming stagnant melancholy pools on the muddy floors, and in the narrow court-yard before our doors. All the while our fellow-prisoners in the rusty gabardines, broad-brimmed hats or high caps, sat coiled up in the corners of their rooms, apparently indifferent to the tortures that irritated us to madness. To be bug-bitten, and flea-stung, to be broiled and roasted, to be soaked and drenched, they appeared to think the most natural thing in the world. But enough. The painter drew a vail over the face of the father whose agony he dared not venture to depict. Let me, in like manner, draw the vail of silence over the miseries of that weary fortnight. The only bright moments that I can recall to remembrance were the two or three times when by special favor, and guarded by a troop of Cossacks ready to transfix us with their lances if we passed the appointed bounds, we were allowed a bath in the river.

We lived through it all, and at the expiration of our term were pronounced free from all suspicion of plague. We then made the best of our way to the post-house and demanded horses. Our residence in Russia had taught us that the surest way was to carry matters with a high hand. To assume authority is to secure obedience. We could not have been more peremptory had the titles borne upon our passports represented a corresponding rank in the Imperial Guard. To hear was to obey; and in a wonderfully short space of time we were whirling through the wilds of Bessarabia. I must acknowledge that it was not without a feeling of positive satisfaction that we found ourselves fairly within the Russian dominions. We had begun to have a sort of affection for the shifty, serviceable *mujiks*. They have in perfection the faculty of obedience. If a man knows what he wants done, and can direct how it is to be performed, he can be sure of its accomplishment in Russia. The officials and sub-officials, from the highest to the lowest are detestable enough; but the peasantry have an abundance of good traits, which need only a proper development. They are good-natured, serviceable and contented. Their faces now seemed to us like those of old friends. The very odor of their greasy sheepskins had a sort of homelike effect. But the main element of our satisfaction was the thought that we were free from any further apprehension of quarantine annoyances. There was not another lazaretto be-



STEPPES OF SOUTHERN RUSSIA.

tween us and the Chinese wall to the east, or the frozen ocean on the north.

It is not a very creditable confession to make, but though both of us had been long enough resident in the dominions of the Czar to have acquired the language twice over, our acquaintance was limited to a very scanty stock of phrases. But we aired our vocabulary most thoroughly. We shouted to our postillion the words he was so accustomed to hear—*Pashol*, "Go ahead"—*Skory*, *skory*, "Faster, faster." He in turn shouted to his horses, harnessed three abreast, flourishing his whip, and uttering all sorts of adjurations and excitements to urge them to the top of their speed, seeming all the time greatly astonished that our objurgations were not followed up in the usual manner by a hearty thwack from a cudgel upon his own shoulders.

For some leagues we passed through a broken and hilly country. Then we entered the great steppes—those vast level plains that stretch from west to east in an unbroken line of a thousand miles, from the borders of Hungary to the base of the Ural mountains, and two-thirds of that distance from the south to the north.

European Russia consists mainly of a vast plain sloping gradually up toward the centre. The height of land is midway between the Caspian and Black Seas on the south, and the White Sea on the north. The sources of the Volga, the Dnieper, and the Dwina, falling into these seas, lie not far from each other.

The Valdai Hills, the highest points in this plain, do not rise more than a thousand feet above the level of the shores of the Black Sea; so that there is no chain of mountains to interrupt the course of the winds that sweep over this mighty plain. Descending southward from this height of land, the whole country for hundreds of miles is covered with an almost unbroken forest. A squirrel, it has been said, might journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow without once touching the ground. Gradually the forests disappear, and are succeeded by immense plains, still abundantly wooded, the trees standing in scattered masses and along the river courses, but becoming less and less frequent as we proceed southward. These are the great wheat-growing provinces of the empire, whose abundant products find their way northward to St. Petersburg, and southward to Odessa, whence they are carried through the Bosphorus to the crowded marts of Western Europe.

As we approach the Black Sea the soil begins to lose its exuberant fertility; trees become more and more rare, and finally wholly disappear; the soil is covered with a coarse and abundant herbage; and the whole country assumes a pastoral rather than an agricultural appearance. This is the country of the Cossacks and the Tartars; the pasturing grounds of those immense herds and flocks which constitute the wealth of a nomadic people.

The steppes begin where trees are no longer found. In the spring and autumn, as far as the eye can penetrate in every direction, they stretch

away in one ocean of unbounded green, without a tree or a bush, much less a hill to vary the prospect. The level line of the horizon is broken only by groups of those mysterious tumuli, the work of that unknown mound-building race who once held possession of all the fertile unwooded plains of both continents. They have passed away leaving no other memorials than those mounds of earth, to puzzle antiquarians through all coming generations. The great exemplar of them all was perhaps that structure reared on the plains of Shinar, when the whole world was of "one lip and one tongue." Here and there occurs a shallow depression, as though the foot of some great monster had been stamped into the soil. In these the water collects, making spots of herbage long after the surrounding plains are scorched by the fierce summer sun. The inhabitants suppose that from them was taken the earth which composes the tumuli; but they are doubtless to be ascribed to a subsidence of the limestone strata underlying the steppes.

The inhabitants divide the plants and herbs which grow upon these steppes into two comprehensive classes. Whatever cattle will eat is called *trava;* all that they reject is denominated *burian.* Go where you will you hear execrations heaped upon the worthless burian. Some species grow to a size unknown elsewhere. The thistle not seldom assumes the proportions of a tree, overshadowing the low dwellings of the inhabitants, and sometimes attaining a height sufficient to conceal a Cossack and his horse. To one characteristic species of burian the German colonists have given the name of *wind-witch.* From a spongy stalk innumerable fibres shoot out in every direction, till the plant assumes the appearance of a gigantic burr, a yard in diameter. It is bitterer than wormwood, and no extremity of hunger or thirst will induce any animal to taste it. In the autumn the plant decays at the root, and detached from the soil, becomes as light and dry as tinder. It is the sport of every wind. On a gusty day hundreds of them may be seen careering over the plain, looking in the distance like a troop of wild horses scouring away before some invisible foe.

The descent of the steppes toward the sea is so imperceptible, that the water runs off but slowly. After the melting of the snows, the whole plain becomes one deep morass through which it is all but impracticable to effect a passage. In the winter a great quantity of snow falls; but it is heaped in spots into enormous drifts, while other places are left wholly bare. The snow, which in more sheltered portions of the country, facilitates intercourse, entirely precludes it on the steppes. Nobody journeys in winter except the government couriers. The inhabitants have a specific name for every species of snow-storm. One denotes a fall of snow direct from the clouds; another indicates a whirl, when the snow is driven before the wind like the shifting sands of the desert. When both of these phenomena occur together, the storm is called a *viuga.* Nobody dares venture out of doors during these. The government couriers even are allowed to take refuge in the post-houses during the continuance of a viuga.

The greater portion of the streams dry up during the summer; but they are swollen into torrents by the rapid thaw of the deep snow of winter. They have all in the course of ages cut channels deep into the soft strata, which in summer become dry ravines, intersecting the steppes. These have usually a depth of a hundred feet and more, with steep sides. In the winter the snow is drifted into them, filling them up level with the plain. They then become dangerous pitfalls into which men and cattle sink, and their fate remains unknown until the melting of the snow discloses their relics at the bottom of the ravine.

The climate of the steppes is one of extremes. They have a torrid summer and an arctic winter. The severity of these seasons is aggravated by the scarcity of wood and water. For fuel the inhabitants are obliged to have recourse to reeds and rushes, eked out by the dung of the countless herds, which is carefully collected during summer and dried. This is made up into cakes, and every roof and wall of the solitary dwellings on the steppes is covered with it, in preparation for winter. The scarcity of water in summer is a still more serious evil. During the hot months the ponds dry up, the streams cease to flow, a living spring becomes a possession of priceless value. Vegetation is parched and burnt, and finally disappears, leaving the surface of the ground black and naked. Day after day the sun rises like a red globe of fire, and glares down from the brazen sky. Not a particle of shade is to be found except when the dense clouds are swept along. They are almost worse than the unmitigated rays of the sun; for they mock the hopes aroused by their rain-charged volumes. Not a drop do they vouchsafe to yield until their course is checked by mountains hundreds of leagues away. Men and animals grow lean and haggard from the extremity of thirst. The herds of oxen and horses so wild and fierce a few weeks before, are cowed and tamed; or the fiercer and bolder of them rush madly over the plains snuffing in vain for water. In seasons of unusual drought the destruction of animal life is incalculable.

Thus it continues for the three summer months Early in September come the latter rains. As if by magic, the face of the steppe grows green again, and life in its myriad forms revives. The respite is but brief. Before October has passed, cold gusty winds sweep from the Scythian wastes, piercing like Cossack lances. In November winter gains undisputed sway.

It was midsummer, and we were hurrying at full speed across the extremity of the steppes toward Odessa, the great emporium of southern Russia. The air was filled with impenetrable clouds of dust, so fine as to resemble vapor. Looking back, we could trace our course far over the plain by the dense column which we left behind us. In accordance with the universal custom we traveled night and day, for our carriage

was a more convenient sleeping place than the post-stations where we obtained relays of horses. We did not even stop at Bender, famous in the old Muscovite and Ottoman wars, before the Turkish frontier had receded far to the west.

Somewhere near this town died Prince Potemkin, the favorite of the great Catherine, who added the Crimea to the dominions of his royal mistress. He had set out, as we had done, from Jassy, sick and outworn. Somewhere in the lonely steppe—the precise spot no man knows—the conqueror felt that the hand of death was upon him. He ordered his carriage to be stopped, and alighted, for he said he would meet death, as a soldier should, on his feet. His remains were borne to Kherson, where but a year before a braver spirit than his had encountered the last great enemy. A plain obelisk was erected over the spot hallowed by the dust of Howard. The body of Potemkin was interred with solemn pomp in the Cathedral. Not long after, the son of Catherine ordered the remains of his mother's paramour to be torn from their resting-place, and flung like the carcass of a dog into the nearest ditch.

As we approached Odessa every thing betokened that we were coming into the neighborhood of a great city. We dashed past long caravans of ox-wagons laden with the wheat of the Ukraine and the tallow of the steppes; with charcoal from the forests of Kisheneff a hundred miles away; with dried reeds and rushes which are used for fuel, in default of wood and coal; with water-melons from the sandy plains in fabulous quantities. The melons that grow on the steppes are the finest in the world. They seem to pump up their rich cool juice from the parched soil, as the olive-trees of Sicily extract oil from what appears to the eye like the bare rock. They supply in a measure the want of water. Instead of quaffing a glass of water to quench thirst, you eat a slice of melon. Here for the first time we saw the camel carts of the Tartars. A pair of the huge ungainly two-humped Bactrian camels, harnessed to an enormous carriage of wicker work, led by a Tartar guide, stalk solemnly along, looming large through the dust. Slowly they turn their long necks, and fix their patient eyes upon you, as they hear the rattling of the wheels, and the shouts of your driver. Before you have fairly made out their forms, they are lost from vision in the impenetrable cloud. You pass on, musing of the desert, and the Arabian Nights; of Mohammed flying on swift dromedary from the enraged Koreish; and of the camel Barak which bore him to the seventh heaven, when the ineffable mysteries of the universe were laid bare to his eyes. They seemed strangely out of place here under the walls of this new city.

The rapid growth of Odessa reminds us of that of our American cities. It stands on a bold bluff overlooking the Black Sea. In front sparkle the bright waves, in the rear stretch the immeasurable steppes. You can stand in one of its broad streets and look southward over the water or northward over the steppe. In either direction the horizon is alike unbroken; the plain of sand is as level as that of water.

A little more than half a century ago this barren cliff was crowned by an obscure Turkish fort, bearing the name of Hadji-Bey. It guarded the harbor which gave refuge to a few miserable Moslem craft, and now and then to a Genoese brig that sought the waters once burdened with the commerce of the colonies planted by the Italian republics on the shores of the Tauric Chersonessus. Russia and Turkey were then at war, and Potemkin was slowly wresting the shores of the Black Sea from the Sultan. He ordered Ribas, an Italian who commanded the fleet to take possession of the Turkish fortress. Catherine fixed upon its site as the spot upon which to erect a fort to maintain her new dominions, and appointed Ribas its first governor. The Empress favored her new creation; and in Russia a city flourishes in the sunlight of imperial favor—for a season. She submitted to the Academy at St. Petersburg the question as to the name to be given to the rising town. The learned savans found that in the time of the old Greek colonies a city had stood in the neighborhood, called Odyssos, after the "much-enduring man" whose name is handed down to eternity in old Homer's sounding line. So they framed for the new city the name of Odessa.

Odessa found little favor in the eyes of the fantastic Paul, who could ill comprehend the great designs of the Northern Semiramis. The inhabitants vainly petitioned for the grant of commercial privileges, backing their supplication by the present of three thousand choice oranges. The Czar kept the fruit, but denied the petition.



TARTAR CAMEL-CART

Alexander, upon his accession to the throne, took Odessa into special favor. But the greatest favor of all that he bestowed upon it was sending a great man to be its governor.

Among the French nobles whom the revolution drove from their country, was Armand-Emanuel, Duc de Richelieu. He entered the Russian service, won the favor of Potemkin, and for his bravery at Ismael he re-

ceived the cross of St. George and a sword of honor, beneath the smoking walls of the fortress; and was afterward appointed governor of Odessa.

In 1801, when he assumed the government, the population of Odessa amounted to 9000, of which number only forty-four were artificers. Richelieu soon succeeded in attracting large numbers of workmen to the place, and the city grew apace. The Emperor granted extraordinary privileges to the port. The great wars of Napoleon had turned all the west of Europe into a camp; agriculture languished, and the deficiency of food was supplied by the rich harvests of the Ukraine. Once more the Italian merchants found their way into the Black Sea; and Odessa began to take rank among the great commercial cities of Europe.

Richelieu governed Odessa eleven years, at the close of which the population numbered 25,000. It now exceeds 100,000.

All Odessa is eloquent of Richelieu. His statue stands in the most public place, overlooking the harbor; the finest street, the chief public institutions, the Exchange, the Lyceum, the Theatre, bear his name; the Hôtel Richelieu is famous throughout the Russian empire. To see his monument one needs but look around.

Odessa occupies the extremity of that immense plateau, the sides of which plunge sheer down into the Black Sea. The perpendicular cliff is eighty or a hundred feet high. Its edge is occupied by the esplanade, which forms what would be a fine promenade were it possible for it to be shaded. An avenue of trees has indeed been planted there, but the soil obstinately refuses to second the laudable efforts of the government. In the centre of the esplanade stands the bronze statue of Richelieu, from the foot of which a gigantic flight of steps a hundred feet broad sweep down to the quay. These rest upon a series of arches under which pass the streets leading to the port. Two ravines, which were once the beds of torrents, form inclined planes from the quays to the city above. The terrace which overlooks the sea, is lined with stately edifices, built of a white limestone so soft that it may be worked with a hatchet. This is covered with cement to preserve it from the action of the weather. The adjacent streets running parallel with the esplanade contain many showy edifices; and broad streets stretch through the meaner portions of the town far into the steppe. Around the whole is thrown a wall, not for defense, but for the purposes of the custom-house, the privilege of a free port being limited to the space within the walls.

The harbor is tolerably safe, being sheltered from the southern gales, though exposed to those from the east. Three moles stretch far out into the bay, dividing it into as many basins. One of these is the quarantine harbor, into which all vessels which have passed the Bosphorus must enter. Before, however, entering even this, they are compelled to lie fourteen days in the roadstead. If, in the meanwhile, the plague does not make its appearance, they may then enter the basin, where they are permitted to unlade, and the passengers are suffered to pass the remainder of their forty days in the lazaretto on shore.

The Russians boast that this lazaretto is the finest in the world. It contains a pleasant little garden with a long arcade running through the centre, in which some communication may take place between the clean and the unclean. Due care is taken that there shall be no actual contact, nor even any very close proximity. At a distance of ten or twelve feet are two wooden fences of trellis work, with a close grating of iron wire midway between them. Those who are performing quarantine are suffered to come up to the inner trellis, while their friends from without stand by the outer barrier. They are thus separated by three barriers and the intervening space. The parties, each with his face flattened against the trellis-bars can shout their confidential communications to each other at a distance of three or four yards. This pleasant gossiping place goes by the Italian name of *Il Parlatorio*—"The Place of Parley."

Merchandise is even more liable to suspicion of infection than persons. Cotton in particular bears a very bad character. Before it can be admitted into the town, the bales must be opened, the contents picked to pieces, and spread over a grating, where the plague-demon is exorcised by a twelve-hours' fumigation with chlorine. Those who perform the work of purifying cotton are designated by the name *mortusse* or "dead men." They are all criminals under sentence of transportation to Siberia, who are in the eye of the law defunct. They are clad in black leather, and perform their functions heavily ironed. Some articles, such as fruits, corn, sugar and the like, bear a much better character, and are suffered to be landed at once. They are placed in a warehouse, one gate of which opens seaward, the other to the land. Into this the goods are brought by the sailors. When these have returned to their vessel, the sea-gate is closed; that toward the land is opened, and the goods are delivered to their owners.

Odessa is hardly a Russian city in appearance. Its principal streets are lined with shops with sign-boards in every language in Europe. Each street and square bears a twofold name, in Russian and Italian. The bulk of the population is of course Russian, but the commerce and trade are almost wholly in the hands of foreigners. The few vessels belonging to the port which ply beyond the Black Sea, are almost without exception owned by Greek traders. Austria and Sardinia take the lead in the number of vessels that enter the port, followed at a considerable distance by Russia and England. The languages spoken are as various as the nationalities of the population. The Russian is the language of the great mass of the inhabitants; Italian that of commerce; and French that of polite society.

The intense heat of summer, the constant stifling dust, the utter absence of shade render Odessa a very unpleasant place of residence. The wealthy inhabitants have used very laudable

efforts to create for themselves rural retreats in the neighborhood. But nature has been too powerful for them. For leagues upon leagues there is not probably a single tree of native growth; and the strenuous efforts made to form plantations have proved almost total failures. The only trees which have been tolerably successful are a species of acacia. Apart from these it would be difficult to find, nearer than the Crimea, a single specimen which a man might not clasp with four fingers.

It has been said that Southern Russia is one vast plain, destitute of mountains. To this there is a single notable exception. Midway between the western and eastern extremities of the Black Sea, a peninsula shoots boldly out into the waters, reaching almost half way from the northern to the southern shore. It is connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus, scarcely five miles in width. Across the southern end of this peninsula, at a few miles' distance from the shore, runs a bold range of mountains, the highest peak of which reaches an altitude of 5,600 feet. This peninsula is the Crimea, the Tauric Chersonessus of classic times; in later years the seat of the Khans of Crim Tartary, the terrors of whose arms spread as far as Moscow. Subsequently, it fell under the nominal sway of the Sublime Porte; and is now the most valuable of the dominions wrested by Potemkin from Turkey.

The intervention of this range of mountains has a magical effect upon the climate of the Crimea. Their southern slope, sheltered from the keen blasts from the steppe, and open only to the warm breezes from the south, rivals the glories of the most favored portions of Italy. The Russians in general are thoroughly apathetic to the beauties of nature. Their tame country has nothing to develop the taste for natural beauty, and they can travel abroad only by special permission of the Czar. But they become almost eloquent in descanting upon the beauties of the Crimea. Perpetual streams gush from the hillsides, and pour through every valley; the vine and the fig, the olive and the orange flourish; old trees, the growth of centuries, fling abroad their gnarled branches, shading the picturesque Tartar villages, giving grace and beauty to the Alpine scenery. For miles along the southern coast the peninsula is thickly sown with the villas of the Russian nobles, some of whom lavish upon their summer residences sums attainable by those only whose coffers are filled by the forced toils of thousands of serfs. This custom was introduced by Count Woronzow, one of the wealthiest men of the empire. It has been imitated by the Empress and by large numbers of the nobles.

Having endured the stifling heat of Odessa for three weeks, and being in excellent humor with myself on account of the flattering prospect of the transactions in wheat which had brought me to the South, I resolved to treat myself to an excursion in the Crimea. My traveling companion had been equally lucky in his tallow speculation, and needed little persuasion to induce him to bear me company. We decided that the pleasure of the trip would be much enhanced by the presence of a servant, who could act as interpreter between us and the Tartars. The very man we wanted made his appearance at just the time we were about to set out. He deserves a paragraph to himself.

He was a German by birth, and rejoiced in the name of Gottlob Werner, which the Russians had transformed into something ending in "itch," which I never ventured to attempt to pronounce. He was born in the goodly town of Nürnberg—the "*treue fleissige Stadt*" of the old song he was always singing when his mouth was at liberty from his meerschaum. "If you would know the German land, how fair and lovely it is, you must go to Nürnberg"—thus ran the song—

> "That ancient, leal, and busy town,
> Forever fair and young,
> Where Albert Dürer plied his art,
> Where Hans Sachs pegged and sung."

Gottlob's father, a stout burgher and disciple of St. Crispin, as was Hans Sachs before him, wished his son to follow in his steps. So at the conclusion of his apprenticeship, he sent him forth on the "*Wanderjahr*," necessary to be accomplished before he could be admitted a member of the ancient guild of cordwainers. Gottlob having received his father's blessing, a little money, and a stout walking-stick, exchanged a kiss with Gretchen, his betrothed, and set out on his travels. This was nearly a score of years ago, and they are not yet concluded. His whole story came out at intervals during our tour, and is worth the telling—but not here. When we were sitting in some post-house, a group of Tartar postillions smoking around us, and himself rendered a little sentimental by the good wine of the Crimea, Gottlob would burst out into a snatch of his favorite song—declare that he would go back to Nürnberg, marry Gretchen, and become a good citizen and cordwainer. It never seemed to occur to him that the years which had transformed him from a lithe *bursch* into a heavy, middle-aged beer-drinker, with a huge meerschaum always sticking into his grizzled mustache, had wrought a corresponding change in her. She was still "little Gretchen." Then he would kiss her parting gift, which he had retained through all his wanderings. It was a stout leathern tobacco-pouch, elaborately stitched by her own hands—a little the worse for wear, it is true, but still capable of supplying the owner's *Rauchtabak* for another score of years. I fear that honest Gottlob is not the first man who thinks that he is fondly remembered long after he has quite forgotten others. However, he made a capital conductor for us; he was as true as steel, and would doubtless have been as brave as a lion had there been any occasion for the exercise of his valor. The chief drawback to the pleasure of his society was that he had imbibed the Russian idea that a change of garments and a bath was a needless superfluity. This, with his perpetual fumigation, rendered the windward side of him much the pleasanter to ride upon.

The necessary police arrangements were speedily made. A few roubles, judiciously insinuated into the hands of the functionaries, secured a promise that our passports should be attended to *sichass*—"forthwith;" and a repetition of the process procured the fulfillment of the promise in time for us all just to avoid missing the tub of a steamer, which plies twice a month between Odessa and the principal ports of the Crimea.

We were glad to find that among the passengers were two or three officers of rank to be landed at Sevastopol, so that we should be able to catch a seaward view, at all events, of that famous naval dépôt. These were all naval officers, and among them was an admiral, who wore jack-boots, with an immense pair of spurs—an article of equipment which struck me as not absolutely indispensable on the quarter-deck. These naval heroes gave us no very exalted opinion of their professional efficiency. The Black Sea, as if to show that it had a rightful claim to its old appellation of the "Inhospitable," got up a very tolerable imitation of a storm. Our vessel pitched and tumbled in a somewhat uncomfortable manner; the faces of the officers began to wax dolorous; the admiral kept his ground for a while, but it was of no use. We caught sight of him leaning in a very suspicious attitude over the railing; at last he made for his cabin with a woe-begone visage, and we saw him no more till next morning, when he was put ashore at Sevastopol. But his whole appearance indicated that he had passed a bad night. Indeed, it is a common jest at Odessa—as much so as men dare to jest on so perilous a theme—that every one on board a Russian man-of-war, from the captain to cabin-boy, is sea-sick whenever there is a cap-full of wind: a circumstance that might sadly impair the efficiency of the fleet in case it should be fallen in with by the French and English squadrons.

All Russians speak of Sevastopol with a kind of mysterious awe. They seem to look upon it as the workshop where the Czar forges the thunderbolts which are to sweep England and France from the seas. This seemed quite natural to us after we had seen the enormous three-deckers of the fleet performing their evolutions, and remembered that the inhabitants had no other opportunity of seeing any vessels, except these, larger than the very moderate-sized merchantmen that alone frequent the ports of the Black Sea. The most that we could learn was that it would be quite out of the question for us to attempt to visit the town, since no foreigner was allowed to pass its walls without an express order from the governor, which was always obtained with the utmost difficulty, and never without far higher influence than we could bring to bear. Any attempt at a clandestine entrance, we were assured, would be most severely punished. Siberia—if we should chance to survive the knout and a season of cotton-picking among the *mortussi* in the lazaretto—was the lightest penalty we could expect. A private conversation with honest Gottlob convinced me that the matter might be managed by a little finesse, and the Czar be never the worse nor the wiser for it. The attempt was successfully made a couple of weeks later, as I shall relate in the sequel. For the present we were forced to content ourselves with a sea view of Sevastopol, with its huge forts mounting three tiers of cannon. One point, which every vessel must pass, is said to be commanded by twelve hundred guns. We did not count them, though we could almost look into their black muzzles; but there seemed to be enough of them to blow out of the water all the fleets that ever floated.

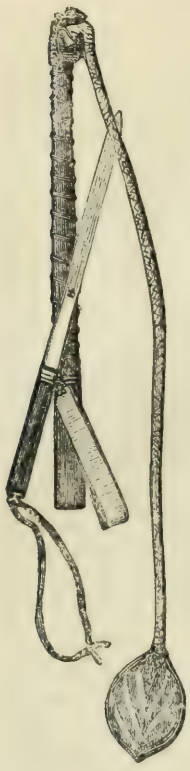
After landing our naval heroes, who seemed vastly relieved by the touch of solid ground, the steamer put off for Yalta, on the southern coast, where we were to disembark. A bold headland juts out into the sea. That is Cape Parthenium, of old renown. Here stood the temple of the Tauric Diana, where were sacrificed all strangers cast upon these inhospitable shores. Here was enacted the drama of Iphigenia, and Orestes the Fury-haunted matricide. As we pored, long years ago, at Old Dartmouth over that immortal tragedy of Euripides, little did Brown and myself dream that, bent on trade, we should together look upon its scene. We had parted at the gates of our Alma Mater, and never met again till we encountered on the Nevski Prospekt at St. Petersburg. I doubt if either of us has proved a worse trader on account of our early tincture in the Humanities; I know that we have been happier men for it. A monastery dedicated to Saint George stands upon the site once occupied by the temple of the inhospitable goddess.

Yalta presented nothing to detain us. Its situation is indeed beautiful, but it has a pert watering-place aspect. It was full of visitors from Odessa, who gathered about the little quay, watching the passengers as they disembarked. The street was full of ponies, whose drivers pestered us with elaborate pictures of the beauties of the country seats and villas of the nobles scattered along the winding shore, and were anxious to afford us an opportunity of visiting them—for a consideration. By the intervention of our serviceable Gottlob, we hired horses and a Tartar guide to convey us across the mountains to Bagtche-Serai—"The Garden Palace," the ancient capital of the Tartar Khans. It is but a long day's ride in a direct line; but we resolved to take a week in reaching it, and ordered our guide to conduct us through as many Tartar villages, and along as many mountain valleys as he could.



TARTAR GUIDE.

Ismael, our guide, presented a comical figure to our eyes. His dress was much like that worn by boys at



KNIFE-WHIP.

home in the intermediate stage between long-clothes and the full-blown dignity of jacket and trowsers. His head was surmounted by the Tartar cap, made of *shumski*, a grayish sort of lambskin; this was drawn tightly over his head, inside the ears, which seemed to protrude from his head like those seen on the images of the South-Sea idols. His badge of office was a whip with a flat piece of leather at the end of the lash. This made a great rattling when applied to the flanks of our baggage-horse; but did not seem to do execution proportioned to the noise it made. However, our shaggy ponies did not need much urging. Though small, they were wonderfully stout and hardy, getting over ground at a famous rate; they were, moreover, as sure-footed as goats. The handle of the whip formed a convenient sheath for the long blade of a knife, which looked like a very efficient weapon in case of need.

For a few miles we followed the road along the shore; then struck northward among the mountains. Before many hours all traces of Russian dominion had disappeared, and for aught that appeared to the contrary, we might still be within the sway of the old Tartar Khans, whose picturesque little fortresses crowned the summit of every precipice. The valleys were richly wooded, and capable of the highest cultivation. Abundant springs gushed out at brief intervals, over which the pious care of the Moslem had not unfrequently erected neat stone fountains for the refreshment of the tired wayfarers. Frequently our small caravan would be increased by the addition of a mounted traveler, for the Tartars never think of walking. These would fall into our ranks with a "*Salaam aleikoum*—Peace be with you;" and they would leave us with the same Oriental salutation.

A Tartar village is very picturesque. They always prefer to build on the slope of a hill. Three low walls form the sides of their dwellings —the fourth being cut into the hill itself. Over these walls is built a flat roof, with projecting eaves, forming a sort of veranda. The roof is the Tartar's home. Here he breathes the cool evening air, solacing the hours by friendly chat, smoking, and watching what goes on around. Regular street there is none, and the unwary traveler is likely, without notice, to find himself on the roof of one of the dwellings. Thick-branched walnuts shadow the vacant spaces, with fountains beneath, around which stand chattering groups of women, in long white vails. The approach of our cavalcade was always the signal for a general break-up, and we could see their white forms flitting among the trees, or turning their backs upon the infidel strangers. Lively, bright-eyed boys, clad in narrow sacks, with red caps on their heads, peered cautiously out at us from behind the trees. The whole spirit of the scene was one of luxurious indolence and ease. The Tartar, in fact, is naturally an idle fellow, and can see no reason why men should fatigue themselves by over-work.

We were not a little amused by the odd method of shoeing their oxen, which we saw more than once. The unconscious beast is flung upon his back, where he is firmly held by the smith's assistant, who sits upon his head. His four feet are then drawn closely together by a cord. As they thus lie, with their feet pointing directly upward, the operator has a fair field for his opera-



ON THE ROAD.



TARTAR VILLAGE.

tions. The poor beasts do not seem to relish this mode of procedure, if we might judge by the smothered moans which proceeded from their big chests, and the alarmed glances of their dark eyes.



SHOEING AN OX.

We could perceive no traces of oppression on the part of the Russian government. In fact, the Crimea seems to be treated by the conquerors much like a beautiful slave who has had the grace to please her master. Yet somehow the Tartar race is disappearing year by year—another illustration of that natural law, in virtue of which the bare presence of a stronger race inevitably, and often involuntarily, destroys the weaker one.

Punctual at the time appointed, Ismael conducted us across a stony plateau overlooking a deep valley. From its bottom we could discern glittering spires and minarets shooting far up into the clear air. This was the famous old capital of the descendants of Ghenghis Khan—the "Garden Palace" of the Crimea. We clattered down the stony slope, when a sudden turn brought us to a stone bridge, and a large Oriental archway, with a Cossack before it, standing sentinel. This was the entrance to the palace of the ancient Khans. Onward we rode through the thickening gloom, along narrow streets, unrelieved by a single light, or the appearance of a passer-by. Ismael, however, knew the place, and brought us to the khan where we were to pass the night. A light burned dimly over the entrance. The court in the centre was filled with uncouth vehicles, bullock-wains, camel-carts, and donkey-wagons. Around it ran a balcony a few feet from the ground, upon which opened all the doors. In the lower story were the stalls, where the animals were secured. We mused upon the time when, in such a caravanserai as this, a young mother "brought forth her first-born son, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." The pictures in the old Family Bible, of the infant Redeemer laid to sleep among the "horned cattle," came back with the freshness of childhood, and the low hymn with which a gentle mother used to hush my boyish fears for the babe's safety, rose calm and clear above the noisy din of the crowded khan. In the centre of what might be styled the "public room," a company of Tartar postillions formed a picturesque group. They had built a fire on the clay floor, and were preparing their evening meal.

Next morning we set out to explore the town. In places the sides of the valley rose in precipitous cliffs, threatening momentarily to topple down. Where they were less steep, their slopes resembled an amphitheatre, the flat-roofed dwellings rising like steps, half visible amid the crowning foliage. Abundant springs of the purest water gushed forth at every turn, falling into basins where the faithful were performing their ablutions. Early as it was, as we passed a coffee-house, we saw within groups of sedate Tartars coiled upon low divans, luxuriously smoking or



TARTAR POSTILLIONS.

drinking black coffee from the tiniest of cups. Passing through the streets occupied by the artisans, we gained some insight into the industrial habits of the place. All the operations that with us are performed in obscurity are there patent to view. The houses and shops are destitute of windows, having instead broad shutters which are let down during the day, so as to form counters for the display of wares and manufactures. Here was a baker's shop, the oven so close to the street that by extending your hand from without you could feel its heat. Turners sat cross-legged, patiently boring long cherry sticks for pipe-stems, or fitting the amber mouth-pieces. At a cook-shop groups of morning customers were fishing out huge bits of meat from the bubbling caldrons, and devouring them in the open air. Here a black-bearded cook bore a joint in his hands, catching the drippings upon a loaf of black bread. This he laid down before a customer on the bare plank which served for a table within. Still further on we came to the fruit-market, abounding in grapes, figs, pomegranates, and fruit to which we could not even give a name; but chief among all were the *pastecs*, the luscious melons from the adjoining plains, heaped up like piles of cannon-balls in an arsenal. Still beyond, were the tippling shops, whither the thirsty souls of the town resort to drink *booza*, an abominable astringent liquor extracted from millet-seeds, which have been steeped in water and fermented. To judge, however, from the immense quantities of it stored up in the hogsheads which lined the walls of the dingy room, this must be the favorite beverage of the Tartars.

Some branches of business appear to be wholly in the hands of the Karaite Jews, whose chief seat is an ancient fortress perched upon one of the most inaccessible crags overlooking the valley, whence they descend every morning to the town, returning in the evening. Besides the Cossack guard at the palace gates, we saw not a sign or token of Russian supremacy. The aspect of every thing was purely Tartar, just as it might have appeared three centuries ago, when the Czar trembled in the Kremlin at Moscow at the bare mention of the names of the fierce Khans of the Crimea. We were assured, I believe with truth, that all Russians are forbidden by an Imperial ukase from settling in this lovely valley.

A broad gleam of sunlight lay like a golden bar across the gateway of the ancient palace, as we entered. Its exterior is unpretending enough, affording no indication of the fairy-like beauty inclosed within the blank walls. With a refinement of taste hardly to have been expected, this palace has been restored, precisely as it was in the palmy days of its original possessors; even the claims of Eastern hospitality have not been neglected, a portion of it being assigned as a resting place for

strangers. We entered a grassy court-yard surrounded by structures of varied architectrue, festooned with vines, and shrubbery. The walls are covered with inscriptions in strange characters; mottoes from the Koran, scrolls, hieroglyphics, ciphers, groups of flowers, fanciful birds and beasts bursting from arabesque scrolls, ornament every door. Tall trees and beautiful fountains add the living charm given only by verdure and running water. Chief among the fountains are two at the entrance, in which the graceful invention of the East has exhausted itself. Arabesques, lightly sculptured and painted with bright harmonious colors, surround the marble basins filled with the brightest water that ever sparkled. "If there be another fountain like unto this"—so runs the inscription—"let it come forth and show itself. Damascus and Bagdad have witnessed many things, but so beautiful a fountain have they not beheld." This fountain was erected by the Khan "Krim Gheraï the radiant, whose fostering hand hath quenched the thirst of the land." Upon its fellow, its founder still implores the divine mercy for himself and for the sinners of his race.

Before entering the palace buildings, we visited the mausoleum which covers the remains of many Khans. The custodian, an aged Moslem, bore a torch, by the flaming light of which we could see bier-shaped tombs, with high head-stones carved at the top into the form of turbans. Around the mausoleum spreads the cemetery. Vines and shrubs vail the tombs of those who, with a purer taste, chose that their last sleep should be under the open sky. We walked reverently among the tombs, while Gottlob, his meerschaum for once laid aside, interpreted the inscriptions upon them. Many of them were conceived in a spirit of touching beauty. One prince would not have his tomb covered by any roof, because "the heavens are so glorious and beautiful that even from my grave I would look up into the sky, the abode of God." Another ordered his tomb to be thickly walled and roofed, "because"—so runs the inscription—"I am utterly unworthy that the least ray of God's sun should shine upon me." Was this the utterance of a soul haunted by some inexpiable crime? or was it not rather the *miserere* of a spirit sensitively alive to the lightest fault, and overwhelmed by a sense of the perfections of the Holy One, in whose immediate presence he was about to stand? Let us hope the latter; and that, like another penitent who dared not "lift up his eyes" from the dust, "he went home justified." Another ordered a vine to be planted over his head, "that he, who in life had brought forth so little fruit, might be found more fruitful in death." Another had his tomb built close under the eaves of the mosque, in order that, as the water from the sacred roof fell upon him, "it might wash away the foulness of his sins, which were as numberless as the drops falling from the clouds."

The palace is uninhabited, yet every thing is



TARTAR COFFEE-HOUSE.



MAUSOLEUM OF THE KHANS.

as fresh as though its occupants were hourly expected. We wandered through interminable suits of rooms, connected by winding stairs and narrow passages. They are all small, and hardly two on a level. The floors are covered with the softest carpets; Persian rugs of the richest hues overspread the divans; the walls are hung with precious tapestry of those gorgeous colors which charm the Oriental eye; over the arched doorways are suspended satin curtains. Painted and latticed windows fling long bars of many-colored light and deep shadow across floor and wall, and along the furniture inlaid with gold, silver, and pearl. There is none of the magnificence derived from amplitude of proportions or massiveness of material; the charm consists rather in the exquisite taste displayed, and the perfection of the innumerable details, which realize all that the most glowing imagination can picture of the luxurious life of an eastern seraï.

Perhaps the most elegant apartments are the ones fitted up by Potemkin for the Imperial Catharine, when she made the tour of her new dominions. Wherever she was to pass the night during this long progress—whether in some miserable village, on the broad steppe, or in the sandy desert—she found a pavilion erected for her use by the considerate gallantry of her former lover, whose invisible presence thus seemed to hover around her. Perhaps he wished to recall the old love which she had once felt for him, but had transferred to younger and fairer men; just as when he met her in the famous palace of Taurida which she had built for him, he fell on his knees, and bathed her hands with tears. If so, his hopes were unavailing. He might be her trusted counselor, her favorite general; but the flame of lawless love, once extinguished can never be relighted. These apartments remain just as they were left by their imperial occupant more than sixty years ago. The carpets and mattings and hangings are as brilliant as ever; fresh flowers in precious vases still perfume the air; gold and silver fishes sport in crystal bowls, as they did under the eye of the Empress, so long closed in death; the marble bath seems to be awaiting her presence.

We passed from the city, up the valley toward *Tchioufout-Galeh*—"The Fort of the Jews"—the chief seat of the small dispersed sect of the Karaites. Emerging from the throat of the defile in which Bagtche Seraï stands, we entered a broader valley shaded with majestic oaks and beeches. This was the "Valley of Jehosaphat," the cemetery of the Karaites. All around were tombstones, lying flat or standing at every conceivable angle of inclination; for the sanctity of the grave has been disturbed by earthquakes. The solitary fortress, perched high up on the summit of a steep rock, is the Zion of these Hebrew Purists, who adhere to the written law, rejecting the idle glosses of the Talmud, and the manifold traditions of the Rabbins. Few inhabit the city of the living, for the sect is widely scattered in many lands; but all, if possible, return to have their bones laid with those of their fathers in the city of the dead. A long flight of steps cut in the solid rock, leads up to the fortress. At the bottom is the well which supplies it with water. We ascended among a file of donkeys laden with water-skins, who climbed up without drivers. The place seemed deserted; all the able-bodied men had descended to the Tartar town to ply their different trades. A few children too young to go out into the world, and a few old men returned from their long wanderings, and calmly awaiting the summons which should bid them take their rest in the Valley of Jehosaphat, were the only human beings we saw. The view from the Jewish town is transcendently beautiful. The eye wanders over a succession of wooded slopes, far up among huge masses of beetling crags and conical rocks, while the great *Tchatir-Dagh*—"Tent-Mountain"—the loftiest summit of the chain of the Crimea, flings its steep sides and flat top against the southern sky.

From Bagtche Seraï, after due consultation with Gottlob, I resolved to make my meditated descent upon Sevastopol. I found that there was no obstacle in the way of the city being entered by the neighboring German colonists, the prohibition extending only to foreigners. A fortnight's roughing it among the Tartars had neutralized all the advantage in respect to wardrobe, which I might have once boasted over my Teutonic friend. A huge meerschaum, with a due



TARTAR BAKER'S SHOP.

supply of the rankest tobacco, was easily attainable; and a little practice enabled me to inhale the fumes with becoming phlegm. I was sure that my German was good enough to escape detection by any body. Brown's linguistic acquirements were more limited; and after due consideration, it was decided that he should not make the attempt, but should remain behind at the "Garden Palace." A stout Tartar wagon was hired, and Gottlob and myself, threw ourselves upon the straw with which it was filled; the word to go ahead was given, and off we set, while the shadows of night yet filled the valley. By noon we reached Inkermann, at the head of the inlet upon which Sevastopol is situated. Here commence the works which supply water to the docks of Sevastopol, twelve miles distant. The course of a river has been diverted into a new channel cut along the face of a hill, through long excavations and galleries, for the whole distance. I had a little leisure to inspect these gigantic works, while our horses were baiting.

In a couple of hours after setting off again, we came within view of Sevastopol, with its lofty white houses, green-domed churches, and menacing batteries. Stretching far into the land, beyond the lines of the streets, we could see long lines of masts rising above the intervening hills. As we passed the gates I followed Gottlob's example, and puffed away most vigorously. He answered whiff for whiff. The vigor of our fumigations convinced the sentinels that we were harmless peasants from the German colonies—though to make doubly sure, we threw in a few words of unmistakable High Dutch. We passed without being even challenged, and I felt that I had a rightful claim to the title of *Sevastopolefsky*, or "Conqueror of Sevastopol." Soon we were quietly dining at an obscure inn, kept by a compatriot of Gottlob's. The only precaution of which I made use during my stay, was to give a vigorous whiff or two from the inseparable meerschaum, whenever I supposed that any officer might be looking at me, and enter into an animated conversation in German with Gottlob.

Sevastopol is admirably adapted for the purposes to which it has been applied. An inlet of the sea indents the western coast of the Crimea, having a mouth so narrow that it is commanded by the fortifications on the shore, and a depth of water sufficient to float the largest vessels. Four bays set in upon the southern shore of the inlet, separated by high bare limestone ridges. Upon one of these ridges the city is built, the streets generally winding around among the sharp and jutting rocks. The main street is built half way up the slope of the hill, and runs parallel with the principal quay. Here are the chief buildings, the Admiralty with its enormous portico, a splendid cathedral, and many large and imposing residences, conspicuous from the multiplicity of blinds which form a poor defense against the

pervading dust. Attempts at introducing trees and plants have proved failures, and the city presents a mass of dazzling whiteness which almosts blinds the eye. The streets are kept tolerably clean by gangs of military prisoners who are constantly engaged in sweeping them; but in spite of this precaution the air is always full of a fine penetrating dust which produces the most distressing ophthalmia. The soldiers employed in making excavations for the public works have suffered dreadfully from this cause. Not unfrequently in four-and-twenty hours after the first attack, the eye becomes putrid and drops out.

Every thing here reminds you that this is no peaceful emporium of commerce. The wharves are lined with vessels, but among them is not a solitary merchant flag. Ships of war of every size open their ports upon you. No picturesque sailors, wearing the varied attire of their own countries, lounge about the quay. You meet only the white uniform of the naval and military service. Sentinels stand on guard at every turn, presenting arms toward their officers who pass and repass continually. Grim batteries frown every where; and the only variety of prospect is obtained by gazing now into the mouth of a forty-two and now into that of a sixty-four pounder. By day every thing presents the orderly monotonous aspect of a fortress; and the stillness of night is broken only by the tinkling of bells from the vessels in the harbor, and the measured tread and frequent challenges of the sentinels pacing their continual rounds. Ascending to the summit of the city, the eye wanders along the line of bare limestone crags which gained for the coast the name of *Ak-Tiar*—the "White Rocks," and passes slowly down to the batteries which guard the harbor, the enormous three-deckers of the Black Sea fleet, and the long rows of condemned hulks, which have been converted into magazines and prison ships. The ordinary population of the city, including the military and naval force stationed there, is set down at forty or fifty thousand; but at times, when some great review is to be held, it is vastly increased. Yet in so large a town there is no such thing as a hotel or an inn, worthy of the name. A few miserable dens in an obscure quarter of the town give shelter to the few inhabitants of the surrounding country who now and then pass a night here.

Yet, after all, there is something imposing in this great naval station. Its foundation and maintenance are a part of that great system of policy which aims sooner or later at bringing the shores of the Bosphorus within the bounds of the Russian Empire. Every thing that can conduce to this end is contrived on the largest scale. The public works are ably planned, and executed without regard to cost. I have already alluded to the aqueduct by which the water necessary for the careening-dock has been conveyed from a distance of four leagues. The stone of the neighboring cliffs is too soft for the construction of the basins and docks; that which is used has all been brought from a distance. The fleet, for whose protection alone Sevastopol exists, is constructed and maintained at an expense altogether unparalleled. Not a vessel of it has ever bowed to the gales of the ocean; not one of them, before the recent massacre at Sinope, has ever seen a hostile flag. They are equipped, perform a few manœuvres in the narrow sea, and then quietly rot in the secure harbor fortified for their reception. That fleet bides its time to appear in the Golden Horn: Sevastopol is for the Black Sea fleet: the Black Sea fleet is for the future.

Although the fleet has encountered no hostile vessels, the long rows of hulks tell of a foe still more destructive. The ships last only from five to ten years, and are then condemned as unseaworthy, while the vessels of other nations last for twice that period. Ask any Russian official the reason, and he will shake his head mysteriously, and tell you of a minute worm—the *teredo navalis*—bred from the slimy river that pours into the inlet of Sevastopol, which attacks the timbers, and reduces them to rotten powder; adding with a sigh, that all attempts to prevent its ravages have proved unavailing. Those better instructed, shrug their shoulders at the bare mention of the worm, wondering how it manages to work its way through the copper sheathing. They will tell you that the real destroyer is the system of corruption which pervades all the official life of Russia. Contracts for timber are awarded to the men who will bribe highest; he in turn sub-lets to purveyors who bribe him; and so on until the money which should have been expended upon seasoned oak, finds its way mainly into the pockets of venal *employés*, and the vessels are constructed of unseasoned fir and pine. A final bribe given to the inspector insures that this miserable substitute is accepted. If we may credit the testimony of those who should be competent authority, there are not in the whole Black Sea fleet a half score of vessels capable of sustaining the storms of the Atlantic.

Now and then, it is true, some unwary functionary is brought to summary and condign punishment. It is a common report through all Southern Russia that directly after a recent visit of the Emperor to Sevastopol, the soldiers engaged in sweeping the streets were surprised at the appearance of a comrade whom they did not recognize, though somehow his features seemed not unfamiliar to them. At length the rumor began to spread that the new sweeper was none other than the Governor of the city, who had been degraded from his post to the ranks, and condemned to perform the most menial offices. What his precise crime was nobody could say; though official corruption, being the most common, was at once fixed upon as the most probable. It is but fair to add, that I could never quite satisfy myself whether this story was well-founded. The public has so little access to reliable sources of information, that the most absurd rumors find easy credence. At all events, the fact that nobody seemed to find any improbability in the story, shows conclusively the low estimate

every where put upon official morality. If it was not true, nobody doubted that it might at any moment be so.

After a two day's stay at Sevastopol, Gottlob and myself once more replenished our meerschaums, seated ourselves in our wagon, gave the sentinels at the gate a farewell whiff, to convince them that we were honest Germans, and drove back to Bagtche Seraï. There we rejoined our companion, who was awaiting our return. The time we had fixed for our tour had already been exceeded; so putting ourselves under the conduct of our guide, we made the best of our way back to Yalta, by another route from the one by which we had come. We were fortunately, just in time to catch the steamer, on board which we embarked for Odessa. So ended our trip through the Crimea—a brief but pleasant episode in a year's residence in Southern Russia.

THE HOLY WEEK AT ROME.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE Holy Week at Rome! What! unholy reminiscences of crowding, struggling, contention; of extortion and cheating; of dirt and discomfort; in short, of all the ills attendant upon the multiplication of the population of the holy city tenfold in proportion to its capacity of accommodation, does not this solemn church-festival vividly recall to every traveler, who has undergone its purgatorial experience, either to view its vain show, or to stir anew languid devotion in witnessing the significant facts in man's redemption which it is intended to commemorate? Rome, during this period, is the focus of Christendom. The Protestant hurries up to the Eternal City to behold the scarlet lady in all her pomp and circumstance, with the charitable object of seeing with his own eyes whether her color is not even more deeply dyed than it has been represented. The Catholic devoutly makes his pilgrimage to lay alike his sins and offerings on her altars, and with renewed heart and faith to carry back with him the blessing and absolution of Christ's Vicar on earth. Both are not unfrequently alike disappointed. I have known the scorning Protestant to go away the disciple of infallibility, while the simple-hearted Catholic, gradually losing himself among the mazes of doubt and hypocrisy which, fungus-like, cluster around the claims of papacy, at last acknowledged himself a pagan, or worse, an unbeliever in all religion.

No city, both from its past and present influence on the world's history, presents more claims to interest than Rome. The many who visit it are as nothing in comparison with those who desire and can not. I shall therefore give, for the benefit of the latter class, so far as I am able, a practical view of its ceremonies and principles during that period which it has set apart to commemorate with all its sanctity and splendor, as one of peculiar solemnity—embracing the most momentous events that ever dawned upon the human race—the death and resurrection of our Saviour. What papacy thus openly spreads before the whole world must be considered as its religious standard. By its effects on its followers it can rightly be judged. To keep within the strictest limits of charitable evidence, I shall confine myself either to papal authorities or ceremonies; for it is solely upon them that it founds its high pretensions, and by them exhibits its righteousness.

Bishop England, in a little work published at Rome, entitled an "Explanation of the Ceremonies of the Holy Week," sets forth the claims and objects of the Roman Church at this particular festival. We, therefore, can not go amiss in briefly quoting from him the doctrines which he asserts to be animating principles of the practices he advocates.

"The object," he says, "of our church-ceremony is not mere idle show; such exhibitions would, in religion, be worse than a *waste* of time." "God can never be pleased by *any* homage which is not internal and spiritual." "The legitimate objects of external rites in religion, are the instruction of the mind and amelioration of the heart; their object is the promotion of enlightened piety. Whatever does not tend to this, is at least useless; probably mischievous. The Catholic Church is desirous of having *all her observances tested by this principle.*" By this principle, I beg all, whether Protestant or Catholic, to test even the few of the manifold observances that I shall be able to quote within my prescribed limits, and to frankly confess their own conclusions as to the degree in which they promote "enlightened piety."

The Pope, as we all know, claims to be the representative of Christ, with spiritual and temporal powers commensurate with a divine authority. Although our Saviour expressly declared his kingdom not to be of this world, yet his successor, and "*visible head of the Church*," is also a "*temporal sovereign*;" and, in addition to his ecclesiastical state, surrounds himself with as brilliant a court as can exist, in which females are outwardly excluded. In judging, then, of these incompatible functions, a charitable distinction should be drawn between that which properly belongs to the one or the other. Inasmuch, however, as the temporal power had its origin in his spiritual position, and is intimately blended with it in all its phases, it will be difficult to define the line of demarkation between his duties as high-priest and sovereign. We must therefore take him simply as he shows himself to the adoration of the faithful.

"His *throne* is placed on the Gospel side of the altar," says Bishop England. From personal inspection, I can assure the curious reader that no imperial robes surpass those of the Holy Father, in rich and curious embroidery, gold, precious stones, and general value of materials and cunning workmanship. Description would fail to illustrate the variety and pomp of costume of the Roman ecclesiastical courts. Therefore I shall present—so far as uncolored cuts can—the extent and costliness of this branch of service of the successor of Him who exalted poverty in the priesthood to the rank of a virtue.

PROCESSION

FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

Esquires,
two and two, in red serge cappas with hoods over the shoulders, etc.
Proctors of the College,
two and two, in black stuff cappas with silk hoods.
Procuratores of religious orders,
two and two, in the habits of their respective orders.
Ecclesiastical chamberlains, outside the city,
two and two, in red.
Chaplains in ordinary,
in red cappas with hoods of ermine ; of whom there are
first mitre bearer,
second mitre bearer,
third mitre bearer,
one bearer of the tiara.—(Cut 8.)
Private Chaplains,
two and two, red cappas and hoods of ermine.
Consistorial Advocates,
two and two, in black or violet cassocks, and hoods.
Ecclesiastical Chamberlains,
private and honorary, two and two, in red cassocks and hoods.
Choristers of the Chapel,
two and two, in violet silk cassocks over which are surplices.—(Cut 9.)
Abbreviators of the Park,
Clerks of the Chamber,
in surplices, over rochets, two and two,
Master of the sacred Palace,
in his habit of a Dominican friar,
Auditors of the Rota,
in surplices, over rochets, two and two,
Incense bearer.

Three Acolyths,
in surplices over rochets
carrying large candlesticks with lights
Greek Subdeacon.

Cross bearer.
in tunic.—(Cut 12.)
Two porters of the red rod.
Latin Subdeacon,
in tunic.

Four Acolyths,
in surplices over rochets
carrying candlesticks with lights
Greek Deacon.

Penitentiaries of St. Peter's,
two and two, in albs and chasubles.
Mitred Abbots,
of whom only a few are entitled to a place.
BISHOPS, ARCHBISHOPS AND PATRIARCHS,
two and two, the latins wearing copes and mitres,
the easterns in their proper costumes.—(Cuts 2–8.)
CARDINAL DEACONS,
in dalmatics and mitres, each accompanied by his chamberlain carrying his square cap, and followed by his train bearer,
CARDINAL PRIESTS,
in chasubles and mitres, similarly attended.—(Cut 11.)
CARDINAL BISHOPS,
in copes and mitres, similarly attended.
General staff, and officers of the guard of nobles,
Grand herald and grand esquire.
in court dresses.
Lay chamberlains,
Conservators of Rome and Prior of the magistrates of Wards
in vestures ornamented with cloth of gold.
PRINCE ASSISTANT AT THE THRONE,
in a splendid court dress.—(Cut 10.)
GOVERNOR OF ROME,
in rochet and cappa.
Two auditors of the Rota,
to serve as train bearers.
Two principal masters of ceremony.

CARDINAL DEACON,
second assistant at the throne,
Fan borne by
a private chamberlain.

CARDINAL DEACON,
for the latin gospel and mass

CARDINAL DEACON,
first assistant at the throne
Fan borne by a private
chamberlain.—(Cut 14.)

THE POPE—(Cut 13.)
wearing a white cope and tiara,
borne in his chair by twelve supporters—(Cut 15—*Pope's chair bearer in livery*)—in red damask, under a canopy sustained by eight referendaries of the signature, in short violet mantles over rochets.
His holiness is surrounded by his household. Six of the Swiss guards, representing the catholic cantons, carry large drawn swords on their shoulders.

Private chamberlain.

Dean of the Rota,
in rochet and cappa.

Private chamberlain
of sword and cloak.—(Cut 20.)

MAJORDOMO.

AUDITOR OF THE APOSTOLIC CAMERA.

TREASURER.

in rochets and cappas.
Prothonotaries apostolic,
Regent of the chancery and auditor of contradictions,
all in rochets and cappas, two and two.
Generals of religious orders,
two and two, in their proper habits.

Swiss guard.—(Cut 17.)
Guard of Nobles.
Mace bearers.
Swiss guard.

Swiss guard.—(Cut 16.)
Swiss guard.
Mace bearers.—(Cut 19.)
Guard of Nobles.—(Cut 18.)



1. THE POPE IN HIS PONTIFICAL ROBES.



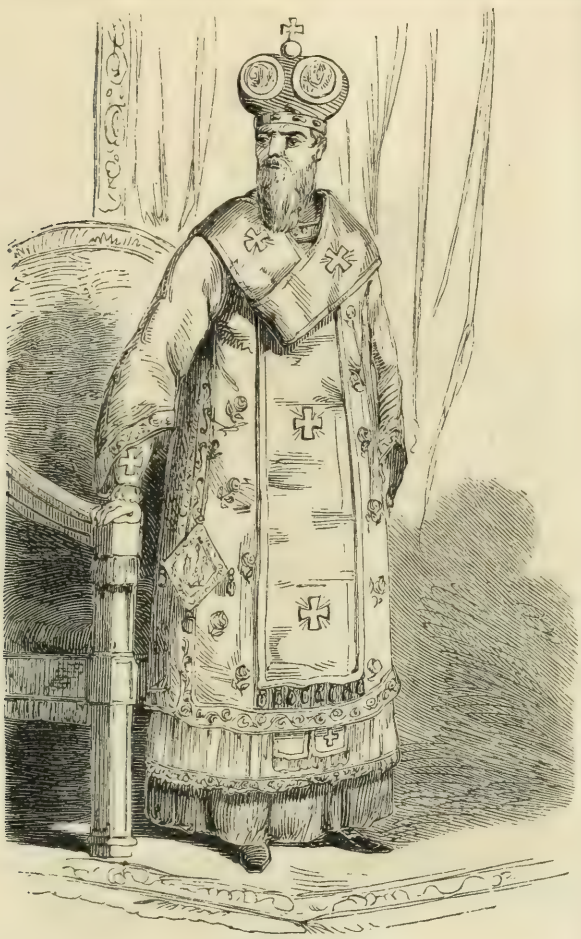
2. LATIN BISHOP.



3. CARDINAL IN FULL COSTUME.



4. CARDINAL IN PRIVATE HABIT.



5. GREEK BISHOP.



6. SYRIAN BISHOP.



7. ARMENIAN BISHOP.



8. BEARER OF THE TIARA.



9. CHORISTER.



10. SENATOR.



11. CARDINAL PRIEST.



12. CROSS-BEARER.



13. THE POPE.



14. PRIVATE CHAMBERLAIN.



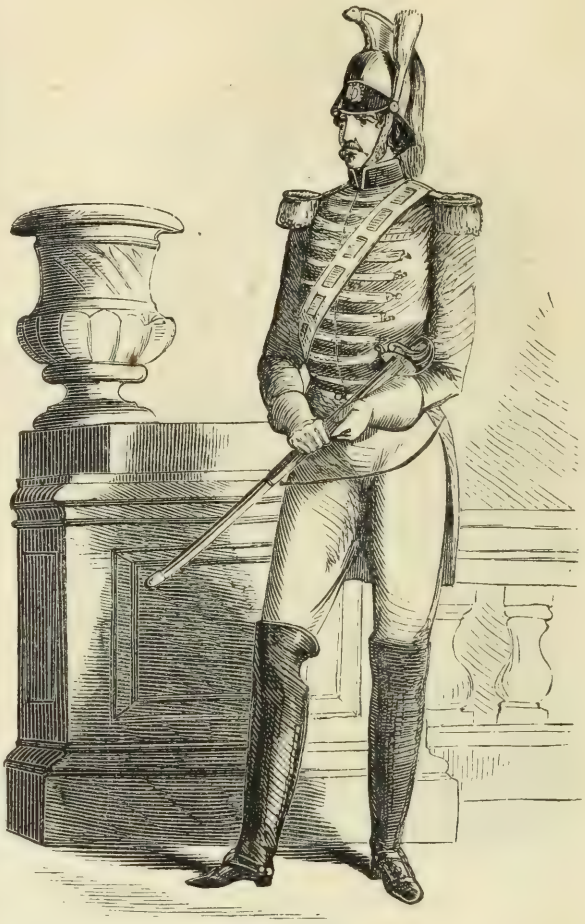
15. POPE'S CHAIR-BEARER.



16. CAPTAIN OF SWISS GUARD.



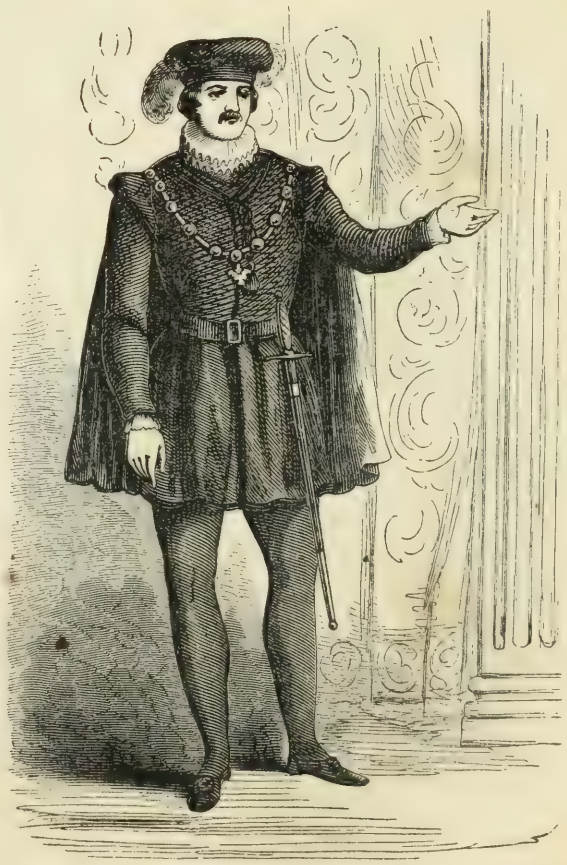
17. PRIVATE OF SWISS GUARD.



18. GUARD OF NOBLES.



19. MACE-BEARER.



20. CHAMBERLAIN OF SWORD AND CLOAK.

On the cope of bright purple color which the Pope wears on Palm Sunday is a silver plate richly gilt, bearing, in beautiful relief, the figure of the Almighty. This was formerly of pure gold, surrounded by three knobs of costly oriental pearls; but the cupidity of the enemies of Pius VI. overcame their fear of sacrilege, and they appropriated it to other purposes. Benvenuto Cellini, who was employed by Clement VII. to engrave this plate, says, somewhat blasphemously, though in true artistic spirit, that he endeavored to represent the "Almighty Father in a free and easy position."

His Holiness selects the cardinals, seventy in number, who form the high senate of the Church and the privy council of the Pope. They in turn elect the Pope from their own number. In costume they are a shade less brilliant than the Holy Father, wearing, when in chapel, red cassocks with gold tassels, red stockings, white ermine tippets, and red skull or square caps. On solemn occasions they add red shoes and white damask silk mitres, with other changes of raiment, telling with great effect in a procession, but tedious in description.

Throughout the whole edifice of the Roman hierarchy, costume forms a very important and conspicuous part. It is nicely graduated with decreasing splendor and diversified cut from the pope, cardinals, archbishops, and the inferior clergy, who are almost lost amid richly-laced petticoats and purple skirts, to the laughable attire of the sacristans, choristers, and the dirty and dolorous robes of the monastic orders. Each rank has its mark and number, and it must be confessed that no military display can compete, in variety and brilliancy of colors and costliness of uniform, with one got up by the church. The nomenclature of papal costume is intelligible only to those who pass their lives in wearing it. Each article has its peculiar uses and degree of sanctity.

The etiquette of the papal court, whether in its spiritual or temporal sense, is no light service. To give an idea of the number and variety of officers attached to it, I have given a programme of the Procession for Easter Sunday as it appears in Saint Peter's previous to High Mass and the General Benediction and Excommunication. The engravings given of several of these ecclesiastical personages and their suites, will bear out the assertion that no operatic or theatrical spectacle can pretend to vie with the papal court when it dons its holiday suit. Imagine the surprise of St. Peter were he to be present, upon being told that that sleepy-looking old gentleman, so buried in gold and jewels as scarcely to be discernible, and borne under a magnificent canopy on the shoulders of twelve men clothed in the brightest scarlet, performing the pantomime of turning from one side to another his uplifted thumb and two fingers as illustrative of the blessing of the Holy Trinity, was *his* SUCCESSOR! I question whether at such a sacrilegious libel the old Adam within him would not be more signally displayed than it even was in the garden; for the zealous apostle would least of all forgive humbug. I speak only of the effect on my own mind, contrasted with what I conceive to be the proper display of that religion which consists in visiting and comforting the fatherless and widows in their affliction. There are others, as we often see, on whom the glitter of a court, or the music and architecture of a church have greater weight than the humility and simplicity of gospel truth. They would be loth to confess that the avenue to their minds and hearts closed with their eyes and ears; but take away the curiously wrought robes, the cunning of the artificer, the genius of the artist, the harmonies of music, and the entire combination of pomp and venerable tradition by which Rome upholds her religion, and how much of faith and conviction would be left to them?

Beside the officers who figure in the above procession, there are a legion of others attached to the court, which swell its bulk to a degree that weighs heavily upon the petty temporal dominions of the Popes, and is out of all proportion to their necessities. There are private gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and among them a secret treasurer, who purveys for the alms and amusement of the Pope. So little bodily exercise does the Roman etiquette allow to the successors of the fisherman, that his present Holiness has been ordered by his physician to play at billiards daily, to counteract his tendency to obesity.

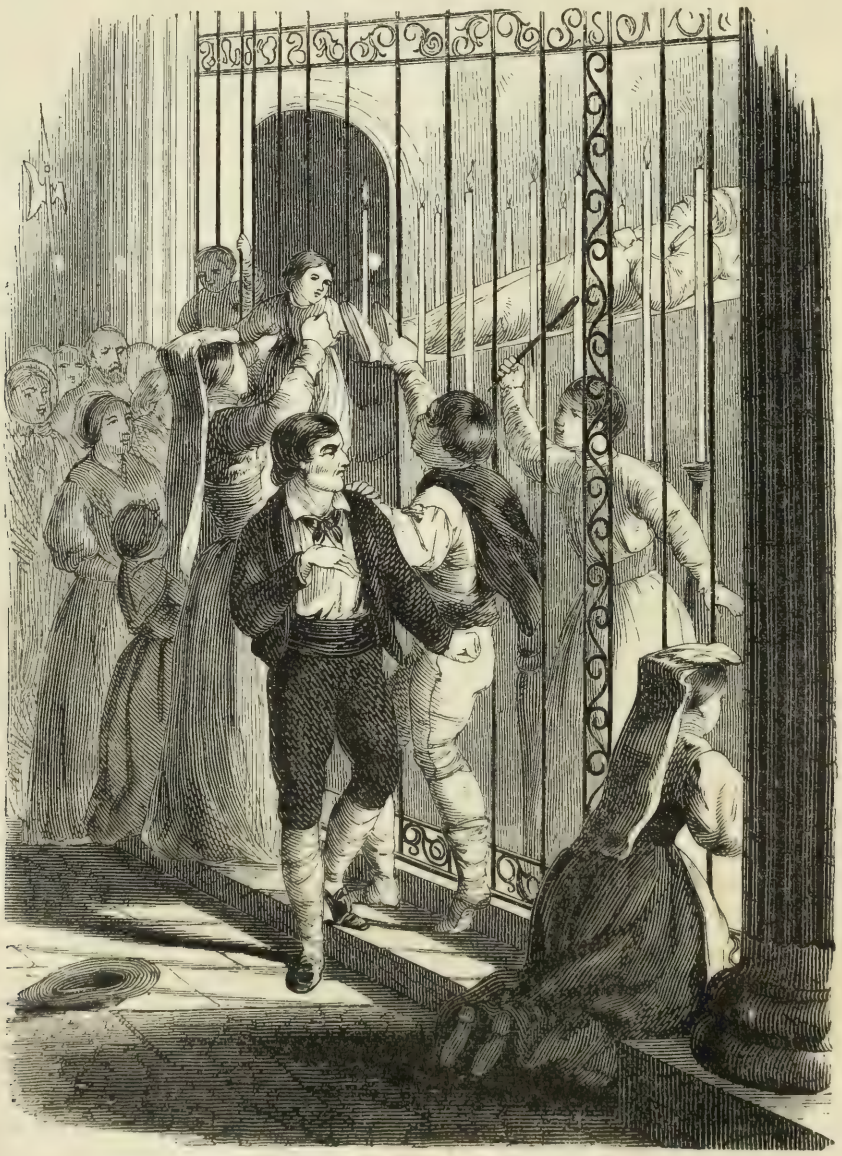
There are one hundred and eight officers and valets, under different titles, attached to the personal service of the Pope; a modest number when the extent of his several palaces is considered. No sovereign pays the penalty of greatness more severely than the Holy Father. His sanctity dooms him perpetually to solitary meals, except on extraordinary occasions, there being no one on earth sufficiently elevated to sit as an equal at table with him. This is the rule, but a spiritual Pope no doubt finds means occasionally to reconcile his social instincts and rank at the same time. Then, too, every dish must be previously tasted, for fear of poison; an antiquated custom, which at present no one would conceive to have any foundation in necessity. His chambers are coldly splendid. Marbles, paintings, mosaics, and gilding there are in abundance, but the whole arranged with more than the usual chilling aspect of a state palace. His private rooms, no doubt, are more comfortable; but the whole state and circumstance that surround a Pope, so far as the public eye can judge, is one which makes him, in all the relations of personal freedom and enjoyment, a being little to be envied. Each natural instinct and generous impulse is so hedged in with sacred etiquette or pusillanimous fear as to be a torture rather than a pleasure to its possessor. A bad Pope can be personally free only by being a hypocrite; a good Pope is a martyr to a rank which in its daily duties involves a constant contradiction of the simplest principles of Christianity, and is a standing reproach upon common sense.

All access to the Pope is guarded with mysterious care. He has his private chamber-men — not maids — private cooks, sweepers, and

domestics of all classes. Besides these he has his confessor, preacher, chaplains—queer necessities these for the fountain-head of religion—his porters, jesters, poultrymen, and muleteers. These all have rank and appointments in the sacred household, mingling strangely with "monsignori" the secretaries of state, and other officials. The private chamberlains who wait in the ante-chambers are clergymen. In imitation of imperial courts, we find cup-bearers, masters of the wardrobe, grand esquires, a grand herald, private chamberlains of the *sword* and *cloak*, who wear the black-spangled dress, the most graceful of all court costumes, and a guard of nobles, magnificently uniformed, a section of which attends at divine service in the Pope's *chapel* with drawn *swords*.

Each cardinal and high officer has a little court of his own. When the revenues of Christendom flowed into the papal treasury, it was not difficult to maintain this state and expense; but, now that it falls mainly on the Roman Sacristory, it becomes a burden which Christian humility might consistently seek to lighten. When there exists so numerous a corps of servants, whether of the household or church, invention must be racked to find employment for them; consequently, we are not surprised to see that during high church ceremonies—for instance, on Palm Sunday—it requires "a prince, an auditor of the rota, two clerks of the chamber, and two mace-bearers," to present a basin of water to the Pope, in which he washes his hands, while a cardinal dean holds the towel, a senior cardinal priest hands him the incense, which he puts into a censer held by the "senior voter of the signature." Verily, St. Peter could have written all his epistles in much less time than it would have taken him to learn the titles and employments of the household of his successors in the nineteenth century! "In the sacred functions of the altar, when the Pope assists without officiating," says Bishop England, he selects the officers from a number of names presented by the chapters of each of the three patriarchal basilics, selecting "always a *nobleman*, if his other qualifications be equal to those of his associates"—the wisdom of which choice, and its consistency with Christianity, all republicans can not fail to perceive.

The mode of electing a Pope is curious. The conclave is the assemblage of the cardinals for that purpose. They select their own place of meeting, in general choosing simply between the Vatican or Quirinal palaces.



THE CORPSE OF THE POPE EXPOSED.

The day after the last day of the funeral ceremonies of a deceased Pope, the mass of the Holy Ghost is repeated with great solemnity, a Latin discourse pronounced, and the procession of cardinals enters the chapel, chanting *Veni Creator*. The bulls concerning the election are read, and the cardinal dean harangues them upon the duties prescribed for the occasion. Each cardinal then takes his place in the conclave, that is, retires to his cell, a small room of about twelve feet square, modestly furnished by himself, with his arms over the door. These cells are all alike, upon the same floor, and arranged in galleries. Chimneys are not permitted, warmth being communicated from the neighboring rooms. To make the isolation complete, in winter the windows are all built up, excepting a single pane. In summer the cardinals are permitted to look into the garden.

For the service of each cell there is allowed a secretary and one gentleman, who are obliged to perform the duties of domestics. But as the emoluments are great, consisting of a considerable sum before the conclave, and a distribution of ten thousand crowns by the new Pope after his election, besides certain advantages for their future career, these posts are much sought after by the younger ecclesiastics.

The conclave is allowed also the services of a sacristan, two sub-sacristans, a confessor, four masters of ceremonies, two physicians, an apothecary, three barbers, a mason, a carpenter, and twelve valets, whose livery is violet.

Before the cardinals enter into conclave, should any feel not adequate to the discipline about to be imposed upon them, they are warned to retire. Once in conclave, they are placed in solitary confinement, each in his own cell. Every avenue to the palace is strictly guarded by detachments of soldiers, and each door carefully closed. The only communication from without is by means of small revolving shelves, or boxes, like the "*tours*" of foundling hospitals, through which the meals are passed, and also any official communications, but only in the presence, and with the authorization of their military guardians. Vocal intercourse is permitted only at certain high apertures in the walls, in Italian, and with raised voices, so that the guards can hear and understand the conversation. The utmost precautions are taken to prevent the inmates of adjoining cells from communicating with each other. If a cardinal become ill, he is permitted to go out, but he can not re-enter his cell during the conclave.

Before the closing of the conclave, a final day is permitted to the visits and conferences of the cardinals, in the hall arranged for that purpose. These interviews are according to prescribed rules.

All the expenses of the conclave are borne by the Apostolic Chamber. Among these, the meals are not the least. As nothing is done in Rome without a procession, the dinners of the cardinals are served up in the same manner. The order is as follows:

At the head, two footmen with wooden maces.



DINNER DURING THE CONCLAVE.



ELECTION OF PIUS THE SIXTH.

A valet with the silver.

The gentlemen in service, two by two, bareheaded.

The chief cook with a napkin on his shoulder.

Cup-bearers and esquires.

Two footmen, carrying upon their shoulders a huge dish-warmer, containing the meats, &c.

Then follow the valets, with wine and fruit in baskets.

Upon arriving at the palace, each cardinal is visited in turn by his procession, and the dinner deposited. But before this is done, every dish is inspected lest some letter or message should be concealed within the viands. The bottles and glasses are required to be transparent, and the vases sufficiently shallow to show their depths. With all these precautions, however, diplomatic ingenuity at times contrives to convey hidden communications. The fruits often speak intelligibly for themselves. A truffle has served to baffle a rival combination, and destroy a choice fixed upon for the succeeding day. This species of culinary diplomacy was due, as might be expected, to an embassador of France.

There are four modes of electing the Pope: the "adoration," the "compromise," the "*scrutin*," and the "*accessit*."

The votes are deposited by the cardinals, according to certain prescribed rules, in a chalice placed upon an altar, either in the Sistine Chapel or one of the same dimensions at the Quirinal. They are summoned twice a day, at six in the morning and at the same hour of the evening, to deposit their votes. These are carried bv themselves on golden plates. Each bulletin containing the vote is carefully sealed, and stamped with some fanciful design, known only to the voter, and prepared expressly for his vote. Great care is also taken to disguise the handwriting so that no external clew to the voter's choice can be detected. This act is preceded by an oath to choose him whom they believe the most worthy, and is accompanied by sacred chants. The officers, designated by lot to examine the votes, inspect them with the most minute attention and precautions, for fear of fraud. If a cardinal has obtained two-thirds of the votes, they are verified by comparing the names of the voters with their chosen devices. Should two-thirds of the votes be wanting to one name, the bulletins are burned, and the voting commences anew. The smoke which arises from the chimney attached to the chapel at this hour, telegraphs to an expectant crowd without the failure of the vote.

Election by "adoration" is when a cardinal, in giving his vote, goes toward his candidate, proclaiming him the Head of the Church; and is followed by two-thirds of the cardinals imitating his example. The "compromise" is when the uncertain suffrages are given to certain members of the conclave from which to elect a Pope. The "scrutin" is the secret ballot. The "accessit" is the last resource for a choice, but as it is seldom resorted to, and I do not clearly comprehend the process myself, I can not give it to my readers. During the examination of the votes by secret ballot, the cardinals say masses upon the six altars of the chapel.

The excessive precautions taken to insure purity of choice, betray the extent to which faction and corruption must have intruded into these elections. In times past the most scandalous scenes have preceded and accompanied the intrigues which, despite the severity of the regulations, find entrance into the holy conclave, splitting it into unholy factions. During the comparatively recent conclave, which resulted in the election of Pius VI., the cardinals even proceeded to blows, and their excitement rivaled the worst scenes that have ever occurred in any democratic congress.

After his election the Pope selects the name by which he wishes to be known. The Master of Ceremonies then clothes him in the papal vestments, and the cardinals, each in turn, kiss his hands and feet, the Pope giving them upon the right cheek the kiss of peace. They then chant, "Behold the high priest, pleasing to God, and found just!" The guns of St. Angelo thunder forth a salute, every bell of the city augments the joyous clamor, and drums, trumpets, and timbrels, amid the acclamations of the people—if the election be a popular one—complete the noisy chorus.

After a special adoration in the Sistine Chapel, the Pope seats himself under a red canopy before the grand altar in St. Peter's, where he receives the adoration of the people. This finished, he is borne in grand procession to the palace which he selects for his residence. In the adoration paid to the Pope enlightened Romanists disclaim, and with justice no doubt, any act of personal idolatry. But while they render the same forms of homage to a man which we are taught to believe are due only to God, it will be difficult for the mass to discriminate the nice distinction they would make. Their example, at all events, is so much weight in the scale of idolatry, while their motives are far beyond the capacity of ignorant minds to comprehend.

During the interval between the death of one Pope and the election of another, the papal functions are administered by an officer called the "Camerlingue," or Cardinal President, of the Court of Rome. He holds one of the three keys of the treasure of the Castle of St. Angelo; the dean of the sacred college another, and the Pope the third.

The unity and policy of the papal court is undoubtedly the same in all ages, so far as concerns its claims to temporal and spiritual power. Were it not counteracted by the spirit of the age, there is no reason to believe it would not now assert its authority as distinctly and frankly as in the thirteenth century, in the mandate of Nicholas III., cited in the ninety-sixth distinction of the canon law, viz.:

"It is evident that the Roman pontiff can not be judged of man, because he is GOD!"

In a bull of Gregory IX., inserted in the Decretals, under the title of "Pre-eminence," we read as follows:

"God has made two great lights for the firmament of the universal Church—that is to say, he has instituted two dignities: these are the pontifical authority and the royal power; but that which rules in these days, that is to say over



THE POPE BORNE TO HIS RESIDENCE.

things spiritual, is the greater, and that which presides over things material the lesser. Therefore all should know that there is as much difference between pontiffs and kings as between the sun and moon. We say that every human creature is subjected to the sovereign pontiff, and that he can (according to the decretal of Innocent III., called the Prebends), in virtue of his full power and sovereign authority, dispose of the natural and divine right."

At this age of the world we may smile at these doctrines. But the spirit which conceived them still exists, though the power then enforced has departed. The haughty ceremonies that accompanied these assumptions of power are yet in full sway, yearly growing in imbecility, as the authority which alone could make them respected becomes more remote. That which once carried with it terrible meaning has now degenerated into pitiful farce. Spectators now gather to Rome during holy festivals, not to worship or to acknowledge the great head of the Christian church, but to wonder at the debasing shows proffered, and the haughty magnificence displayed by priests who found their creed on a gospel of humility and love. Should these remarks be construed as uncharitable, I can only add that where religion, as I intend showing, is metamorphosed designedly into a mere spectacle, it must expect to be subjected to the ordinary laws of criticism.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE CAMPAIGN OF PARIS.

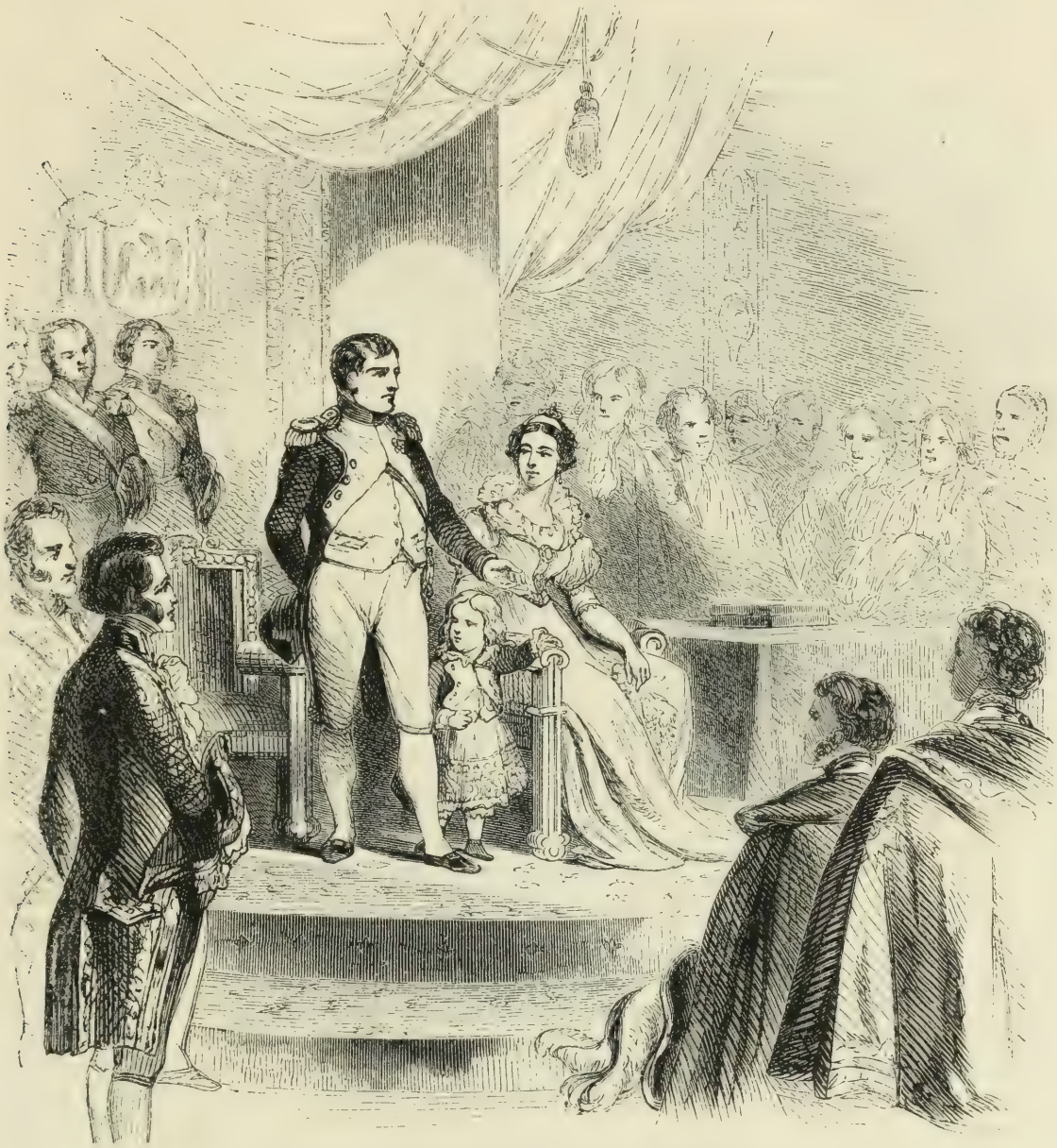
THE war had now become a struggle for the dethronement of Napoleon, and for the effectual suppression, throughout Europe, of those principles of republican equality, to which the French Revolution had given birth. There never was a government so popular as not to have its opposition. In every nation and state allied to France there were many royalists, ready eagerly to join the allied armies. In the triumph of that cause they hoped to regain their exclusive privileges. And in all the old aristocracies there were multitudes, of the more intelligent portion of the populace, hungering for reform. They welcomed, with enthusiasm, the approach of the armies of Napoleon. It was the existence of this party, in such strength, both in England and Ireland, which roused the Tory government of Britain, to such tremendous exertions, to crush, in the person of the French Emperor, the spirit of republican equality. The North British Review, one of the organs of the Tory party, in the following strain, which will certainly amuse American readers, complains of that equality, which Napoleon established in France:

"Those who have watched the interior workings of society in France, long and close at hand, are inclined to attribute much of that uselessness and discontent, which is one of its most striking features, and which is the despair both of the friends of order and the friends of freedom, to the national system of education. Members of various grades and classes in the social scale are instructed together, in the same schools, in the same mode, and on the same subjects, to a degree of which we have no example here. If the peasant, the grocer, or the tailor, can scrape together a little money, his son receives his training in the same seminary as the son of the proprietor, whose land he cultivates, whose sugar and coffee he supplies, and whose coat he makes. The boy, who ought to be a laborer or a petty tradesman, sits on the same bench, and learns the same lesson, as the boy who is destined for the bar, the tribune, or the civil service of the state. This system arises out of the passion for equality, and fosters it in turn. The result is, that each one naturally learns to despise his own destination, and to aspire to that of his more fortunate school-fellow. The grocer's son can not see why he should not become an advocate, a journalist, a statesman, as well as the wealthier and noble-born lad, who was often below him in the class, whom he occasionally thrashed, and often helped over the thorny places of his daily task."*

The Allies now advanced triumphantly toward the Rhine. Napoleon roused all his energies to meet the emergence. "Though age," says Bourrienne, "might have been supposed to have deprived him of some of his activity, yet, in that crisis, I beheld him as in his most vigorous youth. Again he developed that fervid mind, which, as in his early conquests, annihilated time and space, and seemed omnipresent in its energies." France, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, assumed the appearance of a vast arsenal. The Council of State suggested to Napoleon that it might not be wise to announce to the people the humiliating truth that the frontiers of France were invaded.

"Wherefore," replied Napoleon, "should not the truth be told? Wellington has entered the south; the Russians menace the north; the Aus-

* It is greatly to Napoleon's honor, that such men as the Duke of Wellington were contending against him. It is, in itself, evidence of the righteousness of his cause. Probably there can not be found in the world a man more resolutely hostile to popular reform than was the Duke of Wellington. He was the idol of the aristocracy. He was hated by the people. They had pelted him with mud through the streets of London, and he had been compelled to barricade his windows against their assaults. Even the soldiers under his command in Spain had no affection for his person; and, notwithstanding all the calumnies of the British press, they loved, around their camp-fires, to tell stories of the goodness of Napoleon. Many, too, of these soldiers, after the battle of Waterloo, were sent to Canada. I am informed, by a gentleman of commanding character and intelligence, that when a child, he has sat for hours listening to the anecdotes in favor of Napoleon which these British soldiers had picked up in the camp. Yet, true to military discipline, they would stand firmly to their colors in the hour of battle. They were proud of the grandeur of the "Iron Duke," but no soldier loved him. We will imitate Napoleon's magnanimity, in not questioning the sincerity of the Duke of Wellington's convictions, that an aristocratic government is best for the people. We simply state the undeniable *fact*, that his hostility was deadly to all popular reform.



THE EMPRESS INVESTED WITH THE REGENCY.

trians, Prussians, and Bavarians, are on the east. Shame! Wellington is in France, and ye have not risen, *en masse*, to drive him back. There must be an impulse given. All must march. It is for you, counselors, fathers of families, heads of the nation, to set the example. People speak of peace, when all should echo to the call of war."

The emigrants, members of the old royalist party, whom Napoleon had generously permitted to return to France, and to enter again upon their estates, basely, in this hour of disaster, turned against their benefactor. They organized a wide-spread conspiracy, opened communications with the Allies, distributed arms among their adherents, extolled the Bourbons, and defamed, in every possible way, the good character of Napoleon.

The priests, hoping by the restoration of the Bourbons to regain the enormous church possessions which had been confiscated by the Revolution, in large numbers joined the conspirators, and endeavored to sting the bosom which had warmed them into life. In many districts their influence over the peasantry was almost omnipotent.

The Count of Artois, afterward Charles X., hastened to join the army of the Austrians. His son, the Duke of Angoulême, who had married the unhappy daughter of Louis XVI., whose tragic imprisonment with her brother, the Dauphin, in the Temple, has moved the sympathies of the world, hastened to the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington. The Count of Provence, subsequently Louis XVIII., was residing at Hartwell, England. He was an infirm, unwieldy, gouty old man, of three score years. Unable to make any exertions himself, he sat, lolling in his chair, while the Allies deluged France in blood and flame, to place him on the throne. Talleyrand, the wily diplomatist, clearly discerning the fall of the empire, entered into communication with the Allies, to secure the best possible terms for himself. He did every thing in his power to thwart the exertions of Napoleon, and of the nation. In the Council of State, and

in the saloons of the capital, he incessantly advised submission.

On the 20th of December Napoleon assembled the Senate. He opened the session in person, and thus addressed the members:

"Splendid victories have illustrated the French armies in this campaign. Defections, without a parallel, have rendered those victories unavailing, or have turned them against us. France would now have been in danger but for the energy and the union of the French. In these momentous circumstances, my first thought has been to summon you around me. My heart has need of the presence and affection of my subjects. I have never been seduced by prosperity. Adversity will find me superior to its strokes. I have often given peace to the nations, when they had lost every thing. With a part of my conquests I have raised up monarchs, who have since abandoned me. I had conceived and executed great designs for the happiness of the world. A monarch and a father, I feel that peace adds to the security of thrones as well as families. Nothing, on my part, is an obstacle to the re-establishment of peace. You are the natural organs of the throne. It is for you to give an example of energy, which may dignify our generation in the eyes of our posterity. Let them not say of us, 'They have sacrificed the first interests of our country; they have submitted to laws, which England has sought in vain, during four centuries, to impose upon France.' I am confident that, in this crisis, the French will show themselves worthy of themselves and of me."

At the same time, Napoleon communicated to the Senate and to the Legislative Assembly the correspondence which had taken place with the Allies, both before and after the battle of Leipsic. He wished to prove to the nation that he had neglected no honorable exertions to arrest the calamities of war. A committee was appointed, by both bodies, to examine and report upon the documents. The report of the Senate was favorable to Napoleon, and yet the influence of that report was to weaken the Emperor's hold on the democracy. He had sought to identify himself with the ancient order of things. It was the policy of his government to conciliate antagonistic principles, to engraft democratic rights upon monarchical forms. He hoped thus to secure popular rights on the one hand, and to abate the hostility of monarchical Europe on the other. This policy might have been unwise; but there is every evidence that he sincerely thought it the best which could be adopted, under then existing circumstances. He knew that France would not submit again to place her neck under the yoke of the old feudal aristocracy. He believed it impossible to maintain republican forms in France, with a Jacobin mob at one extremity of society, with royalist conspirators at the other extremity, and with all Europe in arms against the republic.

Though the overwhelming majority of the people of France were strongly in favor of the policy of Napoleon, yet the Jacobins on the one hand, and the royalists on the other, a small but busy minority, were ever ready to join hands for his overthrow. The President of the senatorial commission, M. Fontanes, concluded his report respecting the continued assault of the Allies, with the following words: "Against whom is that attack directed? Against that great man who has merited the gratitude of all kings; for he it was, who, in re-establishing the throne of France, extinguished the volcano with which they were all menaced." The *people* did not relish this declaration, that Napoleon had become an advocate of the *rights of kings*. Napoleon had achieved all his victories, and attained his supremacy, as the recognized advocate of the *rights of the people*. His rejection of Josephine, and his matrimonial alliance with the proud house of Hapsburg, also operated against him. They had secured for his cause no monarchical friends, but had wilted the enthusiasm of the people.

France was now disheartened. One army had perished upon the snows of Russia; another upon the plains of Saxony. The conscription and taxation had borne heavily upon all classes. All Europe had been combining in an interminable series of wars against revolutionary France. It seemed impossible any longer to protract the conflict. The majority of the legislative body adopted the report of their committee, containing the following sentiments deeply wounding to the Emperor:

"In order to prevent the coalesced powers from accusing France of any wish to maintain a too extensive territory, which they seem to fear, would it not exhibit real greatness to undeceive them by a formal declaration? It is for the government to propose the measures which may be considered most prompt and safe for repelling the enemy, and establishing peace on a solid basis. These measures must be effectual, if the French people be convinced that their blood will be shed only in defense of their country and of its laws. It appears indispensable, therefore, that his Majesty shall be entreated to maintain the full and constant execution of the laws, which guarantee to the nation the free exercise of its political rights."

Napoleon regarded these insinuations as peculiarly unfriendly, and ordered the printing of the report to be suppressed. He immediately assembled the Council of State, and thus expressed his sentiments on the subject:

"You are aware, gentlemen, of the dangers to which the country is exposed. Without any obligation to do so, I thought it right to consult the deputies of the legislative body. They have converted this act of my confidence into a weapon against me, that is to say, against the country. Instead of assisting me, they obstruct my efforts. We should assume an attitude to check the advance of the enemy. Their attitude invites him. Instead of showing to him a front of brass, they unvail to him our wounds. They stun me with clamors for peace, while the only means to obtain it is to prepare for war. They speak of grievances. But these are subjects to be discussed in private, and not in the presence of an enemy.



THE ATTACK UPON NAPOLEON.

Was I inaccessible to them? Did I ever show myself averse to rational argument? It is time to come to a conclusion. The legislative body, instead of assisting to save France, has concurred to accelerate her ruin. It has betrayed its duty. I fulfill mine. I prorogue the Assembly, and call for fresh elections. Were I sure that this act would bring the people of Paris in a crowd to the Tuileries, to murder me this day, I would still do my duty. My determination is perfectly legal. If every one here will act worthily, I shall yet be invincible, as well before the enemy, as behind the shelter of the law."

Notwithstanding this prorogation, a few days after, on the first of January, a deputation from the legislative body attended court, to present the congratulations of the season to the Emperor. As they entered the room, Napoleon advanced to meet them. In earnest tones, which were subdued by the spirit of seriousness and sadness, he thus spoke:

"Gentlemen of the Chamber of Deputies! you are about to return to your respective departments. I had called you together, with perfect reliance upon your concurrence in my endeavors to illustrate this period of our history. You might have rendered me a signal service, by giving me the support of which I stood in need, instead of attempting to confine me within limits, which you would be the first to extend when you had discovered the fatal effects of your internal dissensions. By what authority do you consider yourselves entitled to limit the action of government at such a moment as the present. Am I indebted to you for the authority which is invested in me? I hold it from God and the people only. Have you forgotten in what manner I ascended the throne, which you now attack? There existed, at that period, an Assembly like your own. Had I deemed its authority and its choice sufficient for my purpose, do you think that I wanted the means to obtain its votes. I have never been of opinion that a sovereign could be elected in that manner. I was desirous, therefore, that the wish, so generally expressed, for my being invested with the supreme power, should be submitted to a national vote, taken from every person in the French dominions. By such means only did I accept of a throne. Do you imagine that I consider the throne as nothing more than a piece of velvet spread over a chair? The throne consists in the unanimous wish of the nation in favor of their sovereign. Our position is surrounded with difficulties. By adhering to my views, you might have been of the greatest assistance to me. Nevertheless, I trust that, with the help of God and of the army, I shall extricate myself, if I am not doomed to be betrayed. Should I fall, to you alone will be ascribed the evils which will desolate our common country."

The Duke of Rovigo, who has recorded the above interview, says that the Emperor, on returning to his cabinet, showed no particular indications of displeasure against the legislative body. With that wonderful magnanimity which ever characterized him, he gave them credit for the best intentions. He, however, observed that he could not safely allow the existence of this state of things behind him, when he was on the point of proceeding to join the army, where he would find quite enough to engage his attention.

It was the special aim of the Allies, aided by their copartners the royalists of France, to create a division between Napoleon and the French people, and to make the Emperor as odious as possible. Abusive pamphlets were circulated like autumn leaves all over the Empire. The treasury of England and that of all the Allies was at the disposal of any one, who could wage effective warfare against the dreaded republican Emperor. The invading kings, at the head of their locust legions, issued a proclamation, to be spread throughout Europe, full of the meanest and the most glaring falsehoods. They asserted that they were the friends of peace, and Napoleon the advocate for war; that they were struggling for liberty and human rights, Napoleon for tyranny and oppression. They declared that they earnestly desired peace, but that the despot Napoleon would not sheathe the sword. They assured the French people that they waged no war against France, but only against the *usurper*, who, to gratify his own ambition, was deluging Europe in blood. The atrocious falsehood was believed in England, on the Continent, and in America. Its influence still poisons thousands of minds.

Colonel Napier, though an officer in the allied army, and marching under the Duke of Wellington for the invasion of France, with noble candor admits, that the Allies in this declaration were utterly insincere, that they had no desire for peace, and that their only object was to rouse the hostility of the people of Europe against Napoleon. He says the negotiations of the Allies, with Napoleon, were "a deceit from the beginning." "This fact," he says "was placed beyond a doubt, by Lord Castlereagh's simultaneous proceedings in London.*

Napoleon sent Caulaincourt to the head-quarters of the Allies to make every effort in his power to promote peace. They had consented to a sort of conference, in order to gain time to bring up their reserves. France was exhausted. The Allies had slain so many of the French, in these iniquitous wars, that the fields of France were left untilled, for want of laborers. More than a million of men were now on the march to invade the almost defenseless Empire. It is utterly impossible but that Napoleon must have wished for peace. But nobly he resolved that he would perish, rather than submit to dishonor. Every generous heart will throb in sympathy with this decision.

"The Emperor," says Caulaincourt, "closed his last instructions to me, with the following words! I wish for peace. I wish for it, without any reservation or after-thought. But Caulaincourt, I will never accede to dishonorable conditions. It is wished that peace shall be based on the independence of all nations; be it so. This is one of those Utopian dreams of which experience will prove the fallacy. My policy is more enlightened than that of those men who were *born kings*. Those men have never quitted their gilded cages, and have never read history except with their tutors. Tell them —I impress upon them, with all the authority we are entitled to exercise, that peace can be durable only inasmuch as it shall be reasonable and just to all parties. To demand absurd concessions, to impose conditions which can not be acceded to consistently with the dignity and importance of France, is to declare a deadly war against me. I will never consent to leave France less than I found her. Were I to do so, the whole nation, *en masse*, would be entitled to call me to account. Go, Caulaincourt. You know the difficulties of my position. Heaven grant that you may succeed! Do not spare couriers. Send me intelligence every hour. You know how anxious I shall be.

"Our real enemies," continues Caulaincourt, "they who had vowed our destruction, were England, Austria and Sweden. There was a determined resolution to exterminate Napoleon, and consequently all negotiations proved fruitless. Every succeeding day gave birth to a new conflict. In proportion as we accepted what was offered, new pretensions rose up, and no sooner was one difficulty smoothed down, than we had to encounter another. I know not how I mustered sufficient firmness and forbearance, to remain calm amidst so many outrages. I accordingly wrote to the Emperor, assuring him that these conferences, pompously invested with the title of a congress, served merely to mask the irrevocably fixed determination, not to treat with France; that the time we were thus losing, was employed by the Allied powers, in assembling their forces, for the purpose of invading us on all points at once; that by further temporizing, we should unavoidably augment the disadvantages of our position."

In a private interview with Caulaincourt, as reported by the Duke of Rovigo, Napoleon said, "France must preserve her natural limits. All the powers of Europe, including England, have acknowledged these bases at Frankfort. France, reduced to her old limits, would not possess two-thirds of the relative power she possessed twenty years ago. What she has acquired toward the Alps and the Rhine, does not compensate for what Russia, Austria and Prussia have acquired, by the mere act of the partition of Poland. All these powers have aggrandized themselves. To pretend to bring France back to her former state, would be to lower and to degrade her. Neither

* For the conclusive proof of this hypocrisy on the part of the Allies, see Napier's Peninsular War, vol. iv. pp. 327, 328.



THE RUSSIANS SURPRISED.

the Emperor, nor the republic if it should spring out anew from this state of agitation, can ever subscribe to such a condition. I have taken my determination, which nothing can change. Can I consent to leave France less powerful than I found her? If, therefore, the Allies insist upon this reduction of France, the Emperor has only one of three choices left: either to fight and conquer; to die honorably in the struggle; or, lastly, to abdicate, if the nation should not support me. The throne has no charms for me. I will never attempt to purchase it at the price of dishonor."*

In the midst of these days of disaster, when Napoleon's throne was crumbling beneath him, there were exhibited many noble examples of disinterestedness and fidelity. The illustrious and virtuous Carnot, true to his republican principles, had refused to accept office under the Empire. Napoleon had earnestly, but in vain, sought his aid. Carnot, retiring from the allurements of the Imperial court, was buried in seclusion and poverty. His pecuniary embarrassments at length became so great, that they reached the ears of the Emperor. Napoleon, though deeming Carnot in error, yet highly appreciating the universally recognized integrity of the man, immediately sent him, with a touching letter, ample funds for the supply of his wants. Years had rolled away; gloom was gathering around the Emperor; foreign armies were crowding upon France; all who advocated the cause of Napoleon, were in danger of ruin. In that hour Carnot came to the rescue, and offered himself to Napoleon, for the defense of the country. Napoleon gratefully accepted the offer, and intrusted him with the command of Antwerp, one of the keys of the empire In the defense of this place, Carnot exhibited all those noble traits of character, which were to be expected of such a man.

* Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, vol. iv. p. 193.

"The offer," said Carnot, in his letter to Napoleon, "of an arm sixty years old is, without doubt, but little. But I thought that the example of a soldier, whose patriotic sentiments are known, might have the effect of rallying to your eagles a number of persons, hesitating as to the part which they should take, and who might possibly think, that the only way to serve their country was to abandon it."

In many of the departments of France, the populace, uninfluenced by the libels against Napoleon, enthusiastically demanded arms, and entreated that they might be led against the invading foe. The leaders of the Jacobin clubs in Paris, offered their services in rousing the frenzy of the lower orders, as in the days of the old revolution, if Napoleon would receive them into his alliance, surrender to their writers and to their orators the press and the tribune, and allow them to sing their revolutionary songs in the streets and in the theatres. Napoleon listened seriously to their proposition, hesitated for a moment, and then resolutely replied:

"No. I shall find in battle some chance of safety, but none with these wild demagogues. There can be no connection between them and monarchy; none between furious clubs and a regular ministry; between revolutionary tribunals and the tribunal of the law. If I must fall, I will not bequeath France to the revolution from which I rescued her."

Gustavus, the deposed king of Sweden, who had always strenuously affirmed that Napoleon was the *Beast*, described in the Apocalypse, now strangely offered his services to the Emperor. He wished to make himself the rallying point of the old royalist party in Sweden. He would thus greatly embarrass the movements of the treacherous Bernadotte, and stand some chance of regaining his throne. It was a curious case of a legitimate monarch, who had been deposed by the people, applying for aid to Napoleon, in order to overthrow the elected monarch, and to restore him to his hereditary claims. Notwithstanding the strength of the temptation, Napoleon refused, magnanimously refused, to listen to his overtures.

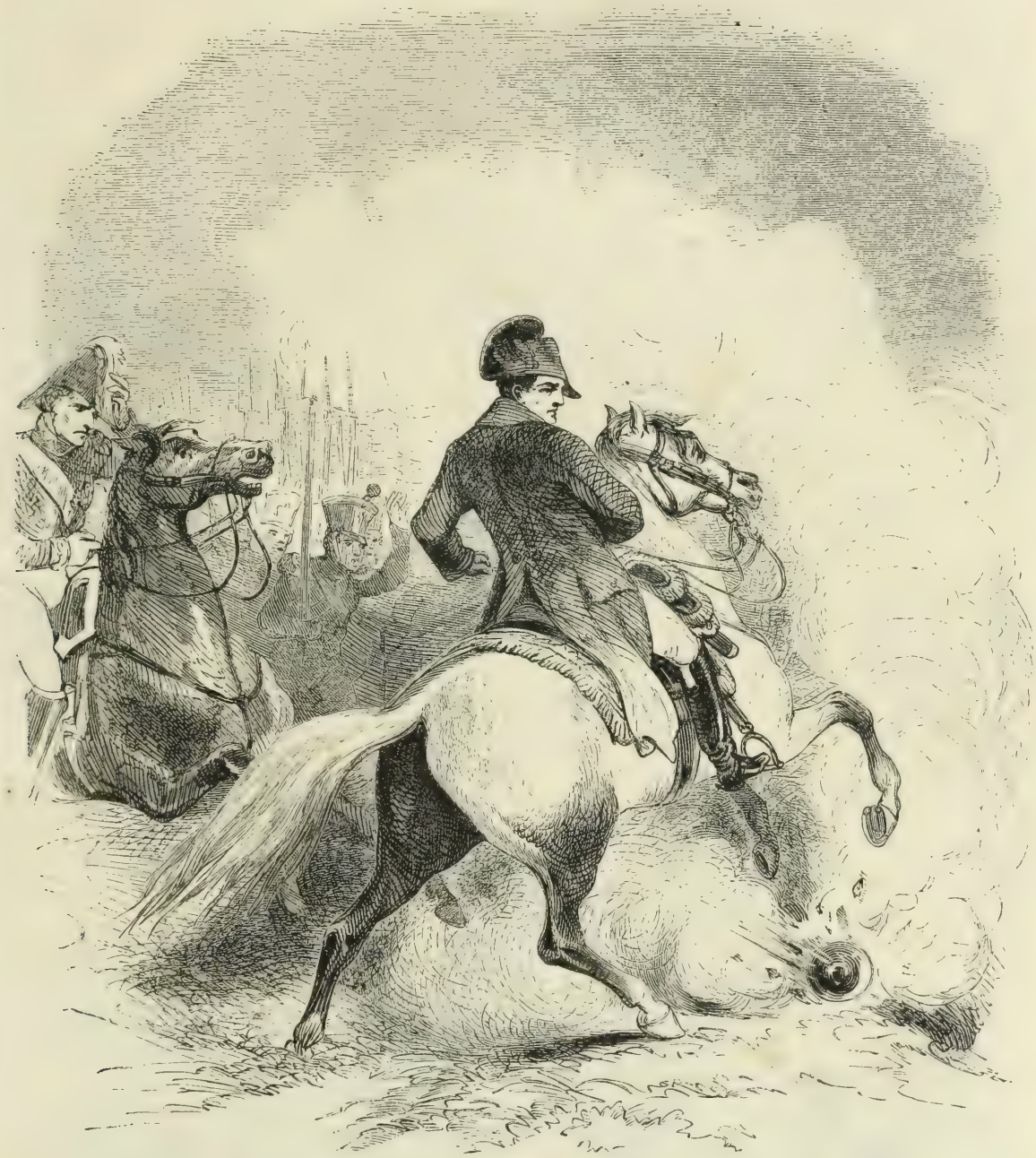
"I have reflected," he said, "that if I received him, my dignity would require me to make exertions in his favor; and as I no longer rule the world, common minds would not have failed to discover, in the interest I might have displayed for him, an impotent hatred against Bernadotte. Besides, Gustavus had been dethroned by the voice of the people, and it was by the voice of the people that I had been elevated. In taking up his cause I should have been guilty of inconsistency in my conduct, and have acted upon discordant principles."

The Duke of Wellington, with a hundred and forty thousand British, Portuguese, and Spanish troops, having driven the French soldiers out of Spain, was now overrunning the southern departments of France. Spain was lost. Napoleon consequently released Ferdinand, and restored him to his throne. The perfidious wretch manifested no gratitude whatever toward his English deliverers. He promptly entered into a treaty hostile to England. "Thus did the sovereign," says Alison, "who had regained his liberty and his crown by the profuse shedding of English blood, make the first use of his promised freedom, to banish from his dominions the allies whose swords had liberated him from prison, and placed him on the throne." "Ferdinand," says Colonel Napier, "became once more the King of Spain. He had been a rebellious son in the palace, a plotting traitor at Aranjuez, a dastard at Bayonne, an effeminate, superstitious, fawning slave at Valençay, and now, after six years of captivity, he returned to his own country an ungrateful and cruel tyrant. He would have been the most odious and contemptible of princes, if his favorite brother, Don Carlos, had not existed." Such were the results of the English war in Spain. A greater curse one nation never inflicted upon another. What is Spain now? What would she now have been, had the energies of a popular government, under Joseph Bonaparte, been diffused throughout the Peninsula? This king, whom the English drove from Spain, was a sincere, enlightened, conscientious man, devoted to the public welfare.

The last days of the month of January had now arrived. An army of one million twenty-eight thousand men, from the north, the east, and the south, were on the march for the overthrow of the imperial republic. Such forces the world had never before seen. Napoleon, having lost some five hundred thousand men in the Russian campaign, three hundred thousand on the plains of Saxony, two hundred and fifty thousand in the Spanish Peninsula, and having nearly a hundred thousand besieged in the fortresses of the Elbe and the Oder, was unable, with his utmost exertions, to bring forward more than two hundred thousand in the field, to meet the enormous armies of the Allies. He could take but seventy thousand to encounter the multitudinous hosts crowding down upon him from the Rhine.

On Sunday the 24th of January, the Emperor, after attending mass, received the dignitaries of the empire in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. The Emperor entered the apartment, preceded by the Empress, and leading by the hand his idolized son, a child of extraordinary beauty, not yet three years of age. The child was dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, while luxuriant ringlets of golden hair were clustering over his shoulders. The Emperor was calm, but a deep shade of melancholy overspread his features. The most profound sadness reigned in the assembly. In a ceremony, grave and solemn, the Empress was invested with the regency, and took the requisite oath of office. The Emperor then advancing with his child into the centre of the circle, in tones which thrilled upon every heart, thus addressed them:*

* It is to be regretted that Lamartine can not record the most simple fact respecting Napoleon without interweaving some hostile comment. In reference to this extraordinary struggle he says: "Seventy thousand troops con-



THE BURSTING OF THE BOMB.

"Gentlemen, I depart to-night to place myself at the head of the army. On quitting the capital I leave behind, with confidence, my wife and son, upon whom so many hopes repose. I shall depart with a mind freed from a weight of disquietude, when I know that these pledges are under your faithful guardianship. To you I confide what, next to France, I hold dearest in the world. Let there be no political divisions. Endeavors will not be wanting to shake your fidelity to your duties. I depend on you to repel all such perfidious instigations. Let the respect for property, the maintenance of order, and above all the love of France, animate every bosom." As Napoleon uttered these words his voice trembled with emotion, and many of his auditors were affected even to tears. At an early hour he withdrew, saying to those near him, "Farewell, gentlemen; we shall perhaps meet again."

At three o'clock in the morning of the 25th of January, Napoleon, after having burned all his private papers, and embraced his wife and his son for the last time, left the Tuileries to join the army. He never saw either wife or child again.

stituted the only army with which Napoleon had to manœuvre and combat a million of men in the heart of France. Victory itself could do nothing for so small a number. It could only waste them less rapidly than defeat. Did he depend on impossibilities; or was he only desirous of illustrating his last struggle? No one knows what was passing in that soul, maddened for so many years by illusions. The most likely solution is, that he calculated upon some brilliant but passing success, which might serve as a pretext for the Emperor of Austria to negotiate with him. He never thought a father would dishonor his son-in-law, or that kings would dethrone the conqueror of the revolution. But at all events, he did not doubt that if conquered or deprived of his throne, the empire would be transmitted to his son."

The Allies had now crossed the Rhine, and were sweeping all opposition before them. They issued the atrocious proclamation that every French peasant who should be taken with arms in his hands, endeavoring to defend his country, should be shot as a brigand; and that every village and town, which offered any resistance, should be burned to the ground. Even Mr. Lockhart exclaims, "This assuredly was a flagrant outrage, against the most sacred and inalienable rights of mankind."

Napoleon drove rapidly in his carriage, about one hundred miles east of Paris, to Vitry and St. Dizier. Here, at the head of a few thousand soldiers, he encountered the leading Cossacks of Blucher's army. He immediately fell upon them, and routed them entirely. Being informed that Blucher had a powerful army near Troyes, about fifty miles south of Vitry, Napoleon marched all the next day, through wild forest roads, and in a drenching rain, to surprise the unsuspecting and self-confident foe The ground was covered with snow, and the wheels of the cannon were with the utmost difficulty dragged through the deep quagmires. But intense enthusiasm inspired the soldiers of Napoleon, and the inhabitants of the country through which they passed, gave the most affecting demonstrations of their gratitude and their love. "The humblest cabins," says Lamartine, "gave up their little stores, with cordial hospitality, to warm and nourish these last defenders of the soil of France." Napoleon, in the midst of a column of troops, marched frequently on foot, occasionally entering a peasant's hut, to examine his maps, or to catch a moment's sleep by the fire on the cottage hearth.

About noon on the 29th, with but twenty thousand men, he encountered sixty thousand Russians, commanded by Blucher, formidably posted in the castle and upon the eminences of Brienne. Napoleon gazed for a moment upon these familiar scenes, hallowed by the reminiscences of childhood, and ordered an immediate assault, without allowing his troops a moment to dry their soaked garments. Before that day's sun went down behind the frozen hills, the snow was crimsoned with the blood of ten thousand of the Allies, and Blucher was retreating to effect a junction with Schwartzenberg at Bar-sur-Aube, some few miles distant.

As Napoleon was slowly returning to his quarters, after the action, indulging in melancholy thought, a squadron of Russian artillery, hearing the footfalls of his feeble escort, made a sudden



THE COSSACKS REPULSED.

charge in the dark. Napoleon was assailed, at the same moment, by two dragoons. General Corbineau threw himself upon one of the Cossacks, while General Gourgaud shot down the other. The escort, who were but a few steps behind, immediately charged, and rescued the Emperor. Napoleon had lost in the conflict at Brienne five or six thousand men in killed and wounded.

The next day Blucher and Schwartzenberg, having effected a junction, marched with a hundred and fifty thousand men, to attack Napoleon at Rothierre, nine miles from Brienne. Prince Schwartzenberg sent a confidential officer to Blucher, to inquire respecting the plan of attack. He abruptly replied, "We must march to Paris Napoleon has been in all the capitals of Europe. We must make him descend from a throne, which it would have been well for us all that he had never mounted. We shall have no repose, till we pull him down."

The Emperor had with much difficulty assembled there, forty thousand troops. The French, desperately struggling against such fearful odds, maintained their position during the day. As a gloomy winter's night again darkened the scene, Napoleon retreated to Troyes, leaving six thousand of his valiant band, in every hideous form of mutilation, upon the frozen ground. Alexander and Frederic William, from one of the neighboring heights, witnessed, with unbounded exultation, this triumph of their arms. Blucher, though a desperate fighter, was in his private character one of the most degraded of bacchanals and debauchees. "The day after the battle," says Sir Archibald Alison, "the sovereigns, embassadors, and principal generals supped together, and Blucher striking off, in his eagerness, the necks of the bottles of champagne with his knife, quaffed off copious and repeated libations to the toast, drank with enthusiasm by all present, '*To Paris.*'"

Napoleon was now in a state of most painful perplexity. His enemies, in bodies vastly outnumbering any forces he could raise, were marching upon Paris, from all directions. A movement toward the north only opened an unobstructed highway to his capital, from the east and the south. Tidings of disaster were continually reaching his ears. A conference was still carried on between Napoleon and the Allies in reference to peace. Napoleon wrote to Caulaincourt, to agree to any reasonable terms "which would save the capital and avoid a final battle, which would swallow up the last forces of the kingdom."

The Allies, however, had no desire for peace. They wished only to create the impression that Napoleon was the one who refused to sheathe the sword. Consequently they presented only such terms as Napoleon could not, without dishonor, accept. On receiving, at this time, one of those merciless dispatches, requiring that he should surrender *all the territory which France had acquired since his accession to the throne*, Napoleon was plunged into an agony of perplexity. Such a concession would dishonor him in the eyes of France and of Europe. It would leave France weakened and defenseless;—exposed not only to insult, but to successful invasion from the powerful and banded enemies who surrounded the republican empire. Napoleon shut himself up for hours pondering the terrible crisis. Ruin was coming, like an avalanche, upon him and upon France. The generals of the army urged him to submit to the dire necessity. With reluctance Napoleon transmitted these inexorable conditions of the Allies to his privy council at Paris. All but one voted for accepting them. His brother Joseph wrote to him:

"Yield to events. Preserve what may yet be preserved. Save your life, precious to millions of men. There is no dishonor in yielding to numbers and accepting peace. There would be dishonor in abandoning the throne, because you would thus abandon a crowd of men who have devoted themselves to you. Make peace at any price."

Thus urged and overwhelmed, Napoleon, at last, with extreme anguish, gave Caulaincourt permission to sign any treaty which he thought necessary to save the capital. His consent was given in a singularly characteristic manner. Calmly taking from a shelf a volume of the works of Montesquieu, he read aloud the following passage:

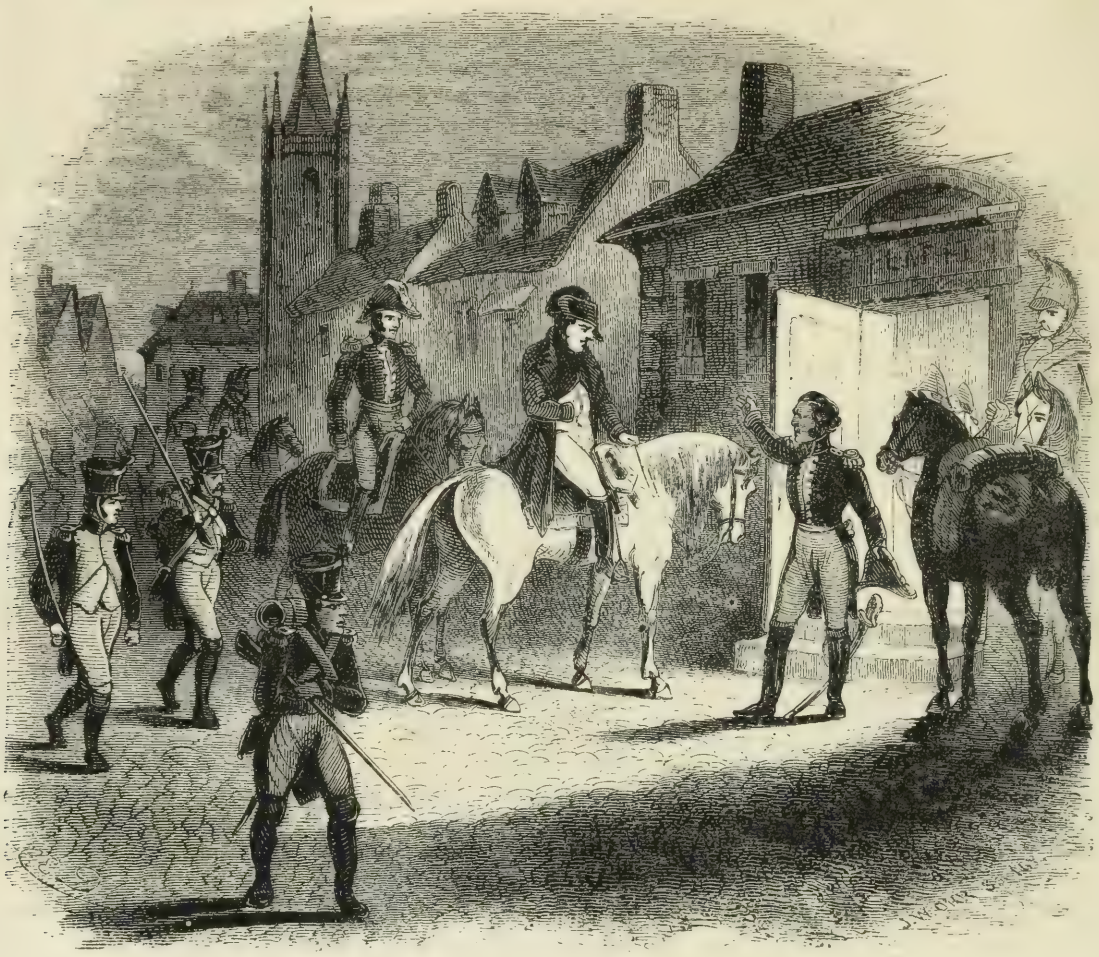
"I know nothing more magnanimous, than a resolution which a monarch took, who has reigned in our times, to bury himself under the ruins of his throne, rather than accept conditions unworthy of a king. He had a mind too lofty to descend lower than his fortunes had sunk him. He knew well that courage may strengthen a crown, but infamy never."

In silence he closed the book. Murat still entreated him to yield to the humiliating concessions. He represented that nothing could be more magnanimous than to sacrifice even his glory to the safety of the state, which would fall with him. The Emperor, after a moment's pause, replied:

"Well! be it so. Let Caulaincourt sign whatever is necessary to procure peace. I will bear the shame of it, but I will not dictate my own disgrace."

But to make peace with the republican Emperor was the last thing in the thoughts of these banded kings. When they found that Napoleon was ready to accede to their cruel terms, they immediately abandoned them for other and still more exorbitant demands. Napoleon had consented to surrender all the territory which France had acquired since his accession to power.

The Allies now demanded that Napoleon should cut down France *to the limits it possessed before the Revolution.* The proposition was a gross insult. Can we conceive of the United States as being so humbled as even to listen to such a suggestion! Were England to combine the despotisms of Europe in a war against Republican America, and then to offer peace only upon the condition that we would surrender all the territory



TIDINGS OF THE CAPITULATION.

which has been annexed to the United States since the Revolution—Florida, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, California—what administration would dare to accede to such terms? And yet demands so atrocious the Allies pronounced moderate and reasonable. Napoleon nobly resolved to perish, rather than yield to such dishonor.

"What," he exclaimed, as he indignantly held up these propositions, "do they require that I should sign such a treaty as this, and that I should trample upon the oath I have taken, to detach nothing from the soil of the empire. Unheard of reverses may force from me a promise to renounce my own conquests; but that I should also abandon the conquests made before me—that as a reward for so many efforts, so much blood, such brilliant victories, I should leave France smaller than I found her! Never! Can I do so without deserving to be branded as a traitor and a coward? You are alarmed at the continuance of the war. But I am fearful of more certain dangers which you do not see. If we renounce the boundary of the Rhine, France not only recedes, but Austria and Prussia advance. France stands in need of peace. But the peace which the Allies wish to impose on her would subject her to greater evils than the most sanguinary war. What would the French people think of me, if I were to sign their humiliation? What could I say to the republicans of the Senate, when they demanded the barriers of the Rhine? Heaven preserve me from such degradation! Dispatch an answer to Caulaincourt, and tell him that I reject the treaty. I would rather incur the risks of the most terrible war." This spirit his foes have stigmatized as insatiable ambition, and the love of carnage.

The exultant Allies, now confident of the ruin of their victim, urged their armies onward, to overwhelm with numbers the diminished bands still valiantly defending the independence of France. Napoleon, with forty thousand men, retreated some sixty miles down the valley of the Seine to Nogent. Schwartzenberg, with two hundred thousand Austrians, took possession of Troyes, about seventy-five miles above Nogent. With these resistless numbers he intended to follow the valley of the river to Paris, driving the Emperor before him.

Fifty miles north of the river Seine, lies the valley of the Marne. The two streams unite near Paris. Blucher, with an army of about seventy thousand Russians and Prussians, was rapidly marching upon the metropolis, down the banks of the Marne, where there was no force to oppose him. The situation of Napoleon seemed now quite desperate. Wellington, with a vast army, was marching from the south. Bernadotte was leading uncounted legions from the north. Blucher and Schwartzenberg, with their several armies, were crowding upon Paris from the east. And the enormous navy of England had swept French commerce from all seas, and was bombarding every defenseless city of France The

councilors of the Emperor were in despair. They urged him, from absolute necessity, to accede to any terms which the Allies might extort.

The firmness which Napoleon displayed under these trying circumstances, soars into sublimity. To their entreaties that he would yield to dishonor, he calmly replied:

"No! no! we must think of other things just now. I am on the eve of beating Blucher. He is advancing on the road to Paris. I am about to set off to attack him. I will beat him to-morrow. I will beat him the day after to-morrow. If that movement is attended with the success it deserves, the face of affairs will be entirely changed. Then we shall see what is to be done."

Napoleon had formed one of those extraordinary plans which so often, during his career, had changed apparent ruin into the most triumphant success. Leaving ten thousand men at Nogent, to retard the advance of the two hundred thousand Austrians, he hastened, with the remaining thirty thousand troops, by forced marches across the country, to the valley of the Marne. It was his intention to fall suddenly upon the flank of Blucher's self-confident and unsuspecting army.

The toil of the wintery march, through miry roads and through storms of sleet and rain, was so exhausting that he had but twenty-five thousand men to form in line of battle, when he encountered the enemy. It was early in the morning of the 10th of February, as the sun rose brilliantly over the snow-covered hills, when the French soldiers burst upon the Russians, who were quietly preparing their breakfasts. The victory was most brilliant. Napoleon pierced the centre of the multitudinous foe, then turned upon one wing, and then upon the other, and proudly scattered the fragments of the army before him. But he had no reserves, with which to profit by this extraordinary victory. His weary troops could not pursue the fugitives.

The next day Blucher, by energetically bringing forward reinforcements, succeeded in collecting sixty thousand men, and fell with terrible fury upon the little band who were gathered around Napoleon. A still more sanguinary battle ensued, in which the Emperor was again, and still more signally triumphant. These brilliant achievements elated the French soldiers beyond measure. They felt that nothing could withstand the genius of the Emperor, and even Napoleon began to hope that fortune would again smile upon him. From the field of battle he wrote a hurried line to Caulaincourt, who was his plenipotentiary at Chatillon, where the Allies had opened their pretended negotiation. "I have conquered," he wrote; "your attitude must be the same for peace. But sign nothing without my order, because I alone know my position."

While Napoleon was thus cutting up the army of Blucher upon the Marne, a singular scene was transpiring in Troyes. The royalists there, encouraged by Napoleon's apparently hopeless defeat, resolved to make a vigorous movement for the restoration of the Bourbons. A deputation, consisting of the Marquis de Vidranges and the Chevalier de Goualt, accompanied by five or six of the inhabitants, with the white cockade of the fallen dynasty upon their breasts, treasonably called upon the Emperor Alexander, and said:

"We entreat your Majesty, in the name of all the respectable inhabitants of Troyes, to accept with favor the wish which we form, for the re-establishment of the royal house of Bourbon on the throne of France."

But Alexander, apprehensive that the genius of Napoleon might still retrieve his fallen fortunes, cautiously replied: "Gentlemen, I receive you with pleasure. I wish well to your cause, but I fear your proceedings are rather premature. The chances of war are uncertain, and I should be grieved to see brave men like you compromised or sacrificed. We do not come ourselves to give a king to France. We desire to know its wishes, and to leave it to declare itself."

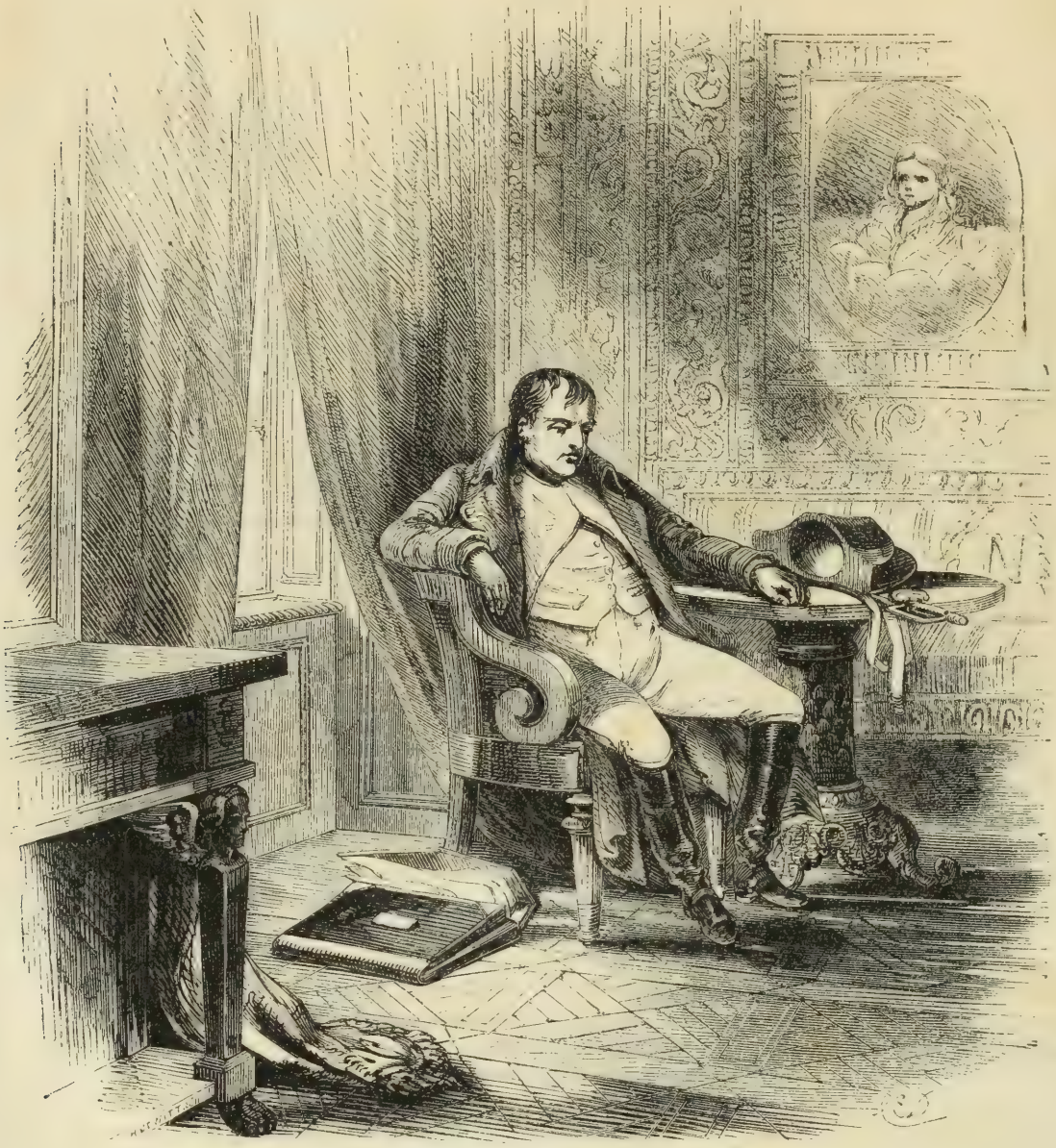
"But it will never declare itself," M. de Goualt replied, "as long as it is under the knife. Never, so long as Bonaparte shall be in authority in France, will Europe be tranquil."

"It is for that very reason," replied Alexander, "that the first thing we must think of is to beat him—to beat him—to beat him."

The royalist deputation retired, encouraged with the thought that, from prudential considerations, their cause was adjourned, but only for a few days. At the same time the Marquis of Vitrolles, one of the most devoted of the Bourbon adherents, arrived at the head-quarters of the Allies, with a message from the royalist conspirators in Paris, entreating the monarchs to advance as rapidly as possible to the capital. A baser act of treachery has seldom been recorded. These very men had been rescued from penury and exile by the generosity of Napoleon. He had pardoned their hostility to republican France; had sheltered them from insult and from injury, and, with warm sympathy for their woes, which Napoleon neither caused or could have averted, had received them under the protection of the imperial regime.

In ten days Napoleon had gained five victories. The inundating wave of invasion was still rolling steadily on toward Paris. The activity and energy of Napoleon surpassed all which mortal man had ever attempted before. In a day and night march of thirty hours he hurried back to the banks of the Seine. The Austrians, now three hundred thousand strong, were approaching Fontainebleau. Sixty miles southeast of Paris, at the confluence of the Seine and the Yonne, is situated, in a landscape of remarkable beauty, the little town of Montereau.

Here Napoleon, having collected around him forty thousand men, presented a bold front, to arrest the farther progress of the Allies. An awful battle now ensued. Napoleon, in the eagerness of the conflict, as the projectiles from the Austrian batteries plowed the ground around him, and his artillerymen fell dead at his feet, leaped from his horse, and with his own hand directed a gun against the masses of the enemy. As the balls from the hostile batteries tore through the



NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

French ranks, strewing the ground with the wounded and the dead, the cannoneers entreated the Emperor to retire to a place of safety. With a serene eye he looked around him, upon the storm of iron and of lead, and smiling, said: "Courage, my friends, the ball which is to kill me is not yet cast."* The bloody combat terminated with the night. Napoleon was the undisputed victor.

The whole allied army, confounded by such unexpected disasters, precipitately retreated, and began to fear that no numbers could triumph over Napoleon. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, bewildered by such unanticipated blows, were at a loss what orders to issue. Napoleon, with but forty thousand men, pursued the retreating army, one hundred thousand strong, up the valley of the Seine, till they took refuge in the vicinity of Chaumont, about a hundred and sixty miles from the field of battle.

"My heart is relieved," said Napoleon joyfully, as he beheld the flight of the Allies. "I have saved the capital of my empire." Amazing as were these achievements, they only postponed the day of ruin. The defeat of one or two hundred thousand, from armies numbering a million of men, with another army of a million held in reserve, to fill up the gaps caused by the casualties of war, could be of but little avail.*

* In one of the charges which took place at the bridge of Montereau, a bomb literally entered the chest of General Pajoli's charger, and burst in the stomach of the poor animal; sending its rider a considerable height into the air. General Pajoli fell, dreadfully mangled, but almost miraculously escaped mortal injury. When this singular occurrence was mentioned to the Emperor, he said to the general, that nothing but the interposition of Providence could have preserved his life under such circumstances. This anecdote was related to W. H. Ireland, Esq., by General Pajoli himself.

* "Meantime hostilities were maintained with increased vigor over a vast line of operations. How much useless glory did our soldiers not gain in these conflicts. But in spite of prodigies of valor, the enemy's masses advanced and approximated to a central point, so that this war might be compared to the battle of the ravens and the eagles on the Alps. The eagle kills them by hundreds. Every stroke of his beak is the death of an enemy. But still the ravens return to the charge, and press upon the eagle, until he is literally overwhelmed by the number of his assailants."—BOURRIENNE.

In the midst of these terrific scenes, Napoleon almost daily corresponded with Josephine, whom he still loved as he loved no one else. On one occasion, when the movements of battle brought him not far from her residence, he turned aside from the army, and sought a hurried interview with his most faithful friend. It was their last meeting. At the close of the short and melancholy visit, Napoleon took her hand, and gazing tenderly upon her, said:

"Josephine, I have been as fortunate as was ever man upon the face of this earth. But in this hour, when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not, in this wide world, any one but you upon whom I can repose."

His letters, written amidst all the turmoil of the camp, though exceedingly brief, were more confiding and affectionate than ever, and, no matter in what business he was engaged, a courier from Josephine immediately arrested his attention, and a line from her was torn open with the utmost eagerness. His last letter to her was written from the vicinity of Brienne, after a desperate engagement against overwhelming numbers. It was concluded in the following affecting words:

"On beholding these scenes, where I had passed my boyhood, and comparing my peaceful condition then with the agitation and terrors which I now experience, I several times said in my own mind, 'I have sought to meet death in many conflicts. I can no longer fear it. To me death would now be a blessing. But I would once more see Josephine.'"

There was an incessant battle raging for a circuit of many miles around the metropolis. All the hospitals were filled with the wounded and the dying. Josephine and her ladies were employed at Malmaison in scraping lint, and forming bandages, for the suffering victims of war. At last it became dangerous for Josephine to remain any longer at Malmaison, as bands of barbarian soldiers, with rapine and violence, were wandering all over the country. One stormy morning, when the rain was falling in floods, she took her carriage for the more distant retreat of Navarre. She had proceeded about thirty miles, when some horsemen appeared in the distance, rapidly approaching. She heard the cry, "The Cossacks, the Cossacks!" In her terror she leaped from her carriage, and, in the drenching rain, fled across the fields. The attendants soon discovered that they were French hussars, and the unhappy Empress was recalled. She again entered her carriage, and proceeded the rest of the way without molestation.

The scenes of woe which invariably accompany the march of brutal armies, no imagination can conceive. We will record but one, as illustrative of hundreds which might be narrated. In the midst of a bloody skirmish, Lord Londonderry saw a young and beautiful French lady, the wife of a colonel, seized from a calèche by three semi-barbarian Russian soldiers, who were hurrying into the woods with their frantic and shrieking victim. With a small band of soldiers he succeeded in rescuing her. The confusion and peril of the battle still continuing, he ordered a dragoon to conduct her to his own quarters, till she could be provided with suitable protection. The dragoon took the lady, fainting with terror, upon his horse behind him, when another ruffian band of Cossacks struck him dead from his steed, and seized again the unhappy victim. She was never heard of more. And yet every heart must know her awful doom. Such is war, involving in its inevitable career every conceivable crime, and every possible combination of misery.

The Allies, in consternation, held a council of war. Great despondency prevailed. "The Grand Army," said the Austrian officers, "has lost half its numbers by the sword, disease, and wet weather. The country we are now in is ruined. The sources of our supplies are dried up All around us the inhabitants are ready to raise the standard of insurrection. It has become indispensable to secure a retreat to Germany, and wait for reinforcements." These views were adopted by the majority. The retreat was continued in great confusion, and Count Lichtenstein was dispatched to the head-quarters of Napoleon, to solicit an armistice. Napoleon received the envoy in the hut of a peasant, where he had stopped to pass the night. Prince Lichtenstein, as he proposed the armistice, presented Napoleon with a private note from the Emperor Francis. This letter was written in a conciliatory and almost apologetic spirit; admitting that the plans of the Allies had been most effectually frustrated, and that in the rapidity and force of the strokes which had been given, the Emperor of Austria recognized anew the resplendent genius of his son-in-law. Napoleon, according to his custom on such occasions, entered into a perfectly frank and unreserved conversation with the Prince. He inquired of him if the Allies intended the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France.

"Is it a war against the throne," said he, "which you intend to carry on? The Count d'Artois is with the grand army in Switzerland. The Duke d'Angoulême is at the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington, from thence addressing proclamations to the southern portions of my empire. Can I believe that my father-in-law, the Emperor Francis, is so blind, or so unnatural, as to project the dethronement of his own daughter, and the disinheriting of his own grandson?"

The Prince assured Napoleon that the Allies had no such idea; that the residence of the Bourbon princes with the allied armies was merely on sufferance; and that the Allies wished only for peace, not to destroy the empire. Napoleon acceded to the proposal for an armistice. He appointed the city of Lusigny as the place for opening the conference. Three of the allied generals were deputed as commissioners, one each on the part of Austria, Russia, and Prussia. Hostilities, however, were not to be suspended till the terms of the armistice were agreed upon. On the morning of the 24th Napoleon re-entered Troyes, the enemy having abandoned the town during the night. The masses of the people

crowded around him with warm and heartfelt greetings. They thronged the streets through which he passed, strove to kiss his hand, and even to touch his horse, and with loud acclamation hailed him as the saviour of his country. Napoleon immediately ordered the arrest of Vidranges and Goualt. The former had escaped and joined the Allies. The latter was arrested, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be shot. Napoleon, conscious of the peril he encountered from the royalist conspirators in every town, thought that he could not safely pardon so infamous an act of treason. The nobleman was left to his fate. At eleven o'clock at night he was led out to his execution. A large placard was suspended upon his breast upon which were inscribed, in conspicuous letters, the words, "Traitor to his country." He died firmly, protesting to the last his devotion to the Bourbons. This act of severe but apparently necessary justice, Lamartine has stigmatized as a "*selfish piece of vengeance.*"

Since the commencement of this brief campaign, Napoleon had performed the most brilliant achievements of his whole military career. It is the uncontradicted testimony of history, that feats so extraordinary had never before been recorded in military annals. The Allies were astounded and bewildered. Merely to gain time to bring up their enormous reserves they had proposed a truce, and now, to form a new plan, with which to plunge again upon their valiant foe, they held a council of war. The Kings of Russia and Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria were present, and a strong delegation of determined men from the court of St. James. Lord Castlereagh was the prominent representative of the British government. The Allies, while intimating that they had not determined upon the dethronement of Napoleon, still advanced resolutely to that result.

"Lord Castlereagh," says Alison, "in conformity with the declared purpose of British diplomacy, ever since the commencement of the war, made no concealment of his opinions either in or out of parliament, that the best security for the peace of Europe would be found in the restoration of the dispossessed race of princes to the French throne; and 'the ancient race, and the ancient territory,' was often referred to by him, in private conversation, as offering the only combination which was likely to give lasting repose to the world." To mitigate the indignation of the world against this atrocious interference of the Allies with the rights of the French people to elect their own sovereign, Sir Archibald ventures to add, "but it was little his design, as it was that of the British cabinet, to advance these views as preliminary to any, even the most lasting accommodation."

When Napoleon was elected to the chair of the First Consul, by the almost unanimous suffrages of France, he made overtures to England for peace. Lord Grenville returned an answer both hostile and grossly insulting, in which he said, "The best and most natural pledge of the abandonment by France of those gigantic schemes of ambition by which the very existence of society in the adjoining states has so long been menaced, would be the restoration of that line of princes which for so many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home, and consideration and respect abroad. Such an event would alone have removed, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace. It would confirm to France the unmolested enjoyment of its ancient territory; and it would give, to all the other nations of Europe, in tranquillity and peace, that *security* which they are now compelled to seek by other means."

General Pozzo di Borgo was sent by Alexander on an embassy to the British government. Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., urged him to induce the Allies openly to avow their intentions to reinstate the Bourbons. "My lord," General Borgo replied, "every thing has its time. Let us not perplex matters. To sovereigns you should not present complicated questions. It is with no small difficulty that they have been kept united in the grand object of overthrowing Bonaparte. As soon as that is done, and the imperial rule destroyed, the question of dynasty will present itself, and then your illustrious house will spontaneously occur to the thoughts of all."

Lord Castlereagh, in a speech in Parliament, on the 29th of June, 1814, said: "Every pacification would be incomplete, if you did not reestablish, on the throne of France, the ancient family of the Bourbons. Any peace with the man who had placed himself at the head of the French nation could have no other final result but to give Europe fresh subjects for alarms; it could be neither secure nor durable; nevertheless it was impossible to refuse to negotiate with him when invested with power, without doing violence to the opinion of Europe, and incurring the whole responsibility for the continuance of the war."

These proud despots were indeed committing a crime which was doing violence to the sense of justice of every unbiased mind. They were ashamed to acknowledge their intentions. While forcing, by the aid of two million of bayonets, upon a nation exhausted by compulsory wars, a detested king, they had the boldness to declare that they had no intention to interfere with the independence of France. When the indignant people again drove the Bourbons beyond the Rhine, again the invading armies of combined despotisms, crushing the sons of France beneath their artillery-wheels, conducted the hated dynasty to the throne. And England, liberty-loving England, was compelled, by her Tory government, to engage in this iniquitous work. Louis XVIII., encircled by the sabres of Wellington's dragoons, marched defiantly into the Tuileries. In the accomplishment of this crime Europe was, for a quarter of a century, deluged in blood, and shrouded in woe. And these conspirators against popular rights, instead of doing justice to the patriotism and the heroism of Na-

poleon, who, for twenty years, nobly sustained the independence of his country against the incessant coalitions of the monarchs of Europe, have endeavored to consign his name to infamy. But the world has changed. The *people* have now a voice in the decisions of history. They will reverse—they have already reversed—the verdict of despotisms. In the warm hearts of the *people* of all lands the memory of Napoleon has found a congenial throne.

The Allies now decided to embarrass Napoleon, by dividing their immense host into two armies. Blucher, taking the command of one, marched rapidly across the country to the Marne, to descend on both sides of that river to Paris. The other multitudinous host, under Schwartzenberg, having obtained abundant reinforcements, still trembling before the renown of Napoleon, were cautiously to descend the valley of the Seine. Napoleon, leaving ten thousand men at Troyes, to obstruct the march of Schwartzenberg, took thirty thousand troops with him, and resolutely pursued Blucher. The Prussians, astonished at the vigor of the pursuit, and bleeding beneath the blows which Napoleon incessantly dealt on their rear-guard, retreated precipitately. The name of Napoleon was so terrible, that one hundred thousand Prussians fled, in dismay, before the little band of thirty thousand exhausted troops, headed by the Emperor.

Blucher crossed the Marne, blew up the bridges behind him, and escaped, some fifty miles north, to the vicinity of Laon. Napoleon reconstructed the bridges and followed on. By wonderful skill in manœuvring, he had placed Blucher in such a position that his destruction was inevitable, when suddenly Bernadotte came, with a powerful army, to the aid of his Prussian ally. Napoleon had now but about twenty-five thousand men with whom to encounter these two united armies, more than one hundred thousand. With the energies of despair he fell upon his foes. His little army was melted away and consumed before the terrific blaze of the hostile batteries. The battle was long and sanguinary. Contending against such fearful odds courage was of no avail. The enemy, however, could do no more than hold their ground. Napoleon rallied around him his mutilated band, and retired to Rheims. The enemy dared not pursue him in his despair.

As soon as Schwartzenberg heard that Napoleon was in pursuit of Blucher, he commenced, with two hundred thousand men, his march upon Paris, by the valley of the Seine. The Duke of Wellington was, at the same time, at Bordeaux, with his combined army of English, Portuguese, and Spaniards, moving, almost without opposition, upon the metropolis of France. The Duke of Angoulême was with the English army, calling upon the royalists to rally beneath the unfurled banner of the Bourbons. Another army of the Allies had also crossed the Alps from Switzerland, and had advanced as far as Lyons. Wherever Napoleon looked he saw but the march of triumphant armies of invasion. Dispatches reached him with difficulty. He was often reduced to conjectures. His generals were disheartened; France was in dismay.

In the midst of these scenes of impending peril, Napoleon was urged to request Maria Louisa, to interpose with her father, in behalf of her husband. "No," Napoleon promptly replied, with pride which all will respect, "the archduchess has seen me at the summit of human power. It does not belong to me to tell her now that I am descended from it, and still less to beg of her to uphold me with her support." Though he could not condescend to implore the aid of Maria Louisa, it is very evident that he hoped that she would anticipate his wishes, and secretly endeavor to disarm the hostility of the Emperor Francis. The Empress was with Napoleon when he received the intelligence that Austria would in all probability join the coalition. He turned affectionately toward her, took her hand and said, in tones of sadness:

"Your father is then about to march anew against me. Now I am alone against all! yes alone! absolutely alone!" Maria Louisa burst into tears, arose, and left the apartment.

Napoleon now formed the bold resolve to fall upon the rear of Schwartzenberg's army, and cut off his communications with Germany and his supplies. With astonishing celerity he crossed the country again, from the Marne to the Seine, and Schwartzenberg, in dismay, heard the thunders of Napoleon's artillery in his rear. The Austrian army, though two hundred thousand strong, dared not advance. They turned and fled. Alexander, Francis, and Frederick William, mindful of Napoleon's former achievements, and dreading a snare, turned from Paris toward the Rhine, and put spurs to their horses. The enormous masses of the retreating Allies, unexpectedly encountered Napoleon at Arcis upon the Aube. A sanguinary battle ensued. "Napoleon," says Lamartine, "fought at hazard, without any other plan and with the resolution to conquer or die. He renewed, in this action, the miracles of bravery and *sang froid* of Lodi and of Rivoli; and his youngest soldiers blushed at the idea of deserting a chief, who hazarded his own life with such invincible courage. He was repeatedly seen spurring his horse to a gallop against the enemy's cannon, and reappearing, as if inaccessible to death, after the smoke had evaporated. A live shell having fallen in front of one of his young battalions, which recoiled and wavered in expectation of an explosion, Napoleon, to reassure them, spurred his charger toward the instrument of destruction, made him smell the burning match, waited unshaken for the explosion, and was blown up. Rolling in the dust with his mutilated steed, and rising without a wound amidst the plaudits of the soldiers, he calmly called for another horse, and continued to brave the grape-shot, and to fly into the thickest of the battle."

During the heat of the conflict a division of Russian cavalry, six thousand strong, preceded by an immense body of Cossacks, with wild hurrahs, broke through the feeble lines of the

French. The smoke of their guns, and the clouds of dust raised by their horses' hoofs, enveloped them in impenetrable obscurity. Napoleon, from a distance, with his eagle glance, perceived the approach of this whirlwind of battle. Putting spurs to his horse he galloped to the spot. He here encountered crowds of soldiers, some of them wounded and bleeding, flying in dismay. It was a scene of awful tumult. At that moment an officer, bareheaded and covered with blood, galloped to meet the Emperor, exclaiming:

"Sire! the Cossacks, supported by an immense body of cavalry, have broken our ranks, and are driving us back." The Emperor rushed into the midst of the fugitives, and, raising himself in his stirrups shouted in a voice that rung above the uproar of the battle, "Soldiers! rally! Will you fly when I am here? Close your ranks; forward!"

At that well known and dearly beloved voice, the flying troops immediately re-formed. Napoleon placed himself at their head and, sword in hand, plunged into the midst of the Cossacks. With a shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* the men followed him. The Cossacks were driven back with enormous slaughter. Thus one thousand men, headed by the Emperor, arrested and drove back six thousand of their foes. The Emperor then tranquilly returned to his post, and continued to direct the dreadful storm of war. During every hour of this conflict, the masses of the Allies were accumulating. Night at length darkened over the dreadful scene, and the feeble bands of the French army retired into the town of Arcis. The Allies, alarmed by this bold march of Napoleon toward the Rhine, now concentrated their innumerable forces on the plains of Chalons. Even Blucher and Bernadotte came back to join them.

Soon after the battle of Arcis, the Austrians intercepted a French courier who had, with other dispatches, the following private letter from Napoleon to Maria Louisa. "My love! I have been for some days on horseback. On the 20th I took Arcis-sur-Aube. The enemy attacked me there at eight o'clock in the evening; I beat him the same evening; I took two guns and retook two. The next day the enemy's army put itself in battle array, to protect the march of its columns on Brienne and Bar-sur-Aube; and I resolved to approach the Marne and its environs, in order to drive them further from Paris, by approaching my own fortified places. This evening I shall be at St. Dizier. Farewell, my love! Embrace my son!"

Another council of war was held by the Allies. The dread of Napoleon was so great, that many argued the necessity of falling back upon the Rhine, to prevent Napoleon from entering Germany, and relieving his garrisons which were blockaded there. Others urged the bolder counsel of marching directly upon Paris. Napoleon was now at Arcis. The Allies were thirty miles north of him at Chalons, on the banks of the Marne. On the 25th of March the Allies, united in one resistless body, advanced once more toward Paris, thronging, with their vast array, all the roads which follow the valley of the Marne. Napoleon was about two hundred miles from Paris. He hoped, by doubling his speed, to descend the valley of the Seine, and to arrive at the metropolis almost as soon as the Allies. There he had resolved to make his last and desperate stand.

As soon as Napoleon learned that the combined army were marching vigorously upon Paris, he exclaimed, "I will be in the city before them. Nothing but a thunder-bolt can now save us." Orders were immediately given for the army to be put in motion. The Emperor passed the whole night shut up in his cabinet, perusing his maps.

"This," says Caulaincourt, "was another cruel night. Not a word was uttered. Deep sighs sometimes escaped his oppressed bosom. He seemed as if he had lost his power of breathing. Good heaven! how much he suffered!"

His brother Joseph was then in command of the city. Napoleon dispatched courier after courier, entreating him, in the most earnest terms, to rouse the populace, to arm the students, and to hold out until his arrival. He assured him that if he would keep the enemy in check but for two days, at the longest, he would arrive, and would yet compel the Allies to accept reasonable terms.

"If the enemy," said he, "advance upon Paris in such force as to render all resistance vain, send off, in the direction of the Loire, the Empress-Regent, my son, the grand dignitaries, the ministers, and the great officers of the crown and of the treasury. Do not quit my son. Recollect that I would rather see him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Astyanax, prisoner of the Greeks, has always appeared to me the most unhappy fate recorded in history."

Napoleon at Arcis, was four marches further distant from Paris than were the Allies at Chalons. It was a singular spectacle which the two armies now presented. The Allies, numbering some three hundred thousand, were rushing down the valley of the Marne. The war-wasted army of Napoleon, now dwindled to thirty thousand men, with bleeding feet, and tattered garments, and unhealed wounds, were hurrying down the parallel valley of the Seine. The miry roads, just melting from the frosts of winter, and cut up by the ponderous enginery of war, were wretched in the extreme. But the soldiers, still adoring their Emperor, who marched on foot in their midst, sharing their perils and their toils, were animated by the indomitable energies of his own spirit.

Throwing aside every thing which retarded their speed, they marched nearly fifty miles a day. Napoleon, before leaving Arcis, with characteristic humanity, sent two thousand francs, from his private purse, to the Sisters of Charity, to aid them in relieving the wants of the sick and wounded. At midnight, on the 29th of

March, the French army arrived at Troyes. In the early dawn of the next morning, Napoleon was again upon the march, at the head of his guard. Having advanced some fifteen miles, his impatience became so insupportable, that he threw himself into a light carriage, which chance presented, and proceeded rapidly to Sens. The night was cold, dark, and dismal, as he entered the town. He immediately assembled the magistrates, and ordered them to have refreshments ready for his army, upon its arrival. Then, mounting a horse, he galloped, through the long hours of a dark night, along the road toward Fontainebleau.

Dreadful was the scene which was then occurring in Paris. The Allied army had already approached within cannon-shot of the city. Mortier and Marmont made a desperate, but an unavailing resistance. At last, with ammunition entirely exhausted, and with their ranks almost cut to pieces by the awful onslaught, they were driven back into the streets of the city. Marmont, with his sword broken, his hat and clothes pierced with balls, his features blackened with smoke, disputed, step by step, the advance of the enemy into the suburbs. With but eight thousand infantry and eight hundred cavalry, he held at bay, for twelve hours, fifty-five thousand of the Allies. In this dreadful conflict the enemy lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, fourteen thousand men. The Empress, with the chief officers of the state, and with the ladies of her court, had fled to Blois. Her beautiful child, inheriting the spirit of his noble sire, clung to the curtains of his apartment, refusing to leave.

"They are betraying my papa, and I will not go away," exclaimed the precocious child, who was never destined to see that loved father again. "I do not wish to leave the palace. I do not wish to go away from it. When papa is absent, am I not master here?" Nothing but the ascendency of his governess, Madame Montesquieu, could calm him. And she succeeded only by promising faithfully that he should be brought back again. His eyes were filled with tears as he was taken to the carriage. Maria Louisa was calm and resigned; but pallid with fear, she took her departure, as she listened to the deep booming of the cannon, which announced the sanguinary approach of her own father.

The batteries of the Allies were now planted upon Montmartre, and upon other heights which commanded the city, and the shells were falling thickly in the streets of Paris. Joseph, deeming further resistance unavailing, ordered a capitulation. Mortier, in the midst of a dreadful fire, wrote, upon a drum-head, the following lines to Schwartzenberg:

"Prince, let us save a useless effusion of blood. I propose to you a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours; during which we will treat in order to save Paris from the horrors of a siege; otherwise we will defend ourselves, within its walls, to the death."*

Marshal Marmont also, who was contending against Blucher, sent a similar proposition to the Allies. But the fire was so dreadful, and the confusion so great, that seven times the officers, who attempted, with flags of truce, to pass over to the hostile camp, were shot down, with their horses, on the plain. During this scene, Marmont slowly retreated, with one arm severely wounded, the hand of the other shattered by a bullet, and having had five horses killed under him during the action.

In the gloomy hours of the night, when Napoleon was galloping along the solitary road, the allied monarchs were congratulating themselves upon their astonishing victory. Napoleon had avoided Fontainebleau, lest he should encounter there some detachments of the enemy. The night was intensely cold; gloomy clouds darkened the sky, and Napoleon encountered no one on the deserted roads who could give him any information respecting the capital. Far away in the distance the horizon blazed with the bivouac-fires of his foes. The clock on the tower of the church was tolling the hour of twelve as he entered the little village of La Cour. Through the gloom, in the wide street, he saw groups of disbanded soldiers, marching toward Fontainebleau. Riding into the midst of them, he exclaimed with astonishment—

"How is this! why are not these soldiers marching to Paris?"

General Belliard, one of Napoleon's most devoted friends, from behind a door recognizing the voice of the Emperor, immediately came forward and said, "Paris has capitulated. The enemy enters to-morrow, two hours after sunrise. These troops are the remains of the armies of Marmont and Mortier, falling back on Fontainebleau, to join the Emperor's army at Troyes."

The Emperor seemed stunned by the blow. For a moment there was dead silence. The cold drops of agony oozed from his brow. Then, with rapid step, he walked backward and forward on the rugged pavement in front of the hotel, hesitating, stopping, retracing his steps, bewildered by the enormity of his woe. He then, in rapid interrogatories, without waiting for any answer, as if speaking only to himself, exclaimed,

"Where is my wife? Where is my son? Where is the army? What has become of the National Guard of Paris, and of the battle they were to have fought, to the last man, under its walls? and the Marshals Mortier and Marmont, where shall I find them again?"

* "Had Paris held out for two days longer, Napoleon's army would have entered it, and every one is well acquainted with his skill in the management of affairs. He would have had no hesitation to have thrown the arsenals open to the people. His presence would have influenced the multitude. He would have imparted a salutary direction to their enthusiasm, and Paris would no doubt have imitated the example of Saragossa; or, to speak more correctly, the enemy would not have ventured to make any attempt upon it; for, independently of the Emperor's being for them a Medusa's head, it was ascertained, at a later period, that in the battle which preceded the surrender of the capital, they had consumed nearly the whole of their ammunition. Tears of blood are ready to flow at the bare recollection of these facts."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iv. p. 44.

After a moment's pause, he continued, with impatient voice and gesture: "The night is still mine. The enemy only enters at daybreak. My carriage! my carriage! Let us go this instant! Let us get before Blucher and Schwartzenberg! Let Belliard follow me with the cavalry! Let us fight even in the streets and squares of Paris! My presence, my name, the courage of my troops, the necessity of following me or of dying, will arouse Paris. My army, which is following me, will arrive in the midst of the struggle. It will take the enemy in rear, while we are fighting them in front. Come on! success awaits me perhaps in my last reverse!"

General Belliard then acknowledged to him that, by the terms of the capitulation, the army of Paris was bound to fall back upon Fontainebleau. For a moment Napoleon was again silent, and then exclaimed: "To surrender the capital to the enemy! What cowards! Joseph ran off too! my very brother! And so they have capitulated! betrayed their brother, their country, their sovereign; degraded France in the eyes of Europe! Entered into a capital of eight hundred thousand souls without firing a shot! It is too dreadful. What has been done with the artillery? They should have had two hundred pieces, and ammunition for a month. And yet they had only a battery of six pieces, and an empty magazine, on Montmartre. When I am not there, they do nothing but heap blunder upon blunder."

A group of officers successively arriving, now closed sadly around their Emperor. Napoleon became more calm, as he interrogated them, one by one, and listened to the details of the irreparable disaster. Then taking Caulaincourt aside, he directed him to ride, with the utmost speed, to the head-quarters of the Allies. "See," said he, "if I have yet time to interpose in the treaty which is signing already perhaps, without me and against me. I give you full powers. Do not lose an instant. I await you here." Caulaincourt mounted his horse and disappeared. Napoleon then, followed by Belliard and Berthier, entered the hotel.

Caulaincourt speedily arrived at the advanced posts of the enemy. He gave his name, and demanded a passage. The sentinels, however, refused to allow him to enter the lines. After an absence of two hours, Caulaincourt returned to the Emperor. They conversed together for a few moments, during which Napoleon, though calm, seemed plunged into the profoundest grief, and Caulaincourt wept bitterly.

"My dear Caulaincourt," said Napoleon, "go again, and try to see the Emperor Alexander. You have full powers from me. I have now no hope but in you, Caulaincourt." Affectionately he extended his hand to his faithful friend.

Caulaincourt pressed it fervently to his lips, and said, "I go, Sire; dead or alive, I will gain entrance into Paris, and will speak to the Emperor Alexander."

As, several years after, Caulaincourt was relating these occurrences, he said, "My head is burning; I am feverish; should I live a hundred years, I can never forget these scenes. They are the fixed ideas of my sleepless nights. My reminiscences are frightful. They kill me. The repose of the tomb is sweet after such sufferings."

It was now past midnight. Caulaincourt mounted another horse, and galloped in the deep obscurity by another route to Paris. Napoleon also mounted his horse, and in silence and in sadness took the route to Fontainebleau. A group of officers, dejected, exhausted, and woe-worn, followed in his train. At four o'clock in the morning he arrived at this ancient palace of the kings of France. Conscious of his fallen fortunes, he seemed to shrink from every thing which could remind him of the grandeurs of royalty. Passing by the state apartments which his glory had embellished, and to which his renown still attracts the footsteps of travelers from all lands, he entered, like a private citizen, into a small and obscure chamber in one angle of the castle. A window opened into a small garden, shaded with funereal firs, which resembled the cemeteries of his native island. Here he threw himself upon a couch, and his noble heart throbbed with the pulsations of an almost unearthly agony. But he was calm and silent in his woe. The troops which had followed him from Troyes, and those which had retired from Paris, soon arrived, and were cantoned around him. They numbered about fifty thousand. Their devotion to the Emperor was never more enthusiastic, and they clamored loudly to be led against the three hundred thousand Allies, who were marching proudly into Paris.

THE POOR CHILD'S CRADLE.

BABYHOOD is certainly an important period of human existence. Important, not only to the individual in that juvenile stage, who has his long career of three score and ten before him, and is forming the shape of his legs, the configuration of his features, and, for aught we know, going through an analogous process of mental development, but also to his anxious parents, and his kindred more or less remote.

How important a personage is the first-born of the family on his first appearance! How his coming is heralded, like that of the hero on the stage, by flourish of (their own) trumpets, by nurses and doctors! What stores of baby linen and soft outer wrapping! What consultation over Christian names; what balancing of choice between the plain patronymic and the tempting surname of pet hero, presidential candidate, or parson! The baby is born, and is at once king of the household, Grand Lama of the domestic Thibet. Gentle must be the footfall about his couch, that his slumbers be not rudely broken, pleasant-featured the countenance that greets his waking eyes, tender the touch, gentle the hand and arms that move and dandle. Not only are father and mother abject slaves themselves of the new comer, but they see to it that all others shall be so as well. The stranger within their gates must play the courtier if he would maintain his occasional right to draw his chair to the fireside, and ply knife and fork

over the mahogany. He must, forgetful of the allegiance sworn under like circumstances the evening before, at the square below, vow that the red-faced cherub dandled up to his nose is the finest baby he ever laid eyes on, handle the precious burden thrust into his arms as gently as his awkwardness will admit, and restoring "Time's noblest offspring" to awaiting nurse, handle the snow-white, ribbon-bordered blanket which forms the outer robe of the minute dignitary, with as reverential a touch as if it were royal purple.

In default, however, of doing justice to our theme of baby-dom in plain prose, we must have recourse to the higher powers of verse, and in this call to our aid the lines of no less a master than Thomas Hood. He describes the accession of the opulent Miss Kilmansegg, distinguished at a later period of her history as the possessor of a golden leg, which replaced the article of a similar character furnished by nature, but hopelessly damaged by an accident.

"She was one of those who, by Fortune's boon,
Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon
In her mouth, not a wooden ladle:
To speak according to poet's wont,
Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,
And Midas rock'd the cradle.

"At her first *début* she found her head
On a pillow of down, in a downy bed,
With a damask canopy over;
For although, by the vulgar, popular saw,
All mothers are said to be 'in the straw,'
Some children are born in clover.

"Her very first draught of vital air,
It was not the common chamelion fare
Of plebeian lungs and noses.
No—her earliest sniff
Of this world, was a whiff
Of the genuine Otto of Roses!
. . . . . .

"Like other babes, at her birth she cried;
Which made a sensation far and wide,
Ay, for twenty miles around her;
For though to the ear 'twas nothing more
Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar
Of a fifty-thousand pounder!
It shook the next heir
In his library chair,
And made him cry, 'Confound her!"
. . . . . .

"And how was the precious baby drest?
In a robe of the East, with lace of the West,
Like one of Crœsus's issue—
Her best bibs were made
Of gold brocade,
And the others of silver tissue.

"And when the baby inclined to nap,
She was lull'd on a Gros de Naples lap,
By a nurse in a modish Paris cap,
Of notions so exalted
She drank nothing lower than Curaçoa,
Maraschino, or pink Noyau,
And, on principle, never malted.

"From a golden boat, with a golden spoon,
The babe was fed night, morning, and noon,
And although the tale seems fabulous,
'Tis said her tops and bottoms were gilt,
Like the oats in that stable-yard palace built
For the horse of Heliogabalus.

"And when she took to squall and kick—
For pain will wring and pins will prick
E'en the wealthiest Nabob's daughter—
They gave her no vulgar Dalby or gin,
But a liquor with leaf of gold therein,
Videlicet—Dantzic Water.

"In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,
And drest in the best from the very first,
To please the genteelest censor—
And then, as soon as strength would allow,
Was vaccinated, as babies are now,
With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow
Of Lord Althorpe's—now Earl Spencer."

All this, however, presupposes the mouth which so soon after its advent into the world roars so lustily for food, to have brought in it a silver spoon for the furnishing thereof. As, however, the per-centage on babies' mouths of silver spoons is a figure so minute as to be a dividend not worth declaring, we must turn our attention—and, as in duty bound, our chief attention—to the majority.

We have in this country no foundling hospitals with revolving baskets, in which a baby may be dropped as easily as a letter in the post-office, and dispatched on its journey through life with equal confidence in the government by the authors of the flesh and blood as of the literary production. Nor, in truth, do we think we want the basket aforesaid. It is too great a temptation to the needy and the vicious. Foundlings are, however, amply provided for, as they should be, by our city charities. But we have nothing to do at present with anonymous babies. We have an eye to the parent as well as the child. The poor baby (especially if the first-born) is as important an individual in the eyes of his parents as your heir to thousands. The same "pride, pomp, and circumstance" may not attend him, but equal or greater sacrifices are made to his welfare. He is hugged as closely, kissed as heartily, lauded as loudly, dandled as daintily, wrapped as warmly, as his richer contemporary. His mother, however, must live, in order for baby to do so likewise, and in this getting-a-living process, baby is sadly in the way. The Indian squaw gets over the difficulty by swathing up the small specimen to a board, with a hoop to it, which has the double advantage of helping to make his back straight, and enabling him to be commodiously disposed of on his mother's back or a neighboring tree.

A French woman on her travels tucks baby up nicely in a shallow one-handled basket. This we know from personal observation, having once, in answer to a polite request from a cherry-cheeked *Normande*, reached down our arm from the *banquette* of a French diligence for what we supposed to be a basket of eggs, and consequently drew up with a care still more befitting its actual contents of humanity in a more advanced stage of race and age. It appeared to answer the purpose, as the infant slept well, and was done up in a much more convenient form for handling than long clothes and blanket, and was an article of luggage decidedly preferable, in a quiescent state, to a bandbox. Neither of these plans would, we fear, answer for the laboring woman. She could not fall to scrubbing a floor with baby pick-a-back, and to hang him up with her bonnet would not answer. For women who work together, as in binderies, large clothing establishments, or factories, it would be still worse, as the most tender-hearted proprietor, the most philoprogenitively organized head, could hardly

stand the united chorus of sundry shelves or pegrows tenanted by crying—for under such circumstances it is naturally to be expected that they would be crying—babies.

We occasionally see a fruit-stall keeper with a baby in her arms; but how could the active apple-women, who glide about the composing cases in printing-offices, manage a baby as well as a basket; or the energetic females who vend oranges to travelers leaving our city shores balance a pyramid of globular fruit in one set of digits, and clutch a baby commodiously in the other? If the mother has to go out, therefore, to earn her daily bread, her baby must be left at home. But in whose charge? The eldest sister—for we will suppose our young friend one of the junior members of the family—should be out at work, the next oldest at school, the third is too little to be trusted for much supervision. The boys are ready enough for the kindly care; but they should be at work or at school too, and if they are not, are too full of animal spirits, and somewhat too clumsy for the office. It is hardly fair, too, to tax their good-nature continually, even for the welfare of brother or sister. Baby, in place of a never-ending source of delight, at due intervals, may degenerate into a bore. Remember Johnny and Moloch in Dickens's Christmas story, and to make sure that you do, we will freshen your recollection:

"Another little boy was tottering to and fro, bent on one side, and considerably affected in his knees, by the weight of a large baby, which he was supposed, by a fiction that obtains sometimes in sanguine families, to be hushing to sleep. But oh! the inexhaustible regions of contemplation and watchfulness into which this baby's eyes were then only beginning to compose themselves, to stare over his unconscious shoulder!

"It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiate altar the whole existence of this particular young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet, in any one place, for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required. 'Tetterby's baby' was as well known in the neighborhood as the postman or pot-boy. It roved from door-step to door-step in the arms of little Johnny Tetterby, and lagged heavily at the rear of the troops of juveniles who followed the tumblers or the monkey, and came up, all on one side, a little too late for every thing that was attractive, from Monday morning until Saturday night. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch making Johnny fag and toil. Wherever Johnny desired to stay, little Moloch became fractious, and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home, Moloch was awake, and must be taken out. Yet Johnny was verily persuaded that it was a faultless baby, without its peer in the realm of England, and was quite content to catch meek glimpses of things in general from behind its skirts, or over its limp, flapping bonnet, and to go staggering about with it like a very little porter with a very large parcel, which was not directed to any body, and could never be delivered any where."

There are the other lodgers or the neighbors as an occasional resort; but they have their own little responsibilities, and will require a reciprocation. It is evident, therefore, that a portion of hard-earned wages must be paid to some old woman or "half-grown gal" to look after baby, and a proportionate retrenchment made in beef and bread, or baby must look out for himself. The mother must give a morning kiss, and depart for her work with her head full of the awful stories she reads in the papers of little children falling out of the window or on to the stove, or rolling down stairs, being maimed or killed in a hundred ways.

This poor baby ought to be looked after; but how is it to be done? None of our existing charities can do it. They will help to bring the child into the world, and, if its parents abandon it, take care of the bantling. If the parents know their duty better, and shun such a crime as they would infanticide, they must take care of him. The Dispensary will vaccinate and drug, if needful; but if the child be healthy, he must not look for any thing more from the city until he is sufficiently advanced for A B C and the Primary school. His future course through the Free-school and Free Academy to manhood is well provided for; the hospitals will attend to him if he fall sick or get run over; and the last scene of all will be kindly and decorously cared for like the first. These infant years are, therefore, the heel of Achilles of the body politic, almost the only chance left, as it seems to us, for the ingenuity of philanthropy to exercise itself upon.

The want has been supplied in Paris by institutions called *Crèches* (a child's crib). As, thanks to some philanthropic American ladies, who have brought home ideas as well as bonnets from that great city, an establishment of the kind is about to be opened in New York, we have thought that an illustrated account of a "*crèche*" would be acceptable to our readers, and lead to the good example of our New York ladies being copied elsewhere.

The object of these establishments is to provide a place where mothers going out to day's work may leave their children in the morning and come for them in the evening, secure that, during the interval, their infants will be fed and carefully tended by good nurses. For this they are charged a small sum daily, designed as much to impress upon the parents the duty of providing for their offspring as for the support of the establishment. Infants are received at any age up to two years.

The first Parisian crèche was that of St. Pierre, at Chaillot, situated in a region inhabited by a poor population, although in the neighborhood of the Champs Elysées. It was founded by the curé of the parish and some ladies who had established an infant school with success, and saw that this institution was the next step in the same

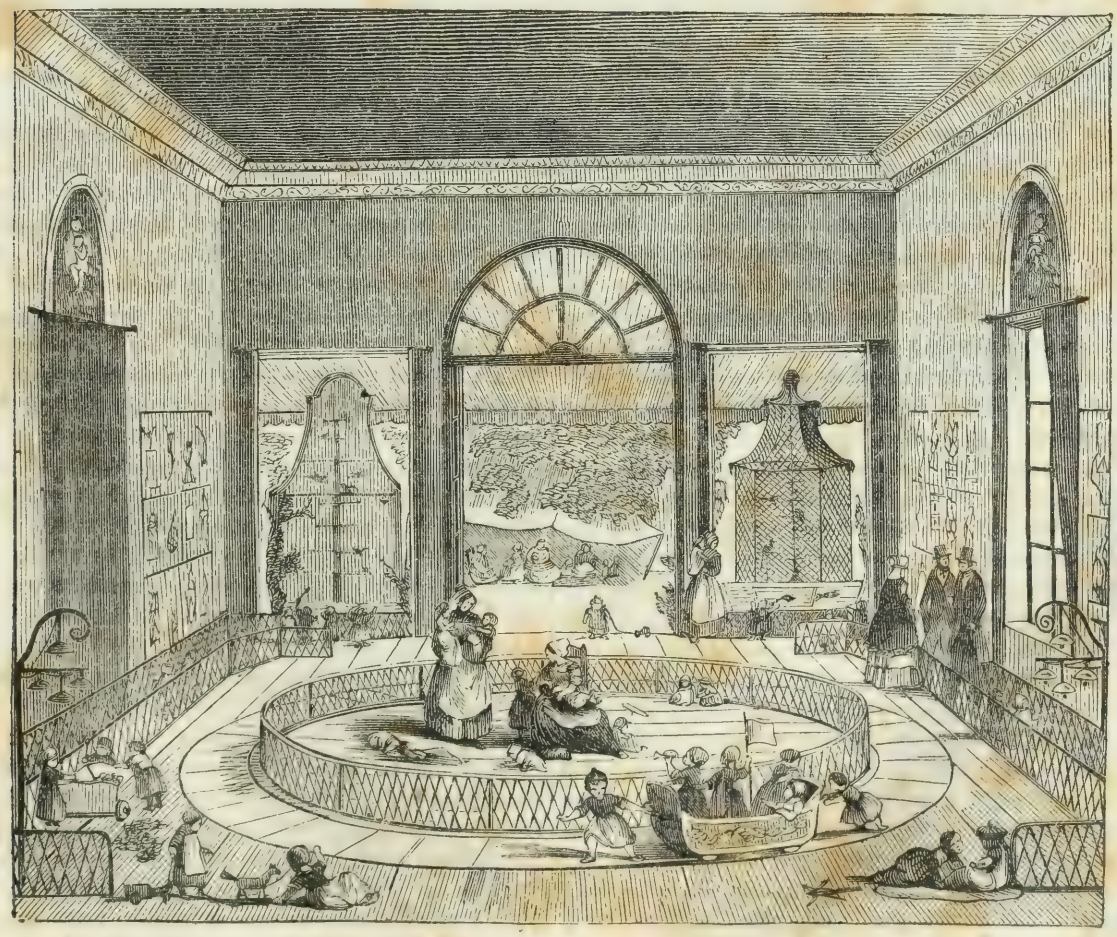
direction. The doors were opened on the fourteenth of November, 1844. It was provided with twelve cradles and a small cot. This was followed by the Crèche St. Philippe du Roule, opened April 29, 1845, and by numerous others in various parts of Paris.

M. Jules Delbruck, a gentleman of Paris, has written a little volume on the subject of the Crèches. It contains brief reports of the condition of these establishments in the year 1848, and from these, his own researches on the subject, his own ingenuity, and, to some extent, the Phalanx of Fourier, he has drawn a picture of a model establishment of this character, which, with the aid of his illustrations, we shall endeavor to set before our readers.

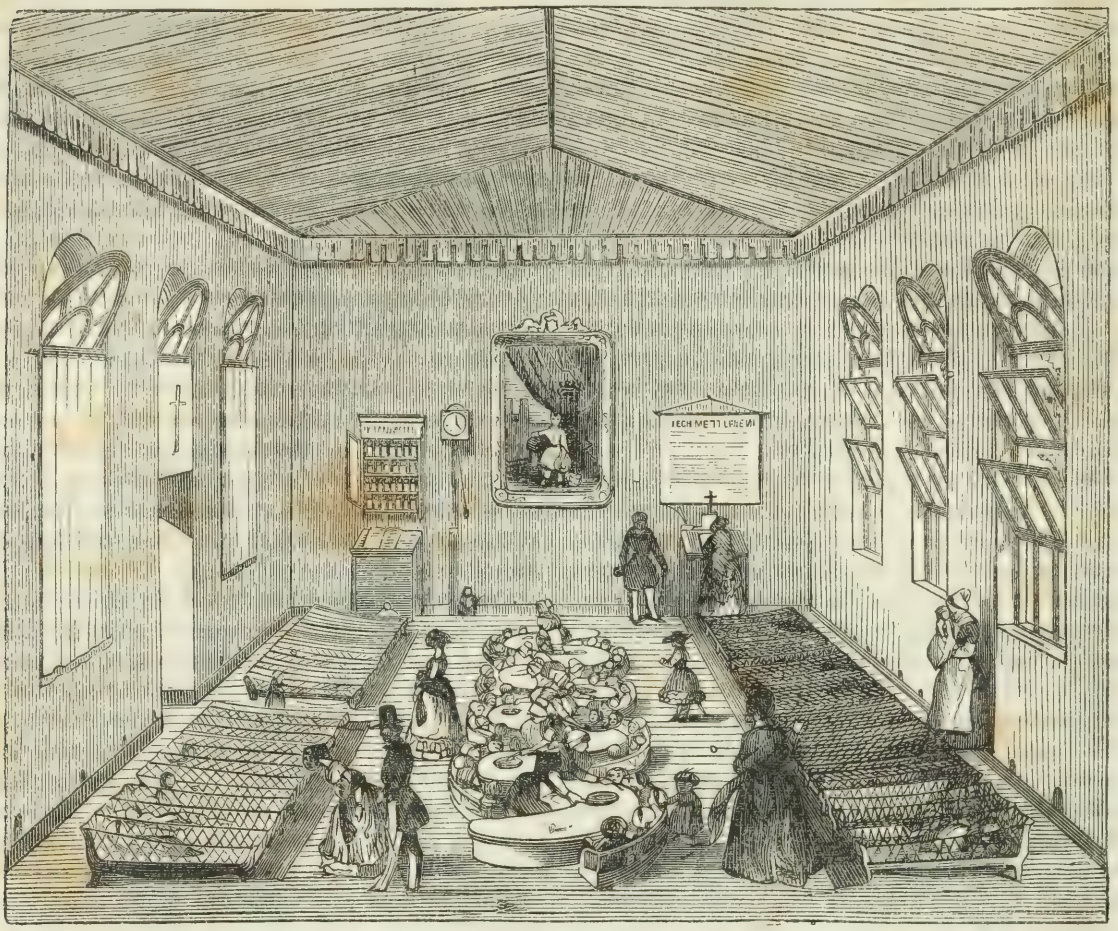
We enter from a garden the apartments of the *Crèche Modele*, all of which are on the ground-floor. We are first introduced to the play-room. It is a lofty and well-ventilated hall. In the centre is a circular railing, formed of net-work, just high enough for an infant to reach when standing. Within this, a nurse has a group of children playing about her. The net-work keeps them in bounds, and does not hurt them if they fall against it. Outside the inclosure is a circular rail-road, in which a joyful car-load of children are propelled by two comrades, a little farther advanced in years, visitors from the neighboring infant school, one pushing, another pulling. Close to the wall, on each side, are two parallel ranges of railing similar to that in the centre. They are designed to aid the children in learning to walk, by holding on to the rails. If they fall, they can easily pick themselves up by taking hold of the meshes of the net-work. The wall is hung with representations of familiar objects, and on each side of the door is a large cage filled with singing birds, which the children are feeding. A few toys are scattered about the floor, and we see in the little garden beyond a few nurses off duty, sewing.

A second apartment is devoted to cribs and dining-tables. Both are designed for children from one to two years of age. The cots are, of course, for the use of the infants when tired; but it is found that, with the exception of an hour or so after the principal meal, they are little in request, the attention and consequent wakefulness of the children being secured in the play-room during the day, so that their sound sleep, as well as that of their weary mothers, is unbroken on their return at night.

The third room is designed for those whose age is reckoned only by days and months. Here we find a triple row of cradles, not on the obsolete rockers of our infant days, and which were so readily stumbled over, but suspended from a neat iron frame-work, and so arranged that part can be rocked simultaneously, and part separately. In the aisles between the cradles are net-work railings, as in the play-rooms. A small organ occupies one end of the room, whose notes will soothe the senses to repose, or gently rouse them from their rest. The idea is as old as Montaigne, whose father, he relates in the delightful gossip of



THE PLAY-ROOM.



THE EATING-ROOM.

his Essays, took great pains with his education, and had him awaked in the morning by strains of soft music, merging sleeping into waking as gently as Aurora's blush dispels the shades of night.

The nurses who are seen in these pictures in neat cap and apron, are, of course, the all-important portions of the establishment. Of little use will be its admirable mechanical organization if these, its rulers, are not of kindly heart, winning smile, gentle, patient, motherly endurance. M. Delbruck illustrates the needfulness of this by his statistics regarding the crèches in actual operation. The uniform and admirable rule in each is that every infant received must be clean. If the mother has neglected the duty, the nurses must make vigorous use of the soap and water, sponges and towels provided. This sponging process furnishes M. Delbruck's test question. Do the children cry when sponged? If they do, he sets the fault down as much to the nurse's hand as to the sponge or child; if they do not, it is a strong proof that the nurse is gentle and kind.

These nurses are all dressed in a simple uniform of blue and white, colors which have been generally adopted at the existing crèches in place of the more sombre tints, or of the appalling black of the religious orders. Those who are familiar with the French bonne, and any one who has ever set eyes on her trim figure, set off by an always admirably-fitted though plain dress, and the little muslin cap which forms her only head-covering summer and winter, in-doors and out, running on an errand around the corner, or crossing the ocean to America, will know that she is a model of neatness, and apparently of good nature. Those of the crèche should be young and have pleasant faces, and such it is not difficult to find.

Blue and white are also the prevailing colors in the simple fittings up and decorations of the rooms, and of the light and simple bed-draperies. Every thing is made as cheerful and simple as possible. M. Delbruck has some excellent remarks on the religious paintings which, as is the custom in Roman Catholic countries in all charitable establishments, decorate the crèche. The Crucifixion, which he finds in some of the existing establishments, he regards as a more fitting accompaniment to the maturity or the close of life than its commencement. Then, the dread import, the blessed significance of the Sacrifice can be understood—the dying man looks upon the dying Saviour. He would have the infant's eyes rest on the Holy Babe—the Child in his mother's arms—the most beautiful subject within the range of Christian art. This may be accompanied by the beautiful scene of Our Saviour calling little children unto him.

This care in the decoration of the rooms is carried out in minute but wise detail in all the arrangements. In every article of furniture rounded are preferred to angular forms, not only as more graceful, but as protecting the infant from many contusions young flesh is heir to, in parlor as well as kitchen or garret, from sharp corners. The terminations of the little inclosed

walls are semicircular for this reason, and the model crib is composed entirely of net-work, attached to an oval hoop of light iron. It is chosen not only for the superior safety of the heads of the little outsiders, but for the comfort of its occupant, as its pliant material will allow the use of thinner and less heating mattresses. It is a matter worth noticing, that the ends of the uprights are decorated with little figures of angels, keeping their "watch and ward." M. Delbruck claims the spiral table, which is found in our picture of the crib-room, as his own invention. He presents it to us again in a somewhat modified, and, we think, improved form.

Is it not a cosy and delightful affair? Who would have planned it but a Frenchman, familiar with the snug restaurant corners, sociable tables d'hôte, and comfortable salles à manger, of that city of good dinners and good digestion—Paris? Here we have dinner and digestion combined, the promenade encircling the dining-table. This happy design was the result of deliberation. M. Delbruck found, in his visits to the different crèches, that the dinner-hour, instead of being, as in advanced civilized society, one of enjoyment, was a scene of discord and confusion. Children cried then who cried at no other hour. And good reason had they for doing so; as, while one was dining, seated on the nurse's lap, and fed by her with a spoon, five were waiting their turns. An obvious improvement on this state of things was to place the six around the nurse's knees, and allow the spoon to pass in regular and impartial sequence from mouth to mouth. But there was a difficulty in the way of carrying out this. The children who needed this care were those lately weaned, and just learning to stand. Though their appetites were strong, their legs were weak, and the jar of a rude concussion of that part of the youthful frame by which appeal is usually made to the moral sentiments was calculated to impair good digestion and good temper. Besides, who ever heard of any one, young or old, except through-by-day-light railway travelers—and even they are abandoning the bolting process—eating one's dinner standing? The obvious plan to protect the exposed portions of the tender infant frame from too sudden contact with mother earth, was by the compromise measure of a seat. This, and the accompanying table—a virtual extension of the nurse's knees—constructed, its inventor sought at once to have introduced them into the crèches.

To his and our surprise, he was met by an objection, "such a thing has never been done," *ergo*—after a more common mode of logic in the Old than the New World—can't be done. Repeated visits and entreaties are of no avail; but the projector, though disgusted at meeting difficulties in so small a matter, persisted, until one fine morning he met "excellent Doctor Moynier," who pointed to the wind-mills of Montmartre, with the words, "Here you will find what you want; the nurses feed several infants at

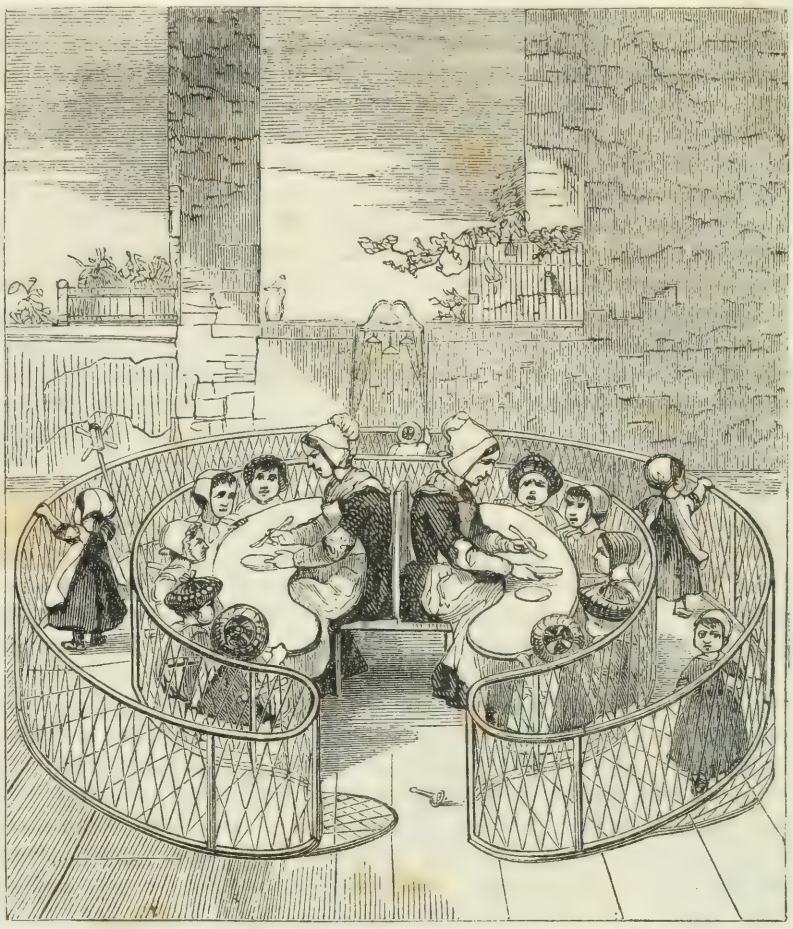


THE CRADLE-ROOM.

once, '*à la becquée*,'" which, forwant of a better phrase, we translate "chicken fashion."

M. Delbruck, with commendable zeal, at once toils up the hill of Montmartre, and finds there one Madame Vandervin, who makes him witness of her mode of procedure, which was to gather the children about her lap, and feed them in turn. Duly armed with precedent, our projector descends, returns, and conquers.

It is worthy of note, that the little half-moon benches are divided by partitions into stalls. It is, no doubt, useful in securing each his due space, and avoiding cause of quarrel; but it is amusing to see the French system of order applied on so minute a scale. This system of *stalles* especially is found in Paris, in every place of amusement, and in every omnibus, down to the little one drawn by four goats, which runs, with juvenile passengers, up and down the Champs Elysées.



THE TABLE.

It must be borne in mind that the institution we have described is the model, not the actual *crèche*. It is, however, in its main features, founded on fact; the garden, the cage of singing-birds, the uniform of the nurses, and one or two other subordinate, although important matters, being all that distinguishes most of the institutions in operation from the standard we have presented. These could be added, with the exception, perhaps, of the garden, at inconsiderable expense.

Charles Lamb, in one of his Essays, gives a picture of the children of the poor, drawn in darker colors than it seems to us needful to use in treating the same topic here. Among the extremely destitute, however, of our large cities, the sketch may, we fear, be often realized.

"'Poor people,' said a sensible old nurse to us once, 'do not bring up their children; they drag them up.' The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humor it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said that 'a babe is fed with milk and praise.' But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, unnourishing—the return to its little baby tricks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter, ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attractive novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper offhand contrivance to divert the child, the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passions of young wonder. It was never sung to; no one ever told to it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or die as it happened. It had no young dreams—it broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labor. It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator, for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace: it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times."

How happy a contrast does the crèche present to this sad, though exquisitely touched picture! There, as the statistics of these institutions prove, the child is happy and contented. It has its cheap little toys, and better amusement in play-fellows of its own age. If it cries, its wants are relieved, its troubles soothed; if it is tired, it is gently sung and swung to sleep. Its mother may come to nurse it, or if she do not, others will supply the kindly office of providing nourishment. Its chances of life are as good, the statistics show, as those of children brought up at home in affluence, and it is probably quite as happy. The parental tie is not weakened, for it is only at the hours when it can not be supplied that the crèche proffers its aid.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXI.

IS SENTIMENTAL BUT SHORT.

WITHOUT wishing to disparage the youth of other nations, I think a well-bred English lad has this advantage over them, that his bearing is commonly more modest than theirs. He does not assume the tailcoat and the manners of manhood too early: he holds his tongue, and listens to his elders: his mind blushes as well as his cheeks: he does not know how to make bows and pay compliments like the young Frenchman; nor to contradict his seniors as I am informed American striplings do. Boys who learn nothing else at our public schools, learn at least good manners, or what we consider to be such—and, with regard to the person at present under consideration, it is certain that all his acquaintances, excepting perhaps his dear cousin Barnes Newcome, agreed in considering him as a very frank, manly, modest, and agreeable young fellow. My friend Warrington found a grim pleasure in his company; and his bright face, droll humor, and kindly laughter, were always welcome in our chambers. Honest Fred Bayham was charmed to be in his society; and used pathetically to aver that he himself might have been such a youth, had he been blest with a kind father to watch, and good friends to guide, his early career. In fact, Fred was by far the most didactic of Clive's bachelor acquaintances, pursued the young man with endless advice and sermons, and held himself up as a warning to Clive, and a touching example of the evil consequences of early idleness and dissipation. Gentlemen of much higher rank in the world took a fancy to the lad. Captain Jack Belsize, introduced him to his own mess, as also to the Guard dinner at St. James's; and my Lord Kew invited him to Kewbury, his Lordship's house in Oxfordshire, where Clive enjoyed hunting, shooting, and plenty of good company. Mrs. Newcome groaned in spirit when she heard of these proceedings; and feared, feared very much that that unfortunate young man was going to ruin; and Barnes Newcome amiably disseminated reports among his family that the lad was plunged in all sorts of debaucheries: that he was tipsy every night: that he was engaged, in his sober moments, with dice, the turf, or worse amusements: and that his head was so turned by living with Kew and Belsize, that the little rascal's pride and arrogance were perfectly insufferable. Ethel would indignantly deny these charges; then perhaps credit a few of them; and she looked at Clive with melancholy eyes when he came to visit his aunt; and I hope prayed that Heaven might mend his wicked ways. The truth is, the young fellow enjoyed life, as one of his age and spirit might be expected to do; but he did very little harm, and meant less; and was quite unconscious of the reputation which his kind friends were making for him.

There had been a long-standing promise that Clive and his father were to go to Newcome at Christmas: and I dare say Ethel proposed to reform the young prodigal, if prodigal he was, for she busied herself delightedly in preparing the apartments which they were to inhabit during their stay—speculated upon it in a hundred pleasant ways, putting off her visit to this pleasant neighbor, or that pretty scene in the vicinage, until her uncle should come and they should be enabled to enjoy the excursion together. And before the arrival of her relatives, Ethel, with one of her young brothers, went to see Mrs. Mason; and introduced herself as Colonel Newcome's niece; and came back charmed with the old lady, and eager once more in defense of Clive (when that young gentleman's character happened to be called in question by her brother Barnes), for had she not seen the kindest letter, which Clive had written to old Mrs. Mason, and the beautiful drawing of his father on horseback and in regimentals, waving his sword in front of the gallant —th Bengal Cavalry, which the lad had sent down to the good old woman?—He could not be very bad, Ethel thought, who was so kind and thoughtful for the poor. His father's son could not be altogether a reprobate. When Mrs. Mason, seeing how good and beautiful Ethel was, and thinking in her heart, nothing could be too good or beautiful for Clive, nodded her kind old head at Miss Ethel, and said she should like to find a husband for her—Miss Ethel blushed, and looked handsomer than ever; and at home, when she was describing the interview, never mentioned this part of her talk with Mrs. Mason.

But the *enfant terrible* young Alfred did: announcing to all the company at dessert, that Ethel was in love with Clive—that Clive was coming to marry her—that Mrs. Mason, the old woman at Newcome, had told him so.

"I daresay she has told the tale all over Newcome!" shrieked out Mr. Barnes. "I daresay it will be in the *Independent* next week. By Jove, it's a pretty connection—and nice acquaintances this uncle of our's brings us!" A fine battle ensued upon the receipt and discussion of this intelligence: Barnes was more than usually bitter and sarcastic: Ethel haughtily recriminated, losing her temper, and then her firmness, until, fairly bursting into tears, she taxed Barnes with meanness and malignity in forever uttering stories to

* Continued from the May Number.

his cousin's disadvantage; and pursuing with constant slander and cruelty one of the very best of men. She rose and left the table in great tribulation—she went to her room and wrote a letter to her uncle, blistered with tears, in which she besought him not to come to Newcome.—Perhaps she went and looked at the apartments which she had adorned and prepared for his reception. It was for him and for his company that she was eager. She had met no one so generous and gentle, so honest and unselfish, until she had seen him.

Lady Ann knew the ways of women very well; and when Ethel that night, still in great indignation and scorn against Barnes, announced that she had written a letter to her uncle, begging the Colonel not to come at Christmas, Ethel's mother soothed the wounded girl, and treated her with peculiar gentleness and affection; and she wisely gave Mr. Barnes to understand, that if he wished to bring about that very attachment, the idea of which made him so angry, he could use no better means than those which he chose to employ at present, of constantly abusing and insulting poor Clive, and awakening Ethel's sympathies by mere opposition. And Ethel's sad little letter was extracted from the post-bag: and her mother brought it to her, sealed, in her own room, where the young lady burned it: being easily brought by Lady Ann's quiet remonstrances to perceive that it was best no allusion should take place to the silly dispute which had occurred that evening; and that Clive and his father should come for the Christmas holidays, if they were so minded. But when they came, there was no Ethel at Newcome. She was gone on a visit to her sick aunt, Lady Julia. Colonel Newcome passed the holidays sadly without his young favorite, and Clive consoled himself by knocking down pheasants with Sir Brian's keepers: and increased his cousin's attachment for him by breaking the knees of Barne's favorite mare out hunting. It was a dreary entertainment; father and son were glad enough to get away from it, and to return to their own humbler quarters in London.

Thomas Newcome had now been for three years in the possession of that felicity which his soul longed after; and had any friend of his asked him if he was happy, he would have answered in the affirmative no doubt, and protested that he was in the enjoyment of every thing a reasonable man could desire. And yet, in spite of his happiness, his honest face grew more melancholy: his loose clothes hung only the looser on his lean limbs: he ate his meals without appetite: his nights were restless: and he would sit for hours silent in the midst of his family, so that Mr. Binnie first began jocularly to surmise that Tom was crossed in love; then seriously to think that his health was suffering, and that a doctor should be called to see him; and at last to agree that idleness was not good for the Colonel, and that he missed the military occupation to which he had been for so many years accustomed.

The Colonel insisted that he was perfectly happy and contented. What could he want more than he had—the society of his son, for the present; and a prospect of quiet for his declining days? Binnie vowed that his friend's days had no business to decline as yet; that a sober man of fifty ought to be at his best; and that Newcome had grown older in three years in Europe, than in a quarter of a century in the East—all which statements were true, though the Colonel persisted in denying them.

He was very restless. He was always finding business in distant quarters of England. He must go visit Tom Barker who was settled in Devonshire, or Harry Johnson who had retired and was living in Wales. He surprised Mrs. Honeyman by the frequency of his visits to Brighton, and always came away much improved in health by the sea air, and by constant riding with the harriers there. He appeared at Bath and at Cheltenham, where, as we know, there are many old Indians. Mr. Binnie was not indisposed to accompany him on some of these jaunts—"provided," the Civilian said, "you don't take young Hopeful, who is much better without us; and let us two old fogies enjoy ourselves together."

Clive was not sorry to be left alone. The father knew that only too well. The young man had occupations, ideas, associates, in whom the elder could take no interest. Sitting below in his blank, cheerless bedroom, Newcome could hear the lad and his friends talking, singing, and making merry, overhead. Something would be said in Clive's well-known tones, and a roar of laughter would proceed from the youthful company. They had all sorts of tricks, by-words, waggeries, of which the father could not understand the jest nor the secret. He longed to share in it, but the party would be hushed if he went in to join it—and he would come away sad at heart, to think that his presence should be a signal for silence among them; and that his son could not be merry in his company.

We must not quarrel with Clive and Clive's friends, because they could not joke and be free in the presence of the worthy gentleman. If they hushed when he came in, Thomas Newcome's sad face would seem to look round—appealing to one after another of them, and asking, "why don't you go on laughing?" A company of old comrades shall be merry and laughing together, and the entrance of a single youngster will stop the conversation—and if men of middle age feel this restraint with our juniors, the young ones surely have a right to be silent before their elders. The boys are always mum under the eyes of the usher. There is scarce any parent, however friendly or tender with his children, but must feel sometimes that they have thoughts which are not his or hers; and wishes and secrets quite beyond the parental control: and, as people are vain, long after they are fathers, ay, or grandfathers, and not seldom fancy that mere personal desire of domination is overweening anxiety and love for their family; no doubt that common outcry against thankless children might often be shown to prove, not that the son is disobedient, but the father too exacting. When a mother (as fond mothers often will) vows

that she knows every thought in her daughter's heart, I think she pretends to know a great deal too much ;—nor can there be a wholesomer task for the elders, as our young subjects grow up, naturally demanding liberty and citizen's rights, than for us gracefully to abdicate our sovereign pretensions and claims of absolute control. There's many a family chief who governs wisely and gently, who is loth to give the power up when he should. Ah, be sure, it is not youth alone that has need to learn humility! By their very virtues, and the purity of their lives, many good parents create flatterers for themselves, and so live in the midst of a filial court of parasites—and seldom without a pang of unwillingness, and often not at all, will they consent to forego their autocracy, and exchange the tribute they have been won't to exact of love and obedience for the willing offering of love and freedom.

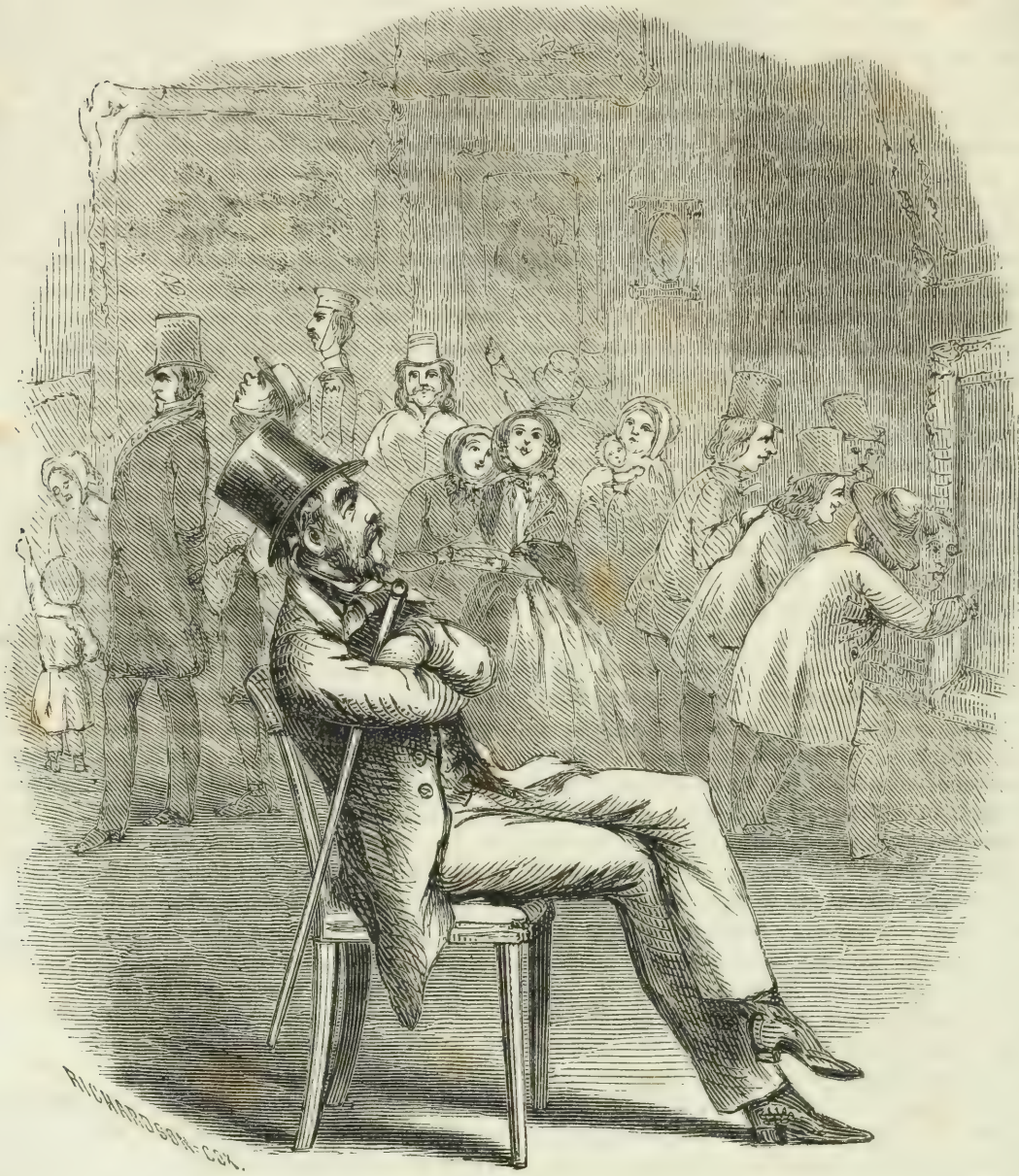
Our good Colonel was not of the tyrannous, but of the loving order of fathers: and having fixed his whole heart upon this darling youth, his son, was punished, as I suppose such worldly and selfish love ought to be punished (so Mr. Honeyman says, at least, in his pulpit), by a hundred little mortifications, disappointments, and secret wounds, which stung not the less severely, though never mentioned by their victim.

Sometimes he would have a company of such gentlemen as Messrs. Warrington, Honeyman, and Pendennis, when haply a literary conversation would ensue after dinner; and the merits of our present poets and writers would be discussed with the claret. Honeyman was well enough read in profane literature, especially of the lighter sort; and, I daresay, could have passed a satisfactory examination in Balzac, Dumas, and Paul de Kock himself, of all whose works our good host was entirely ignorant,—as indeed he was of graver books, and of earlier books, and of books in general—except those few which we have said formed his traveling library. He heard opinions that amazed and bewildered him. He heard that Byron was no great poet, though a very clever man. He heard that there had been a wicked persecution against Mr. Pope's memory and fame, and that it was time to reinstate him: that his favorite, Dr. Johnson, talked admirably, but did not write English: that young Keats was a genius to be estimated in future days with young Raphael: and that a young gentleman of Cambridge who had lately published two volumes of verses, might take rank with the greatest poets of all. Doctor Johnson not write English! Lord Byron not one of the greatest poets of the world! Sir Walter a poet of the second order! Mr. Pope attacked for inferiority and want of imagination! Mr. Keats and this young Mr. Tennyson of Cambridge, the chief of modern poetic literature! What were these new dicta, which Mr. Warrington delivered with a puff of tobacco-smoke: to which Mr. Honeyman blandly assented and Clive listened with pleasure? Such opinions were not of the Colonel's time. He tried in vain to construe Œnone; and to make sense of Lamia. Ulysses he could understand; but what were these prodigious laudations bestowed on it? And that reverence for Mr. Wordsworth, what did it mean? Had he not written Peter Bell, and been turned into deserved ridicule by all the reviews? Was that dreary Excursion to be compared to Goldsmith's Traveler, or Doctor Johnson's Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal? If the young men told the truth, where had been the truth in his own young days; and in what ignorance had our forefathers been brought up? —Mr. Addison was only an elegant essayist, and shallow trifler! All these opinions were openly uttered over the Colonel's claret, as he and Mr. Binnie sat wondering at the speakers, who were knocking the gods of their youth about their ears. To Binnie the shock was not so great; the hard-headed Scotchman had read Hume in his college days, and sneered at some of the gods even at that early time. But with Newcome the admiration for the literature of the last century was an article of belief: and the incredulity of the young men seemed rank blasphemy. "You will be sneering at Shakspeare next," he said: and was silenced, though not better pleased, when his youthful guests told him, that Doctor Goldsmith sneered at him too; that Dr. Johnson did not understand him, and that Congreve, in his own day and afterwards, was considered to be, in some points, Shakspeare's superior. "What do you think a man's criticism is worth, sir," cries Mr. Warrington, "who says those lines of Mr. Congreve, about a church—

> 'How reverend is the face of yon tall pile,
> Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
> To bear aloft its vast and ponderous roof,
> By its own weight made stedfast and immovable;
> Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
> And terror on my aching sight'—et cætera—

what do you think of a critic who says those lines are finer than any thing Shakspeare ever wrote?" A dim consciousness of danger for Clive, a terror that his son had got into the society of heretics and unbelievers, came over the Colonel—and then presently, as was the wont with his modest soul, a gentle sense of humility. He was in the wrong, perhaps, and these younger men were right. Who was he, to set up his judgment against men of letters, educated at College? It was better that Clive should follow them than him, who had had but a brief schooling, and that neglected, and who had not the original genius of his son's brilliant companions. We particularize these talks, and the little incidental mortifications which one of the best of men endured, not because the conversations are worth the remembering or recording, but because they presently very materially influenced his own and his son's future history.

In the midst of the artists and their talk the poor Colonel was equally in the dark. They assaulted this academician and that; laughed at Mr. Haydon, or sneered at Mr. Eastlake, or the contrary—deified Mr. Turner on one side of the table, and on the other scorned him as a madman —nor could Newcome comprehend a word of



their jargon. Some sense their must be in their conversation: Clive joined eagerly in it and took one side or another. But what was all this rapture about a snuffy-brown picture called Titian, this delight in three flabby nymphs by Rubens, and so forth? As for the vaunted Antique, and the Elgin marbles—it might be that that battered torso was a miracle, and that broken-nosed bust a perfect beauty. He tried and tried to see that they were. He went away privily and worked at the National Gallery with a catalogue: and passed hours in the Museum before the ancient statues desperately praying to comprehend them, and puzzled before them as he remembered he was puzzled before the Greek rudiments as a child, when he cried over *ὁ και ἡ ἀληθης και το ἀληθες*. Whereas when Clive came to look at these same things his eyes would lighten up with pleasure, and his cheeks flush with enthusiasm. He seemed to drink in color as he would a feast of wine. Before the statues he would wave his finger, following the line of grace, and burst into ejaculations of delight and admiration. "Why can't I love the things which he loves?" thought Newcome; "why am I blind to the beauties which he admires so much—and am I unable to comprehend what he evidently understands at his young age?"

So, as he thought what vain egotistical hopes he used to form about the boy when he was away in India—how in his plans for the happy future, Clive was to be always at his side; how they were to read, work, play, think, be merry together—a sickening and humiliating sense of the reality came over him: and he sadly contrasted it with the former fond anticipations. Together they were, yet he was alone still. His thoughts were not the boy's: and his affections rewarded but with a part of the young man's heart. Very likely other lovers have suffered equally. Many a man and woman has been incensed and worshiped, and has shown no more feeling than is to be expected from idols. There is yonder statue in St. Peter's, of which the toe is worn away with kisses, and which sits, and will sit eternally, prim and cold. As the young man

grew, it seemed to the father as if each day separated them more and more. He himself became more melancholy and silent. His friend the Civilian marked the ennui, and commented on it in his laughing way. Sometimes he announced to the club, that Tom Newcome was in love: then he thought it was not Tom's heart but his liver that was affected, and recommended blue-pill. O thou fond fool! who art thou, to know any man's heart save thine alone? Wherefore were wings made, and do feathers grow, but that birds should fly? The instinct that bids you love your nest, leads the young ones to seek a tree and a mate of their own. As if Thomas Newcome by poring over poems or pictures ever so much could read them with Clive's eyes!—as if by sitting mum over his wine, but watching till the lad came home with his latch-key (when the Colonel crept back to his own room in his stockings), by prodigal bounties, by stealthy affection, by any schemes or prayers, he could hope to remain first in his son's heart!

One day going into Clive's study, where the lad was so deeply engaged that he did not hear the father's steps advancing, Thomas Newcome found his son, pencil in hand, poring over a paper, which blushing he thrust hastily into his breast-pocket, as soon as he saw his visitor. The father was deeply smitten and mortified. "I—I am sorry you have any secrets from me, Clive," he gasped out at length.

The boy's face lighted up with humor. "Here it is, father, if you would like to see:"—and he pulled out a paper which contained neither more nor less than a copy of very flowery verses, about a certain young lady, who had succeeded (after I know not how many predecessors) to the place of *prima-donna assoluta* in Clive's heart. And be pleased, Madam, not to be too eager with your censure—and fancy that Mr. Clive or his Chronicler would insinuate any thing wrong. I daresay you felt a flame or two before you were married yourself: and that the Captain or the Curate, and the interesting young foreigner with whom you danced, caused your heart to beat, before you bestowed that treasure on Mr. Candor. Clive was doing no more than your own son will do, when he is eighteen or nineteen years old, himself—if he is a lad of any spirit and a worthy son of so charming a lady as yourself.

CHAPTER XXII.

DESCRIBES A VISIT TO PARIS; WITH ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS IN LONDON.

Mr. Clive, as we have said, had now begun to make acquaintances of his own; and the chimney-glass in his study was decorated with such a number of cards of invitation as made his ex-fellow-student of Gandish's, young Moss, when admitted into that sanctum, stare with respectful astonishment. "Lady Barry Rowe at obe," the young Hebrew read out; "Lady Baughton at obe, dadsig! By eyes! what a tip-top swell you're a gettid to be, Newcome! I guess this is a different sort of business to the hops at old Levison's, where you first learned the polka; and where we had to pay a shilling a glass for negus!"



"*We* had to pay! *You* never paid any thing, Moss," cries Clive, laughing; and indeed the negus imbibed by Mr. Moss did not cost that prudent young fellow a penny.

"Well, well; I suppose at these swell parties you ave as buch champade as ever you like," continues Moss. "Lady Kicklebury at obe—small early party. Why I declare you know the whole peerage! I say, if any of these swells want a little tip-top lace, a real bargain, or diamonds, you know, you might put in a word for us, and do us a good turn."

"Give me some of your cards," says Clive; "I can distribute them about at the balls I go to. But you must treat my friends better than you serve me. Those cigars which you sent me were abominable, Moss; the groom in the stable won't smoke them."

"What a regular swell that Newcome has become!" says Mr. Moss to an old companion, another of Clive's fellow-students: "I saw him riding in the Park with the Earl of Kew, and Captain Belsize, and a whole lot of 'em—*I* know 'em all—and he'd hardly nod to me. I'll have a



horse next Sunday, and *then* I'll see whether he'll cut me or not. Confound his airs! For all he's such a count, I know he's got an aunt who lets lodgings at Brighton, and an uncle who'll be preaching in the Bench if he dont keep a precious good look out."

"Newcome is not a bit of a count," answers Moss's companion, indignantly. "He don't care a straw whether a fellow's poor or rich; and he comes up to my room just as willingly as he would go to a duke's. He is always trying to do a friend a good turn. He draws the figure capitally; he *looks* proud, but he isn't, and is the best-natured fellow I ever saw."

"He ain't been in our place this eighteen months," says Mr. Moss: "I know that."

"Because when he came, you were always screwing him with some bargain or other," cried the intrepid Hicks, Mr. Moss's companion for the moment. "He said he couldn't afford to know you; you never let him out of your house without a pin, or a box of Eau de Cologne, or a bundle of cigars. And when you cut the arts for the shop, how were you and Newcome to go on together, I should like to know?"

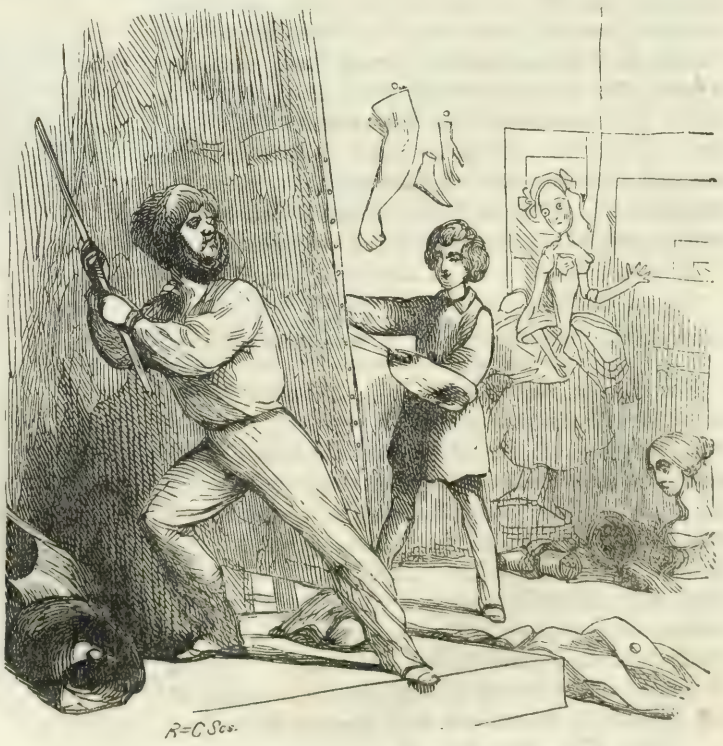
"I know a relative of his who comes to our 'ouse every three months, to renew a little bill," says Mr. Moss, with a grin: "and I know this, if I go to the Earl of Kew in the Albany, or the Honorable Captain Belsize, Knightsbridge Barracks, *they* let me in soon enough. I'm told his father ain't got much money."

"How the deuce should I know? or what do I care?" cries the young artist, stamping the heel of his blucher on the pavement. "When I was sick in that confounded Clipstone-street, I know the Colonel came to see me, and Newcome, too, day after day, and night after night. And when I was getting well, they sent me wine and jelly, and all sorts of jolly things. I should like to know how often *you* came to see me, Moss, and what you did for a fellow?"

"Well, I kep away, because I thought you wouldn't like to be reminded of that two pound three you owe me, Hicks: that's why I kep away," says Mr. Moss, who, I daresay, was good-natured too. And when young Moss appeared at the billiard-room that night, it was evident that Hicks had told the story; for the Wardour-street youth was saluted with a roar of queries, "How about that two pound three that Hicks owes you?"

The artless conversation of the two youths will enable us to understand how our Hero's life was speeding. Connected in one way or another with persons in all ranks, it never entered his head to be ashamed of the profession which he had chosen. People in the great world did not in the least trouble themselves regarding him, or care to know whether Mr. Clive Newcome followed painting or any other pursuit: and though Clive saw many of his school-fellows in the world, these entering into the army, others talking with delight of college, and its pleasures or studies; yet, having made up his mind that art was his calling, he refused to quit her for any other mistress, and plied his easel very stoutly. He passed through the course of study prescribed by Mr. Gandish, and drew every cast and statue in that gentleman's studio. Grindly, his tutor, getting a curacy, Clive did not replace him; but he took a course of modern languages, which he learned with considerable aptitude and rapidity. And now, being strong enough to paint without a master, it was found that there was no good light in the house in Fitzroy Square; and Mr. Clive must needs have an atelier hard by, where he could pursue his own devices independently.

If his kind father felt any pang even at this temporary parting, he was greatly soothed and pleased by a little mark of attention on the young man's part, of which his present biographer happened to be a witness; for having walked over with Colonel Newcome to see the new studio, with its tall centre window, and its curtains, and carved wardrobes, china jars, pieces of armor, and other artistical properties, the lad, with a very sweet smile of kindness and affection lighting up his honest face, took one of two Bramah's house-keys with which he was provided, and gave it to his father: "That's *your* key, sir," he said to the Colonel; "and you must be my first sitter, please, father; for though I'm a historical painter, I shall condescend to do a few portraits, you know." The Colonel took his son's hand, and grasped it; as Clive fondly put the other hand on his father's shoulder. Then Colonel Newcome walked away into the next room for a minute or two, and came back wiping his mustache with his handkerchief, and still holding the key in the other hand. He spoke about some trivial subject when he return-



ed; but his voice quite trembled; and I thought his face seemed to glow with love and pleasure. Clive has never painted any thing better than that head, which he executed in a couple of sittings; and wisely left without subjecting it to the chances of further labor.

It is certain the young man worked much better after he had been inducted into this apartment of his own. And the meals at home were gayer; and the rides with his father more frequent and agreeable. The Colonel used his key once or twice, and found Clive and his friend Ridley engaged in depicting a life-guardsman—or a muscular negro—or a Malay from a neighboring crossing, who would appear as Othello, conversing with a Clipstone-street nymph, who was ready to represent Desdemona, Diana, Queen Ellinor (sucking poison from the arm of the Plantagenet of the Blues), or any other model of virgin or maiden excellence.

Of course our young man commenced as a historical painter, deeming that the highest branch of art, and declining (except for preparatory studies) to operate on any but the largest canvases. He painted a prodigious battle-piece of Assaye, with General Wellesley at the head of the 19th dragoons charging the Mahratta Artillery, and sabering them at their guns. A piece of ordnance was dragged into the back-yard, and the Colonel's stud put into requisition to supply studies for this enormous picture. Fred Bayham (a stunning likeness) appeared as the principal figure in the foreground, terrifically wounded, but still of undaunted courage, slashing about amidst a group of writhing Malays, and bestriding the body of a dead cab-horse, which Clive painted, until the landlady and rest of the lodgers cried out, and for sanitary reasons the knackers removed the slaughtered charger. So large was this picture that it could only be got out of the great window by means of artifice and coaxing; and its transport caused a shout of triumph among the little boys in Charlotte-street. Will it be believed that the Royal Academicians rejected the Battle of Assaye? The master-piece was so big that Fitzroy Square could not hold it; and the Colonel had thoughts of presenting it to the Oriental Club; but Clive (who had taken a trip to Paris with his father, as a *délassement* after the fatigues incident on his great work), when he saw it after a month's interval, declared the thing was rubbish, and massacred Britons, Malays, Dragoons, Artillery, and all.

"Hotel de la Terrasse, Rue de Rivoli.
April 27—May 1, 183—.

"My dear Pendennis—You said I might write you a line from Paris: and if you find in my correspondence any valuable hints for the *Pall Mall Gazette* you are welcome to use them gratis. Now I am here, I wonder I have never been here before; and that I have seen the Dieppe packet a thousand times at Brighton pier without thinking of going on board her. We had a rough little passage to Boulogne. We went into action as we cleared Dover pier, when the *first gun* was fired, and a stout old lady was carried off by a steward to the cabin; half a dozen more dropped immediately, and the crew bustled about, bringing basins for the wounded. The Colonel smiled as he saw them fall. 'I'm an old sailor,' says he to a gentleman on board, 'As I was coming home, Sir, and we had plenty of rough weather on the voyage, I never thought of being unwell. My boy here, who made the voyage twelve years ago last May, may have lost his sea-legs; but for me, Sir—' Here a great wave dashed over the three of us; and would you believe it? in five minutes after, the dear old governor was as ill as all the rest of the passengers. When we arrived, we went through a line of ropes to the custom-house, with a crowd of snobs jeering at us on each side; and then were carried off by a bawling commissioner to an hotel, where the Colonel, who speaks French beautifully, you know, told the waiter to get us a *petit déjeuner soigné;* on which the fellow, grinning, said, 'a nice fried sole, Sir—nice mutton chop, Sir,' in regular Temple-bar English; and brought us Harvey sauce with the chops, and the last *Bell's Life* to amuse us after our luncheon. I wondered if all the Frenchmen read *Bell's Life* and if all the inns smelt so of brandy-and-water.

"We walked out to see the town, which I dare say you know, and therefore shan't describe. We saw some good studies of fishwomen with bare legs; and remarked that the soldiers were very dumpy and small. We were glad when the time came to set off by the diligence; and having the *coupé* to ourselves, made a very comfortable journey to Paris. It was jolly to hear the postillions crying to their horses, and the bells of the team, and to feel ourselves really in France. We took in provender at Abbeville and Amiens, and were comfortably landed here after about six-and-twenty hours of coaching. Didn't I get up the next morning and have a good walk in the Tuileries? The chestnuts were out, and the statues all shining; and all the windows of the palace in a blaze. It looks big enough for the king of the giants to live in. How grand it is! I like the barbarous splendor of the architecture, and the ornaments profuse and enormous with which it is overladen. Think of Louis XVI with a thousand gentlemen at his back, and a mob of yelling ruffians in front of him, giving up his crown without a fight for it; leaving his friends to be butchered, and himself sneaking into prison! No end of little children were skipping and playing in the sunshiny walks, with dresses as bright and cheeks as red as the flowers and roses in the parterres. I couldn't help thinking of Barbaroux and his bloody pikemen swarming in the gardens, and fancied the Swiss in the windows yonder; where they were to be slaughtered when the King had turned his back. What a great man that Carlyle is! I have read the battle in his 'History' so often, that I knew it before I had seen it. Our windows look out on the obelisk where the guillotine stood. The Colonel doesn't admire Carlyle. He says Mrs. Graham's 'Letters from Paris' are excellent, and we bought 'Scott's Visit to Paris,' and 'Paris Re-visited,' and read them

in the diligence. They are famous good reading; but the Palais Royal is very much altered since Scott's time: no end of handsome shops; I went there directly—the same night we arrived, when the Colonel went to bed. But there is none of the fun going on which Scott describes. The *laquais de place* says Charles X. put an end to it all.

"Next morning the governor had letters to deliver after breakfast; and left me at the Louvre door. I shall come and live here I think. I feel as if I never want to go away. I had not been ten minutes in the place before I fell in love with the most beautiful creature the world has ever seen. She was standing silent and majestic in the centre of one of the rooms of the statue gallery; and the very first glimpse of her struck one breathless with the sense of her beauty. I could not see the color of her eyes and hair exactly, but the latter is light, and the eyes I should think are gray. Her complexion is of a beautiful warm marble tinge. She is not a clever woman, evidently; I do not think she laughs or talks much—she seems too lazy to do more than smile. She is only beautiful. This divine creature has lost an arm which has been cut off at the shoulder, but she looks none the less lovely for the accident. She may be some two-and-thirty years old; and she was born about two thousand years ago. Her name is the Venus of Milo. O, Victrix! O, lucky Paris! (I don't mean this present Lutetia, but Priam's son.) How could he give the apple to any else but this enslaver—this joy of gods and men? at whose benign presence the flowers spring up, and the smiling ocean sparkles, and the soft skies beam with serene light! I wish we might sacrifice. I would bring a spotless kid, snowy-coated, and a pair of doves, and a jar of honey—yea, honey from Morel's in Piccadilly, thyme-flavored, narbonian, and we would acknowledge the Sovereign Loveliness, and adjure the Divine Aphrodite. Did you ever see my pretty young cousin, Miss Newcome, Sir Brian's daughter? She has a great look of the huntress Diana. It is sometimes too proud and too cold for me. The blare of those horns is too shrill, and the rapid pursuit through bush and bramble too daring. O, thou generous Venus! O, thou beautiful bountiful calm! At thy soft feet let me kneel—on cushions of Tyrian purple. Don't show this to Warrington, please. I never thought when I began that Pegasus was going to run away with me.

"I wish I had read Greek a little more at school: it's too late at my age; I shall be nineteen soon, and have got my own business; but when we return I think I shall try and read it with Cribs. What have I been doing, spending six months over a picture of Sepoys and Dragoons cutting each other's throats? Art ought not to be a fever. It ought to be a calm; not a screaming bull-fight or a battle of gladiators, but a temple for placid contemplation, wrapt worship, stately rhythmic ceremony, and music solemn and tender. I shall take down my Snyders' and Rubens' when I get home; and turn quietist. To think I have spent weeks in depicting bony Life Guardsmen delivering cut one, or Saint George, and painting black beggars off a crossing!

"What a grand thing it is to think of half a mile of pictures at the Louvre! Not but that there are a score under the old pepper-boxes in Trafalgar Square as fine as the best here. I don't care for any Raphael here, as much as our own St. Catharine. There is nothing more grand. Could the pyramids of Egypt or the Colossus of Rhodes be greater than our Sebastian; and for our Bacchus and Ariadne, you can not beat the best, you know. But if we have fine jewels, here there are whole sets of them: there are kings and all their splendid courts round about them. J. J. and I must come and live here. O, such portraits of Titian! O, such swells by Vandyke! I'm sure he must have been as fine a gentleman as any he painted! It's a shame they haven't got a Sir Joshua or two. At a feast of painters he has a right to a place, and at the high table too. Do you remember Tom Rogers, of Gandish's? He used to come to my rooms—my other rooms in the Square. Tom is here, with a fine carrotty beard, and a velvet jacket, cut open at the sleeves, to show that Tom has a shirt. I dare say it was clean last Sunday. He has not learned French yet, but pretends to have forgotten English; and promises to introduce me to a set of the French artists, his *camarades*. There seems to be a scarcity of soap among these young fellows; and I think I shall cut off my mustaches; only Warrington will have nothing to laugh at when I come home.

"The Colonel and I went to dine at the Café de Paris, and afterward to the opera. Ask for *huitrés de Marenne* when you dine here. We dined with a tremendous French swell, the Vicomte de Florac, *officier d'ordonnance* to one of the princes, and son of some old friends of my father's. They are of very high birth, but very poor. He will be a duke when his cousin, the Duc d'Ivry, dies. His father is quite old. The vicomte was born in England. He pointed out to us no end of famous people at the opera—a few of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and ever so many of the present people:—M. Thiers, and Count Molé, and Georges Sand, and Victor Hugo, and Jules Janin—I forget half their names. And yesterday we went to see his mother, Madame de Florac. I suppose she was an old flame of the Colonel's, for their meeting was uncommonly ceremonious and tender. It was like an elderly Sir Charles Grandison saluting a middle-aged Miss Byron. And only fancy! the Colonel has been here once before since his return to England! It must have been last year, when he was away for ten days, while I was painting that rubbishing picture of the Black Prince waiting on King John. Madame de F. is a very grand lady, and must have been a great beauty in her time. There are two pictures by Gerard in her salon—of her and M. de Florac. M. de Florac, old swell, powder, thick eyebrows, hooked nose; no end of stars, ribbons, and embroidery. Madame also in

the dress of the Empire—pensive, beautiful, black velvet, and a look something like my cousin's. She wore a little old-fashioned brooch yesterday, and said, '*Voila, la reconnoissez-vous?* Last year when you were here, it was in the country;' and she smiled at him: and the dear old boy gave a sort of groan and dropped his head in his hand. I know what it is. I've gone through it myself. I kept for six months an absurd ribbon of that infernal little flirt, Fanny Freeman. Don't you remember how angry I was when you abused her?

"'Your father and I knew each other when we were children, my friend,' the Countess said to me (in the sweetest French accent). He was looking into the garden of the house where they live, in the Rue Saint Dominique. 'You must come and see me often, always. You remind me of him,' and she added, with a very sweet, kind smile, 'Do you like best to think that he was better-looking than you, or that you excel him?' I said I should like to be like him. But who is? There are cleverer fellows, I dare say; but where is there such a good one? I wonder whether he was very fond of Madame de Florac? The old Count doesn't show. He is quite old, and wears a pigtail. We saw it bobbing over his garden chair. He lets the upper part of his house; Major-General the Honorable Zeno F. Pokey, of Cincinnati, U. S., lives in it. We saw Mrs. Pokey's carriage in the court, and her footmen smoking cigars there; a tottering old man with feeble legs, as old as old Count de Florac, seemed to be the only domestic who waited on the family below.

"Madame de Florac and my father talked about my profession. The Countess said it was a *belle carrière*. The Colonel said it was better than the army. '*Ah oui, Monsieur*,' says she, very sadly. And then he said, 'that presently I should very likely come to study at Paris, when he knew there would be a kind friend to watch over *son garçon*.'

"'But you will be here to watch over him yourself, *mon ami*?' says the French lady.

"Father shook his head. 'I shall very probably have to go back to India,' he said. 'My furlough is expired. I am now taking my extra leave. If I can get my promotion, I need not return. Without that I can not afford to live in Europe. But my absence in all probability will be but very short,' he said. 'And Clive is old enough now to go on without me.'

"Is this the reason why father has been so gloomy for some months past? I thought it might have been some of my follies which made him uncomfortable; and you know I have been trying my best to amend—I have not half such a tailor's bill this year as last. I owe scarcely any thing. I have paid off Moss every halfpenny for his confounded rings and gimcracks. I asked father about this melancholy news as we walked away from Madame de Florac.

"He is not near so rich as we thought. Since he has been at home he says he has spent greatly more than his income, and is quite angry at his own extravagance. At first he thought he might have retired from the army altogether; but after three years at home, he finds he can not live upon his income. When he gets his promotion as full Colonel, he will be entitled to a thousand a year; that, and what he has invested in India, and a little in this country, will be plenty for both of us. He never seems to think of my making money by my profession. Why, suppose I sell the Battle of Assaye for £500? that will be enough to carry me on ever so long, without dipping into the purse of the dear old father.

"The Viscount de Florac called to dine with us. The Colonel said he did not care about going out: and so the Viscount and I went together. *Trois Frères Provençaux*—he ordered the dinner, and of course I paid. Then we went to a little theatre, and he took me behind the scenes—such a queer place! We went to the *loge* of Mademoiselle Finette, who acted the part of 'Le petit Tambour,' in which she sings a famous song with a drum. He asked her and several literary fellows to supper at the Café Anglais. And I came home ever so late, and lost twenty Napoleons at a game called Bouillotte. It was all the change out of a twenty-pound note which dear old Binnie gave me before we set out, with a quotation out of Horace you know, about *Neque tu choreas sperne puer*. Oh me! how guilty I felt as I walked home at ever so much o'clock to the Hotel de la Terrasse, and sneaked into our apartment! But the Colonel was sound asleep. His dear old boots stood sentries at his bedroom door, and I slunk into mine as silently as I could.

"P.S. Wednesday. There's just one scrap of paper left. I have got J. J.'s letter. He has been to the private view of the Academy (so that his own picture is in), and the 'Battle of Assaye' is refused. Smee told him it was too big. I dare say it's very bad. I'm glad I'm away, and the fellows are not condoling with me.

"Please go and see Mr. Binnie. He has come to grief. He rode the Colonel's horse; came down on the pavement and wrenched his leg, and I'm afraid the gray's. Please look at his legs; we can't understand John's report of them. He, I mean Mr. B., was going to Scotland to see his relations when the accident happened. You know he has always been going to Scotland to see his relations. He makes light of the business, and says the Colonel is not to think of coming to him: and *I* don't want to go back just yet, to see all the fellows from Gandish's, and the Life Academy, and have them grinning at my misfortune.

"The governor would send his regards I dare say, but he is out, and I am always yours affectionately,

"Clive Newcome.

"P.S. He tipped me himself this morning; isn't he a kind dear old fellow?"

ARTHUR PENDENNIS, ESQ., TO CLIVE NEWCOME, ESQ.

"Pall Mall Gazette, Journal of Politics, Literature, and Fashion.
"225, Catherine Street, Strand.

"DEAR CLIVE—I regret very much for Fred Bayham's sake (who has lately taken the responsible office of Fine Arts Critic for the P. G.) that your extensive picture of the 'Battle of Assaye' has not found a place in the Royal Academy Exhibition. F. B. is at least fifteen shillings out of pocket by its rejection, as he had prepared a flaming eulogium of your work, which of course is so much waste paper in consequence of this calamity. Never mind. Courage, my son. The Duke of Wellington you know was beat back at Seringapatam before he succeeded at Assaye. I hope you will fight other battles, and that fortune in future years will be more favorable to you. The town does not talk very much of your discomfiture. You see the parliamentary debates are very interesting just now, and somehow the 'Battle of Assaye' does not seem to excite the public mind.

"I have been to Fitzroy Square; both to the stables and the house. The Houyhnhm's legs are very well; the horse slipped on his side and not on his knees, and has received no sort of injury. Not so Mr. Binnie, his ancle is much wrenched and inflamed. He must keep his sofa for many days, perhaps weeks. But you know he is a very cheerful philosopher, and endures the evils of life with much equanimity. His sister has come to him. I don't know whether that may be considered as a consolation of his evil or an aggravation of it. You know he uses the sarcastic method in his talk, and it was difficult to understand from him whether he was pleased or bored by the embraces of his relative. She was an infant when he last beheld her, on his departure to India. She is now (to speak with respect) a very brisk, plump, pretty little widow; having, seemingly, recovered from her grief at the death of her husband, Captain Mackenzie, in the West Indies. Mr. Binnie was just on the point of visiting his relatives who reside at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, when he met with the fatal accident which prevented his visit to his native shores. His account of his misfortune and his lonely condition was so pathetic that Mrs. Mackenzie and her daughter put themselves into the Edinburgh steamer, and rushed to console his sofa. They occupy your bedroom and sitting-room, which latter Mrs. Mackenzie says no longer smells of tobacco smoke, as it did when she took possession of your den. If you have left any papers about, any bills, any billets-doux, I make no doubt the ladies have read every single one of them, according to the amiable habits of their sex. The daughter is a bright little blue-eyed fair-haired lass, with a very sweet voice, in which she sings (unaided by instrumental music, and seated on a chair in the middle of the room) the artless ballads of her native country. I had the pleasure of hearing the 'Bonnets of Bonny Dundee,' and 'Jack of Hazeldean,' from her ruby lips two evenings since; not indeed for the first time in my life, but never from such a pretty little singer. Though both ladies speak our language with something of the tone usually employed by the inhabitants of the northern part of Britain, their accent is exceedingly pleasant, and indeed by no means so strong as Mr. Binnie's own; for Captain Mackenzie was an Englishman, for whose sake his lady modified her native Musselburgh pronunciation. She tells many interesting anecdotes of him, of the West Indies, and of the distinguished regiment of Infantry to which the captain belonged. Miss Rosa is a great favorite with her uncle, and I have had the good fortune to make their stay in the metropolis more pleasant, by sending them orders, from the Pall Mall Gazette, for the theatres, panoramas, and the principal sights in town. For pictures they do not seem to care much; they thought the National Gallery a dreary exhibition, and in the Royal Academy could be got to admire nothing but the picture of McCollop of McCollop, by our friend of the like name, but they think Madame Tussaud's interesting exhibition of wax-work the most delightful in London; and there I had the happiness of introducing them to our friend Mr. Frederick Bayham; who, subsequently, on coming to this office with his valuable contributions on the Fine Arts, made particular inquiries as to their pecuniary means, and expressed himself instantly ready to bestow his hand upon the mother or daughter, provided old Mr. Binnie would make a satisfactory settlement. I got the ladies a box at the opera, whither they were attended by Captain Goby of their regiment, godfather to Miss, and where I had the honor of paying them a visit. I saw your fair young cousin, Miss Newcome, in the lobby with her grand-mamma, Lady Kew. Mr. Bayham with great eloquence pointed out to the Scotch ladies the various distinguished characters in the house. The opera delighted them; but they were astounded at the ballet, from which mother and daughter retreated in the midst of a fire of pleasantries of Captain Goby. I can fancy that officer at mess, and how brilliant his anecdotes must be when the company of ladies does not restrain his genial flow of humor.

"Here comes Mr. Baker with the proofs. In case you don't see the P. G. at Galignani's, I send you an extract from Bayham's article on the Royal Academy, where you will have the benefit of his opinion on the works of some of your friends:

"'617. "Moses bringing Home the Gross of green Spectacles." Smith, R.A.—Perhaps poor Goldsmith's exquisite little work has never been so great a favorite as in the present age. We have here, in a work by one of our most eminent artists, a homage to the genius of him "who touched nothing which he did not adorn:" and the charming subject is handled in the most delicious manner by Mr. Smith. The chiaroscuro is admirable: the impasto is perfect. Perhaps a *very* captious critic might object to the foreshortening of Moses's left leg; but where there is so much

to praise justly, the *Pall-Mall Gazette* does not care to condemn.

"'420. Our (and the public's) favorite, Brown, R.A., treats us to a subject from the best of all stories, the tale "which laughed Spain's chivalry away," the ever-new Don Quixote. The incident which Brown has selected is the "Don's Attack on the Flock of Sheep;" the sheep are in Brown's best manner, painted with all his well-known facility and *brio*. Mr. Brown's friendly rival, Hopkins, has selected Gil Blas for an illustration this year; and the "Robber's Cavern" is one of the most masterly of Hopkins's productions.

"'Great Rooms. 33. "Portrait of Cardinal Cospetto." O'Gogstay, A.R.A.; and "Neighborhood of Corpodibacco—Evening—a Contadina and a Trasteverino dancing at the door of a Locanda to the music of a Pifferaro."—Since his visit to Italy Mr. O'Gogstay seems to have given up the scenes of Irish humor with which he used to delight us; and the romance, the poetry, the religion of "Italia la bella" form the subjects of his pencil. The scene near Corpodibacco (we know the spot well, and have spent many a happy month in its romantic mountains) is most characteristic. Cardinal Cospetto, we must say, is a most truculent prelate, and not certainly an *ornament* to his church.

"'49, 210, 311. Smee, R.A.—Portraits which a Reynolds might be proud of; a Vandyke or Claude might not disown. "Sir Brian Newcome, in the costume of a Deputy-Lieutenant." "Major-General Sir Thomas de Boots, K.C.B.," painted for the 50th Dragoons, are triumphs, indeed, of this noble painter. Why have we no picture of the sovereign and her august consort from Smee's brush? When Charles II. picked up Titian's mahl-stick, he observed to a courtier, "A king you can always have; a genius comes but rarely." While we have a Smee among us, and a monarch whom we admire, may the one be employed to transmit to posterity the beloved features of the other! We know our lucubrations are read in *high places*, and respectfully insinuate *verbum sapienti*.

"'1906. "The M'Collop of M'Collop,"—A. M'Collop,—is a noble work of a young artist, who, in depicting the gallant chief of a hardy Scottish clan, has also represented a romantic Highland landscape, in the midst of which, "his foot upon his native heath," stands a man of splendid symmetrical figure and great facial advantages. We shall keep our eye on Mr. M'Collop.

"'1367. "Oberon and Titania." Ridley.—This sweet and fanciful little picture draws crowds round about it, and is one of the most charming and delightful works of the present exhibition. We echo the universal opinion in declaring that it shows not only the greatest promise, but the most delicate and beautiful performance. The Earl of Kew, we understand, bought the picture at the private view; and we congratulate the young painter heartily upon his successful *début*. He is, we understand, a pupil of Mr. Gandish. Where is that admirable painter? We miss his bold canvases and grand historic outline.'

"I shall alter a few inaccuracies in the composition of our friend F. B., who has, as he says, 'drawn it uncommonly mild in the above criticism.' In fact, two days since, he brought in an article of quite a different tendency, of which he retains only the two last paragraphs; but he has, with great magnanimity, recalled his previous observations; and, indeed, he knows as much about pictures as some critics I could name.

"Good-by, my dear Clive! I send my kindest regards to your father; and think you had best see as little as possible of your bouillotte-playing French friend and *his* friends. This advice I know you will follow, as young men always follow the advice of their seniors and well-wishers. I dine in Fitzroy Square to-day with the pretty widow and her daughter, and am, yours always, dear Clive, A. P."



CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH WE HEAR A SOPRANO AND A CONTRALTO

THE most hospitable and polite of Colonels would not hear of Mrs. Mackenzie and her daughter quitting his house when he returned to it, after six weeks' pleasant sojourn in Paris; nor, indeed, did his fair guest show the least anxiety or intention to go away. Mrs. Mackenzie had a fine merry humor of her own. She was an old soldier's wife, she said, and knew when her quarters were good; and I suppose, since her honeymoon, when the captain took her to Harrogate and Cheltenham, stopping at the first hotels, and traveling in a chaise and pair the whole way, she had never been so well off as in that roomy mansion near Tottenham Court Road. Of her mother's house at Musselburgh she gave a ludicrous but dismal account. "Eh, James," she said, "I think if you had come to mamma, as you threatened, you would not have staid very long. It's a wearisome place. Dr. M'Craw boards with her; and it's sermons and psalm-singing from morning till night. My little Josey takes kindly to the life there, and I left her behind, poor little darling! It was not fair to bring three of us to take possession of your house, dear James; but my poor little Rosey was just withering away there. It's good for the dear child to see the world a little, and a kind uncle, who is not afraid of us now he sees us, is he?"

Kind Uncle James was not at all afraid of little Rosey, whose pretty face and modest manners, and sweet songs, and blue eyes, cheered and soothed the old bachelor. Nor was Rosey's mother less agreeable and pleasant. She had married the captain (it was a love-match, against the will of her parents, who had destined her to be the third wife of old Dr. M'Mull) when very young. Many sorrows she had had, including poverty, the captain's imprisonment for debt, and his demise; but she was of a gay and lightsome spirit. She was but three-and-thirty years old, and looked five-and-twenty. She was active, brisk, jovial, and alert; and so good-looking, that it was a wonder she had not taken a successor to Captain Mackenzie. James Binnie cautioned his friend the Colonel against the attractions of the buxom syren; and laughingly would ask Clive how he would like Mrs. Mackenzie for a mamaw?

Colonel Newcome felt himself very much at ease regarding his future prospects. He was very glad that his friend James was reconciled to his family, and hinted to Clive that the late Captain Mackenzie's extravagance had been the cause of the rupture between him and his brother-in-law, who had helped that prodigal captain repeatedly during his life; and in spite of family quarrels, had never ceased to act generously to his widowed sister and her family. "But I think, Mr. Clive," said he, "that as Miss Rosa is very pretty, and you have a spare room at your studio, you had best take up your quarters in Charlotte Street as long as the ladies are living with us." Clive was nothing loth to be independent; but he showed himself to be a very good home-loving youth. He walked home to breakfast every morning, dined often, and spent the evenings with the family. Indeed, the house was a great deal more cheerful for the presence of the two pleasant ladies. Nothing could be prettier than to see the two ladies tripping down stairs together, mamma's pretty arm round Rosey's pretty waist. Mamma's talk was perpetually of Rosey. That child was always gay, always good, always happy! That darling girl woke with a smile on her face—it was sweet to see her! Uncle James, in his dry way, said, he dared to say it *was* very pretty. "Go away, you droll, dear old kind Uncle James!" Rosey's mamma would cry out. "You old bachelors are wicked old things!" Uncle James used to kiss Rosey very kindly and pleasantly. She was as modest, as gentle, as eager to please Colonel Newcome as any little girl could be. It was pretty to see her tripping across the room with his coffee-cup; or peeling walnuts for him after dinner with her white, plump little fingers.

Mrs. Irons, the housekeeper, naturally detested Mrs. Mackenzie, and was jealous of her: though the latter did every thing to soothe and coax the governess of the two gentlemen's establishment. She praised her dinners, delighted in her puddings, must beg Mrs. Irons to allow her to see one of those delicious puddings made, and to write the receipt for her, that Mrs. Mackenzie might use it when she was away. It was Mrs. Irons' belief that Mrs. Mackenzie never intended to go away. She had no ideer of ladies, as were ladies, coming into her kitchen. The maids vowed that they heard Miss Rosa crying, and mamma scolding in her bedroom, for all she was so soft-spoken. How was that jug broke, and that chair smashed in the bedroom, that day there was such a awful row up there?

Mrs. Mackenzie played admirably, in the old-fashioned way, dances, reels, and Scotch and Irish tunes, the former of which filled James Binnie's soul with delectation. The good mother naturally desired that her darling should have a few good lessons of the piano while she was in London. Rosey was eternally strumming upon an instrument which had been taken up stairs for her special practice; and the Colonel, who was always seeking to do harmless jobs of kindness for his friends, bethought him of little Miss Cann, the governess at Ridley's, whom he recommended as an instructress. "Any body whom *you* recommend I'm sure, dear Colonel, we shall like," said Mrs. Mackenzie, who looked as black as thunder, and had probably intended to have Monsieur Quatremains or Signor Twankeydillo; and the little governess came to her pupil. Mrs. Mackenzie treated her very gruffly and haughtily at first; but as soon as she heard Miss Cann play, the widow was pacified, nay charmed. Monsieur Quatremains charged a guinea for three quarters of an hour; while Miss Cann thankfully took five shillings for an hour and a half; and the difference of twenty lessons, for which dear Uncle James paid, went into Mrs. Mackenzie's pocket, and thence probably on to her pretty shoulders and head in the shape of a fine silk dress and a beautiful French bonnet, in which Captain Goby said, upon his life, she didn't look twenty.

The little governess trotting home after her lesson would often look into Clive's studio in Charlotte Street, where her two boys, as she called Clive and J. J., were at work each at his easel. Clive used to laugh, and tell us who joked him about the widow and her daughter, what Miss Cann said about them. Mrs. Mack was not all honey it appeared. If Rosey played incorrectly, mamma flew at her with prodigious vehemence of language; and sometimes with a slap on poor Rosey's back. She must make Rosey wear tight boots, and stamp on her little feet if they refused to enter into the slipper. I blush for the indiscretion of Miss Cann; but she actually told J. J., that mamma insisted upon lacing her so tight, as nearly to choke the poor little lass. Rosey did not fight: Rosey always yielded; and the scolding over and the tears dried, would come simpering down stairs with mamma's arm round her waist, and her pretty, artless, happy smile for the gentlemen below. Besides the Scottish songs without music, she sang ballads at the piano very sweetly. Mamma used to cry at these ditties. "That child's voice brings tears into my eyes, Mr. Newcome," she would say. "She has never known a moment's sorrow yet! Heaven grant, Heaven grant, she may be happy! But what shall I be when I lose her?"

"Why, my dear, when you lose Rosey, ye'll console yourself with Josey," says droll Mr. Binnie from the sofa, who perhaps saw the manœuvre of the widow.

The widow laughs heartily and really. She places a handkerchief over her mouth. She glances at her brother with a pair of eyes full of knowing mischief. "Ah, dear James," she says, "you don't know what it is to have a mother's feelings.

"I can partly understand them," says James. "Rosey, sing me that pretty little French song." Mrs. Mackenzie's attention to Clive was really quite affecting. If any of his friends came to the house, she took them aside and praised Clive to them. The Colonel she adored. She had never met with such a man or seen such a manner. The manners of the Bishop of Tobago were beautiful, and he certainly had one of the softest and finest hands in the world; but not finer than Colonel Newcome's. "Look at his foot!" (and she put out her own, which was uncommonly pretty, and suddenly withdrew it, with an arch glance meant to represent a blush) "my shoe would fit it! When we were at Coventry Island, Sir Peregrine Blandy, who succeeded poor dear Sir Rawdon Crawley—I saw his dear boy was gazetted to a lieutenant-colonelcy in the Guards last week—Sir Peregrine, who was one of the Prince of Wales's most intimate friends, was always said to have the finest manner and presence of any man of his day; and very grand and noble he was, but I don't think he was equal to Colonel Newcome; I really don't think so. Do you think so, Mr. Honeyman? What a charming discourse that was last Sunday! I know there were *two* pair of eyes not dry in the church. I could not see the other people just for crying myself. O, but I wish we could have you at Musselburgh! I was bred a Presbyterian of course; but in much traveling through the world with my dear husband, I came to love his church. At home we sit under Dr. McCraw, of course; but he is so awfully long! Four hours every Sunday at least, morning and afternoon! It nearly kills poor Rosey. Did you hear her voice at your church? The dear girl is delighted with the chants. Rosey, were you not delighted with the chants?"

If she is delighted with the chants, Honeyman is delighted with the chantress and her mamma. He dashes the fair hair from his brow: he sits down to the piano, and plays one or two of them, warbling a faint vocal accompaniment, and looking as if he would be lifted off the screw music-stool, and flutter up to the ceiling.

"O, it's just seraphic!" says the widow. "It's just the breath of incense, and the pealing of the organ at the Cathedral at Montreal. She was a wee wee child. She was born on the voyage out, and christened at sea. *You* remember, Goby."

"'Gad, I promised and vowed to teach her her catechism; but 'gad, I haven't," says Captain Goby. "We were between Montreal and Quebec for three years with the Hundredth, the Hundred and Twentieth Highlanders, and the Thirty-third Dragoon Guards a part of the time; Fipley commanded them, and a very jolly time we had. Much better than the West Indies, where a fellow's liver goes to the deuce with hot pickles and sangaree. Mackenzie was a dev'lish wild fellow," whispers Captain Goby to his neighbor (the present biographer indeed), "and Mrs. Mack was—was as pretty a little woman as ever you set eyes on." (Captain Goby winks, and looks peculiarly sly as he makes this statement.) "Our regiment wasn't on your side of India, Colonel."

And in the interchange of such delightful remarks, and with music and song the evening passes away. "Since the house had been adorned by the fair presence of Mrs. Mackenzie and her daughter," Honeyman said, always gallant in behavior and flowery in expression, "it seemed as if spring had visited it. Its hospitality was invested with a new grace; its ever welcome little *réunions* were doubly charming. But why did did these ladies come, if they were to go away again? How—how would Mr. Binnie console himself (not to mention others), if they left him in solitude?"

"We have no wish to leave my brother James in solitude," cries Mrs. Mackenzie, frankly laughing. "We like London a great deal better than Musselburgh."

"O, that we do!" ejaculates the blushing Rosey.

"And we will stay as long as ever my brother will keep us," continues the widow.

"Uncle James is so kind and dear," says Rosey. "I hope he won't send me and mamma away."

"He were a brute—a savage, if he did!" cries Binnie, with glances of rapture toward the two pretty faces. Every body liked them. Binnie received their caresses very good-humoredly. The Colonel liked every woman under the sun. Clive laughed, and joked, and waltzed, alternately with Rosey and her mamma. The latter was the briskest partner of the two. The unsuspicious widow, poor dear innocent, would leave her girl at the painting-room, and go shopping herself; but little J. J. also worked there, being occupied with his second picture: and he was almost the only one of Clive's friends whom the widow did not like. She pronounced the quiet little painter a pert little obtrusive, under-bred creature.

In a word, Mrs. Mackenzie was, as the phrase is, "setting her cap" so openly at Clive, that none of us could avoid seeing her play: and Clive laughed at her simple manœuvres as merrily as the rest. She was a merry little woman. We gave her and her pretty daughter a luncheon in Lamb Court, Temple; in Sibwright's chambers—luncheon from Dick's Coffee House—ices and dessert from Partington's in the Strand. Miss Rosey, Mr. Sibwright, our neighbor in Lamb Court, and the Rev. Charles Honeyman sang very delightfully after lunch; there was quite a crowd of porters, laundresses, and boys to listen in the Court. Mr. Paley was disgusted with the noise we made—in fact, the party was perfectly successful. We all liked the widow, and if she did

set her pretty ribbons at Clive, why should not she? We all liked the pretty, fresh, modest Rosey. Why, even the grave old benchers in the Temple church, when the ladies visited it on Sunday, winked their revered eyes with pleasure, as they looked at those two uncommonly smart, pretty, well-dressed, fashionable women. Ladies, go to the Temple church. You will see more young men, and receive more respectful attention there than in any place, except perhaps at Oxford or Cambridge. Go to the Temple church—not, of course, for the admiration which you will excite and which you can not help; but because the sermon is excellent, the choral services beautifully performed, and the church so interesting as a monument of the thirteenth century, and as it contains the tombs of those dear Knights Templars!

Mrs. Mackenzie could be grave or gay, according to her company: nor could any woman be of more edifying behavior when an occasional Scottish friend, bringing a letter from darling Josey, or a recommendatory letter from Josey's grandmother, paid a visit in Fitzroy Square. Little Miss Cann used to laugh and wink knowingly, saying, "You will never get back your bedroom, Mr. Clive. You may be sure that Miss Josey will come in a few months; and perhaps old Mrs. Binnie, only no doubt she and her daughter do not agree. But the widow has taken possession of Uncle James; and she will carry off somebody else if I am not mistaken. Should you like a stepmother, Mr. Clive, or should you prefer a wife?"

Whether the fair lady tried her wiles upon Colonel Newcome the present writer has no certain means of ascertaining: but I think another image occupied his heart; and this Circe tempted him no more than a score of other enchantresses who had tried their spells upon him. If she tried she failed. She was a very shrewd woman, quite frank in her talk when such frankness suited her. She said to me, "Colonel Newcome has had some great passion, once upon a time, I am sure of that, and has no more heart to give away. The woman who had his must have been a very lucky woman: though I dare say she did not value what she had; or did not live to enjoy it—or—or something or other. You see tragedies in some people's faces. I recollect when we were in Coventry Island—there was a chaplain there—a very good man—a Mr. Bell, and married to a pretty little woman who died. The first day I saw him I said, 'I know that man has had a great grief in life. I am sure that he left his heart in England.' You gentlemen who write books, Mr. Pendennis, and stop at the third volume, know very well that the real story often begins afterward. My third volume ended when I was sixteen, and was married to my poor husband. Do you think all our adventures ended then, and that we lived happy ever after? I live for my darling girls now. All I want is to see them comfortable in life. Nothing can be more generous than my dear brother James has been. I am only his half-sister, you know, and was an infant in arms when he went away. He had differences with Captain Mackenzie, who was headstrong and imprudent, and I own my poor dear husband was in the wrong. James could not live with my poor mother. Neither could by possibility suit the other. I have often, I own, longed to come and keep house for him. His home, the society he sees, of men of talents likeMr. Warrington and—and—I won't mention names, or pay compliments to a man who knows human nature so well as the author of 'Walter Lorraine:' this house is pleasanter a thousand times than Musselburgh—pleasanter for me and my dearest Rosey, whose delicate nature shrunk and withered up in poor mamma's society. She was never happy except in my room, the dear child! She's all gentleness and affection. She doesn't seem to show it; but she has the most wonderful appreciation of wit, of genius, and talent of all kinds. She always hides her feelings, except from her fond old mother. I went up into our room yesterday, and found her in tears. I can't bear to see her eyes red or to think of her suffering. I asked her what ailed her, and kissed her. She is a tender plant, Mr. Pendennis! Heaven knows with what care I have nurtured her! She looked up smiling on my shoulder. She looked so pretty! 'O, mamma,' the darling child said, 'I couldn't help it. I have been crying over "Walter Lorraine!"' (Enter Rosey.) "Rosey, darling! I have been telling Mr. Pendennis what a naughty, naughty child you were yesterday, and how you read a book which I told you you shouldn't read; for it is a very *wicked* book; and though it contains some sad, sad truths, it is a great deal too misanthropic (is that the right word? I'm a poor soldier's wife, and no scholar, you know), and a great deal too *bitter;* and though the Reviews praise it, and the clever people—*we* are poor simple country people—*we* won't praise it. Sing, dearest, that little song" (profuse kisses to Rosey)—"that pretty thing that Mr. Pendennis likes."

"I am sure that I will sing any thing that Mr. Pendennis likes," says Rosey, with her candid bright eyes; and she goes to the piano and warbles Batti, Batti, with her sweet fresh artless voice.

More caresses follow. Mamma is in a rapture. How pretty they look—the mother and daughter—two lilies twining together. The necessity of an entertainment at the Temple—lunch from Dick's (as before mentioned), dessert from Partington's, Sibwright's spoons, his boy to aid ours—nay, Sib himself, and his rooms, which are so much more elegant than ours, and where there is a piano and guitar: all these thoughts pass in rapid and brilliant combination in the pleasant Mr. Pendennis's mind. How delighted the ladies are with the proposal! Mrs. Mackenzie claps her pretty hands, and kisses Rosey again. If osculation is a mark of love, surely Mrs. Mack is the best of mothers. I may say, without false modesty, that our little entertainment was most successful. The Champagne was iced to a nicety. The ladies did not perceive that our laundress, Mrs. Flanagan, was intoxicated very early

in the afternoon. Percy Sibwright sang admirably, and with the greatest spirit, ditties in many languages. I am sure Miss Rosey thought him (as indeed he is) one of the most fascinating young fellows about town. To her mother's excellent accompaniment Rosey sang her favorite songs (by the way, her stock was very small—five, I think, was the number). Then the table was moved into a corner, where the quivering moulds of jelly seemed to keep time to the music; and while Percy played, two couple of waltzers actually whirled round the little room. No wonder that the court below was thronged with admirers, that Paley, the reading man, was in a rage, and Mrs. Flanagan in a state of excitement. Ah! pleasant days, happy old dingy chambers illuminated by youthful sunshine! merry songs and kind faces—it is pleasant to recall you. Some of those bright eyes shine no more: some of those smiling lips do not speak. Some are not less kind, but sadder than in those days; of which the memories revisit us for a moment, and sink back into the gray past. The dear old Colonel beat time with great delight to the songs; the widow lit his cigar with her own fair fingers. That was the only smoke permitted during the entertainment—George Warrington himself not being allowed to use his cutty-pipe—though the gay little widow said that she had been used to smoking in the West Indies, and I dare say spoke the truth. Our entertainment lasted actually until after dark: and a particularly neat cab being called from St. Clement's by Mr. Binnie's boy, you may be sure we all conducted the ladies to their vehicle: and many a fellow returning from his lonely club that evening into chambers must have envied us the pleasure of having received two such beauties.

The clerical bachelor was not to be outdone by the gentlemen of the bar; and the entertainment at the Temple was followed by one at Honeyman's lodgings, which, I must own, greatly exceeded ours in splendor, for Honeyman had his luncheon from Gunter's; and if he had been Miss Rosey's mother, giving a breakfast to the dear girl on her marriage, the affair could not have been more elegant and handsome. We had but two bouquets at our entertainment; at Honeyman's there were four upon the breakfast-table, besides a great pine-apple, which must have cost the rogue three or four guineas, and which Percy Sibwright delicately cut up. Rosey thought the pine-apple delicious. "The dear thing does not remember the pine-apples in the West Indies!" cries Mrs. Mackenzie; and she gave us many exciting narratives of entertainments at which she had been present at various colonial governors' tables. After luncheon, our host hoped we should have a little music. Dancing, of course, could not be allowed. "That," said Honeyman, with his "soft-bleating sigh," "were scarcely clerical. You know, besides, you are in a *hermitage;* and (with a glance round the table) must put up with Cenobite's fare." The fare was, as I have said, excellent. The wine was bad, as George, and I, and Sib agreed; and in so far we flattered ourselves that *our* feast altogether excelled the parson's. The Champagne especially was such stuff, that Warrington remarked on it to his neighbor, a dark gentleman, with a tuft to his chin, and splendid rings and chains.

The dark gentleman's wife and daughter were the other two ladies invited by our host. The elder was splendidly dressed. Poor Mrs. Mackenzie's simple gimcracks, though she displayed them to the most advantage, and could make an ormolu bracelet go as far as another woman's emerald clasps, were as nothing compared to the other lady's gorgeous jewelry. Her fingers glittered with rings innumerable. The head of her smelling-bottle was as big as her husband's gold snuff-box, and of the same splendid material. Our ladies, it must be confessed, came in a modest cab from Fitzroy Square; these arrived in a splendid little open carriage with white ponies, and harness all over brass, which the lady of the rings drove with a whip that was a parasol. Mrs. Mackenzie, standing at Honeyman's window, with her arm round Rosey's waist, viewed this arrival perhaps with envy. "My dear Mr. Honeyman, whose are those beautiful horses?" cries Rosey, with enthusiasm.

The divine says with a faint blush—"It is—ah—it is Mrs. Sherrick and Miss Sherrick, who have done me the favor to come to luncheon."

"Wine merchant. Oh!" thinks Mrs. Mackenzie, who has seen Sherrick's brass-plate on the cellar-door of Lady Whittlesea's chapel; and hence, perhaps, she was a trifle more magniloquent than usual, and entertained us with stories of colonial governors and their ladies, mentioning no persons but those who "had handles to their names," as the phrase is.

Although Sherrick had actually supplied the Champagne which Warrington abused to him in confidence, the wine-merchant was not wounded; on the contrary, he roared with laughter at the remark, and some of us smiled who understood the humor of the joke. As for George Warrington, he scarce knew more about the town than the ladies opposite to him, who, yet more innocent than George, thought the Champagne very good. Mrs. Sherrick was silent during the meal, looking constantly up at her husband, as if alarmed and always in the habit of appealing to that gentleman, who gave her, as I thought, knowing glances and savage winks, which made me augur that he bullied her at home. Miss Sherrick was exceedingly handsome: she kept the fringed curtains of her eyes constantly down; but when she lifted them up toward Clive, who was very attentive to her (the rogue never sees a handsome woman, but to this day he continues the same practice)—when she looked up and smiled, she was indeed a beautiful young creature to behold—with her pale forehead, her thick arched eyebrows, her rounded cheeks, and her full lips slightly shaded—how shall I mention the word?—slightly penciled, after the manner of the lips of the French governess, Mademoiselle Lenoir.



Percy Sibwright engaged Miss Mackenzie with his usual grace and affability. Mrs. Mackenzie did her very utmost to be gracious; but it was evident the party was not altogether to her liking. Poor Percy, about whose means and expectations she had in the most natural way in the world asked information from me, was not perhaps a very eligible admirer for darling Rosey. She knew not that Percy can no more help gallantry than the sun can help shining. As soon as Rosey had done eating up her pine-apple, artlessly confessing (to Percy Sibwright's inquiries) that she preferred it to the rasps and hinnyblobs in her grandmamma's garden, "Now, dearest Rosey," cries Mrs. Mack, "now, a little song. You promised Mr. Pendennis a little song." Honeyman whisks open the piano in a moment. The widow takes off her cleaned gloves (Mrs. Sherrick's were new, and of the best Paris make), and little Rosey sings, No. 1 followed by No. 2, with very great applause. Mother and daughter entwine as they quit the piano. "Brava! brava!" says Percy Sibwright. Does Mr. Clive Newcome say nothing? His back is turned to the piano, and he is looking with all his might into the eyes of Miss Sherrick.

Percy sings a Spanish seguidella, or a German lied, or a French romance, or a Neapolitan canzonet, which, I am bound to say, excites very little attention. Mrs. Ridley is sending in coffee at this juncture, of which Mrs. Sherrick partakes, with lots of sugar, as she has partaken of numberless things before. Chickens, plover's eggs, prawns, aspics, jellies, creams, grapes, and what not. Mr. Honeyman advances, and with deep respect asks if Mrs. Sherrick and Miss Sherrick will not be persuaded to sing. She rises and bows, and again takes off the French gloves, and shows the large white hands glittering with rings, and, summoning Emily her daughter, they go to the piano.

"Can she sing?" whispers Mrs. Mackenzie, "can she sing after eating so much?" Can she sing, indeed! O, you poor ignorant Mrs. Mackenzie! Why, when you were in the West Indies, if you ever read the English newspapers, you must have read of the fame of Miss Folthorpe. Mrs. Sherrick is no other than the famous artist, who, after three years of brilliant triumphs at the Scala, the Pergola, the San Carlo, the opera in England, forsook her profession, rejected a hundred suitors, and married Sherrick, who was Mr. Cox's lawyer, who failed, as every body knows, as manager of Drury Lane. Sherrick, like a man of spirit, would not allow his wife to sing in public after his marriage; but in private society, of course, she is welcome to perform: and now, with her daughter, who possesses a noble contralto voice, she takes her place royally at the piano, and the two sing so magnificently that every

body in the room, with one single exception, is charmed and delighted; and that little Miss Cann herself creeps up the stairs, and stands with Mrs. Ridley at the door to listen to the music.

Miss Sherrick looks doubly handsome as she sings. Clive Newcome is in a rapture; so is good-natured Miss Rosey, whose little heart beats with pleasure, and who says quite unaffectedly to Miss Sherrick, with delight and gratitude beaming from her blue eyes, "Why did you ask me to sing, when you sing so wonderfully, so beautifully yourself? Do not leave the piano, please; do sing again." And she puts out a kind little hand toward the superior artist, and, blushing, leads her back to the instrument. "I'm sure me and Emily will sing for you as much as you like, dear," says Mrs. Sherrick, nodding to Rosey good-naturedly. Mrs. Mackenzie, who has been biting her lips and drumming the time on a side-table, forgets at last the pain of being vanquished, in admiration of the conquerors. "It was cruel of you not to tell us, Mr. Honeyman," she says, "of the—of the treat you had in store for us. I had no idea we were going to meet professional people; Mrs. Sherrick's singing is indeed beautiful."

"If you come up to our place in the Regent's Park, Mr. Newcome," Mr. Sherrick says, "Mrs. S. and Emily will give you as many songs as you like. How do you like the house in Fitzroy Square? Any thing wanting doing there? I'm a good landlord to a good tenant. Don't care what I spend on my houses. Lose by 'em sometimes. Name a day when you'll come to us; and I'll ask some good fellows to meet you. Your father and Mr. Binnie came once. That was when you were a young chap. They didn't have a bad evening, I believe. You just come and try us—I can give you as good a glass of wine as most, I think," and he smiles, perhaps thinking of the champagne which Mr. Warrington had slighted. "I've ad the close carriage for my wife this evening," he continues, looking out of window at a very handsome brougham which has just drawn up there. "That little pair of horses steps prettily together, don't they? Fond of horses? I know you are. See you in the park; and going by our house sometimes. The Colonel sits a horse uncommonly well: so do you, Mr. Newcome. I've often said, 'Why don't they get off their horses and say, Sherrick, we're come for a bit of lunch and a glass of sherry?' Name a day, Sir. Mr. P., will you be in it?"

Clive Newcome named a day, and told his father of the circumstance in the evening. The Colonel looked grave. "There was something which I did not quite like about Mr. Sherrick," said that acute observer of human nature. "It was easy to see that the man is not quite a gentleman. I don't care what a man's trade is, Clive. Indeed, who are we, to give ourselves airs upon that subject? But when I am gone, my boy, and there is nobody near you who knows the world as I do, you may fall into designing hands, and rogues may lead you into mischief: keep a sharp look out, Clive. Mr. Pendennis, here, knows that there are designing fellows abroad" (and the dear old gentleman gives a very knowing nod as he speaks). "When I am gone, keep the lad from harm's way, Pendennis. Meanwhile Mr. Sherrick has been a very good and obliging landlord; and a man who sells wine may certainly give a friend a bottle. I am glad you had a pleasant evening, boys. Ladies! I hope you have had a pleasant afternoon. Miss Rosey, you are come back to make tea for the old gentlemen? James begins to get about briskly now. He walked to Hanover Square, Mrs. Mackenzie, without hurting his ankle in the least."

"I'm almost sorry that he is getting well," says Mrs. Mackenzie, sincerely. "He won't want us when he is quite cured."

"Indeed, my dear creature!" cries the Colonel, taking her pretty hand and kissing it. "He will want you, and he shall want you. James no more knows the world than Miss Rosey here; and if I had not been with him, would have been perfectly unable to take care of himself. When I am gone to India, somebody must stay with him; and—and my boy must have a home to go to," says the kind soldier, his voice dropping. "I had been in hopes that his own relatives would have received him more; but never mind about that," he cried more cheerfully. "Why, I may not be absent a year! perhaps need not go at all—I am second for promotion. A couple of our old generals may drop any day; and when I get my regiment I come back to stay, to live at home. Meantime, while I am gone, my dear lady, you will take care of James; and you will be kind to my boy!"

"That I will!" said the widow, radiant with pleasure, and she took one of Clive's hands and pressed it for an instant; and from Clive's father's kind face there beamed out that benediction, which always made his countenance appear to me among the most beautiful of human faces.

SHARPENING THE SCYTHE.

IN the heart of a high table-land that overlooks many square leagues of the rich scenery of Devonshire, the best scythe-stone is found. The whole face of the enormous cliff in which it is contained is honeycombed with minute quarries; half-way down there is a wagon road, entirely formed of the sand cast out from them. To walk along that vast soft terrace on a July evening is to enjoy one of the most delightful scenes in England. Forests of fir rise overhead like cloud on cloud; through openings of these there peeps the purple moorland stretching far southward to the Roman Camp, and barrows from which spears and skulls are dug continually. Whatever may be underground, it is all soft and bright above, with heath and wild flowers, about which a breeze will linger in the hottest noon. Down to the sand road the breeze does not come; there we may walk in calm, and only see that it is quivering among the topmost trees. From the camp the Atlantic can be seen, but from the sand road the view is more limited, though many a bay and headland far beneath show where the ocean of a past age rolled. Fossils and shells are almost as plentiful within the cliff as the

scythe-stone itself, and wondrous bones of extinct animals are often brought to light.

All day long, summer and winter, in the sombre fir-groves may be heard the stroke of the spade and the click of the hammer; a hundred men are at work like bees upon the cliff, each in his own cell of the great honeycomb, his private passage. The right to dig in his own burrow each of these men has purchased for a trifling sum, and he toils in it daily. Though it is a narrow space, in which he is not able to stand upright, and can scarcely turn—though the air in it that he breathes is damp and deadly—though the color in his cheek is commonly the hectic of consumption, and he has a cough that never leaves him night or day—though he will himself remark that he does not know among his neighbors one old man—and though, all marrying early, few ever see a father with his grown-up son, yet, for all this, the scythe-stone cutter works in his accustomed way, and lives his short life merrily, that is to say, he drinks down any sense or care that he might have. These poor men are almost without exception sickly drunkards. The women of this community are not much healthier. It is their task to cut and shape the rough-hewn stone into those pieces wherewith "the mower whets his scythe." The thin particles of dust that escape during this process are very pernicious to the lungs; but, as usual, it is found impossible to help the ignorant sufferers by any thing in the form of an idea from without; a number of masks and respirators have been more than once provided for them by the charity of the neighboring gentry, but scarcely one woman has given them her countenance.

The short life of the scythe-stone cutter is also always liable to be abruptly ended. Safety requires that fir-poles from the neighboring wood should be driven in one by one on either side of him, and a third flat stake be laid across to make the walls and roof safe, as the digger pushes his long burrow forward. Cheap as these fir-poles are, they are too often dispensed with. There is scarcely one of the hundred mined entrances of disused caverns here to be seen, through which some crushed or suffocated workman has not been brought out dead. The case is common. A man can not pay the trifle that is necessary to buy fir-poles for the support of his cell walls; the consequence is, that sooner or later, it must almost inevitably happen that one stroke of the pickax shall produce a fall of sand behind him, and set an impassable barrier between him and the world without. It will then be to little purpose that another may be working near him, prompt to give the alarm and get assistance; tons upon tons of heavy sand divide the victim from the rescuers, and they must prop and roof their way at every step, lest they too perish. Such accidents are therefore mostly fatal; if the man was not at once crushed by a fall of sand upon him, he has been cut off from the outer air, and suffocated in his narrow worm-hole. Whiteknights is a small village at the foot of this cliff, inhabited almost entirely by persons following this scythe-stone trade. The few agricultural laborers there to be met with may be distinguished at a glance from their brethren of the pits; the bronzed cheeks from the hectic, the muscular frames from the bodies which disease has weakened, and which dissipation helps to a more swift decay. The cottages are not ill-built, and generally stand detached in a small garden; their little porches may be seen of an evening thronged with dirty pretty children, helping father outside his cavern by carrying the stone away in little baskets, as he brings it out to them.

Beside the Luta rivulet, which has pleasanter nooks, more flowery banks, and falls more musical than any stream in Devon; beside this brook, and parted by a little wood of beeches and wild laurel from the village, is a very pearl of cottages. Honeysuckle, red-rose, and sweet-briar hold it entangled in a fragrant net-work; they fall over the little windows, making twilight at midnoon, yet nobody has ever thought of cutting them away or tying up a single tendril. Grandfather Markham and his daughter Alice, with John Drewit, her husband and master of the house, used to live there, and they had three little children, Jane, Henry, and Joe.

A little room over the porch was especially neat. It was the best room in the cottage, and therein was lodged old Markham, who had, so far as the means of his children went, the best of board as well. He was not a very old man, but looked ten years older than he was, and his hand shook through an infirmity more grievous than age. He was a gin-drinker. John Drewit had to work very hard to keep not only his own household in food and clothing, but also his poor old father-in-law in drink.

John was a hale young man when first I knew him, but he soon began to alter. As soon as it was light he was away to the sand-cliff by a pleasant winding path through the beechwood and up the steps which his own spade had cut. One or two of them he had made broader than the rest, at intervals, where one might willingly sit down to survey the glory spread beneath; the low, white, straw-thatched farms gleaming like light among the pasture-lands, the little towns each with its shining river, and the great old city in the hazy distance; the high beacon hills, the woods, and far as eye could see, the mist that hung over the immense Atlantic. This resting on the upward path, at first a pleasure, became soon a matter of necessity, and that, too, long before the cough had settled down upon him; few men in Whiteknights have their lungs so whole that they can climb up to their pits without a halt or two.

The old man helped his son-in-law sometimes; he was a good sort of old man by nature, and not a bit more selfish than a drunkard always must be. He ground the rough stones into shape at home, minded the children in his daughter's absence, and even used the pick himself when he was sober. John, too, was for his wife's sake tolerant of the old man's infirmity, though half his little earnings went to gratify the old man's

appetite. At last necessity compelled him to be, as he thought, undutiful. Print after print vanished from the cottage walls, every little ornament, not actually necessary furniture, was sold: absolute want threatened the household, when John at last stated firmly, though tenderly, that grandfather must give up the gin-bottle or find some other dwelling. Alice was overcome with tears, but when appealed to by the old man, pointed to her dear husband, and bowed her head to his wise words.

For two months after this time, there were no more drunken words nor angry tongues to be heard within John's pleasant cottage. Nothing was said by daughter or by son-in-law of the long score at the public-house that was being paid off by instalments; the daughter looked no longer at her father with reproachful eyes, and the children never again had to be taken to bed before their time—hurried away from the sight of their grandfather's shame. At last, however, on one Sunday evening in July, the ruling passion had again the mastery; Markham came home in a worse state than ever; and in addition to the usual debasement, it was evident that he was possessed also by some maudlin terror, that he had no power to express.

Leaving him on his bed in a lethargic sleep, John sallied forth as usual at dawn; his boys, Harry and Joe, carrying up for him his miner's spade and basket. Heavy-hearted as he was, he could not help being gladdened by the wonderful beauty of the landscape. His daughter told me that she never saw him stand so long looking at the country—he seemed unwillingly to leave the sunlight for his dark, far-winding burrow. His burrow he had no reason to dread. Poverty never had pressed so hard upon John Drewit as to induce him to sell away the fir-props that assured the safety of his life. Often and often had his voice been loud against those men, who, knowing of the mortal danger to which they exposed their neighbors, gave drink or money in exchange for them to the foolhardy and vicious. Great, therefore, was his horror when he went into his cave that morning, and found that his own props had been removed. They had not been taken from the entrance, where a passer-by might have observed their absence; all was right for the first twenty yards, but beyond that distance down to the end of his long toil-worn labyrinth every pole was stripped away. Surely he knew at once that it was not an enemy who had done this; he knew that the wretched old man who lay stupefied at home, had stolen and sold his life defense for drink. All that the poor fellow told his boys was that they should keep within the safe part of the digging while he himself worked on into the rock as usual. Three or four times he brought out a heap of scythe-stones in his basket, and then he was seen alive no more.

Harry, his eldest son, was nearest to the unpropped passage when the sand cliff fell. When he heard his father call out suddenly, he ran at once eagerly, running toward the candle by which the miner worked, but on a sudden all was dark; there was no light from candle or from sun—before and behind was utter blackness, and there was a noise like thunder in his ears. The whole hill seemed to have fallen upon them both, and many tons of earth parted the father from his child. The sand about the boy did not press on him closely. A heavy piece of cliff that held together was supported by the narrow walls of the passage, and his fate was undetermined. He attended only to the muffled sounds within the rock, from which he knew that his father, though they might be the sounds of his death struggle, still lived.

To the people outside the alarm had instantly been given by the other child, and in an incredibly short space of time the laborers from field and cave came hurrying up to the rescue. Two only could dig together, two more propped the way behind them foot by foot; relays eagerly waited at the entrance; and not an instant was lost in replacing the exhausted workmen. Every thing was done as quickly, and, at the same time, as judiciously as possible; the surgeon had at the first been ridden for, at full speed, to the neighboring town; brandy and other stimulants, a rude lancet—with which many of the men were but too well practiced operators—bandages and blankets were all placed ready at hand: for the disaster was so common at Whiteknights that every man at once knew what was proper to be done. Those who were not actively engaged about the cave, were busy in the construction of a litter—perhaps a bier—for the unhappy victims.

How this could have happened? was the whispered wonder. John was known to be far too prudent a man to have been working without props, and yet fresh ones had to be supplied to the rescuers, for they found none as they advanced. The poor widow—every moment made more sure of her bereavement—stood a little way aside; having begged for a spade and been refused, she stood with her two children hanging to her apron, staring fixedly at the pit's mouth.

Down at the cottage there was an old man invoking Heaven's vengeance on his own gray head and reproaching himself fiercely with the consequences of his brutal vice; he had stolen the poles from his son's pit on the previous morning, to provide himself with drink; and on that very day, even before he was quite recovered from his yesterday's debauch, he was to see the victim of his recklessness brought home a lifeless heap. He saw John so brought in, but with the eyes of a madman; his brain, weakened by drunkenness, never recovered from that shock.

Basket and barrow had been brought full out of the pit a hundred times; and it was almost noon before, from the bowels of the very mountain as it seemed, there came up a low moaning cry. "My child, my child," murmured the mother: and the digging became straightway even yet more earnest, almost frantic in its speed and violence. Presently into the arms of Alice little Harry was delivered, pale and corpse-like, but alive; and then a shout as of an army was set up by all the men.

They dug on until after sunset—long after they had lost all hope of finding John alive. His body was at last found. It was placed upon the litter, and taken, under the soft evening sky, down through the beech wood home. Alice walked by its side, holding its hand in hers, speechless, and with dry eyes. She never knew until after her father's death, how her dear John was murdered. She used to wonder why the old man shrank from her when she visited him, as she often did, in his confinement. The poor widow is living now, though she has suffered grief and want. Her daughter Jane has married a field laborer, and her sons, by whom she is now well supported, have never set foot in a pit since they lost their father.

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF WOMEN.

NO one denies the fact that women have wrongs; we wrangle only over the alphabet of amelioration. Some advocate her being unsexed as the best means of doing her justice; others propose her intellectual annihilation, and the further suppression of her individuality, on the homœopathic principle of giving as a cure the cause of the disease.

How few open the golden gates which lead to the middle Sacred Way, whose stillness offends the noisy, and whose retirement disgusts the restless; the middle path of a noble, unpretending, redeeming, domestic, usefulness: stretching out from Home, like the rays of a beautiful star, all over the world! Yet here have walked the holy women of all ages; a long line of saints and heroines; whose virtues have influenced countless generations, and who have done more for the advancement of humanity than all the Public Functionists together. Not that the comparison bespeaks much, or is worthy of the sacred Truth.

A word with ye, O Public Functionists—ye damagers of a good cause by loading it with ridicule—ye assassins of truth by burying it beneath exaggeration! A woman such as ye would make her—teaching, preaching, voting, judging, commanding a man-of-war, and charging at the head of a battalion—would be simply an amorphous monster, not worth the little finger of the wife we would all secure if we could, the *tacens et placens uxor*, the gentle helpmeet of our burdens, the soother of our sorrows, and the enhancer of our joys! Imagine a follower of a certain Miss Betsy Millar, who for twelve years commanded the Scotch brig, Cloetus—imagine such an one at the head of one's table, with horny hands covered with fiery red scars and blackened with tar, her voice hoarse and cracked, her skin tanned and hardened, her language seasoned with nautical allusions and quarter-deck imagery, and her gait and step the rollicking roll of a bluff Jack-tar. She might be very estimable as a human being, honorable, brave, and generous, but she would not be a woman: she would not fulfill one condition of womanhood, and therefore she would be unfit and imperfect, unsuited to her place and unequal to her functions. What man (moderately sane) would prefer a woman who had been a sea captain ten or twelve years, to the most ordinary of piano-playing and flower-painting young ladies? Mindless as the one might be, the rough practicality of the other would be worse; and helpless as fashionable education makes young ladies, Heaven defend us from the virile energy of a race of Betsy Millars! Yet one philosopher has actually been found, who has had the moral courage to quote this lady's career as a proof that women are fitted by nature for offices which men have always assumed to themselves, and that it would be a wise, and healthful, and a natural state of society which should man brigs with boarding-school girls, and appoint emancipated females as their commanders. We wish Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the heroic champion of Betsy Millar, no worse fate than to marry one of his favorite sea captainesses.

In the Utopia that is to come, women are to be voters, barristers, members of congress, and judges. They are to rush to the polling-booth, and mount the hustings, defiant of brickbats and careless of eggs and cabbages. They are to mingle with the passions and violences of men by way of asserting their equality, and to take part in their vices by way of gaining their rights. They are to be barristers, too, with real blue bags, pleading for murderers and sifting the evidence of divorce cases; offices, no doubt, highly conducive to their moral advancement and the maintenance of their purity, but such as we, being of the old-fashioned and eminently unenlightened school, would rather not see our wives or daughters engaged in. Of doctoresses we will say nothing. The care and the cure of the sick belong to women, as do all things gentle and loving. And though we can scarcely reconcile it with our present notions of the fitness of things, that a gentlewoman of refinement and delicacy should frequent dissecting-rooms among the crowd of young students, and cut up dead bodies and living ones as her mother cut out baby-clothes, yet the care of the sick is so holy a duty, that if these terrible means are necessary, they are sanctified by the end, and God prosper those who undertake them! But they are not necessary. Women are better as medical assistants than as independent practitioners; their services are more valuable when obeying than when originating orders; and as nurses they do more good than as doctors. Besides, it would be rather an inconvenient profession at times. A handsome woman, under forty—or over it—would be a dangerous doctor for most men; and as specialities in medicine are quackeries, it would be humbug and affectation to shrink from any cases. For, admitting the principle that woman's mission—at least one of them—is to doctor, it must be extended in practice to all alike. And we may imagine various circumstances in which a young doctress would be somewhat embarrassing, if not embarrassed; yet what are we to do when all the doctors are driven out of the field, and we have no choice left us? And if women are to

be our doctors, will they be only old women, and ugly ones—will there never be bright eyes or dimpled cheeks among them? It might be very delightful to be cured by a beautiful young woman, instead of by a crabbed old man, yet for prudence sake we should recommend most wives and mothers to send for the crabbed old man when their sons and husbands are ill, and to be particularly cautious of feminine M. D.'s in general.

One or two points of human nature the Public Functionists and emancipated women either sink or pervert. The instincts above all. The instinct of protection in man and the instinct of dependence in woman they decline to know any thing about; they see nothing sacred in the fact of maternity, no fulfillment of natural destiny in marriage, and they find no sanctifying power in the grace of self-sacrifice. These are in their eyes the causes of woman's degradation. To be equal with man, she must join in the strife with him, wrestle for the distinctions, and scramble for the good places. She must no longer stand in the shade apart, shedding the blessing of peace and and calmness on the combatants, when they return home heated and weary, but she must be out in the blazing sun, toiling and fighting too, and marking every victory by the grave-stone of some dear virtue, canonized since the world began. Homes deserted, children—the most solemn responsibility of all—given to a stranger's hand, modesty, unselfishness, patience, obedience, endurance, all that has made angels of humanity must be trampled under foot, while the Emancipated Woman walks proudly forward to the goal of the glittering honors of public life, her true honors lying crushed beneath her, unnoticed. This these noisy gentry think will elevate woman.

Women have grave legal and social wrongs, but will this absurd advocacy of exaggeration remedy them? The laws which deny the individuality of a wife, under the shallow pretense of a legal lie; which award different punishments for the same vice; the laws which class women with infants and idiots, and which recognize principles they neither extend nor act on; these are the real and substantial Wrongs of Women, which will not, however, be amended by making them commanders in the navy or judges on the bench. To fling them into the thick of the strife would be but to teach them the egotism and hardness, the grasping selfishness, and the vain-glory of men, which it has been their mission, since the world began, to repress, to elevate, to soften, and to purify. Give woman public functions, and you destroy the very springs of her influence. For her influence is, and must be, moral more than intellectual—intellectual only as filtering through the moral nature; and if you destroy the moral nature, if you weaken its virtues and sully its holiness, what of power or influence remains? She will gain place and lose power; she will gain honors and lose virtues, when she has pushed her father or her son to the wall, and usurped the seats consecrated by nature to them alone. Yes, by nature; in spite of the denial of the Public Functionists. Her flaccid muscles, tender skin, highly nervous organization, and aptitude for internal injury, decide the question of offices involving hard bodily labor; while the predominance of instinct over reason, and of feeling over intellect, as a rule, unfits her for judicial or legislative command. Her power is essentially a silent and unseen moral influence; her functions are those of a wife and mother. The emancipatists rate these functions very lightly, compared with the duty and delight of hauling in main-top-sails or speechifying at an election. They seem to regard the maternal race as a race apart, a kind of necessary cattle, just to keep up the stock; and even of these natural drudges the most gifted souls may give up their children to the care of others, as queen-bees give their young to the workers. Yet no woman who does her duty faithfully to her husband and children, will find her time unemployed, or her life incomplete. The education of her children alone would sufficiently employ any true-hearted woman; for education is not a matter of school-hours, but of that subtle influence of example which makes every moment a seed-time of future good or ill. And the woman who is too gifted, too intellectual, to find scope for her mind and heart in the education of her child, who pants for a more important work than the training of an immortal soul, who prefers quarter-decks and pulpits to a still home and a school-desk, is not a sea-captain, nor a preacher by mission—she is simply not a woman. She is a natural blunder, a mere unfinished sketch; fit neither for quarter-decks nor for home, able neither to command men nor to educate children.

But the true Woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative faculties exercise themselves in making laws for her nursery; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilette, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and raveled edges, slipshod shoes, and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low and who does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds, and rarely argues, but who rebukes with a caress, and adjusts with a smile: a woman who is the wife we all have dreamt of once in our lives, and who is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past: such a woman as this does more for human nature, and more for woman's cause, than all the sea-captains, judges, barristers, and members of parliament put together—God-given and God-blessed as she is! If such a wife as this has leisure which she wishes to employ actively, he will always find

occupation, and of a right kind too. There are the poor and the sick round her home; she will visit them, and nurse them, and teach their children, and lecture their drunken husbands; she will fulfill her duty better thus than by walking the hospitals, or preaching on Sundays! There are meetings to attend also, and school committees, and clothing-clubs, and ragged schools to organize; and her voice will sound more sweet and natural there than when shrieking through a speaking-trumpet or echoing in court. And there are books to read, and then to discuss by the fireside with her husband, when he comes home in the evening—though perhaps his attention may sometimes wander from the subject to her little foot, peeping out from under the flounces over the fender, or to the white hands stitching so busily—and is not this better than a public lecture in a Bloomer costume? And then, perhaps, she can help her husband in his profession, write out a clear manuscript for his editor, or copy a deed, find out references and mark them for him, or perhaps correct his sermon, to the general advantage of his congregation—which, we contend, is a fitter occupation than arguing divorce cases in a wig and blue bag, or floundering in the quagmires of theology in bands and a scholar's hood. Our natural woman, too, loves her children, and looks after them; but the babies of our emancipated woman belong as much to the state as to her, and as much to chance as to either. Our natural woman plays with her children, and lets them pull down her thick hair into a curtain over her face, and ruffle even her clean gown with their tiny hands: but the emancipated woman holds baby-playing a degradation, and resigns it to servants and governesses.

Give us the loving, quiet wife, the good mother, the sweet, unselfish sister; give us women beautiful and womanly, and we will dispense with their twelve years' service on board a brig, or two or three years' close attendance in a dissecting-room. Give us gentlewomen, who believe in milliners, and know the art of needlework; who can sew on buttons and make baby-clothes; who, while they use their heads, do not leave their hands idle; who, while claiming to be intellectual beings, claim also to be natural and loving beings—nay, even obedient and self-sacrificing beings, two virtues of the Old World which our Utopians count as no virtues at all. Oh, Utopians! Leave nature's loveliest work alone! Let women have their rights, in Heaven's name, but do not thrust them into places which they can not fill, and give them functions they can not perform—except to their own disadvantage, and the darkening of the brightest side of this world. Reflect (if ye ever do reflect) on the destiny of woman, which nature has graven on her soul and body; a wife, a mother, a help-meet and a friend; but not by mind or by person ever meant to be an inferior man, doing his work badly while neglecting her own. The shadow of man darkens the path of woman, and while walking by his side, she yet walks not in the same light with him. Her home is in the shade, and her duties are still and noiseless; his is in the broad daylight, and his works are stormy and tumultuous; but the one is the complement of the other, and while he labors for her she watches for him, and energy and love leave nothing incomplete in their lives. Rest in the shade, dear woman! Find your happiness in love, in quiet, in home activity and in natural duties; turn as from your ruin from all those glaring images of honor which a weak ambition places before you.

BELLADONNA.

WHAT are you looking at so attentively, my friend? Your eyes wander round the room ceaselessly. You inspect every thing, and you seem half pleased, half sorrowful. What is it that ails you? Ah! you are looking now at my wife. Yes! I quite agree with you, that she is very pretty. It is pleasant to see the lamp-light falling on those dark glossy bands of hair that sweep about her forehead. It is pleasant to see her small white fingers glide so nimbly all over that tiny cap which she is embroidering. The steam from the tea-urn rises in wreaths through the room. The sea-coal fire blazes brightly, and sheds a red and flickering light on the silver spoons and tea-service. You, my friend, sit on one side of the hearth, with your legs stretched out, and the cigar, which in consideration of our friendship my wife permits you to smoke, held between your thumb and forefinger. I, on the other side, with the last number of Bleak House in my hand, have just turned from that mournful death of Lady Dedlock to the happy picture set before me, and, as my eyes fall on that rounded and graceful figure seated near the table, working so quietly, and ever and anon casting a stray and loving glance hitherward, I thank God from my heart that she is not wandering off through the cold, bleak country, with the memory of guilt tracking her steps, while the husband lies at home faint and speechless with sorrow!

I was lucky, you say, to get her? Well! no matter; if you did not say it, you looked it, and I answer all the same—I agree with you, my friend. But I had my little difficulties, too. It is true that no terrible spectre of secret sin and undying sorrow loomed up between us, through which we could not pierce; but we went through many sad hours, and experienced many a biting wind before we turned that corner of our Life's journey where our present happiness lay waiting for us. Now I see by those widely-opened eyes and half-parted lips that you are eagerly wishing for the story of my love. If my wife permits it, you shall have it. May I, Belladonna?

The dark eyes are lifted from the tiny cap, and turn on me with a consenting glance; but in their brown depths I see stirring many very mournful memories, that rise higher and higher as I tell the story of the past, until at last they overflow in tears.

A kiss, dear Belladonna, before I begin.

* * * * *

I have told you before, my friend, that Belladonna is an only child. You know, also, that she

is of Spanish blood, though educated in France. In France I met her. She was very young: almost a child. I was, though a few years older than herself, in truth a boy. Love has, however, nothing to do with age. Walking along a road one day in the neighborhood of Dijon, I heard a clatter of hoofs behind me. I turned round and saw a young lady mounted on a donkey who would not go. The young lady seemed in a very evident passion. She had nothing in her hand but a delicate whip; but with this she belabored the donkey with tremendous good-will. The animal, however, took his punishment with the utmost indifference. He laid his long ears back on his neck and scarcely stirred, except now and then to give a very slight and playful kick with his hind legs, as if he were rather tickled with the whole affair. He even went so far as to crop some herbs from the road-side in the midst of what his rider intended to be a tremendous flogging. The young lady was quite pale, and her dark eyes sparkled with rage at this contumacious and insulting behavior on the part of the donkey. Once or twice she glanced toward me, and seemed to wish that the heavy cane which I carried in my hand was, for the time being, in hers. I could not resist such appeals long. Besides, I love a woman who can get into a good downright rage; so I stepped forward, without saying a word, and raising my cane let it fall with all my strength upon the donkey's buttocks. The application evidently took the animal by surprise. He could scarcely believe his nerves. Where could such a blow have come from? He knew the exact force of his mistress's whip, but this was a different thing altogether. For a moment he seemed lost in reverie; then, as I was lifting the stick, with the intention of administering a second and heavier dose, he suddenly shook his ears, gave a snort of apprehension, and set off at a round gallop; while his mistress, as she flew along, turned round in her saddle and gave me an exulting and at the same time grateful wave of the hand.

That was my first interview with Belladonna.

The next time I met her was at chapel. She was going to confession, poor thing! and looked very sad and mournful. I was standing on the steps of the church (a favorite lounge with idle young men who wished to see pretty girls without much trouble) as she came up, attended by her aunt, a horrid old woman with a perpetual cold in the head. Poor Belladonna! you must have had a great many sins to confess that day, for your face was pale, and your lips pressed tightly together, and you walked very reluctantly indeed!

As she ascended the steps her eyes met mine, and—no! she did not color—she grew paler than before if possible, and made me such a pretty little bow, that I would have walked to Spitzbergen to have got another. The aunt saw it, and by the whispering and nodding that took place between them as they passed, I could infer that poor Belladonna was getting a lecture.

You may be sure that, from that time forward, I was pretty often to be seen standing on the steps of the church. And the pretty little bow soon came to be an established thing; and when Belladonna came without her aunt, which she sometimes did, the bow was much prettier and warmer, and even occasionally a few pleasant little sentences escaped, neither of us well knew how, but we spoke to each other, and chatted a little; and I once made her a compliment. But when the aunt came along, Lord! how formal we were; and how little the bow became, and how very stiff I stood beneath the great stone effigy of St. Denis, with his head under his arm!

Things, of course, could not long remain so. Belladonna and I were in love with each other, and knew it; and formal salutations on church steps would not satisfy us, so we met in secret.

You must know, my friend, that at this time I was exceedingly poor. My father left a large family when he died, and I came in for a slender portion, which, however, if I had been prudent, I might have turned to account. But we young Americans were just then wild about travel, and the moment my money was lodged at the banker's for me I bade adieu to New York and trade, and set out on my European tour.

I spent all my money, and was too proud to ask my friends for more; so, at the time I speak of, I was literally cash-bound at Dijon. I was entirely destitute of means. My clothes were in that worst of all possible states of seediness—they were unequal. I had a very nice pair of trowsers; but then the coat! Good Lord, that coat! It had been once a German student's coat, braided and frogged magnificently, and ornamented with a huge velvet collar. But now the seams were white, and the velvet collar looked as if all the snails in Eden had been walking over it and left their tracks there, while the braid and frogs clung only here and there, like the last vine leaves clinging to the garden-wall in winter. I owed a bill, too, at my lodgings. My landlady was poor but kind-hearted; and, knowing my position, she seldom troubled me. Many is the time, my dear friend, I have walked out as if to get my dinner, when I had not the price of a crust of bread in my pocket, and returned picking my teeth elaborately as I went up stairs, in order to induce my landlady to believe that I had been dining sumptuously. She found out the truth, however, at last, and, good soul that she was! used to call me to dine with her; but I did not go. I was too proud for that. I could have swept a crossing, mark you! but I could not trespass on that poor old woman's scanty support. Well! I only mention these details to show you that at the time I am speaking of I was very poor. My poverty did not annoy me as long as it interfered only with my own comfort. But when I came to meet Belladonna so often, and walk with her in the charming environs that surround Dijon, no one can imagine what anguish I suffered. Flower-girls used to accost us with bouquets, and I knew that Belladonna loved flowers passionately. But I was penniless. She would feel faint after her walk, and look longingly at the tea-gardens which

lined the road. I dare not enter, however, for I had no money to pay for the refreshments. Once I had to pretend to be taken suddenly ill, when she asked me to take her to see a panorama of New York which was then exhibiting in some building which we were passing. If ever the temptation to become a thief was strong upon me, it was then. I seriously revolved for several nights the propriety of turning highway-robber. At last I summoned up courage to tell her my circumstances. I disclosed all my poverty in fear and trembling. How I was often dinnerless—how my clothes were in pawn—how I expected a remittance—that remittance which poor men are always expecting—which, if I did not receive, I should have to seek some mendicity asylum; all these things I told her, earnestly, truthfully, nay, almost tearfully. How beautifully she heard it! How beautifully she spoke to me! With her little hand pushed trustingly into mine, and her little arm thrown around my broad shoulders, as if she, poor weak little woman, would, from sheer strength of love, shelter me from all those evils I spoke of, she cheered me up, and bade me take good heart, and offered to share with me all earthly ills. I wept with joy to find her so true but did not accept her offer. I loved her too well to thrust my pangs of misery upon her.

Did I not, Belladonna?

Meanwhile I grew thin and pale, for I was starving; and my old German-student coat grew whiter and whiter at the seams, and my only pair of boots were in the last stage of dissolution. I know no load that sits more heavily on a poor gentleman's heart than bad boots. A shabby hat may pass with a thousand different excuses. Some one may have sat upon your new one the night before at the opera, and obliged you to make a shift with your second best; or it may have been blown off of your head crossing a bridge, and floated mockingly away on the rough waters of the river; or it may have been taken *by mistake* at a fashionable ball, and the indifferent tile you are now wearing left in its stead. All these theories may surround and fortify a shabby hat, but broken boots are inexcusable. No such accidents ever happen to boots. You can not be supposed to lose them. No man's boots were ever blown into a river, and sitting on them would not do them the slightest harm. A split across the uppers, or a loose sole are evident and inexcusable signs of poverty. If you have a hole in the side of one of them, every one in the street looks at it. It is of little use to ink your stocking, which shows through. I have tried that. The inked portion of the stocking remains in its proper place for the first few minutes, and the boot looks well enough; but after a quarter of an hour's walking, it shifts its place somehow, and an agonizing patch of white displays itself. Then, when the soles are very thin, with what inward terror one walks over rough pavements. How certain one is to knock his toe violently against some projecting flag-stone, thereby increasing the incipient crack in the side, and, mayhap, utterly tearing the sole from the upper leather! Believe me, my dear fellow, that bad boots are the very acme of misery. Mine were very bad. I had lost a heel off the left one, and my great toe had made its appearance through a hole in the top of the other, which hole nothing would efface. I tried every thing, from sewing a patch of black cloth underneath, to painting my stocking with black paint, but all would not do. The hole grew larger and larger every day, and the hour did not seem far distant when my foot, grub-like, would triumphantly cast its shell, and emerge into the world untrammeled by any calf-skin fetters.

"Dear Noble," said Belladonna to me, as we strolled one morning together down the street, "your boots are shockingly bad. Why don't you get another pair?" and she looked at me as she spoke with such a charming forgetfulness of my financial position, that it was impossible to be angry with her.

"You forget, Belladonna, that in order to buy boots it is necessary to have money, and just at present—"

"Dear Noble, forgive me," and she pressed my hand. "Indeed, I never thought, or I would not—but there's my bootmaker," she cried, as if struck by a sudden thought; "why not go to him?"

"If you mean Pliquois, Belladonna, I must again recall a fact to your recollection, namely, that he makes only ladies' boots, and I don't think I could very well pass for a young damsel in a coat like this."

"I never thought of that either," she answered, musingly. "How I wish papa would give me some money! But he never seems to think I want any, and I am ashamed to ask him."

"Hush, child! And do you suppose that even if you had money I would take it from you? No, no! Noble Sydale has not reached that point yet. There's the remittance which I expect every—"

I stopped suddenly. Poor Belladonna, in spite of all her sympathy for me, could not prevent an inward smile from twinkling through her eyes at the mention of this eternal remittance, which was always on the point of arriving.

"Well, laugh away, Belladonna; I don't blame you, though really I have no doubt—Well, I declare I'll never mention that remittance again! But there's my Uncle Jacob Starr, who is worth ever so many millions of dollars—do you know that a presentiment continually haunts me that he will leave me something handsome when he dies? I wrote to him about six months ago, and never got any answer. He is very old, and, Heaven knows, may be dead by this time. How delightful it would be if I grew suddenly rich, Belladonna!"

"Oh! wouldn't it! We'd go immediately to papa—no! we'd go first to a bootmaker's, and get you a pair of beautiful patent-leather boots with red tops."

"That would be splendor, Belladonna!"

"Yes! and then we'd go to the best tailor in town, and get you a charming suit of—of—"

"Blue and silver would look well with the red tops, dear."

"Pshaw! Noble, you're laughing at me. Well, then we'd hire a carriage with four gray horses and a postillion—an open carriage it should be—and we'd prance down the principal streets in great state, until we came opposite papa's house. And as the carriage drew up with a great noise, he would look out of the window to see who it was, and then, goodness gracious! how surprised he would be to see his little Belladonna sitting beside a tall, elegant—"

"Belladonna!"

"Distinguished looking foreigner—"

"Belladonna! I'm blushing."

"With a lovely dark mustache—"

"And boots with red tops!"

"Papa would be very angry at first, of course; and he'd swear out a terrible word, and run to the door, and then—"

"And then?"

"And then you would step out of the carriage, and explain to him, in a few rapid but well-chosen words, your position and circumstances, and how you loved me to distraction—"

"Yes! distraction is a very good word, it's so new."

"Don't interrupt me, sir!—to distraction, and conclude by asking him if he would consent to surrender his treasure into the hands of one to whom it would be more precious than—than—than the diamonds of Hesperides."

"Exquisite simile! and papa would reply?"

"Oh! he would smile, and, taking you by the hand, turn to me and say—gracious Heaven! is that dog mad?"

"Oh! he'd say that, would he?"

"Look! look, Noble! he's coming this way—oh! save me! save me!"

I turned suddenly to Belladonna. She was deadly pale, and clutched my arm convulsively with one hand, while with the other she pointed, quiveringly, up the street. A hasty glance showed me the danger. Coming straight toward us, pursued by half-a-dozen ragged boys, I beheld a large, ill-conditioned-looking dog. He had his tail between his legs, his eyes glared furiously, and a huge red tongue lolled out of one side of his mouth. On he came at a swift gallop, uttering now and then a low, fierce bark, and looking the very ideal of Hydrophobia. It was horrible. There seemed no escape, for so occupied had Belladonna and myself been with our aerial castles, that we had noticed nothing until the brute was actually within a few yards of us. There was no time for deliberation now. I pushed Belladonna rudely against the wall, placed myself in front of her, and waited breathlessly. The foot-path on which we were standing was very narrow; so narrow that, with Belladonna behind me, I nearly blocked it all up; while on came the dog, panting and growling, with scarce a foot of space for him to pass. He came. I saw his red eyes glare upon me, and he uttered a savage, low bark as he drew near. I saw there was nothing for it but to be the aggressor, and so perhaps frighten him out of our path, and thus at least save Belladonna; so, as he came within reach, I made a violent kick at him. I felt my foot strike something. A shriek from Belladonna—a horrible growl from the animal—and I pitched heavily forward and fell. I was on my legs again in an instant, but trembling with terror. Belladonna was leaning against the wall, very pale.

"The dog! Are you bitten, Belladonna?"

"No! no!" she said. "We are safe;" and she pointed as she spoke to the retreating form of the dog as he scudded down the street. "But you must be hurt," she continued.

"Oh, no! only my foot is a little—" I looked down as I spoke. Good Heavens! my boot! Instead of striking the dog, as I intended, I had struck my foot against the edge of one of the flat stones with which the path was rudely paved, and my right boot had been literally torn into atoms. It had been leaky before; but now it was a total wreck. The sole had been rent from the upper leather as far back as the heel, while the upper itself was, in addition, split right across the instep. Not even the most ingenious professor of *legerdepied* could make it, under any circumstances whatever, pass for a boot.

"What *is* to be done?" said I, mournfully regarding the tattered remains. "I can never walk through the streets in this plight; and my lodgings are half a mile off at the very least. I've a good mind to break my leg, and then some one must have me taken home on a litter. What am I to do, Belladonna?"

Belladonna, I blush to say, instead of pitying me was laughing—you needn't look so, my dear, for you know you were—and she burst into a perfect peal, as I repeated in a heart-broken tone,

"What *am* I to do, Belladonna?"

"I'll tell you what you must do, Mr. Noble Sydale." said she, as soon as she could compose her countenance sufficiently to speak. "You must do exactly as I tell you. Our house is, as you know, round the next corner. My aunt is gone on a visit to her sister, about five miles from the city, and will not be home until to-morrow, and papa never returns from his office until seven o'clock. Before that time it will be dusk; and by remaining in our house until half-past six, you can walk home without any body noticing you. I suppose you can contrive to pass five hours in my company without being very weary, Mr. Noble Sydale?"

"A thousand, dear Belladonna—but if your father should return?"

"Oh! there's no fear of that; his business always detains him until seven, and sometimes even later."

"Ah! Belladonna," said I, as we entered the house together, "I acknowledge that I should like very much to have a pair of those patent-leather boots with the red tops, which you described so charmingly a few minutes ago."

"Hum! I would have no objection to your obtaining them at half-past six, this evening. Until then I prefer you as you are, because—because—"

"Because I can't go away, selfish girl!"

Here somebody had the unpardonable presumption to kiss somebody on the stairs; but who that somebody was that did it, and who the somebody was that allowed it to be done, you should never learn, my friend, even if you were to torture me until the day of judgment.

Those five hours passed away with extraordinary rapidity. All the more extraordinary was it, because I can not possibly recollect any thing that was said on that eventful occasion. I recollect distinctly sitting on a sofa, with Belladonna's hand in mine for an indefinite period of time, but as to what we conversed about I am to this day profoundly ignorant. One thing only I remember, which can scarcely be called a conversation. I wanted Belladonna to let me try on her boot, which request she seemed to think was a mere pretext to see her foot, and she boxed my ears for suggesting it; but that could not properly be called an observation.

Well, we sat there, for I don't know how long, as of course we forgot all about the hour, when we were suddenly awakened from our trance by the sound of odious manly boots upon the staircase, and Belladonna jumped from the sofa with a smothered shriek, exclaiming that it was her father's step.

It is not every man who has the courage to face a danger in his night dress. Even a dressing-gown has a dispiriting effect upon one's daring; but what are they all, compared to having but one boot? A man might do wonders in bare feet. Even in stockings it would be possible for him to distinguish himself; but there is something utterly humiliating in the idea of presenting oneself before an enemy with one boot on. It is a lop-sided business. A unity which is no unity, but the paltry remnant of what was once a fact. In short, a man with one boot on must morally as well as physically—limp!

I confess, at the sound of those paternal footsteps, my heart went down into my—I was going to say, boots; but, as I had only one, the simile won't answer—my heart, then, went down into my *boot*. Poor Belladonna grew as white as the jessamine blossoms that peeped in at the windows, and gazed about expectantly, as if she thought the walls would open somewhere, as they usually do in fairy tales, and accommodatingly inclose Mr. Noble Sydale in a crystal grotto, where he was to be kept till called for. There being no such magical response, however, to Belladonna's imploring look, nor any convenient stage-closet in the apartment, there was nothing left for me but to make a rush to the deep window, and close the heavy curtains before me, thereby darkening the room into a deep twilight. The next moment the door opened, and in stepped a tall, precise-looking old gentleman, who exclaimed as he entered,

"Why, what have you made the room so very dark for, Belladonna? one can hardly see, child."

And as I heard the steps moving toward the window where I was hidden, I believe I would have sacrificed ten years of my life at that moment for another boot.

"Oh! papa, papa!" cried poor Belladonna, eagerly, "pray don't draw the curtains. My eyes are quite weak, and I can't bear the light, I assure you."

"That's lately come to you, dear. I never saw any lack of lustre in your eyes since you were born. Come here to the window and let me look at them. If there is any thing wrong, we must have in Doctor Sartelles."

"I don't mean that they're exactly weak, you know, papa, but—but—" and poor Belladonna stammered, and stopped, and began again, and finally burst into a flood of tears.

"Hey! what's this, child? Crying! why, something must be the matter. Let us see." And he moved toward the window as he spoke. I thought that I might as well save him any further trouble, so I pulled the red cord inside, the curtains opened, and Belladonna's papa did see.

I never saw a man less pleased, however, with what he saw than that old gentleman. He grew ashen white, and his lips suddenly met as if they were going to grow together from that moment, and never part any more. They thought better of it, however, for they opened presently, and a terribly cold, stern, determined voice issued out of them.

"Well, Sir! what may your business be here? Is it the silver-spoons or my daughter?"

I did not make any answer, but walked deliberately over to where Belladonna lay upon the sofa, sobbing as if her poor heart would break, and said to her, taking her hand in my own,

"Belladonna! may I speak?"

"Oh! Noble," she sobbed, "say any thing—every thing—as for me I know that I shall die!"

"Let my daughter's hand loose, instantly, scoundrel!" thundered the old man. "If you do not, I will dash your brains out on the floor!"

"My dear Sir! if you will only let me explain—"

"I will not, Sir. Who are you? what do you want here? Belladonna, was it to break my heart that you present to me a tatterdemalion like this fellow, in the character, I suppose, of your lover?"

"I assure you, Sir, that my position is every thing that—"

"That is disgraceful, Sir. You come into my house like a thief, during my absence, you make love to my daughter, and tell her some infernal lies, I suppose, about your respectability and so forth, and then you have the presumption to believe that you will bamboozle me with your explanations. A ragged, adventurous foreigner! Where's your boot, Sir?"

I was prepared to answer any question but this. It was really too bad. There I stood, a gentleman, with good expectations, and the honestest of purposes, struck completely dumb by the miserable conviction that I had only one boot

on. I declare, my friend, I never felt so ashamed of myself in my whole life; and instead of replying to the insulting question of Belladonna's father, which was accompanied by a still more contemptuous glance at my feet, I stood there, growing red and pale by turns, and looking at poor Belladonna, who was burying her head in the sofa pillows, as if, like the ostrich, she fancied that by such means she could shelter herself from further attack.

"Leave my house instantly, rascal!" stormed the old gentleman, who was growing more furious every instant. "Leave my house, before I summon the authorities to lodge you in a place where I've no doubt you have often been before. Go!"

I went. I limped to the door with my one boot, utterly crushed and humiliated. The old gentleman stood at the door, determined evidently to see me to the very extremity of the threshold. I did not utter a remonstrance. I did not even speak a farewell to Belladonna, but went down the stairs like a coward. With my hand on the hall-door my courage rose a little. I was so nearly out of the old gentleman's house that I felt almost independent again; so I turned and said a few words to him as he stood on the second stair from the bottom, looking as if he would have given worlds to kick me.

"Sir," said I, "you have wronged me. That I can pass over. Do not, however, wrong your daughter, or visit on her head punishment for which, if you had allowed me to explain, there exists no cause. I, Sir—I, Noble Sydale—"

"What name did you say?" inquired the old man with a sudden alteration in his tone.

"Noble Sydale. You have seen that I am a foreigner, but you may not know that I am an American, and a gentleman."

"Stay—stay a moment, Sir. I have a word to say to you." So saying, he put his hand into a wide coat-pocket and pulled out a bundle of letters. "You are an American, you say: from what portion of the United States?"

"New York."

"Have you an uncle residing there?"

"Yes.—Mr. Jacob Starr. Has he written to me?" and my heart leaped into my mouth, as I observed him fumbling among the bundle of letters.

"Yes!" said he, "here it is. Mr. Noble Sydale, your uncle has not written to you, but his lawyer has to me. I regret to inform you that your uncle is dead. It may alleviate the pain of such a communication, however, to tell you that he has left you property to the amount of eighty thousand dollars, a considerable portion of which has been placed to your credit in our house. You can draw on us, Mr. Sydale, whenever you please."

"Sir, Sir!" said I, without almost waiting to think, "will you have the goodness to lend me fifty francs?"

"Certainly, with very much pleasure," and he pulled out his purse, with a pleasant smile. "I will not apologize to you, Mr. Sydale, for the manner in which I treated you just now," he continued, giving me the money, "because you were in the wrong and deserved it; but if you will sup with us this evening, I will endeavor to banish whatever unfavorable impression I may have created. I suppose Belladonna," he added with a laugh, "will reconcile you to the shortness of the invitation."

I stammered out an acceptance, rushed out of the house, and five minutes afterward had purchased and put on a pair of the tightest patent-leather boots it was possible to find.

"And do you really know," interposed Belladonna, just at this point, "they had actually red tops."

"I need not ask the conclusion of the story, Noble," said my friend, flinging his cigar into the fire as he spoke.

"No, my friend, it is here. Kiss me, Belladonna!"

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

NO, though all the winds that lie
In the circle of the sky
Trace him out, and pray and moan,
Each in its most plaintive tone,—
No, though earth be split with sighs,
And all the Kings that reign
Over Nature's mysteries
Be our faithfullest allies,—
All—all is vain:
They may follow on his track,
But He never will come back—
Never again!

Youth is gone away,
Cruel, cruel youth,
Full of gentleness and ruth
Did we think him all his stay;
How had he the heart to wreak
Such a woe on us so weak,
He that was so tender-meek?
How could he be made to learn
To find pleasure in our pain?
Could he leave us to return
Never again!

Bow your heads very low,
Solemn-measured be your paces,
Gathered up in grief your faces,
Sing sad music as ye go;
In disordered handfuls strew
Strips of cypress, sprigs of rue;
In your hands be borne the bloom,
Whose long petals once and only
Look from their pale-leavèd tomb
In the midnight lonely;
Let the nightshade's beaded coral
Fall in melancholy moral
Your wan brows around,
While in very scorn ye fling
The amaranth upon the ground
As an unbelievèd thing;
What care we for its fair tale
Of beauties that can never fail,

Glories that can never wane?
No such blooms are on the track
He has past, who will come back
Never again!

Alas! we know not how he went,
We knew not he was going,
For had our tears once found a vent,
We' had stayed him with their flowing.
It was an earthquake, when
We awoke and found him gone,
We were miserable men,
We were hopeless, every one!
Yes, he must have gone away
In his guise of every day,
In his common dress, the same
Perfect face and perfect frame;
For in feature, for in limb,
Who could be compared to him?
Firm his step, as one who knows
He is free where'er he goes,
And withal as light of spring
As the arrow from the string;
His impassioned eye had got
Fire which the sun has not;
Silk to feel, and gold to see,
Fell his tresses full and free,
Like the morning mists that glide
Soft adown the mountain side;
Most delicious 'twas to hear
When his voice was trilling clear
As a silver-hearted bell,
Or to follow its low swell,
When, as dreamy winds that stray
Fainting 'mid Æolian chords,
Inner music seemed to play
Symphony to all his words;
In his hand was poised a spear,
Deftly poised, as to appear
Resting of its proper will,—
Thus a merry hunter still,
And engarlanded with bay,
Must our Youth have gone away,
Though we half remember now,
He had borne some little while
Something mournful in his smile—
Something serious on his brow:
Gentle Heart, perhaps he knew
The cruel deed he was about to do!

Now, between us all and Him
There are rising mountains dim,
Forests of uncounted trees,
Spaces of unmeasured seas:
Think with Him how gay of yore
We made sunshine out of shade,—
Think with Him how light we bore
All the burden sorrow laid;
All went happily about Him,—
How shall we toil on without Him?
How without his cheering eye
Constant strength embreathing ever?
How without Him standing by
Aiding every hard endeavour?
For when faintness or disease
Had usurped upon our knees,
If he deigned our lips to kiss
With those living lips of his,
We were lightened of our pain,
We were up and hale again:
Now, without one blessing glance
From his rose-lit countenance,
We shall die, deserted men,—
And not see him, even then!

We are cold, very cold,—
All our blood is drying old,
And a terrible heart-dearth
Reigns for us in heaven and earth:
Forth we stretch our chilly fingers
In poor effort to attain
Tepid embers, where still lingers
Some preserving warmth, in vain.
Oh! if Love, the Sister dear
Of Youth that we have lost,
Come not in swift pity here,
Come not, with a host
Of Affections, strong and kind,
To hold up our sinking mind,
If She will not, of her grace,
Take her Brother's holy place,
And be to us, at least, a part
Of what He was, in Life and Heart,
The faintness that is on our breath
Can have no other end but Death.

LOVE AND SELF-LOVE.

IT was during the very brightest days of the republic of Venice, when her power was in its prime, together with the arts which have made her, like every Italian state, celebrated all over the world—for Italy has produced in poetry and painting, and in the humbler walk of musical composition, the greatest of the world's marvels—that Paolo Zustana was charged by the Marquis di Bembo to paint several pictures to adorn his gallery. Paolo had come from Rome at the request of the Marquis, who had received a very favorable account of the young artist—he was but thirty. Paolo was handsome, of middle height, dark, and pale; he had deep black eyes, a small mouth, a finely-traced mustache, a short curling beard, and a forehead of remarkable intellectuality. There was a slight savageness in his manner, a brief, sharp way of speaking, a restlessness in his eye, which did not increase the number of his friends. But when men knew him better, and were admitted into his intimacy—a very rare occurrence—they loved him.

Then, he was generous-hearted and noble; his time, his purse, his advice, were all at their service. But his whole soul was in his art. Night and day, day and night, he seemed to think of nothing but his painting. In Rome he had been looked upon as mad, for in the day he was not content with remaining close at work in his master's studio, but at night he invariably shut himself up in an old half-ruined house, in the outskirts, where none of his friends were ever invited, and where no man ever penetrated, and no women save an old nurse, who had known him from a child. It was believed, with considerable

plausability, that the artist had a picture in hand, and that he passed his night even in study. He rarely left this retreat before mid-day, and generally returned to his hermitage early, after a casual visit to his lodgings, though he could not occasionally refuse being present at large parties given by his patrons.

On arriving in Venice he resumed his former mode of life. He had an apartment at the Palace Bembo; he took his meals there, but at nightfall, when there was no grand reception, he wrapped himself in his cloak, put on his mask, and, drawing his sword-hilt close to his hand, went forth. He took a gondola until he reached a certain narrow street, and then, gliding down that, he disappeared in the gloom caused by the lofty houses. No one noticed much this mode of life; he did his duty, he was polite, affable, and respectful with his patron; he was gallant with the ladies, but no more. He did not make the slightest effort to win the affections of those around him. Now all this passed in general without much observation.

Still, there was one person whom this wildness and eccentricity of character—all that has a stamp of originality is called eccentric—caused to feel deep interest in him. The Marquis had a daughter, who at sixteen had been married, from interested motives, to the old uncle of the Doge, now dead. Clorinda was a beautiful widow of one-and-twenty, who, rich, independent, of a determined and thoughtful character, had made up her mind to marry a second time, not to please relations, but herself. From the first she noticed Paolo favorably; he received her friendly advances respectfully but coldly, and rarely stopped his work to converse. She asked for lessons to improve her slight knowledge of painting; he gave them freely, but without ever adding a single word to the necessary observations of the interview. He seemed absorbed in his art. One day Clorinda stood behind him; she had been watching him with patient attention for an hour; she now came and took up her quarters in the gallery all day, with her attendant girl, reading or painting. Paolo had not spoken one word during that hour. Suddenly Clorinda rose and uttered the exclamation,

"How beautiful!"

"Is it not, signora?"

"Most beautiful," she returned, astonished both at the artist's manner, and the enthusiasm with which he alluded to his own creation.

"I am honored by your approval," said Paolo, laying down his pallet and folding his arms to gaze at the picture—a Cupid and Psyche—with actual rapture.

It was the face of the woman—of the girl, timidly impassioned and tender, filling the air around with beauty—that had struck Clorinda. With golden hair, that waved and shone in the sun; with a white, small, but exquisitely-shaped forehead; with deep blue eyes, fixed with admiring love on the tormenting god; with cheeks on which lay so softly the bloom of health that it seemed ready to fade before the breath from the painting; with a mouth and chin moulded on some perfect Grecian statue, she thought he had never seen any thing so divine.

"Ah!" she said, with a sigh, "you painters are dreadful enemies of woman. Who would look at reality after gazing on this glorious ideal?"

"It *is* reality," replied the painter. "I paint from memory."

"Impossible! You must have combined the beauty of fifty girls in that exquisite creation."

"No!" said the artist, gravely; "that face exists. I saw it in the mountains of Sicily. I have often painted it before: never so successfully.

"I would give the world to gaze on the original," replied Clorinda. "I adore a beautiful woman. It is God's greatest work of art."

"It is, signora," said Paolo; and he turned away to his work.

Women born in the climate of Italy, under her deep blue sky, and in that air that breathes of poetry, painting, music, and love, are not guided by the same impulses and feelings as in our colder and more practical north. Clorinda did not wait for Paolo's admiration; she loved him, and every day added to her passion. His undoubted genius, his intellectual brow, his noble features and mien, had awakened her long pent-up and sleeping affections. She was herself a woman of superior mind, and had reveled in the delights of Petrarch, Dante, Ariosto, and Boccaccio. Now, she felt. How deeply, she alone knew. But Zustana remained obstinately insensible to all her charms: to her friendship, and her condescending tone, as well as to her intellect and beauty. He saw all, save her love, and admired and respected her much. But there was—at all events, at present—no germ of rising passion in his heart.

It was not long before she began to remark his early departure from the palace, his mysterious way of going, and the fact that he never returned until the next day at early dawn, which always now saw him at his labors. The idea at once flashed across her mind that he had found in Venice some person on whom to lavish the riches of his affection, and that he went every evening to plead his passion at her feet. Jealousy took possession of her. She spent a whole night in reflection; she turned over in her mind every supposition; and she rose, feverish and ill. That day, pleading illness, she remained in her room, shut up with her books.

About an hour after dark, Paolo, his hat drawn over his eyes, his cloak wrapped round him, and his mask on, stepped into a gondola which awaited him, and started. Another boat lay on the opposite side of the canal, with curtains closely drawn. Scarcely had the artist's been set in motion than it followed. Paolo, who had never, since his arrival in Venice, been watched or followed, paid no attention to it. The two gondolas then moved side by side without remark, and that of Zustana stopped as usual, allowed the artist to land, and continued on its way. A man, also wrapped in a cloak, masked, and with a hat and plumes, leaped out also from the other gon-

dola, and, creeping close against the wall, followed him. The stranger seemed, by his gazing at the dirty walls and low shops—chiefly old clothes, rag shops, and warehouses devoted to small trades—very much surprised, but, for fear of losing the track of the other, followed closely.

Suddenly Zustana disappeared. The other moved rapidly forward in time to observe that he had entered a dark alley, and was ascending with heavy step a gloomy and winding staircase. The stranger followed cautiously, stepping in time with Paolo, and feeling his way with his hands. Zustana only halted when he reached the summit of the house. He then placed a key in a door—a blaze of light was seen, and he disappeared, locking the door behind him. The man stood irresolute, but only for a moment. The house was built round a square court, like a well: there was a terraced roof. Gliding noiselessly along, the stranger was in the open air; moving along like a midnight-thief he gained a position whence the windows of the rooms entered by Zustana were distinctly visible.

A groan, a sigh from the stranger, who sank behind a kind of pillar, revealed the Countess. The groan, the sigh, was occasioned by the astounding discovery she now made.

The room into which she was looking, was brilliantly lighted up, and beautifully furnished, while beyond—for Clorinda could see as plainly as if she had been in it—was a small bedroom, and near the bed sat an old woman, who was preparing to bring in a child to Zustana. Just withdrawing herself from the embrace of Zustana was a beautiful young girl, simply and elegantly dressed—the original of the Pysche which she had so much admired. Now she understood all; that look, which she had thought the consciousness of his own beautiful creation, was for the beloved original.

The child, a beautiful boy nearly a year old, was brought to Zustana to kiss. Now, all his savageness was gone; now, he stood no longer the artist, the creator, the genius of art; but the man. He smiled, he patted the babe upon the cheek, he let it clutch his fingers with its little hands, he laughed outright a rich, happy, merry, ordinary laugh; and then, turning to the enraptured mother, embraced her once more, and drew her to a table near the opened window.

"What progress to-day?" asked the painter gayly.

"See," replied the young mother, handing him a copy-book, and speaking in the somewhat harsh dialect of a Sicilian peasant girl. "I think, at last, I can write a page pretty well."

"Excellent," continued the painter smiling. "My Eleanora is a perfect little fairy. A prettier handwriting you will not see. I need give no more lessons."

"But the reading," said the young girl, speaking like a timid scholar; "I shall never please you there."

"You always please me," exclaimed Zustana; "but you must get rid of your accent."

"I will try," said Eleanora earnestly, and taking up a book she began to read, with much of the imperfection of a young school-girl, but so eagerly, so prettily, with such an evident desire to please, that, as she concluded her lesson, the artist clasped her warmly to his bosom, and cried with love in his eyes and in his tone, "My wife, how I adore you!"

One summer morning a young man, with a knapsack on his back, a pair of pistols in his belt, a staff to assist him in climbing the hills and mountains, and in crossing the torrents, was standing on the brow of a hill overlooking a small but delicious plain. It was half meadow, half pasture land; here, trees; there, a winding stream, little hillocks, green and grassy plots; beyond, a lofty mountain, on which hung a sombre-tinted pine forest; the whole illumined by the joyous sun of Sicily, which flooded all nature, and spread as it were a violet and metallic vail over her. After gazing nearly half an hour at the delicious landscape, the young man moved slowly down a winding path that led to the river side. Suddenly he heard the tinkling of sheep-bells, the barking of dogs, and looked around to discover whence the sound came. In a small corner of pasture-land, at no great distance from the stream, he saw the flock, and seated beneath the shadow of a huge tree, a young girl.

He advanced at once toward her, not being sure of his way.

She was a young girl of sixteen, the same delicate and exquisite creation which had so struck Clorinda on the canvas, and in the garret of Venice. The eye of the artist was delighted, the heart of the man was filled with emotion. He spoke to her: she answered timidly but sweetly. He forgot his intended question; he alluded to the beautiful country, to the delight of dwelling in such a land, to the pleasures of her calm and placid existence; he asked if he could obtain a room in that neighborhood in which to reside while he took a series of sketches. The girl listened with attention and interest for nearly half an hour, during which time he was using his pencil. She then replied that her father would gladly offer him a shelter in their small house, if he could be satisfied with very humble lodging and very humble fare. The young man accepted with many thanks, and then showed her his sketch-book.

"Holy Virgin!" she cried, as she recognized herself.

"You are pleased," said the artist, smiling.

"Oh! it's beautiful; how can you do that with a pencil? Come quick, and show it to father!"

The young man followed her, as she slowly drove her sheep along, and soon found himself within sight of a small house with a garden, which she announced as her father's. She had the drawing in her hand, looking at it with delight. Unable to restrain her feelings, she ran forward, and, entering the house, disappeared. Zustana—of course it was he—laughed as he picked up the crook of the impetuous young

shepherdess, and, aided by the faithful dog, began driving home the patient animals. In ten minutes Eleanora reappeared, accompanied by her father, her brother and sister: regular Sicilian peasants, without one atom of resemblance to this extraordinary pearl concealed from human eye in the beautiful valley of Arnola. They were all, however, struck by the portrait, and received the artist with rude hospitality.

He took up his residence with them; he sought to please, and he succeeded. After a very few days he became the constant companion of Eleanora. They went out together, he to paint, she to look after her sheep—both to talk. Paolo found her totally uneducated, ignorant of every thing, unable to read or write, and narrow-minded, as all such natures must be. But, there was a foundation of sweetness, and a quickness of intellect, which demonstrated that circumstances alone had made her what she was, and Paolo loved her.

He had been a fortnight at Arnola, and he had made up his mind. One beautiful morning, soon after they had taken up their usual position, he spoke.

"Eleanora, I love you, with a love that is of my life. I adore, I worship you; you are the artist's ideal of loveliness; your soul only wants culture to be as lovely as your body. Will you be my wife? Will you make my home your home, my country your country, my life your life? I am an artist; I battle for my bread, but I am already gaining riches. Speak! Will you be mine?"

"I will," replied the young girl, who had no conception of hiding her feelings of pride and joy.

"But you do not know me. I am jealous and suspicious, I am proud and sensitive. You are beautiful, you are lovely; others will dispute you with me. I would slay the Pope if he sought you; I would kill the Emperor if he offered you a gift. You are a simple peasant girl; those around me might smile at your want of town knowledge; might jeer at you for not having the accomplishments and vices of the town ladies: I should challenge the first who smiled or jeered. You must then, if you can be mine, and will make me happy, live apart from men, for me alone; you must know of no existence but mine; you must abandon all society, all converse with your fellow-creatures. I must be your world, your life, your whole being."

"I will be what pleases you best," said the young girl gently.

"The picture does not alarm you?"

"Will you always love me?" she asked timidly.

"While I live, my art, my idol, my goddess! Eleanora, while I breathe."

"Do with me as you will," replied the young girl.

A month later they were married, her parents being proud indeed of the elevated position to which their daughter attained. They went in the autumn to Rome, where Paolo had prepared for his mysterious existence by means of his faithful and attached nurse. He devoted to her every moment not directed to his art, and at once began her education systematically. He found an apt and earnest scholar, and at the time of which I speak, Eleanora was possessed of all the mental advantages to be derived from constant intercourse with a man of genius.

But Paolo Zustana, out of his home, was a changed and unhappy man; he lived in constant dread of his treasure being discovered; he saw, with secret impatience, the many defects which still existed in his beloved idol; he felt the restraint of confining her always within a suite of rooms; he longed to give her air and space; but he dreaded her being seen by powerful and unscrupulous men; he dreaded ridicule for her peasant origin and imperfect education. Hence the defects in his character.

It was on the afternoon of the next day, and Zustana, who had been giving some finishing touches to the Psyche, was absorbed in its contemplation. He held the brush in his hand, and stood back a little way, examining it with attention.

"It is beautiful! The Countess Clorinda was right," he exclaimed.

"Not nearly so beautiful as the original," replied that lady in a low tone.

"Great Heaven!" cried Paolo, turning round pale and fiercely, to start back in silent amazement.

There was Eleanora, blushing, trembling, timid, hanging a little back, and yet leaning on the arm of the Countess, who smiled a sweet sad smile of triumph.

"Be not angry, Signor Zustana," she said; "it is all my fault. You excited my curiosity relative to the original of this picture. You said it existed. I immediately connected your mysterious absences with something which might explain all. Last night I followed you *home*, I saw this beautiful creature, I understood the motives of her seclusion. This day I went to see her early; I forced my way in. Half by threats, half by coaxing, I extracted the truth from her. Signor Paolo, your conduct is selfish; to save yourself from imaginary evils you condemn this angel to a prison life; you deprive her of air and liberty—the very life of a Sicilian girl; you prevent her from enjoying the manifold blessings which God intended for all; you deprive us of the satisfaction of admiring a face so divine, and a mind so exquisite. But then, you will say, she is beautiful enough to excite love; she is simple enough to excite a smile. Signor Paolo, she is good enough to scorn the first word of lawless passion; she is educated enough to learn every thing that becomes a lady, and befits the wife of a man of genius, if you will but let her mix with the world. You are yourself miserable; your life is a torment. I, the friend, the confidante, the sister of this innocent, good girl, declare to you that you must change your mode of existence."

"Countess, you have conquered," cried Zus-

tana, who guessed the truth, and who intuitively felt that her generous heart would find, in devotion to Eleanora, means of withdrawing her attention from her unfortunate passion. "Do with her as you please. When the Countess Clorinda, only child of my generous patron, calls my wife her sister, my wife is hers for life."

The result was natural. Paolo Zustana ceased to be suspicious and restless. Eleanora was universally admired; and when, ten years later, the artist, after finishing the paintings for the gallery of the Palace Bembo, took up his residence permanently in Venice, his wife had become an accomplished and unaffected lady, capable of holding her position in the elevated circles to which the genius of her husband, and the friendship of Clorinda, established her right to belong. Clorinda remained true to her friendship all her life; delighted and happy at being the ensurer of permanent happiness two loving hearts, which, under the system of suspicion, fear, and seclusion adopted by one of them, must ultimately have been utterly wretched.

No one can be happy and useful in this world, who is not of it. If it were not our duty to be of it, we may be very sure we should not be in it.

BEHIND THE LOUVRE.

"PEOPLE may wish to know why I pull up here, and begin to play the fool. I am a pencil manufacturer; nothing more. I know that my pencils are good: look here! (Exhibits a medal.) This medal was given to me, as the manufacturer of these superlative pencils, by the promoters of the Great Exhibition in London."

With this preliminary address, a very fashionable-looking gentleman, who has drawn up his carriage at the roadside behind the Louvre in Paris, opens an address to a number of persons who begin to gather about him. His equipage is handsome; and people wonder what he means by this curious proceeding. Presently they perceive that in the buggy there is an organ, and that the individual perched behind the gentleman fulfills the double functions of footman and organ-grinder. They perceive also that the servant wears a magnificent livery, part of it consisting of a huge brass helmet, from the summit of which immense tricolor feathers flutter conspicuously in the breeze. The gentleman suddenly rings a bell; and forthwith the footman in the buggy grinds a lively air. The crowd rapidly increases. The gentleman is very grave: he looks quietly at the people about him, and then addresses them a second time, having rung the little bell again to stop his footman's organ: "Now I dare say you wonder what I am going to do. Well, I will begin with the story which led me to this charlatan life—for I am a charlatan—there's no denying it. I was, as you all know, an ordinary pencil merchant; and, although I sold my pencils in the street from my carriage-seat, I was dressed like any of you. Well, one day, when I was selling my pencils at a rapid rate, a low fellow set up his puppet-show close by me—and all my customers rushed away from me. This occurred to me many times. Wherever I drew up my carriage to sell my pencils in a quiet way some charlatan came, and drew all my customers from me. I found that my trade was tapering away to a point as fine as the finest point of my finest pencil; and, as you may imagine, I was not very pleased. But suddenly I thought that if the public taste encourages charlatans, and if I am to secure the patronage of that public, I too must become a charlatan. And here I am—a charlatan from the tips of my hair to the heel of my boot, selling excellent pencils for forty centimes each, as you shall presently see."

This second speech concluded in the most serious manner, the gentleman produces from the carriage-seat a splendid coat embroidered with gold: this he puts on with the utmost gravity—then turns to the crowd to watch its effect upon them. Then he takes his hat off, picks up a huge brass helmet from the bottom of the carriage, and tries it on. Again he looks gravely at the crowd, suddenly removes the helmet, and places, singly, three plumes representing the national tricolor, watching the effect upon the spectators, as he adds each feather. Having surveyed the general effect of the helmet thus decorated, he again puts it on; and, turning now full upon the crowd, folds his arms and looks steadfastly before him. After a pause, he rings his little bell, and the plumed organist behind him plays a soft and soothing air. To this tune he again speaks:

"Well, here I am: as you see, a charlatan. I have done this to please you: you mustn't blame me. As I told you, I am the well-known manufacturer of pencils. They are cheap and they are good, as I shall presently show you. Look here—I have a portfolio!"

The gentleman then lifts a large portfolio or book—opens it, and exhibits to the crowd three or four rough caricatures. He presently pretends to perceive doubts floating about as to the capability of his pencils to produce such splendid pictures. Suddenly he snatches up one of them, brandishes it in the air—turns over the leaves of the book—finds a blank page—then places himself in an attitude to indicate intense thought. He frowns; he throws up his eyes; he taps the pencil impatiently against his chin; he traces imaginary lines in the air; he stands for some seconds with upturned face, rapt—waiting, in fact, to be inspired. Suddenly he is struck by an irresistible and overpowering thought, and begins to draw the rough outlines of a sketch. He proceeds with his work in the most earnest manner. No spectator can detect a smile upon that serious face. Now he holds the book far away from him, to catch the general effect, marks little errors here and there; then sets vigorously to work again. At last the great conception is upon the paper. He turns it most seriously, and with the air of a man doing a very great favor, to the crowd. The picture produces a burst of laughter. The pencil manufacturer does not laugh, but continues solemnly, to the sounds of his organ in the buggy, to exhibit his production.

Presently, however, he closes the book with the appearance of a man who is satiated with the applauses of the world. A moment afterward he opens it a second time; puts the point of the pencil to his tongue, and looks eagerly at the people. He is selecting some individual, sufficiently eccentric and sufficiently prominent to be recognized by the general assembly when sketched. He has caught sight of one at last. He looks at him intensely, to the irrepressible amusement of the spectators, who all follow his eyes with theirs. The individual selected generally smiles, and bears his public position very calmly.

"For Mercy's sake, do not stir!" the artist fervently ejaculates, as he sets vigorously to work. This proceeding, in the open street, conducted with the utmost gravity, and with the most finished acting, is irresistibly ludicrous. As the portrait advances toward completion, the organ plays a triumphant melody. In five minutes a rough and bold sketch has been produced, resembling only in the faintest manner the original, yet sufficiently like him to be recognized, and to create amusement. As the artist holds up the portrait, to be seen by the crowd, he again rings his little bell to silence his musical attendant in the buggy.

And now he dwells emphatically upon the virtues of his pencils. He declares that they are at once black and hard. He pretends, once more, to detect an air of incredulity in the crowd. He is indignant. He seizes a block of oak—informs his imaginary detractors that it is the hardest known wood—and, with a hammer, drives the point of one of his pencils through it. The wood is split, the pencil is not injured: and he tells his imaginary detractors that even if they are not in the habit of using pencils for art, they are at liberty to split wood with them for winter firing. All they have to do is to buy them. This is of course a very popular point in the performances. The next is the display, to the melancholy grind of the organ in the buggy, of a huge box full of silver money.

This box is opened and exhibited to the crowd as the astonishing result of these wonderful pencils. And then the charlatan goes through all that pantomime which usually describes a man utterly tired of all the enjoyments wealth can give him. He seizes a handful of the money, and then lazily drops it into the box. He throws himself back and pushes the box from him, to indicate that he is tired of riches. At last he jumps up, and, seizing a five-franc piece, raises his arm to throw it among the spectators: but he is prevented, apparently, by a sudden impulse.

"Once," he explains, "I threw a five-franc piece in the midst of my customers, when it unfortunately struck a man in the eye. That accident gave me a lesson which I should do wrong to forget to-day."

So he closes the box, throws it to the bottom of the carriage, and calls upon the crowd to become purchasers of pencils, which will never break, and which are patronized by the most distinguished artists. The droll thing about this performance is that the pencils sold really are good, and that they actually did obtain honorable mention from the English Exhibition Committee in eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

The crowd having decided to purchase or to reject the merchandise of this extraordinary pencil manufacturer, are soon drawn away to the occupant of another elegant carriage. Truly, this little licensed space at the back of the Louvre presents odd pictures to strangers.

This is a serious business. The crowd are listening to a lecture on teeth, and on the virtue of certain drugs for the teeth, the composition of which the lecturer alone knows the secret of—a secret that has been rigidly handed down in his family from the time of the ancient Gauls. He is a well-known dentist in Paris, and is in partnership with his father. The senior dentist remains at home to perform operations of dental surgery which are the result of the remarkable advertising system pursued by the young man in the carriage. The business, I am led to believe, is a most flourishing one in the cité; and, when the father was young, he himself was *his* father's advertiser.

The scientific gentleman now haranguing the crowd is certainly the worthy representative of his parent. It is reported indeed that the man is a skillful dentist. At the present moment he offers to prove his dexterity upon any individual present who may be troubled by a refractory tooth. He looks about eagerly for a patient. Presently a boy is thrust forward to be operated upon. The poor little fellow is rapidly hoisted into the vehicle. To suffer the extraction of a tooth in an elegant drawing-room, or in the privacy of a fashionable dentist's apartment, is not a pleasant operation, even for a man with the strongest nerve; but to have a singularly happy illustration of the ills to which teeth are subject, drawn from your head, and exhibited to a crowd of curious strangers, is an ordeal from which all people, save philosophers and small French boys, would shrink with horror. The little victim, however, does not seem to be ashamed of his public position. He seats himself in the presence of the crowd, and allows the operator to fasten a towel about his neck, without displaying the least nervousness. The business-like manner of the operator is very amusing. He looks upon the boy only as a model. When the patient is fully prepared, he displays him to the crowd with much the same expression as that adopted by all parental exhibitors of wonderful little children. The operation is then performed, and the boy's head is rapidly buried in a convenient basin. This accomplished, the dentist, with an air of triumph, begins to sell his tooth-powders, and other toilet necessaries, and to refer the crowd to his father's establishment.

We pass the conjuror as an old and well-known friend, to enjoy the performances of the sergeant of the old guard. This sergeant is represented by an old, care-worn looking poodle—a poodle that appears to be utterly tired of the world—to have exhausted all the enjoyments of

two ordinary poodles' lives, and to take good and evil fortune now with equal calmness. This canine representation of the old guard is dressed—so far as his poodle's proportions can be adapted to those of the human form—in the regimentals of the old Imperial soldiers, and his long gray mustaches and shaggy beard give to his head an appearance not altogether dissimilar to his assumed character. He stands upon his hind legs; he carries his musket with military precision; his most conspicuous fault, which he seems to have abandoned as quite insurmountable, is his tail. True it is a very little tail, but there it is, and he can not help it. His master, or superior officer, is an old man, with silver hair, enjoying the advantages of a singularly even pair of silver mustaches. The master and the subaltern appear to have a family likeness. The master is dressed in a blue blouse and wide trowsers, and wears a low, half-military cap. In his hand he carries a little drum and a whip.

The poor old guard as he walks round the circle formed by the people, to the time of the drum, looks wistfully at his officer, and sadly at his officer's whip. To describe the military movements through which the old guard passes would be as tedious to the reader as they are certainly tedious to the poodle; but the officer is really impressive. He is a serious old man, with a military severity in his look. He talks to the poodle in a voice of thunder, and comments on the slightest laxity of discipline with tremendous earnestness. He reminds the old sergeant (who absolutely looks conscious of his disgrace) that he is an unworthy representative of the Emperor's noble veterans. He tells him that he has twice been fined for drunkenness, and that he spends every sous he gets in Cognac. The sergeant looks very much ashamed. And then the anger of his officer rises to a terrific pitch. The end of the matter is, that the sergeant goes through all the forms of a military trial, and is condemned to be shot. The severe old gentleman then solemnly beats his drum, and with a mournful look, places the condemned soldier in the position he is to occupy while his sentence is carried out. The poodle, with a hang-dog look, then suffers his master to fire a percussion cap at him, and falls dead. But the business does not end here. The old man proceeds with the utmost gravity to bury the sergeant with military honors. Aided by a little boy, he carries the defunct slowly round the circle, and then sings a dirge over his grave.

After the funeral, the dog wakes to a lively air, and performs a country dance with his serious old master. The animal is a character, but his master is a study. His age, his dignified manner, the imperturbable seriousness with which he goes through the military forms, the well-acted pathos with which he pronounces the old sergeant's sentence, the severity with which he rebukes any levity in the people, and the insensibility to ridicule with which he dances the country dance, are perfect in themselves. And, as he talks to the dog, his ingenuity in carrying round his discourse to money matters, and to the duty which his spectators owe to themselves not to forget the little ceremony of throwing a few centimes into the arena, is a matter which gives zest to the performance. He never appeals directly to the people—he seldom recognizes them in any way; he talks *at* them in an incidental way, to the old sergeant.

Another public exhibitor claims popular attention behind the Louvre. He is said to share a goodly proportion of Parisian patronage, and to be rewarded with an indefinite number of centimes. His performance is at once rapid and astonishing.

All he does is to break a huge stone—to crumble it up into small pieces. He begins by declaring to the crowd that this process may be performed by a blow of the hand. He lets the crowd examine the stone he is about to crush with a blow of his mighty arm; all are satisfied that it is a solid mass. He places it upon another stone, and, with one blow with his naked hand, shatters it to atoms. This performance is, of course, both rapid and astonishing; and sagacious men have endeavored to account for it by explaining that the underneath stone is so arranged that the whole force of the blow falls upon one point, and so acts like a sharp instrument—a pickax, for instance. This may be the right or it may be a wrong interpretation of the performance; but that it is a legitimate thing—that there is no cheat about it—I am well assured.

I might linger here to watch other performances of this class; but my attention is drawn to a gentleman dressed quietly and well, who has just taken his hat off, and is bowing to us from the high curb-stone. His expression is serious, even sad. He has an intellectual face, a high forehead, a thoughtful look. People flock about him very fast; evidently he has something to say. He has a bundle of papers under one arm. He remains, while a crowd gathers, looking sadly round, and still holding his hat respectfully in his hand. Presently he murmurs a few words; and, by degrees, bursts into an oratorical display, at once dramatic and effective. He is a poet. He felt the soul of poetry within him when he was an obscure boy in his native village. He longed to be known—to catch the applauses of the world. At last he resolved to travel to Paris; Paris, where generous sentiments were always welcomed; Paris, the natural home of the poet. Full of youthful hope, he presented himself to a publisher, offering his poems. The reply he obtained was, that he was unknown. He went to a second publisher, to a third, to a fourth; all were polite to him, but all rejected his works. He was in despair. Was he, with the soul of poesy burning within him, to starve in Paris, the cradle of poesy? He was tempted often in that dark time to sully the purity of his muse. But he said, no; he might be poor, but he would be without stain. At last he was compelled to write songs for obscure cafés chantants; but he should be unworthy to address that assembly could he not assure them that all these songs breathed a high moral purpose. Well, one of these songs

became last year the rage—thousands of copies were sold. And what did the author get for that most popular production? Here the orator pauses, and looks sternly about him. Presently he raises his arm, and, shaking it in the air, shouts, with the countenance of a roused fiend, "Trois francs!"

After this burst, he proceeds, in a subdued voice, to describe his struggle. How he resolved to fight his hard battle bravely; and how, at last, stung by the neglect of publishers, he resolved to place himself in the streets, face to face with the Paris public. He knew that they reverenced poets. He believed that, while his muse was pure, he might appeal to them with confidence. They may judge by his language that he is no common impostor; and he confidently believes that the time will come when it will be a popular wonder that the known man once in that way sought a public in the streets of Paris. To that time he looks courageously forward; and only asks his audience to buy a number of his works which he has under his arm, and which may be had for three sous each, in confirmation of all he has said. And, forthwith, the poet bows to the crowd, who press about him to buy his works.

This last exhibition behind the Louvre sent me away, thinking seriously of the strange things to be seen in the by-ways of Paris, where few strangers penetrate. Indeed, these licensed street performers form a class peculiar to the French capital. Their ingenuity is as extraordinary as their knowledge of French taste and sentiment is truthful. From the prosperous pencil manufacturer down to the old man who carries a magic-lantern about the neighborhood of the Luxembourg every night, for hire, all the people who get their living in the streets of this giddy place are worth loitering in a by-way to see and to hear.

CONFESSION; OR, THE LAW OF ACOUSTICS.

THE preparations had been made for a grand festival in the Church of the Magdalen, at Girgenti, and, according to the usage on such occasions, the whole interior was decorated with flowers and tapestry. The workmen had quitted the sacred edifice in a body at mid-day; and throughout reigned that solemn and peculiar stillness which, in the temples of the Catholic faith, is felt to exercise an influence the most edifying and sublime.

Two gentlemen paced to and fro in the long aisle which skirts the north side of the building; they were conversing in subdued tones, and seemed to regard the cool, shady church as being well adapted for the purposes of a public promenade. One of them, who might be of the age of about fifty, was of robust frame, tall, and strongly built, with a countenance thoughtful and somewhat stern, but in which no single passion seemed to have left a trace. The other, of slender figure, and in the first bloom of manhood, whose handsome features were characterized by an expression the most intellectual and refined, turned his dark and almost feminine eyes with an earnest glance in every direction, as if he had something of especial interest to communicate. It was the architect who had designed and superintended the decorations for the *fête* of the ensuing day. He had but recently completed his studies at Rome. His name was Giulio Balzetti. On a sudden the younger man stood still. "Marquis," he said, in that confidential tone which is used in addressing a person with whom one is in habits of daily intercourse—"I will impart to you—half in jest—a secret which, I believe, is known to no human being except myself. You have perhaps heard of the strange tricks which are sometimes played upon builders by that law of nature which regulates the transmission of sounds, and which modern science has denominated 'Acoustics'—played upon us, indeed, when we have the least reason to expect or deserve them. Through an every-day occurrence—by the merest accident—I was lately made acquainted with the singular fact that from this spot, on the very slab of white marble on which we are standing, the slightest whisper at the other extremity of the aisle—I mean in the last of the confessional boxes which you see—is distinctly audible, though a person stationed on any other part of the intervening ground—how near soever to the place whence the sounds proceeded—would not be able to catch a single word. Remain where you are for a few minutes, while I proceed to the confessional which I have indicated—and you will indeed be wonder-struck by this extraordinary freak of Nature."

The architect hastened away; but he had not proceeded many paces, when the Marquis heard a significant whisper—the purport of which sufficed in an instant to agitate his whole frame with the most fearful emotions. He stood transfixed to the ground, as though he had been touched by a wand of enchantment—his features pale and rigid as the marble; while the extreme of attentiveness portrayed in his ordinarily tranquil visage betokened that some tidings of awful import were falling upon his ears. He moved not a limb; he scarcely breathed—he was like one standing on the brink of a precipice, in all the horror of an impending fall into the abyss—and his rolling eyeballs and visibly throbbing heart were the only signs of existence.

Balzetti was now seen returning. "The experiment can not be tried at present," he said, with a smile, before he had rejoined his companion. "The confessional is at this moment occupied, and as far as I could observe, by a lady closely vailed;—but, gracious heavens—Marquis—what has come over you on a sudden?"

The Marquis pressed one finger upon his lips, in the manner usual with Italians, and continued in the same unmovable position. At the end of a few minutes he drew a deep sigh—the statue then became instinct with life, and stepped forth from the magic circle.

"It is nothing, my dear Giulio," he said, in his usual familiar tone. "Above all things do not imagine that I am superstitious; but, to speak candidly, the surprising and mysterious nature

of your communication has affected me in a way I can not explain. Let us be gone. I shall soon recover myself in the open air." As he spoke, he took the arm of Balzetti familiarly, and accompanied him beyond the city gate to the public walk, when, after a few turns, the two gentlemen separated.

"We shall see you to-morrow, after the ceremony, at the villa," said the nobleman. "Farewell."

* * * * *

At an early hour on the following morning the Marquis opened the door of the ante-chamber of his wife's apartment. At the same moment the *femme-de-chambre*, her looks betraying the utmost astonishment and alarm, entered the room by a door on the opposite side.

"Has your lady rung the bell?" asked the Marquis.

"Not yet, your Excellency," answered the girl, curtseying and blushing deeply.

"Then wait here until you are summoned," returned the Marquis, opening the door which led from the dressing-room into the bedchamber. He was on the point of stepping within the latter, when his young and beautiful wife stood before him in a morning robe, hastily thrown on, as she had risen from her bed. The Marquis paused—it might be in a momentary resistless transport of admiration of her charms; but without betokening the least observation of her uneasiness—of the inward tempest which had already chased the color from her cheek, and was yet more sensibly manifested as her bosom began to heave tumultuously beneath the snowy night-dress.

"You are up unusually early this morning, Antonio," she said, in a voice scarcely audible, and with a faint smile, blushing significantly at the same moment.

"Can you wonder, Lauretta, my heart's treasure," said the Marquis, in the most endearing tones, "can you wonder that I seek your presence early and late? And yet, my beloved, the present visit has an additional object. You are aware that this is the *fête* of the Holy Magdalen, and that a grand ceremony will be solemnized in honor of the day. It has occurred to me that I might prepare myself for my devotions by the contemplation of that exquisite Magdalen of Guido which hangs in your chamber. May I venture?" he continued, with the extreme of deference in his manner, approaching the door slowly but with determination, as he spoke.

"All is in disorder within," said the young wife, casting a hurried glance through the half-open door: "but go in for a few moments; I will meanwhile begin to dress in this room."

"How beautiful!" he exclaimed, in a voice of simulated rapture. "How bewitching is this disarray! These robes carelessly scattered about—these tiny slippers that protect and grace the most delicate of feet! There is a balminess in the air—something celestial and ecstatic. The spirit of poetry breathes around me."

He fixed a scrutinizing glance on the bed, the silken coverlet of which appeared to have been taken up and then carefully spread out, while underneath he could discern the contour of a human figure, which, to be as little observable as possible, was stretched at full length.

"I will sit down for a short time," said the Marquis, in a tone the most gentle and composed, "and feast my eyes at my leisure on this master-piece of genius."

As he uttered these words he took the large white pillow, profusely trimmed with Brussels lace, and deliberately placed it on the part of the bed on which he judged that the head of the intruder must be resting—then flung himself upon it with the whole weight of his stalwart frame, pressing at the same time with his right hand and with his utmost strength on the breast of the concealed author of his dishonor. Without seeming to be in the least degree aware of the convulsive death-struggles of his victim, the Marquis proceeded in unfaltering tones:

"How absolutely perfect is this work of art! With what a chaste and dignified reserve the lovely penitent is striving to conceal her bosom and snowy neck with her finely-moulded arms and long auburn tresses; while, with a tearful glance of pious remorse, she gazes upward to the throne of mercy and forgiveness! One almost becomes a poet in the contemplation of such a master-piece! Alas! that I am without the gift of the Improvisatore! Lauretta, as I know not how to poetize on this inspiring theme, I will relate to you an incident which occurred yesterday. Our young friend, Giulio Balzetti, accompanied me to the Church of La Maddalena, and as we were promenading in one of the aisles he made me remark a particular point of the floor, on which he requested that I would stand still, for from that spot, he said, I should distinctly hear a whisper uttered at the remotest part of the building. And, indeed, so it was! At the other point stands the confessional box, Number 6. I had scarcely stationed myself on the slab of marble which he had indicated to me, when I heard a whisper of angelic sweetness—*whose* whispered voice is known to Heaven above!—heard the fair penitent unbosom herself to the father confessor of her heart's pain and her little venial sins.

"'She had a husband,' she said, 'whom she loved; yes, and he loved her in return—he was so kind to her—he allowed to her the utmost liberty—in short, she was disposed to do him justice—she would requite his affection as far as lay in her power—God help her! but, the truth must be declared, she loved *another*.' She did not mention his name; it would have amused me to hear it—some one of our handsome young cavaliers, no doubt. Well—she loved *another*—'It was impossible to do less,' she said; 'but she had room in her heart, she *believed*, for her husband besides. He was so noble of soul—so intellectual and refined—so handsome—she meant the *other*—so worthy to be loved. Then, he pressed his suit with such a passionate ardor. No! it was impossible to deny him any thing. Besides, if her husband should know no-

thing about the matter, what harm was done? And if he chanced to discover the secret, surely he would forgive her—forgive and love her still, if his affection was sincere,' and more to that effect. She further related that she had consented to meet him at an early hour the next morning (perhaps, at this very moment, his happiness is complete!) and, for his peace and her own, to grant him all! Afterward, she thought (do you hear me, Lauretta!) *afterward*, this affair du cœur would soon be at an end. (This is what the French ladies call 'passer les caprices!') In conclusion, she timidly begged for—absolution—*beforehand!* It would be so comforting!—and she obtained it from the holy man! How has this little history pleased you, my love?" continued the Marquis, raising himself from his horrible seat, on which no sign of motion was discernible.

"Of a truth," he proceeded in a sportive tone, "our reverend pastors are somewhat too indulgent to the tender passion. I speak of the greater number of them. No doubt our excellent old friend and spiritual counselor, Father Gregorio, would have taken a fair lady to task in a different way; if *you*, for example, Lauretta, had"—As he spoke, he slowly returned the pillow to its place, and dashed aside the coverlet. Before him lay the architect, Giulio Balzetti! He had ceased to breathe.

"Have you been lately to confession, Laura?" asked the Marquis.

"There, you have pins in your mouth, though I have so often warned you against the practice. Tell me, is it long since you were at confession?" he proceeded, in a somewhat louder tone.

"Not long," returned his wife, with almost stifled accents.

"Apropos," resumed the Marquis, again hiding the hard and frightfully distorted features with the counterpane, "we are to go together to the grand ceremony at the Church of the Holy Magdalen. Precisely at twelve the procession will commence, and I must take my place at that hour. I can delay no longer."

He stepped into the dressing-room. His wife sat reclined in a large arm-chair, her luxuriant raven locks hanging in wild disorder about her neck. A death-like paleness overspread her cheeks and forehead; and both hands rested on her knees.

"What ails thee, my child?" said the Marquis, with an air of deep concern, and with unaltered cordiality of tone. "You have risen too early this morning, and it must be fatiguing to make your toilette without assistance. Has not Rebecca been summoned? Shall I ring for her?"

He touched the bell-string; then, approaching his wife, imprinted a kiss on her forehead, and left the room.

* * * * *

At mid-day, while all the bells of the city were chiming together in a festive discordance, the magnificent state-carriage of the Marquis, drawn by four horses, richly caparisoned, drove through the arched gateway of the palace, where a troop of bedizened pages, lacqueys, chasseurs, and running footmen awaited the arrival of the lord and lady.

But a short interval had elapsed when the Marquis, attired in a magnificent court-suit—the star of knighthood glittering on his breast—was seen descending the broad marble staircase. In one hand he carried his hat; with the other he led, with a ceremonious courtesy, his young, beautiful, and almost unconscious wife. Her face was of the hue of death—stone-cold and rigid as the statues past which she glided with a spirit-like motion. *His* countenance was lit up with unwonted animation; his eye sparkled with a peculiar brightness.

The attendants flew to their several posts—the carriage emerged from the court-yard, and moved at a slow pace through the crowded streets and squares; while not a few passers-by, as they stood still to contemplate the passage of the noble pair, exclaimed involuntarily, "There goes a loving couple!"

The absence of Balzetti was the subject of general remark at the church.

No one suspected that on the day of the *fête*, to which his presiding genius had imparted the chief *eclât*, the artist lay cold and stiff in death, with livid and frightfully distorted visage, amid a confused heap of robes, laces, slippers, and band-boxes, on the floor of a lady's dressing-room; or that his body was transported at midnight, on the back of a mule, by a confidential servant of the Marchioness, to a neighboring gorge of the mountain, and hurled from the precipice into the torrent beneath.

A convent of the Magdalen was endowed with a considerable sum for masses for the repose of his soul.

Don Gregorio, the popular father-confessor of the aristocratic world, was missing soon afterward; but he was allowed to pine away the remainder of his days in a subterranean dungeon of a monastery of Camaldolese, whither he had been conveyed by the influence of the Marquis.

As may be surmised, the confessional box, No. 6, was removed from its place.

The Marquis never once alluded to the foregoing transaction in the presence of his wife. In society, and at home, he continued to deport himself toward her with the most perfect courtesy; at times, indeed, with a tenderness altogether foreign from his character. Within her chamber he never again set foot.

MORE FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

LET a man roll a little air in his mouth, and what is that? Let Napoleon twist it between his lips and all the world is at war—give it to Fénélon and he shall so manage it with his tongue that there shall be every where peace. It is but a little agitated air that sets mankind in motion. If we could live without air we could not talk, sing, or hear any sounds without it. There would be a blazing sun in a black sky—sunshine mingled with thick darkness, and there

would be every where an awful silence. There is less air in the upper than in the lower regions of the atmosphere; the bottom crust of air is, of course, densest. Saussure fired a pistol on the summit of Mont Blanc, and the report was like the snapping of a stick. There is a well at Fulda three hundred palms deep; throw a stone down it, and the noise it makes in its descent will be like the firing of a park of cannon. It goes down among dense air, and also it reverberates. When a man speaks he strikes air with his throat and mouth as a stone strikes water, and from his tongue, as from the stone, spread undulating circles with immense rapidity. Those circles may be checked and beaten back in their course, as it is with the waves of sound made by the stone tumbling down a well, beaten back and curiously multiplied. At the Castle of Simonetti, near Milan, one low note of music will beget a concert, for the note is echoed to and fro by the great wings of the building that reflect and multiply a sound just as two mirrors reflect and multiply a lighted candle. Sound is, in fact, reflected just as light is, and may be brought quite in the same way to a focus. A word spoken in the focus of one ellipse will be heard in the focus of an opposite ellipse hundreds of yards away. Such a principle was illustrated oddly in the great church of Agrigentum in Sicily. The architect—perhaps intentionally—built several confessionals of an elliptic form, with corresponding opposite ellipses, in which whoever stood heard all the secrets whispered to the priest. A horrible amount of scandal sprang up in the town; nobody's sins were safe from getting into unaccountable publicity. Intriguing ladies changed their lovers and their priests. It was in vain; their misdeeds still remained town property. The church soon became such a temple of truth that nothing was left to be hidden in it, but at last by chance a discovery was made of the character of the tale-telling stones, and the walls had their ears stopped.

From the sounds that travel through the air, we will turn once more to the substances, the birds, and say a word or two of them: regarding them especially as travelers, by whom oceans are crossed and countries traversed. The migration of birds used to be denied, or sometimes it was asserted that they did not migrate but wintered with the fishes at the bottom of lakes and rivers. Dr. Mather taught that they flew to an undiscovered satellite, a little moon that had escaped observation, but was at no very great distance from the earth. The fact of their migration is now not only established but so very notorious in almost all its details that little need be here said about it. Only we must remark upon the marvelousness of the fact that every bird knows when to go abroad, and times its departure not to an exact date but to the exact and fit time every season. Birds arrive in their foreign haunts just when the fruits are ripe on which they go to feed, or which they are sent to protect by the suppression of any too great ravages from insects. How does the loriot, resident near Paris, know every year precisely on what day there will be the first ripe figs in islands of the Southern Archipelago? He is never—no migratory bird ever is—cheated of his dues by a late season. If the season be late he arrives late. How can a bird know, hundreds of miles away, what sort of weather there will be in Greece, in Egypt, or in England? Eastern nations that observed this close agreement between the movements of birds and the appearance of insects or of fruits, observed or invented sometimes a like concord between birds and flowers. When the nightingales appear, it is said, in certain parts of India, the roses burst spontaneously into blossom.

Then there are other things that travel through the air, of man's invention, simple applications to use—or to no use—of the powers of nature, balloons. There were balloons before Mongolfier. The Father Menestrier, a historian of Lyons, relates that at the end of the reign of Charlemagne there fell in that town a balloon with several people. The skymen were surrounded by the town's-people, who took them for magicians sent to devastate the land by Grimwald, Duke of Benevento, and they were only saved from destruction by the interference of the learned and enlightened bishop Agoberd. Father Kircher also tells how, long ago, some Jesuits imprisoned among Indians tried in vain by various ways to recover liberty, and at last one of them, who was free, constructed a big dragon of paper. He then went to the barbarians and told them that they were menaced by the wrath of Heaven with great evils, which they could avert only by the liberation of his countrymen. The savages laughed. The priest then went to his dragon, and having suspended in the midst of it a composition of pitch, wax, and sulphur, fastened behind it a portentous tail, and sent the beast up into the clouds, where it appeared to vomit fire. There was written on it, in the language of the country, "The wrath of God is about to fall on you!" The barbarians in great terror ran to free the Jesuits. Soon afterward, the paper having caught fire, the dragon fluttered, struggled, and disappeared in flame, and the barbarians took its withdrawal for a sign of the divine approval of their conduct.

Let us turn our faces now to the great fire dragon of the sky, the sun. Every one knows that there are spots upon its face. Leibnitz, writing in a courtly way for the edification of an old-world Queen of Prussia, called them beauty-spots, giving them out for a sublime justification of the use of patches. The sun is a long way off, its light is eight minutes on the road before it reaches us, although light travels with amazing speed. A cannon-ball, if it could be fired up at the sun, its speed never diminishing, would about hit its mark at the end of eighteen years. Yet, though the sun is so distant, and light travels so far in eight minutes, there are other stars so distant that their light is six years on the journey to our eyes. Let such a star be now annihilated, and for six years we shall still

see it. The light of other stars that make a mist before our telescopes comes from so far away that it has been traveling even for two millions of years before it reached the point in space that this our world (as we call it) occupies.

We might see more or less with other senses. The eagle has a telescopic eye, sunk in its orbit as within a tube, and possibly the eagle sees the moons of Saturn glittering, has long since known that in our moon there are mountains and valleys, and had at a very remote period of our history discovered more stars than Herschell, or Adams, or Hind.

There are stars upon earth apart from the opera—fire-flies and luminous insects. An old traveler tells a pretty story about them. He says that on the coast of Guinea he used to see the blacks preparing to go out to fish soon after sunset. The young girls were the fishers, who pushed out to sea in boats and made long tracks of light on the phosphorescent water. They seemed to be at work in fire where they were stirring about with fish baskets, seizing fishes and detaching shells from rocks. After a time they returned singing, wet from their task, and their whole persons covered with living fire. They brought with them gigantic crabs and frightful rays, and thousands of shells all glittering with light, which they poured out upon the grass, and then often they would dance, naked savages as they were, about their huts, and look like fairies, or fire-spirits.

Now that we are by the sea, we will abide upon it. What if there were no waves nor tides, nor currents in the ocean? What if it were not salt? To take only one consideration. What if it were possible for the sea to become frozen over like the Serpentine? Put upon a short allowance of vapor, when all the summer supply had been duly condensed and discharged in rain, we should have dry winters and springs, we should want clouds, want rain, want water-springs and water. The sand islands and marshes, and the many diverging channels, naturally formed as a delta at the mouth of most great rivers, are very ugly; but they are formed naturally, and, like all things in nature, have their use. We may say that they exist where it is geographically inevitable that they should exist, but He who made alike the laws and the things under the laws, so made them, that whatever accident may arise from their working, whatever secondary or other combinations they may run into, every thing has more than one use for good. Where we see no use the fault is in our ignorance; for we have millions of years of work to do, before we can say that we have turned out all the knowledge that is locked up in this little cabinet we call our world. The marshes and low islands at a river's mouth serve, we may say, as breakwaters for the protection of the inner country.

When we feel inclined to pride ourselves on our great wisdom, let us think how very little they appeared to know of nature who lived in the world before us, and feel that the very rapidity with which new information is now pouring in will in the end tell of our ignorance more tales than of our wisdom, since it will cause us also hereafter to appear marvelously short-sighted in the eyes of those by whom our places will be taken. The tides to which we have been just referring, Kepler took for the respirations of the earth, which he regarded as a living animal, and Blackmore attributed the eruptions of Mount Etna to fits of colic. We have pushed out into somewhat deeper soundings, but they still will deepen as we go, and of the sea of knowledge we may say too, as of the salt water sea, that there are parts of it which no man may ever expect to fathom.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING AND RICH MAN'S CRUMBS.

PICTURE FIRST.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.

"YOU see," said poet Blandmour, enthusiastically—as some forty years ago we walked along the road in a soft, moist snow-fall, toward the end of March—"you see, my friend, that the blessed almoner, Nature, is in all things beneficent; and not only so, but considerate in her charities, as any discreet human philanthropist might be. This snow, now, which seems so unseasonable, is in fact just what a poor husbandman needs. Rightly is this soft March snow, falling just before seed-time, rightly is it called 'Poor Man's Manure.' Distilling from kind heaven upon the soil, by a gentle penetration it nourishes every clod, ridge, and furrow. To the poor farmer it is as good as the rich farmer's farm-yard enrichments. And the poor man has no trouble to spread it, while the rich man has to spread his."

"Perhaps so," said I, without equal enthusiasm, brushing some of the damp flakes from my chest. "It may be as you say, dear Blandmour. But tell me, how is it that the wind drives yonder drifts of 'Poor Man's Manure' off poor Coulter's two-acre patch here, and piles it up yonder on rich Squire Teamster's twenty-acre field?"

"Ah! to be sure—yes—well; Coulter's field, I suppose, is sufficiently moist without further moistenings. Enough is as good as a feast, you know."

"Yes," replied I, "of this sort of damp fare," shaking another shower of the damp flakes from my person. "But tell me, this warm spring-snow may answer very well, as you say; but how is it with the cold snows of the long, long winters here?"

"Why, do you not remember the words of the Psalmist?—'The Lord giveth snow like wool;' meaning not only that snow is white as wool, but warm, too, as wool. For the only reason, as I take it, that wool is comfortable, is because air is entangled, and therefore warmed among its fibres. Just so, then, take the temperature of a December field when covered with this snow-fleece, and you will no doubt find it several de-

grees above that of the air. So, you see, the winter's snow *itself* is beneficent; under the pretense of frost—a sort of gruff philanthropist—actually warming the earth, which afterward is to be fertilizingly moistened by these gentle flakes of March."

"I like to hear you talk, dear Blandmour; and, guided by your benevolent heart, can only wish to poor Coulter plenty of this 'Poor Man's Manure.'"

"But that is not all," said Blandmour, eagerly. "Did you never hear of the 'Poor Man's Eye-water?'"

"Never."

"Take this soft March snow, melt it, and bottle it. It keeps pure as alcohol. The very best thing in the world for weak eyes. I have a whole demijohn of it myself. But the poorest man, afflicted in his eyes, can freely help himself to this same all-bountiful remedy. Now, what a kind provision is that!"

"Then 'Poor Man's Manure' is 'Poor Man's Eye-water' too?"

"Exactly. And what could be more economically contrived? One thing answering two ends—ends so very distinct."

"Very distinct, indeed."

"Ah! that is your way. Making sport of earnest. But never mind. We have been talking of snow; but common rain-water—such as falls all the year round—is still more kindly. Not to speak of its known fertilizing quality as to fields, consider it in one of its minor lights. Pray, did you ever hear of a 'Poor Man's Egg?'"

"Never. What is that, now?"

"Why, in making some culinary preparations of meal and flour, where eggs are recommended in the receipt-book, a substitute for the eggs may be had in a cup of cold rain-water, which acts as leaven. And so a cup of cold rain-water thus used is called by housewives a 'Poor Man's Egg.' And many rich men's housekeepers sometimes use it."

"But only when they are out of hen's eggs, I presume, dear Blandmour. But your talk is—I sincerely say it—most agreeable to me. Talk on."

"Then there's 'Poor Man's Plaster' for wounds and other bodily harms; an alleviative and curative, compounded of simple, natural things; and so, being very cheap, is accessible to the poorest of sufferers. Rich men often use 'Poor Man's Plaster.'"

"But not without the judicious advice of a fee'd physician, dear Blandmour."

"Doubtless, they first consult the physician; but that may be an unnecessary precaution."

"Perhaps so. I do not gainsay it. Go on."

"Well, then, did you ever eat of a 'Poor Man's Pudding?'"

"I never so much as heard of it before."

"Indeed! Well, now you shall eat of one; and you shall eat it, too, as made, unprompted, by a poor man's wife, and you shall eat it at a poor man's table, and in a poor man's house. Come now, and if after this eating, you do not say that a 'Poor Man's Pudding' is as relishable as a rich man's, I will give up the point altogether; which briefly is: that, through kind Nature, the poor, out of their very poverty, extract comfort."

Not to narrate any more of our conversations upon this subject (for we had several—I being at that time the guest of Blandmour in the country, for the benefit of my health), suffice it that, acting upon Blandmour's hint, I introduced myself into Coulter's house on a wet Monday noon (for the snow had thawed), under the innocent pretense of craving a pedestrian's rest and refreshment for an hour or two.

I was greeted, not without much embarrassment—owing, I suppose, to my dress—but still with unaffected and honest kindness. Dame Coulter was just leaving the wash-tub to get ready her one o'clock meal against her good man's return from a deep wood about a mile distant among the hills, where he was chopping by day's-work—seventy-five cents per day and found himself. The washing being done outside the main building, under an infirm-looking old shed, the dame stood upon a half-rotten, soaked board to protect her feet, as well as might be, from the penetrating damp of the bare ground; hence she looked pale and chill. But her paleness had still another and more secret cause—the paleness of a mother to be. A quiet, fathomless heart-trouble, too, couched beneath the mild, resigned blue of her soft and wife-like eye. But she smiled upon me, as apologizing for the unavoidable disorder of a Monday and a washing-day, and, conducting me into the kitchen, set me down in the best seat it had—an old-fashioned chair of an enfeebled constitution.

I thanked her; and sat rubbing my hands before the ineffectual low fire, and—unobservantly as I could—glancing now and then about the room, while the good woman, throwing on more sticks, said she was sorry the room was no warmer. Something more she said, too—not repiningly, however—of the fuel, as old and damp: picked-up sticks in Squire Teamster's forest, where her husband was chopping the sappy logs of the living tree for the Squire's fires. It needed not her remark, whatever it was, to convince me of the inferior quality of the sticks; some being quite mossy and toad-stooled with long lying bedded among the accumulated dead leaves of many autumns. They made a sad hissing, and vain spluttering enough.

"You must rest yourself here till dinner-time, at least," said the dame; "what I have you are heartily welcome to."

I thanked her again, and begged her not to heed my presence in the least, but go on with her usual affairs."

I was struck by the aspect of the room. The house was old, and constitutionally damp. The window-sills had beads of exuded dampness upon them. The shriveled sashes shook in their frames, and the green panes of glass were clouded with the long thaw. On some little errand the dame passed into an adjoining chamber, leav-

ing the door partly open. The floor of that room was carpetless, as the kitchen's was. Nothing but bare necessaries were about me; and those not of the best sort. Not a print on the wall; but an old volume of Doddridge lay on the smoked chimney-shelf.

"You must have walked a long way, sir; you sigh so with weariness."

"No, I am not nigh so weary as yourself, I dare say."

"Oh, but *I* am accustomed to that; *you* are not, I should think," and her soft, sad blue eye ran over my dress. "But I must sweep these shavings away; husband made him a new ax-helve this morning before sunrise, and I have been so busy washing, that I have had no time to clear up. But now they are just the thing I want for the fire. They'd be much better though, were they not so green."

Now if Blandmour were here, thought I to myself, he would call those green shavings "Poor Man's Matches," or "Poor Man's Tinder," or some pleasant name of that sort.

"I do not know," said the good woman, turning round to me again—as she stirred among her pots on the smoky fire—"I do not know how you will like our pudding. It is only rice, milk, and salt boiled together."

"Ah, what they call 'Poor Man's Pudding,' I suppose you mean."

A quick flush, half resentful, passed over her face.

"*We* do not call it so, sir," she said, and was silent.

Upbraiding myself for my inadvertence, I could not but again think to myself what Blandmour would have said, had he heard those words and seen that flush.

At last a slow, heavy footfall was heard; then a scraping at the door, and another voice said, "Come, wife; come, come—I must be back again in a jif—if you say I *must* take all my meals at home, you must be speedy; because the Squire—Good-day, sir," he exclaimed, now first catching sight of me as he entered the room. He turned toward his wife, inquiringly, and stood stock-still, while the moisture oozed from his patched boots to the floor.

"This gentleman stops here awhile to rest and refresh: he will take dinner with us, too. All will be ready now in a trice: so sit down on the bench, husband, and be patient, I pray. You see, sir," she continued, turning to me, "William there wants, of mornings, to carry a cold meal into the woods with him, to save the long one-o'clock walk across the fields to and fro. But I won't let him. A warm dinner is more than pay for the long walk."

"I don't know about that," said William, shaking his head. "I have often debated in my mind whether it really paid. There's not much odds, either way, between a wet walk after hard work, and a wet dinner before it. But I like to oblige a good wife like Martha. And you know, sir, that women will have their whimseys."

"I wish they all had as kind whimseys as your wife has," said I.

"Well, I've heard that some women ain't all maple-sugar; but, content with dear Martha, I don't know much about others."

"You find rare wisdom in the woods," mused I.

"Now, husband, if you ain't too tired, just lend a hand to draw the table out."

"Nay," said I; "let him rest, and let me help."

"No," said William, rising.

"Sit still," said his wife to me.

The table set, in due time we all found ourselves with plates before us.

"You see what we have," said Coulter—"salt pork, rye-bread, and pudding. Let me help you. I got this pork of the Squire; some of his last year's pork, which he let me have on account. It isn't quite so sweet as this year's would be; but I find it hearty enough to work on, and that's all I eat for. Only let the rheumatiz and other sicknesses keep clear of me, and I ask no flavors or favors from any. But you don't eat of the pork!"

"I see," said the wife, gently and gravely, "that the gentleman knows the difference between this year's and last year's pork. But perhaps he will like the pudding."

I summoned up all my self-control, and smilingly assented to the proposition of the pudding, without by my looks casting any reflections upon the pork. But, to tell the truth, it was quite impossible for me (not being ravenous, but only a little hungry at the time) to eat of the latter. It had a yellowish crust all round it, and was rather rankish, I thought, to the taste. I observed, too, that the dame did not eat of it, though she suffered some to be put on her plate, and pretended to be busy with it when Coulter looked that way. But she ate of the rye-bread, and so did I.

"Now, then, for the pudding," said Coulter. "Quick, wife; the Squire sits in his sitting-room window, looking far out across the fields. His time-piece is true."

"He don't play the spy on you, does he?" said I.

"Oh, no!—I don't say that. He's a good-enough man. He gives me work. But he's particular. Wife, help the gentleman. You see, sir, if I lose the Squire's work, what will become of—" and, with a look for which I honored humanity, with sly significance he glanced toward his wife; then, a little changing his voice, instantly continued—"that fine horse I am going to buy."

"I guess," said the dame, with a strange, subdued sort of inefficient pleasantry—"I guess that fine horse you sometimes so merrily dream of will long stay in the Squire's stall. But sometimes his man gives me a Sunday ride."

"A Sunday ride!" said I.

"You see," resumed Coulter, "wife loves to go to church; but the nighest is four miles off, over yon snowy hills. So she can't walk it; and I can't carry her in my arms, though I have carried her up-stairs before now. But, as she says, the Squire's man sometimes gives her a lift on the road; and for this cause it is that I speak of

a horse I am going to have one of these fine sunny days. And already, before having it, I have christened it 'Martha.' But what am I about? Come, come, wife! the pudding! Help the gentleman, do! The Squire! the Squire!—think of the Squire! and help round the pudding. There, one—two—three mouthfuls must do me. Good-by, wife. Good-by, sir. I'm off."

And, snatching his soaked hat, the noble Poor Man hurriedly went out into the soak and the mire.

I suppose now, thinks I to myself, that Blandmour would poetically say, He goes to take a Poor Man's saunter.

"You have a fine husband," said I to the woman, as we were now left together.

"William loves me this day as on the wedding-day, sir. Some hasty words, but never a harsh one. I wish I were better and stronger for his sake. And, oh! sir, both for his sake and mine" (and the soft, blue, beautiful eyes turned into two well-springs), "how I wish little William and Martha lived—it is so lonely-like now. William named after him, and Martha for me."

When a companion's heart of itself overflows, the best one can do is to do nothing. I sat looking down on my as yet untasted pudding.

"You should have seen little William, sir. Such a bright, manly boy, only six years old—cold, cold now!"

Plunging my spoon into the pudding, I forced some into my mouth to stop it.

"And little Martha—Oh! sir, she was the beauty! Bitter, bitter! but needs must be borne."

The mouthful of pudding now touched my palate, and touched it with a mouldy, briny taste. The rice, I knew, was of that damaged sort sold cheap; and the salt from the last year's pork barrel.

"Ah, sir, if those little ones yet to enter the world were the same little ones which so sadly have left it; returning friends, not strangers, strangers, always strangers! Yet does a mother soon learn to love them; for certain, sir, they come from where the others have gone. Don't you believe that, sir? Yes, I know all good people must. But, still, still—and I fear it is wicked, and very black-hearted, too—still, strive how I may to cheer me with thinking of little William and Martha in heaven, and with reading Dr. Doddridge there—still, still does dark grief leak in, just like the rain through our roof. I am left so lonesome now; day after day, all the day long, dear William is gone; and all the damp day long grief drizzles and drizzles down on my soul. But I pray to God to forgive me for this; and for the rest, manage it as well as I may."

Bitter and mouldy is the "Poor Man's Pudding," groaned I to myself, half choked with but one little mouthful of it, which would hardly go down.

I could stay no longer to hear of sorrows for which the sincerest sympathies could give no adequate relief; of a fond persuasion, to which there could be furnished no further proof than already was had—a persuasion, too, of that sort which much speaking is sure more or less to mar; of causeless self-upbraidings, which no expostulations could have dispelled. I offered no pay for hospitalities gratuitous and honorable as those of a prince. I knew that such offerings would have been more than declined; charity resented.

The native American poor never lose their delicacy or pride; hence, though unreduced to the physical degradation of the European pauper, they yet suffer more in mind than the poor of any other people in the world. Those peculiar social sensibilities nourished by our own peculiar political principles, while they enhance the true dignity of a prosperous American, do but minister to the added wretchedness of the unfortunate; first, by prohibiting their acceptance of what little random relief charity may offer; and, second, by furnishing them with the keenest appreciation of the smarting distinction between their ideal of universal equality and their grindstone experience of the practical misery and infamy of poverty—a misery and infamy which is, ever has been, and ever will be, precisely the same in India, England, and America.

Under pretense that my journey called me forthwith, I bade the dame good-by; shook her cold hand; looked my last into her blue, resigned eye, and went out into the wet. But cheerless as it was, and damp, damp, damp—the heavy atmosphere charged with all sorts of incipiencies—I yet became conscious, by the suddenness of the contrast, that the house air I had quitted was laden down with that peculiar deleterious quality, the height of which—insufferable to some visitants—will be found in a poor-house ward.

This ill-ventilation in winter of the rooms of the poor—a thing, too, so stubbornly persisted in—is usually charged upon them as their disgraceful neglect of the most simple means to health. But the instinct of the poor is wiser than we think. The air which ventilates, likewise *cools*. And to any shiverer, ill-ventilated warmth is better than well-ventilated cold. Of all the preposterous assumptions of humanity over humanity, nothing exceeds most of the criticisms made on the habits of the poor by the well-housed, well-warmed, and well-fed.

* * * * * *

"Blandmour," said I that evening, as after tea I sat on his comfortable sofa, before a blazing fire, with one of his two ruddy little children on my knee, "you are not what may rightly be called a rich man; you have a fair competence; no more. Is it not so? Well then, I do not include *you*, when I say, that if ever a Rich Man speaks prosperously to me of a Poor Man, I shall set it down as— I won't mention the word."

PICTURE SECOND.

RICH MAN'S CRUMBS.

In the year 1814, during the summer following my first taste of the "Poor Man's Pudding," a sea-voyage was recommended to me by my physician. The Battle of Waterloo having closed the long drama of Napoleon's wars, many stran-

gers were visiting Europe. I arrived in London at the time the victorious princes were there assembled enjoying the Arabian Nights' hospitalities of a grateful and gorgeous aristocracy, and the courtliest of gentlemen and kings—George the Prince Regent.

I had declined all letters but one to my banker. I wandered about for the best reception an adventurous traveler can have—the reception, I mean, which unsolicited chance and accident throw in his venturous way.

But I omit all else to recount one hour's hap under the lead of a very friendly man, whose acquaintance I made in the open street of Cheapside. He wore a uniform, and was some sort of a civic subordinate; I forget exactly what. He was off duty that day. His discourse was chiefly of the noble charities of London. He took me to two or three, and made admiring mention of many more.

"But," said he, as we turned into Cheapside again, "if you are at all curious about such things, let me take you—if it be not too late—to one of the most interesting of all—our Lord Mayor's Charities, sir; nay, the charities not only of a Lord Mayor, but, I may truly say, in this one instance, of emperors, regents, and kings. You remember the event of yesterday?"

"That sad fire on the river-side, you mean, unhousing so many of the poor?"

"No. The grand Guildhall Banquet to the princes. Who can forget it? Sir, the dinner was served on nothing but solid silver and gold plate, worth at the least £200,000—that is, 1,000,000 of your dollars; while the mere expenditure of meats, wines, attendance and upholstery, &c., can not be footed under £25,000—125,000 dollars of your hard cash."

"But, surely, my friend, you do not call that charity—feeding kings at that rate?"

"No. The feast came first—yesterday; and the charity after—to-day. How else would you have it, where princes are concerned? But I think we shall be quite in time—come; here we are at King Street, and down there is Guildhall. Will you go?"

"Gladly, my good friend. Take me where you will. I come but to roam and see."

Avoiding the main entrance of the hall, which was barred, he took me through some private way, and we found ourselves in a rear blind-walled place in the open air. I looked round amazed. The spot was grimy as a back-yard in the Five Points. It was packed with a mass of lean, famished, ferocious creatures, struggling and fighting for some mysterious precedency, and all holding soiled blue tickets in their hands.

"There is no other way," said my guide; "we can only get in with the crowd. Will you try it? I hope you have not on your drawing-room suit? What do you say? It will be well worth your sight. So noble a charity does not often offer. The one following the annual banquet of Lord Mayor's day—fine a charity as that certainly is—is not to be mentioned with what will be seen to-day. Is it, ay?"

As he spoke, a basement door in the distance was thrown open, and the squalid mass made a rush for the dark vault beyond.

I nodded to my guide, and sideways we joined in with the rest. Ere long we found our retreat cut off by the yelping crowd behind, and I could not but congratulate myself on having a civic, as well as civil guide; one, too, whose uniform made evident his authority.

It was just the same as if I were pressed by a mob of cannibals on some pagan beach. The beings round me roared with famine. For in this mighty London misery but maddens. In the country it softens. As I gazed on the meagre, murderous pack, I thought of the blue eye of the gentle wife of poor Coulter. Some sort of curved, glittering steel thing (not a sword; I know not what it was), before worn in his belt, was now flourished overhead by my guide, menacing the creatures to forbear offering the stranger violence.

As we drove, slow and wedge-like, into the gloomy vault, the howls of the mass reverberated. I seemed seething in the Pit with the Lost. On and on, through the dark and the damp, and then up a stone stairway to a wide portal; when, diffusing, the pestiferous mob poured in bright day between painted walls and beneath a painted dome. I thought of the anarchic sack of Versailles.

A few moments more and I stood bewildered among the beggars in the famous Guildhall.

Where I stood—where the thronged rabble stood, less than twelve hours before sat His Imperial Majesty, Alexander of Russia; His Royal Majesty, Frederic William, King of Prussia; His Royal Highness, George, Prince Regent of England; His world-renowned Grace, the Duke of Wellington; with a mob of magnificoes, made up of conquering field-marshals, earls, counts, and innumerable other nobles of mark.

The walls swept to and fro, like the foliage of a forest with blazonings of conquerors' flags. Naught outside the hall was visible. No windows were within four-and-twenty feet of the floor. Cut off from all other sights, I was hemmed in by one splendid spectacle—splendid, I mean, every where, but as the eye fell toward the floor. *That* was foul as a hovel's—as a kennel's; the naked boards being strewed with the smaller and more wasteful fragments of the feast, while the two long parallel lines, up and down the hall, of now unrobed, shabby, dirty pine-tables were piled with less trampled wrecks. The dyed banners were in keeping with the last night's kings; the floor suited the beggars of to-day. The banners looked down upon the floor as from his balcony Dives upon Lazarus. A line of liveried men kept back with their staves the impatient jam of the mob, who, otherwise, might have instantaneously converted the Charity into a Pillage. Another body of gowned and gilded officials distributed the broken meats—the cold victuals and crumbs of kings. One after another the beggars held up their dirty blue tickets, and were served with the plundered wreck of a pheas-

ant, or the rim of a pasty—like the detached crown of an old hat—the solids and meats stolen out.

"What a noble charity!" whispered my guide. "See that pasty now, snatched by that pale girl; I dare say the Emperor of Russia ate of that last night."

"Very probably," murmured I; "it looks as though some omnivorous Emperor or other had had a finger in that pie."

"And see yon pheasant too—there—*that* one—the boy in the torn shirt has it now—look! The Prince Regent might have dined off that."

The two breasts were gouged ruthlessly out, exposing the bare bones, embellished with the untouched pinions and legs.

"Yes, who knows!" said my guide, "his Royal Highness the Prince Regent might have eaten of that identical pheasant."

"I don't doubt it," murmured I, "he is said to be uncommonly fond of the breast. But where is Napoleon's head in a charger? I should fancy *that* ought to have been the principal dish."

"You are merry. Sir, even Cossacks are charitable here in Guildhall. Look! the famous Platoff, the Hetman himself—(he was here last night with the rest)—no doubt he thrust a lance into yon fat pork-pie there. Look! the old shirtless man has it now. How he licks his chops over it, little thinking of or thanking the good, kind Cossack that left it him! Ah! another—a stouter has grabbed it. It falls; bless my soul!—the dish is quite empty—only a bit of the hacked crust."

"The Cossacks, my friend, are said to be immoderately fond of fat," observed I. "The Hetman was hardly so charitable as you thought."

"A noble charity, upon the whole, for all that. See, even Gog and Magog yonder, at the other end of the hall, fairly laugh out their delight at the scene."

"But don't you think, though," hinted I, "that the sculptor, whoever he was, carved the laugh too much into a grin—a sort of sardonical grin?"

"Well, that's as you take it, sir. But see—now I'd wager a guinea the Lord Mayor's lady dipped her golden spoon into yonder golden-hued jelly. See, the jelly-eyed old body has slipped it, in one broad gulp, down his throat."

"Peace to that jelly!" breathed I.

"What a generous, noble, magnanimous charity this is! unheard of in any country but England, which feeds her very beggars with golden-hued jellies."

"But not three times every day, my friend. And do you really think that jellies are the best sort of relief you can furnish to beggars? Would not plain beef and bread, with something to do, and be paid for, be better?"

"But plain beef and bread were not eaten here. Emperors, and prince-regents, and kings, and field marshals don't often dine on plain beef and bread. So the leavings are according. Tell me, can you expect that the crumbs of kings can be like the crumbs of squirrels?"

"*You!* I mean *you!* stand aside, or else be served and away! Here, take this pasty, and be thankful that you taste of the same dish with her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire. Graceless ragamuffin, do you hear?"

These words were bellowed at me through the din by a red-gowned official nigh the board.

"Surely he does not mean *me*," said I to my guide; "he has not confounded *me* with the rest."

"One is known by the company he keeps," smiled my guide. "See! not only stands your hat awry and bunged on your head, but your coat is fouled and torn. Nay," he cried to the red-gown, "this is an unfortunate friend; a simple spectator, I assure you."

"Ah! is that you, old lad?" responded the red-gown, in familiar recognition of my guide—a personal friend as it seemed; "well, convey your friend out forthwith. Mind the grand crash; it will soon be coming; hark! now! away with him!"

Too late. The last dish had been seized. The yet unglutted mob raised a fierce yell, which wafted the banners like a strong gust, and filled the air with a reek as from sewers. They surged against the tables, broke through all barriers, and billowed over the hall—their bare tossed arms like the dashed ribs of a wreck. It seemed to me as if a sudden impotent fury of fell envy possessed them. That one half-hour's peep at the mere remnants of the glories of the Banquets of Kings; the unsatisfying mouthfuls of disembowelled pasties, plundered pheasants, and half-sacked jellies, served to remind them of the intrinsic contempt of the alms. In this sudden mood, or whatever mysterious thing it was that now seized them, these Lazaruses seemed ready to spew up in repentant scorn the contumelious crumbs of Dives.

"This way, this way! stick like a bee to my back," intensely whispered my guide. "My friend there has answered my beck, and thrown open yon private door for us two. Wedge—wedge in—quick—there goes your bunged hat—never stop for your coat-tail—hit that man—strike him down! hold! jam! now! now! wrench along for your life! ha! here we breathe freely; thank God! You faint. Ho!"

"Never mind. This fresh air revives me."

I inhaled a few more breaths of it, and felt ready to proceed.

"And now conduct me, my good friend, by some front passage into Cheapside, forthwith. I must home."

"Not by the side-walk though. Look at your dress. I must get a hack for you."

"Yes, I suppose so," said I, ruefully eying my tatters, and then glancing in envy at the close-bodied coat and flat cap of my guide, which defied all tumblings and tearings.

"There, now, sir," said the honest fellow, as he put me into the hack, and tucked in me and my rags, "when you get back to your own country, you can say you have witnessed the greatest of all England's noble charities. Of course, you will make reasonable allowances for the unavoidable jam. Good-by. Mind, John"—addressing

the driver on the box—"this is a *gentleman* you carry. He is just from the Guildhall Charity, which accounts for his appearance. Go on now. London Tavern, Fleet Street, remember, is the place."

* * * * *

"Now, Heaven in its kind mercy save me from the noble charities of London," sighed I, as that night I lay bruised and battered on my bed; "and Heaven save me equally from the 'Poor Man's Pudding' and the 'Rich Man's Crumbs.'"

A CHAPTER ON IDIOTS.

PEOPLE whose ancestors came in at the Conquest, are apt to have one idea over-ruling all others—that nobody is worthy of their alliance whose ancestors did not come in at the Conquest. Of course this has been an idea ever since the Conquest began to be considered an old event; and, of course, there have been fewer and fewer families who had a right to it. Of course, also, those families have intermarried, and the intermarriage has been more and more restricted. Another "of course" follows, on which we need not enlarge. Every body knows the consequences of prolonged intermarriages between any sort of people who are few enough to be almost all blood relations. The world was shocked and grieved, some years since, at the oldest baronage in England "going out at the ace of diamonds"—expiring in the disgrace of cheating at cards. The world ought to be quite as much shocked and grieved at seeing—what has been seen, and may be seen again—the honors of the same ancient birth being extinguished in a lunatic asylum.

It used to be thought a very religious and beautiful thing (it certainly was the easiest thing) to say that it pleased God to send idiots, and other defective or diseased children, to try and discipline their parents by affliction, and so on; but religious physicians now tell us (showing reason for what they say) that there is something very like blasphemy in talking so—in imputing to Providence the sufferings which we bring upon ourselves, precisely by disobedience to the great natural laws which it is the best piety to obey. It is a common saying, that families who intermarry too often, die out; but no account is taken of the miseries which precede that dying out. Those miseries of disease of body and mind are ascribed to Providence, as if Providence had not given us abundant warning to avoid them! Dr. Howe, the wise and benevolent teacher of Laura Bridgman, says in his Report on Idiocy in Massachusetts, that "the law against the marriage of relatives is made out as clearly as though it were written on tables of stone." He gives his reasons for saying so; and of those reasons, the following sample will, we think, be enough. When the tables of health and disease were compiled for Massachusetts, a few years ago, the following was found to be the state of seventeen families, where the father and mother were related by blood. Some of the parents were unhealthy, and some were intemperate—but to set against this disadvantage to begin with, there is the fact, that the evil consequences of such intermarriage very often do not appear until the second generation, or even later. However, in these seventeen households there were ninety-five children. What were these children like? Imagine a school of ninety-five children, of all ages, or the children of a hamlet at play, and think what the little crowd would look like; and then read this! Of these ninety-five children, one was a dwarf. Well, that might easily be. One was deaf. Well, no great wonder in that. Twelve were scrofulous. That is a large number, certainly; but scrofula is sadly common, and especially in unhealthy situations. Well, but FORTY-FOUR were IDIOTS.

Of all the long and weary pains of mind to which the unselfish can be subject, we know of none so terrible as that of the mother attaining the certainty that her child is an idiot. Reviewing the whole case as we have ourselves observed it, it seem to us an affliction made tolerable only by its gradual growth, and the length of years over which it is spread. How sweet was the prospect of the little one coming—not only in the sacred anticipations of the parents, but when the elder children were told, in quiet, joyful moments of confidence, that there would be a baby in the house by-and-by! And when it came, how amiable, and helpful, and happy every body was—keeping the house quiet for the mother's sake, and wondering at the baby, and not minding any irregularity or little uncomfortableness while the mother was up-stairs. Perhaps there was a wager that baby would "take notice," turn its eyes to a bright watch, or spoon, or looking-glass, at the end of ten days or a fortnight, and the wager was lost. Here, perhaps, was the first faint indication. But it would not be thought much of, the child was so very young! As the weeks pass, however, and still the child takes no notice, a sick misgiving sometimes enters the mother's mind—a dread of she does not know what, but it does not last long. You may trust a mother for finding out charms and promise of one sort or another in her baby—be it what it may. Time goes on; and the singularity is apparent that the baby makes *no response* to any thing. He is not deaf. Very distant street music probably causes a kind of quiver through his whole frame. He sees very well. He certainly is aware of the flies which are performing minuets and reels between him and the ceiling. As for his other senses, there never was any thing like his keenness of smell and taste. He is ravenous for food—even already unpleasantly so; but excessively difficult to please. The terrible thing is his still taking no notice. His mother longs to feel the clasp of his arms round her neck; but her fondlings receive no return. His arm hangs lax over her shoulder. She longs for a look from him, and lays him back on her lap, hoping that they may look into each other's eyes; but he looks at nobody. All his life long nobody will ever meet his eyes; and neither in that way nor any other way will his mind expressly meet that of any body else. When he does at length

look at any thing, it is at his own hand. He spreads the fingers, and holds up the hand close before his face, and moves his head from side to side. At first, the mother and the rest laugh, and call it a baby trick; but after a time the laughter is rather forced, and they begin to wish he would not do so. We once saw a child on her mother's lap laughing at the spinning of a half-crown on the table, when, in an instant, the mother put the little creature down—almost threw her down on the carpet, with an expression of anguish in her face perfectly astonishing. The child had chanced to hold up her open hand before her face in her merry fidget; and the mother, who had watched over an idiot brother from her youth up, could not bear that terrible token, although in this case it was a mere accident.

The wearing uncertainty of many years succeeds the infancy. The ignorant notions of idiocy that prevailed before we knew even the little that we yet know of the brain, prevent the parents recognizing the state of the case. The old legal accounts of idiocy, and the old suppositions of what it is, are very unlike what they see. The child ought not, according to legal definition, to know his own name, but he certainly does; for when his own plate or cup is declared to be ready, he rushes to it. He ought not to be able, by law, "to know letters;" yet he can read, and even write, perhaps, although nobody can tell how he learned, for he never seemed to attend when taught. It was just as if his fingers and tongue went of themselves, while his mind was in the moon. Again, the law declared any body an idiot "who could not count twenty pence;" whereas this boy seems, in some unaccountable way, to know more about sums (of money and of every thing else) than any body in the family. He does not want to learn figures, his arithmetic is strong without them, and always instantaneously ready. Of course we do not mean that every idiot has these particular powers. Many can not speak; more can not read. But almost every one of the thousands of idiots in England has some power that the legal definition declares him not to have, and that popular prejudice will not believe. Thus does the mother go on from year to year, hardly admitting that her boy "is deficient," and quite sure that he is not an idiot—there being some things in which he is so very clever!

The great improvement in the treatment of idiots and lunatics since science began to throw light on the separate organization of the human faculties, is one of the most striking instances in all human experience of the practical blessedness induced by knowledge. The public is already familiar with the way in which, by beneficent training, the apparent faculties of idiots are made to bring out the latent ones, and the strong powers to exercise the weaker, until the whole class are found to be capable of a cultivation never dreamed of in the old days when the name IDIOT swallowed up all the rights and all the chances of the unfortunate creature who was so described. In those days the mother might well deny the description, and refuse the term. She would point to the wonderful faculty her child had in some one direction, and admit no more than that he was "not like other children." Well, this is enough. She need not be driven further. If her Harry is "not like other children," that is enough for his own training, and that of the rest of the household.

A training it may be truly called for them all, from the father to the kitchen-maid. The house that has an idiot in it can never be like any other. The discipline is very painful, but, when well conducted and borne, it is wonderfully beautiful. Harry spoils things, probably: cuts with scissors whatever can be cut—the leaves of books, the daily newspaper, the new shirt his mother is making, the doll's arm, the rigging of the boat his brother has been fitting up for a week, the maid's cap ribbon, his father's silk purse. It would be barbarous to take scissors from him, and inconvenient too; for he spends hours in cutting out the oddest and prettiest things—symmetrical figures, in paper; figures that seem to be fetched out of the kaleidoscope. Lapfuls of such shapes does he cut out in a week, wagging his head, and seeming not to look at the scissors; but never making a wrong snip. The same orderliness of faculty seems to prevail throughout his life. He must do precisely the same thing at precisely the same moment every day; must have always the same chair, wailing or pushing in great distress if any body else is using it; and must wear the same clothes, so that it is a serious trouble to get any new clothes put on. However carefully they may be changed while he is asleep, there is no getting him dressed in the morning without sad distress. One such Harry, whom we knew very well, had a present one day of a plaything most happily chosen—a pack of cards. There was symmetry in plenty! When he first took them into his hands, they happened to be all properly sorted, except that the court-cards were all in a batch at the top, and one other—the ten of spades—which had slipped out, and was put at the top of all. For all the rest of his life (he died at nineteen) the cards must be in that order and no other; and his fingers quivered nervously with haste to put them in that order if they were disarranged. One day while he was out walking, we took that top card away and shuffled the rest. On his return, he went to work as usual. When he could not find the ten of spades, he turned his head about in the way which was his sign of distress, gave that most pathetic sort of sigh—that drawn-in, instead of breathed-out sigh, which is so common among his class—and searched every where for the card. When obliged to give the matter up, he mournfully drew out the ten of clubs, and made that do instead. We could hold out no longer, and gave him his card; and he seized upon it as eagerly as any digger on any nugget, and chucked and chuckled, and wagged his head, and was perfectly happy. We once poured some comfits into his hand. They happened to be seven. At the same moment every day after, he would hold out his hand, as if by mechanism, while his

head was turned another way. We poured six comfits into his palm. Still he did not look, but would not eat them, and was restless till we gave him one more. Next day, we gave him nine; and he would not touch them till he had thrust back two upon us.

In all matters of number, quantity, order, and punctuality, Harry must be humored. It is a harmless peculiarity, and there will be no peace if he is crossed. If he insists upon laying his little brother's tricks only in rows, or only in diamonds or squares, he must be coaxed into another room, unless the little brother be capable of the self-denial of giving up the point and taking to some other play. It is often a hard matter enough for the parents to do justice among the little ones: but we can testify, because we have seen, what wonders of magnanimity may be wrought among little children, servants, and every body, by fine sense, and sweet and cheerful patience on the part of the governing powers of the household. They may have sudden occasion for patience on their own account too. Perhaps the father comes home very tired, needing his coffee. His coffee is made and ready. So they think: but lo! poor Harry, who has an irresistible propensity to pour into each other all things that can be poured, has turned the coffee into the brine that the hams have just come out of; and then the brine and the coffee and the cream all back again into the coffee-pot, and so on. Such things, happening every day, make a vast difference in the ease, cheerfulness and economy of a household. They are, in truth, a most serious and unintermitting trial. They make the discipline of the household: and they indicate what must be the blessing of such institutions for the care and training of idiots as were celebrated in the paper we have referred to.

As for the discipline of Harry himself, it must be discipline; for every consideration of humanity, and, of course, of parental affection, points out the sin of spoiling him. To humor, in the sense of spoiling, an idiot, is to level him with the brutes at once. One might as well do with him what used to be done with such beings—consign him to the sty, to sleep with the pigs, or chain him up like the dog—as indulge the animal part of a being who does not possess the faculties that counteract animality in other people. Most idiots have a remarkable tendency to imitation: and this is an admirable means of domestic training—for both the defective child and the rest. The youngest will smother its sobs at the soap in its eye, if appealed to, to let poor Harry see how cheerfully every body ought to be washed every morning. The youngest will take the hint not to ask for more pudding, because Harry must take what is given him, and not see any body cry for more. Crying is conquered—self-conquered—throughout the house, because Harry imitates every thing; and it would be very sad if he got a habit of crying, because he could not be comforted like other people. As the other children learn self-conquest from motive, in this way Harry will be learning it from imitation. He will insist upon being properly washed and combed, and upon having no more than his plateful—or his two platesful—at dinner: and so on. The difficult thing to manage at home is the occupation: and this is where lies the great superiority of schools or asylums for his class. His father may perhaps get him taught basket-making, or spinning with a wheel, or cabinet-making, in a purely mechanical way; but this is less easily done at home than in a school. Done it must be, in the one place or the other, if the sufferer and his companions in life are to have any justice, and any domestic leisure and comfort. The strong faculty of imitation usually existing among the class, seems (as we said just now, in reference to the faculties of idiots in general) a sort of miracle before the nature of the brain-organization was truly conceived of. How many elderly people now remember how aghast they were, as children, at the story of the idiot youth, not being able to do without the mother, who had never left him while she lived: and how, when every body supposed him asleep, and the neighbors were themselves asleep, he went out and got the body, and set it up in the fireside chair, and made a roaring fire, and heated some broth, and was found, restlessly moaning with distress, while trying to feed the corpse. And that other story—a counterpart to which we know of our own knowledge—of the idiot boy who had lived close under a church steeple, and had always struck the hours with the clock; and who, when removed into the country, far away from church, clock, and watch, still went on striking the hours, and quite correctly, without any visible means of knowing the time. What could we, in childhood, and the rest of the world, in the ignorance of that day, make of such facts, but that they must be miraculous? The most marvelous, to our mind, is a trait which, again, we know of our own knowledge. An idiot, who died many years ago at the age of thirty, lost his mother when he was under two years old. His idiocy had been obvious from the earliest time that it could be manifested; and when the eldest sister took the mother's place, the child appeared to find no difference. From the mode of feeling of the family, the mother was never spoken of; and if she had been, such mention would have been nothing to the idiot son, who comprehended no conversation. He spent his life in scribbling on the slate, and hopping round the play-ground of the school kept by his brother-in-law, singing after his own fashion. He had one special piece of business besides, and one prodigious pleasure. The business was—going daily, after breakfast, to speak to the birds in the wood behind the house; and the supreme pleasure was turning the mangle. Most of us would have reversed the business and pleasure. When his last illness—consumption—came upon him at the age of thirty, the sister had been long dead; and there were none of his own family, we believe, living; certainly none

had for many years had any intercourse with him. For some days before his death, when he ought to have been in bed, nothing but a too distressing force could keep him from going to the birds. On the last day, when his weakness was extreme, he tried to rise, managed to sit up in bed, and said he must go—the birds would wonder so! The brother-in-law offered to go and explain to the birds; and this must perforce do. The dying man lay, with his eyes closed, and breathing his life away in slower and slower gasps, when he suddenly turned his head, looked bright and sensible, and exclaimed in a tone never heard from him before, "Oh! my mother! how beautiful!" and sank round again—dead.

There are not a few instances of that action of the brain at the moment before death by which long-buried impressions rise again like ghosts or visions; but we have known none so striking as this, from the lapse of time, the peculiarity of the case, and the unquestionable blank between.

There are flashes of faculty now and then in the midst of the twilight of idiot existence—without waiting for the moment of death. One such, to the last degree impressive, is recorded by the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his account of the great Morayshire floods, about a quarter of a century since. An innkeeper, who, after a merry evening of dancing, turned out to help his neighbors in the rising of the Spey, carelessly got upon some planks which were floated apart, and was carried down the stream on one. He was driven against a tree, which he climbed, and his wife and neighbors saw him lodged in it before dark. As the floods rose, there began to be fears for the tree; and the shrill whistle which came from it, showed that the man felt himself in danger, and wanted help. Every body concluded help to be out of the question, as no boats could get near; and they could only preach patience until morning, to the poor wife, or until the flood should go down. Hour after hour the whistle grew wilder and shriller; and at last it was almost continuous. It suddenly ceased; and those who could hardly bear it before, longed to hear it again. Dawn showed that the tree was down. The body of the innkeeper was found far away—with the watch in his fob stopped at the hour that the tree must have fallen. The event being talked over in the presence of the village idiot, he laughed. Being noticed, he said he would have saved the man. Being humored, he showed how a tub fastened to a long rope would have been floated, as the plank with the man on it was floated, to the tree. If this poor creature had but spoken in time, his apparent inspiration would have gone some way to confirm the Scotch superstition, which holds—with that of the universal ancient world of theology—that "Innocents are favorites of Heaven."

It is for us to act upon the medium view sanctioned alike by science and morals—neither to cast out our idiots, like the savages who leave their helpless ones to perish; nor to worship them, as the pious Egyptians did, and other nations who believed that the gods dwelt in them, more or less, and made oracles of them—a perfectly natural belief in the case of beings who manifest a very few faculties in extraordinary perfection, in the apparent absence of all others. Our business is, in the first place, to reduce the number of idiots to the utmost of our power, by attending to the conditions of sound life and health, and especially by discountenancing, as a crime, the marriage of blood relations; and, in the next place, by trying to make the most and the best of such faculties as these imperfect beings possess. It is not enough to repeat the celebrated epitaph on an idiot, and to hope that his privations here will be made up to him hereafter. We must lessen those privations to the utmost, by the careful application of science in understanding his case; and of skill, and inexhaustible patience and love, in treating it. Happily, there are now institutions, by aiding which any of us may do something toward raising the lowest, and blessing the most afflicted, members of our race.

A SAINT'S BROTHER.

HE was the brother of a saint, and his friends were rich; so they dressed him in his best, and they put his turban on his head (for he was of the old school), and they bore him to the tomb upon a bier, and coffinless, after the custom of the East. I joined the procession as it swept chanting along the narrow street; and we all entered the illuminated church together.

The Archbishop strode solemnly up the aisle, with the priests swinging censers before him, and with the ordor of sanctity exhaling from his splendid robes. On went the procession, making its way through a stand-up fight which was taking place in the church, on through weeping relatives, and sobered friends, till at last the Archbishop was seated on his throne, and the dead man lay before him stiff and stark. Then the same unctuous individual whom I fancy I have observed taking a part in religious ceremonies all over the world, being yet neither priest nor deacon, bustles up, and he places some savory herbs on the breast of the corpse, chanting lustily as he does so to save time.

Then the Archbishop takes two waxen tapers in each hand; they are crossed and set in a splendid hand-candlestick. He extends it toward the crowd, and seems to bless it mutely, for he does not speak. There is silence, only disturbed by a short sob which has broken from the overburdened heart of the dead man's son. Hush! it is the Archbishop giving out a psalm, and now it begins lowly, solemnly, mournfully: at first, the lusty lungs of the burly priests seem to be chanting a dirge; all at once they are joined by the glad voices of children—oh! so clear and so pure, sounding sweet and far-off, rejoicing for the bliss of the departed soul.

They cease, and there comes a priest dressed in black robes; he prostrates himself before the throne of the Archbishop, and carries the dust of the prelate's feet to his forehead. Then he

kisses the Archbishop's hand, and mounts the pulpit to deliver a funeral oration. I am sorry for this; he is evidently a beginner, and twice he breaks down, and gasps hopelessly at the congregation; but the Archbishop prompts him and gets him out of this difficulty. A rascally young Greek at my elbow nudges me to laugh, but I pay no attention to him.

Then the priests begin to swing their censers again, and their deep voices mingle chanting with the fresh song of the children, and again the Archbishop blesses the crowd. So now the relatives of the dead man approach him one by one, crossing themselves devoutly. They take the nosegay of savory herbs from his breast, and they press it to their lips. Then they kiss the dead man's forehead. When the son approaches, he sobs convulsively, and has afterward to be removed by gentle force from the body.

So the relatives continue kissing the body, fearless of contagion, and the chant of the priests and choristers swells through the church, and there lies the dead man, with the sickly glare of the lamps struggling with the daylight, and falling with a ghastly gleam upon his upturned face. Twice I thought he moved, but it was only fancy.

The Archbishop has left the church, and the relatives of the dead man are bearing him to his last home without further ceremony. It is a narrow vault just outside the church, and the Greeks courteously make way for me—a stranger. A man jumps briskly into the grave; it is scarcely three feet deep; he arranges a pillow for the head of the corpse, then he springs out again, laughing at his own agility. The crowd laugh too. Joy and grief elbow each other every where in life: why not also at the gates of the tomb?

Then two stout men seize the corpse in their stalwart arms, and they lift it from the bier. They are lowering it now, quite dressed, but coffinless, into the vault. They brush me as they do so, and the daylight falls full on the face of the dead. It is very peaceful and composed, but looking tired, weary of the world; relieved that the journey is over!

Stay! for here comes a priest walking slowly from the church, with his mass-book and censer. He says a few more prayers over the body, and one of the deceased's kindred drops a stone into the grave. While the priest prays, he pours some consecrated oil upon the body, and some more upon a spadeful of earth which is brought to him. This is also thrown into the grave. It is not filled up; a stone is merely fastened with clay roughly over the aperture, and at night there will be a lamp placed there, which will be replenished every night for a year. At the end of that time the body will be disinterred; if the bones have not been thoroughly rotted away from the flesh and separated, the Archbishop will be called again to pray over the body; for there is a superstition among Greeks, that a man whose body does not decay within a year is accursed. When the bones have divided, they will be collected and tied up in a linen bag, which will hang on a nail against the church wall. By-and-by, this will decay, and the bones which have swung about in the wind and rain will be shaken out one by one to make daylight ghastly where they lie. Years hence they may be swept into the charnel-house, or they may not, as chance directs.

I have said that he was the brother of a saint. It is well, therefore, that I should also say something of the saint himself. The saint was St. Theodore, one of the most recent martyrs of the Greek Church. St. Theodore was born about fifty years ago, of very humble parents, who lived at the village of Neo Chori, near Constantinople. He was brought up to the trade of a house-painter, an art of some pretension in Turkey, where it is often carried to very great perfection. The lad was clever, and soon attained such excellence in his craft that he was employed at the Palace of the Sultan. The splendor of the palace, and of the gorgeous dresses of some of the Sultan's servants, fired his imagination. He desired to remain among them; so he changed his faith for that of Islam, and was immediately appointed to a petty post about the palace.

Three years after his apostasy and circumcision a great plague broke out at Constantinople, sweeping away the Sultan's subjects by hundreds, with short warning. The future saint grew alarmed, a species of religious mania seized upon him. He tried to escape from the palace, but was brought back. At last, he got away, in the disguise of a water-carrier, and fled to the island of Scio.

Here he made the acquaintance of a priest, to whom he confided his intention of becoming a martyr. The priest is said warmly to have commended this view of the case; for martyrs had been lately growing scarce. Instead of conveying the young man, therefore, to a lunatic asylum, he took him to the neighboring island of Mitylene; seeing, doubtless, sufficient reasons why the martyrdom should not take place at Scio; where he might have been exposed to awkward remonstrances from his friends, for countenancing such a horror.

So the priest accompanied him to Mitylene, where the first act of the tragedy commenced by the martyr presenting himself before the Cadi or Turkish Judge. Before the Cadi he began to curse the Mussulman faith, and threw his turban at that magistrate's head. Taking from his bosom a green handkerchief, with which he had been provided, he trampled it under foot; and green is a sacred color with the Turks. The Cadi was desirous of getting rid of him quietly, considering him as mad, as doubtless he was. But he continued cursing the Turks so bitterly, that at last an angry mob of fanatics bore him away to the Pasha. This functionary, a quiet, amiable man, tried also to get out of the disagreeable affair; but the young man raved so violently that the Turks around began to beat him; and he was put into a sort of stocks till he should be quiet. At last the Turks lost patience with him, and his martyrdom began in earnest. He was subjected (say the Greek chronicles from

which this history was taken) to the cruel torture of having hot earthen plates bound to his temples, and his neck was then twisted by fanatic men till his eyes started from their sockets; they also drew several of his teeth. He now said that he had returned to the Greek faith in consequence of the advice of an Englishman; which so appeased the Turks, that they offered him a pipe, and wanted to dismiss him. But he soon broke out again, and asked for the sacrament. He also asked for some soup. Both were given to him, the Turks offering no opposition to the administering of the former. When, however, he once more began to curse and revile the prophet, some fanatic proposed that he should be shortened by having an inch cut from his body every time he blasphemed, beginning at his feet. The Cadi shuddered, and interposed, saying, that such a proceeding would be contrary to the law; which provided that a renegade should be at once put to death, that the faith of Islam might not be insulted. Then the mob got a cord to hang him. Like many other things in Turkey, this cord does not seem to have been fit for the purpose to which it was applied; and the struggles of the maniac were so violent that it broke. But they *did* hang him at last; thus completing the title to martyrdom with which he has come down to us. For three days his hanging body offended the daylight, and the simple country folk cut off bits of his clothes for relics. After a while he was carried away and buried with a great fuss; the Turks having too profound a contempt for the Greeks to interfere with their doings in any way. Then, after a while, application was made to the Patriarch of Constantinople to canonize the mad house-painter; and canonized he was. His body was disinterred, and mummified with great care. It is wrapped up in cotton, and the head is inclosed in a silver case. Both are shown to the devout on the anniversary of his martyrdom. The cotton sells well, for it is said to have worked many miracles, and to be especially beneficial in cases of epilepsy.

The anniversary of the Martyrdom of St. Theodore occurred on the same day as his brother's funeral. I asked if the reputation of the saint had any thing to do with the honors paid to his brother? "Yes," was the answer; "the relatives of the saint are naturally anxious to keep up his reputation, which is like a patent of nobility to them. None dare to offer them injury or wrong, for fear of the martyr's anger."

For the rest, the festival of St. Theodore was as pretty a sight as I would wish to see.

His body was enshrined in a neat temple of green leaves, and was placed in the centre of the church. The pilgrims arrived at dead of night to pray there. They were mostly women, and seemed earnest enough in what they were about. I did not like to see them, however, buying those little bits of cotton which lay mouldering round the mummy, and putting them into their bosoms.

The church was well lighted; for Mitylene is an oil country. Innumerable lamps hung suspended from the roof every where, and some were decorated with very pretty transparencies. If you shut your eye for a minute, they seemed to open on fairy land rather than reality. The hushed scene, the stillness of which was only broken by the pattering feet of some religious maiden approaching the shrine, shawled and mysterious, even here, had something very quaint and fanciful in it. I could have stopped there all night watching them as they passed, dropping buttons (substitutes for small coin given in churches) into the salver of a dingy priest, who sat in the aisle, tablet in hand, to receive orders for masses to be said for the sick or the dead. I liked to watch the business manner in which he raised his reverend hand to get the light well upon his tablet, and adjusted his spectacles as he inscribed each new order from the pilgrims. At last, however, he gathered up his buttons and money, tying them in a bag; and glancing round once more in vain for customers, he went his way into the sacristy. I followed his waddling figure with my eyes till the last lock of his long hair, which caught in the brocaded curtain, had been disentangled, and he disappeared. Then, as the active individual in rusty black, whom I have mentioned as so busy in the ceremony of the morning, seemed desirous of having a few minutes' conversation with me, I indulged him. It was not difficult to perceive, from the tenor of his discourse, that he was desirous of receiving some token of my esteem in small change. It cost little to gratify him; and then, as the church was quite deserted, we marched off together.

A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMAN.

SOME twelve years ago, a desolate, dread, and ominously-named locality in Newfoundland had, among its other occupants, George Harvey, a worthy of sixty years' standing, born and bred on the spot, who may still be one of its living tenants, as he was then a hale and hearty man. The particular site to which we refer is toward the south-west extremity, between the settlement of La Poile and Cape Ray, where there is a cluster of small, low, rocky islets, separated from the main land by a narrow channel. They are called the Dead Islands, *Iles aux Morts* of the French maps, but are portions of the dominions of Queen Victoria. The isles and the main shore are composed of mica-slate and gneiss, the latter being intersected with enormous granite veins. Their superficial aspect is the most rugged and broken imaginable, grooved in every direction by small valleys or ravines, and covered with round hummocky knobs and hills with precipitous sides. Mosses, low bushes, and berry-bearing plants partially cover the surface; and a few dwarf firs appear huddled together in sheltered nooks, where sufficient soil has been lodged to form a support for the roots. But the majority of the isles are bare rocks, frequently in the shape of a low dome, with a tuft of bushes growing at the summit. Sometimes, when the breeze is blowing from the east, the fog which pours over the great bank is driven to this neighborhood, and adds to its uninviting aspect. The few

inhabitants, along with those thinly distributed on the adjoining main, are chiefly the descendants of British settlers, occupied with the inshore fishery. They are located in the coves, in the general proportion of two or three families to each.

Formerly, when there were no clergy or magistrates except at St. John's, they married by signing papers before witnesses, binding each party to have the ceremony performed as soon as opportunity offered—a mode of proceeding equivalent to the Scotch law. They are simple, honest, industrious, and hospitable—the virtues of almost all hardy races exposed to the toils and dangers of an adventurous life—intensely eager after news, and placing a high value upon trifling articles of intelligence, like most people in secluded positions.

The melancholy name of the Dead Islands is supposed to be derived from the number and fatality of shipwrecks in the neighborhood. George Harvey was accustomed to relate, among other incidents of his life, that he had been employed for five days, along with some others, in digging graves and interring dead bodies cast ashore on one of these sad occasions. Two vast and differently tempered sea-streams blend their waters on the great bank and its vicinity—a polar current from the cold regions of the arctic zone, and the gulf-stream from the warm latitudes of the tropics. It is to the meeting of these currents, charged with such different temperatures, that the fogs are chiefly due, while the numerous and powerful eddies caused by their junction render the navigation perplexing and somewhat perilous. The danger is increased by the boundaries of the currents being indefinite. They advance further north and south at one time than another; and of course the minor streams dependent upon them vary in power and extent, according to circumstances. Hence, along a coast unguarded by lighthouses, in dense fogs, or when a driving gale has been blowing by night, the mariner has often found himself ashore, while thinking of ample sea-room. Evidence of such casualties being frequent was in former days to be found in connection with almost every dwelling, in the shape of old rigging, spars, masts, sails, ships' bells, rudders, wheels, and other articles on the outside of the houses, with telescopes, compasses, and portions of incongruous furniture in the interior. At that period, there was obviously no nice observance of the distinction between thine and mine. Infractions of the rights of property were common on the occurrence of disasters by sea and fires on land, the parties loosely reasoning that the goods they appropriated to themselves were much better disposed of than by being left for the flames to consume or the billows to devour. In some cases, this reasoning was legitimate, as when a vessel, deserted by the crew, came ashore, and neither her name nor that of the owners could be ascertained. Public sentiment and feeling have improved upon this point in Newfoundland, as elsewhere, and few persons have more nobly distinguished themselves in helping the stranger in distress, and mitigating the calamities of shipwreck, than George Harvey.

He had a large family of sons and daughters, mostly grown up. On one occasion, during a heavy gale, the brig "Dispatch," full of emigrants of the poorer class, struck on a rock about three miles from his house. Though the sea was running high, the old man put off in his punt to the rescue, accompanied by a gallant girl of seventeen and a brave lad of twelve. By dint of great exertions, they succeeded in successively bringing away the whole of the crew and passengers, amounting to one hundred and sixty-three persons. This was as heroic an action as that which excited such general admiration in England, when Grace Darling adventured on the stormy deep, with her father, off the coast of Northumberland. Harvey hospitably entertained the shipwrecked emigrants according to his means, and shared his provisions with them, till tidings could be sent to La Poile, and a vessel arrived to carry them away. They remained more than a fortnight, and so completely exhausted his stores, that the family had neither bread, flour, nor tea through the whole winter, but subsisted chiefly on salt fish. Sir T. Cochrane, then governor of the island, on hearing of his conduct, properly rewarded him with a hundred pounds, and an honorary medal. A few years afterward, the ship "Rankin," of Glasgow, struck on a rock, and went to pieces, the crew hanging on to an iron bar or rail that went round the poop, when he fetched them off by six or eight at a time to the number of twenty-five, braving a heavy sea in his punt.

Harvey's knowledge of the animal kingdom was somewhat singular. He was intimately acquainted with the inhabitants of the waters, from the huge finned whale to the beautiful little capelin. He knew well enough the black bear, gray wolf, and splendid caribou; and was familiar with the osprey, ptarmigan, eider duck, and great northern diver. But frogs, toads, snakes, and other reptiles he had never seen, there being none in the island, though no legend is current there how St. Patrick "banished all the varmint." One of the commonest domesticated quadrupeds also in the empire was equally unknown, except by report, till on a visit to some settlement in Fortune Bay, he for the first time encountered a horse! His emotions at the sight were akin to those of the Mexicans on beholding the steeds of the Spanish invaders. The people wished, he said, to persuade him into mounting on its back, but "he knew better than that," though one fellow did ride it up and down several times. It was a feat too daring for the bold fisherman, who would sooner have mounted in his boat the stormiest billow that ever rolled. His description of the size and appearance of the wonderful creature highly interested his family on his return. Mr. Curzon has recently told the story of a Levantine monk who had never seen a woman—a relation strange, but true. Yet, had we not the fact on equally respectable authority—that of Mr. Jukes—it would seem incredible, that only a few years ago, there were subjects of Queen Victoria, of

British descent, speaking the English language, in the oldest of our colonies, to whom the horse was a strange animal.

We have said that Harvey was a fisherman; and fishing, or some process connected with it, is the occupation of almost every man, woman, and child in the country. Out of St. John's, either fish, or some sign of the finny tribe, visible or odoriferous, is met with wherever there is a population. At a distance from the capital, in the small settlements, the fishermen live in unpainted wooden cottages, scattered in the coves, now perched upon rocks or hidden in nooks, the neighborhood showing small patches of cultivated garden ground, and copses of stunted wood. Each cabin has its fish-flake, a kind of rude platform, elevated on poles ten or twelve feet high, covered with a matting of sticks and boughs, on which the fish are laid out to dry. At a convenient point on the shore is a stage, much more strongly constructed, jutting out over the water. It forms a small pier, made in front to serve the purpose of a ladder, at which a landing frequently is alone possible on the steep and iron-bound coast. On returning from the fishing-ground, the boat is brought to the stage with the cargo, and, striking a prong in the head of each fish, they are thrown upon it one by one, in much the same manner as hay is pitched into a cart. The operations of cutting open, taking out the entrails, preserving the liver for oil, removing the backbone, and salting, are immediately performed upon the stage, in which the younger branches of the family are employed, males or females, as the case may be. The drying on the flakes is the last process. It is the in-shore fishery that is prosecuted by the British, not extending generally more than a mile or two from the harbors, that of the Great Bank being abandoned to the Yankees and French.

The seas swarm with almost every variety of fish in its season. There are incredible shoals of lance, a small, elongated, silvery, eel-like creature; vast armies of migratory herrings; and hosts of capelin, slight and elegantly-shaped, with a greenish back, silvery underneath the body, and some scales of a reddish tinge. These are the small fry. They serve as food for the omnivorous cod, and are followed by their rapacious enemy with gaping mouth and helter-skelter movement, through all the sinuosities of the coast. The cod, the great object of attraction to the fishermen, is just as actively pursued by his human foes. Early in May, the work of preparation commences, laying in provisions, arranging hooks, lines, nets, and the rigging of boats. Between the middle and close of the month, the spring herrings, or the first shoal, arrive, and are caught in nets to be used for bait. About the middle of June, the capelin come in, crowding to the shores in countless myriads to spawn, They remain about a month, and, being the favourite food of the cod, the fishery is now at its height. In such numbers are they, that wherever there is a strip of beach, every rolling wave strews the sand with hundreds, which are swept off, perhaps, by the next billow, or fall an easy prey to the women and children, who stand ready with buckets and barrows to seize upon the precious and plentiful booty. On a fine moonlight night, the appearance of a secluded cove, or broader expanse, is often very remarkable, and even splendid. There are whales rising and plunging, throwing up spouts of water; cod-fish flirting their tails above the waves, reflecting the light of the moon from their silvery surface; and legions of capelin hurrying away to seek a refuge from the monsters of the deep. Toward the beginning of August, the capelin leave the shores, and are succeeded by the small scuttle-fish, which are followed in September by the autumnal, or "fall herrings," the last shoal, when the summer fishery closes. On some parts of the shores, where the water is shallow, seines and other kinds of nets are employed in the capture of the cod; or when the fish are so gorged that they refuse all baits, jigging is resorted to. A plummet of lead, armed with hooks, is let down, and moved rapidly to and fro, by which the fish are caught. But, notwithstanding every way, hooking, netting, and jigging, and the enormous annual destruction, the seas swarm with undiminished multitudes of cod-fish every recurring season. This is not surprising, when Leewenhoek counted 9,384,000 in the spawn of a single individual of medium size, a number that will defy all the efforts of man to exterminate.

The island has not only its fishermen, but fishing dogs; at least Harvey had one of this class, who had not been taught the craft, but took to it of his own accord, and followed it apparently for amusement. The animal was not of the breed distinguished as the Newfoundland dog, so celebrated for beauty, sagacity, and fidelity; but one of the short-haired, sharp-nosed Labrador race, the most abundant dogs in the country, not handsome, but intelligent and useful. When not wanted for the service of his master or the family, the dog would take his station on a projecting point of rock, and attentively watch the water, where it might be from six to eight feet deep, the bottom being white with fish bones. Upon a fish appearing, easily discovered over the whitened ground, it was immediately "set" by the dog, who waited for the favorable opportunity to make a plunge. This was upon the fish turning its broadside toward him, when down he went like a dart, and seldom returned without the struggling prey in his mouth. The animal regularly conveyed his capture to a particular spot selected by himself, and on a summer day would raise a fish-stack at the place, consisting of fifty or sixty individuals a foot long. To pass from fishermen, fish, and dogs to steamers is an abrupt transition. But it may be mentioned as of importance in Newfoundland history, that in 1497, the first ship, "Caboto," visited its waters; in 1536, the abundance of cod was discovered; and in 1840, the first steam-vessel reached the shore. This was H.M.S. "Spitfire," which entered the harbor of St. John's, to land

a few troops from Halifax. Great was the astonishment and admiration of those who had never been out of the island. Some boatmen off the Narrows were so completely bewildered by the spectacle, that they were nearly run down by the huge novel craft.

IMITATION PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.

ONE of the most curious sights in Paris, or indeed in the whole world, is afforded by a visit to the vast *atelier* of M. Bourguignon, situated at the Barrière du Trone, where the whole process of transforming a few grains of dirty, heavy-looking sand into a diamond of the purest water, is daily going on, with the avowed purpose of deceiving every body but the buyer. The sand employed, and upon which every thing depends, is found in the forests of Fontainebleau, and enjoys so great a reputation in the trade, that large quantities are exported. The coloring matter for imitating emeralds, rubies and sapphires, is entirely mineral, and has been brought to high perfection by M. Bourguignon. He maintains in constant employment about a hundred workmen, besides a number of women and young girls, whose business it is to polish the colored stones, and line the false pearls with fish-scales and wax. The scales of the roach and dace are chiefly employed for this purpose, and form a considerable source of profit to the fishermen of the Seine, in the environs of Corbeil, who bring them to Paris in large quantities during the season. They must be stripped from the fish while living, or the glistening hue which we admire so much in the real pearl can not be imitated. It is, however, to the "cultivation" of the diamond that M. Bourguignon has devoted the whole of his ingenuity; and were he to detail the mysteries of his craft, some of the most singular histories of "family diamonds" and "heir-looms" would be brought to light. A few months ago a lady entered his shop, looking rather flushed and excited, and drawing from her muff a number of morocco cases of many shapes and sizes, opened them one after another, and spread them out on the counter. "I wish to learn the price of a *parure* to be made in exact imitation of this," she said; "that is to say, if you *can* imitate the workmanship with sufficient precision for the distinction never to be observed." Bourguignon examined the articles attentively, named his price, and gave the most unequivocal promise that the *parure* should be an exact counterpart of the one before him. The lady insisted again. She was urgent overmuch, as is the case with the fair sex in general. Was he sure the imitation would be perfect? Had he observed the beauty and purity of these stones? Could he imitate the peculiar manner in which they were cut, &c.? "*Soyez tranquille, madame*," replied Bourguignon, "the same workman shall have the job, and you may rely upon an exact counterpart of his former work." The lady opened her eyes in astonishment and trepidation, and M. Bourguignon, with unconscious serenity, added, by way of reassuring her: "I will attend to the order myself, as I did when I received the commands of the gentleman who ordered this very *parure*, I think, last February;" and, with the greatest unconcern, he proceeded to search his ledger, to ascertain which of the workmen executed it, and what the date of its delivery.

Not only, however, is domestic deception carried on by means of M. Bourguignon's artistic skill, but he has often been called upon to lend his aid to diplomatic craft likewise. Numberless are the snuff-boxes, "adorned with valuable diamonds," which issue from his *atelier* in secret as the reward of public service, or skillful negotiation; innumerable portraits, "set in brilliants," which have been mounted there, to gladden the hearts of chargés d'affaires, attachés, and vice-consuls. The great Mehemet Ali, like all great men who, when they commit little actions, always do so on a great scale, may be said to be the first who ever introduced the bright delusions of M. Bourguignon to the unconscious acquaintance of the children of that prophet, "who suffered no deceivers to live."

The wily old Mussulman, who knew the world too well not to be conscious of the value of an appearance of profusion on certain occasions, had announced that every pasha who came to the seat of government, to swear allegiance to his power, would return to his province laden with presents of jewels for his wives. It may readily be imagined that, under such conditions, the duty became a pleasure, and that there needed no second bidding. Meanwhile, Mehemet, with characteristic caution, had dispatched an order to his envoy, then sojourning in Paris, to send him forthwith as many of the diabolical deceptions of the lying Franks, in the way of mock diamonds, as he could collect. Bourguignon undertook to furnish the order, which was executed in due course, and duly appropriated, no doubt, causing many a Mashallah! of delight to fall from the lips of the harem beauties of Egypt, and many an Allah Hu! of loyalty from those of their husbands, at sight of so much generosity.

A visit to Bourguignon's shop will inspire the mind with wonder to behold the perfection with which art can be made to imitate the most exquisite productions of nature. The lustre of the diamond: the richness, the double reflection of the ruby; even the caprice and deviation in the form and color of the pearl, escape not the cunning eye of the artist. Some of the *parures* are valued as high as five or six thousand francs. The workmanship, however, is as tasteful and costly as any produced by the first jewelers in the world. The setting is always of real gold, and the fashion of the newest kind. A tiara from the shop of Bourguignon, of the price of six hundred francs, will rival in effect and delicacy of finish its neighbor which may have cost twenty times as much; none can tell the difference but those who have been allowed to handle it, and breathe upon it, and touch it with the tongue, and apply an acid to it, in order to see whether or no it becomes tarnished.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

SEVERAL topics of considerable public importance have been discussed in Congress during the past month, but no decisive action has been taken upon any. The controversy on the Nebraska Bill, and the issues connected with it, has to some extent disorganized both the great political parties, and seriously interfered with practical legislation. The most important measure of the Senate has been the ratification of the treaty negotiated with Mexico by General Gadsden, though this was not effected until the treaty had undergone some very important modifications. The extent of territory to be acquired was reduced one half, the portion purchased including a route for a railroad to the Pacific. The sum to be paid to Mexico is reduced from twenty to ten millions of dollars, and the eleventh article of the treaty of Guadalupe, by which the United States agreed to protect Mexico from the incursions of the Indians on her frontiers, is abrogated. The treaty does not embrace any stipulation for the satisfaction of American claims, but it recognizes, and to some extent protects, the grant for a railroad route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. These modifications in the treaty must of course be submitted to the Mexican government for its approval.——On the 2d of May a Message was received in the Senate from the President, giving at length his reasons for withholding his signature from a bill which had passed both branches of Congress, appropriating ten million acres of public land to the several States, for the relief of the indigent insane within their limits. The President objects that the Constitution does not confer upon the General Government any power to make such appropriations, and that its assumption would be a very dangerous precedent, and would lead to the complete reversal of the true theory of the government, which regards the Union as merely the creature of the several States. He fears, moreover, that if Congress were thus to assume the offices of charity which properly belong to local authorities, the several States, instead of relying on their own resources for such objects, would become suppliants for the bounty of the Federal Government, and that the fountains of charity would thus be dried up at home. The faith of the government is pledged also, by the acceptance of that portion of these lands ceded by the older States, to dispose of them exclusively for the common benefit of all the States; and by the act of 1847 they are still further pledged for the payment of certain portions of the public debt. On grounds, therefore, both of right and of expediency, the President is opposed to the principle of the bill. He refers to the fact that previous donations of land for educational purposes, for the construction of railroads, etc., will probably be cited as precedents to justify the appropriation proposed in this instance. But in these cases, he says, the government merely acted as a wise proprietor, and gave away part of its lands in order to enhance the value of the rest. The only cases in the history of the country which can be properly cited as precedents, are an act passed in 1819, granting a township of land to the Connecticut Asylum for the education of the Deaf and Dumb, and another passed in 1826, making a similar grant for a similar purpose in Kentucky. Both these cases he is inclined to consider warnings to be shunned, rather than examples to be followed. A debate followed the receipt of the Message, in which its positions were sustained by the Democratic Senators, and opposed by the Whigs.——Mr. Gwin, on the 4th, moved to take up the Pacific Railroad Bill—saying that he should consider the vote on that proposition decisive of the fate of the bill at the present session. The Senate refused to take it up, by a vote of 23 to 20.——On the 1st, Senator Slidell introduced a resolution authorizing the President to suspend the operation of our neutrality laws so far as Spain is concerned, whenever, in his judgment, such a measure should be expedient. He supported the resolution in an extended speech, in which he cited various facts to prove that the Spanish government, acting under the advice and protection of England and France, was taking steps to abolish slavery in the island of Cuba—a measure which, in his judgment, would be so hostile to the interests of the United States that it ought to be forbidden and prevented by our government. The repeal of our neutrality laws, he thought, would compel Spain to desist from the policy on which she has entered. He urged the proposition, also, on the ground that it would aid in the emancipation of Cuba, and her ultimate annexation to the United States. The resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The movement of Mr. Slidell excited a good deal of interest throughout the country; especially as rumors at the same time, received from Madrid through the British press, attributed to Mr. Soulé, our Minister in Spain, very peremptory demands on the Spanish government for redress for injuries sustained by American interests at Havana. These rumors, however, all lack confirmation.

In the House of Representatives the Nebraska Bill has been the principal topic of discussion, although debate upon it has been mainly incidental, and while other subjects were before the House. On the 25th of April, Mr. Benton spoke against it, the first part of his speech being a vehement protest against the practice of citing the opinions of the President with a view to influence legislation, which, he said, was unconstitutional, inasmuch as there was only one way in which the President can properly communicate his opinions to Congress; namely, by message. Col. Benton also denounced the newspapers employed to do the public printing, for assuming to dictate to Congress; and proceeded to resist the proposition to repeal the Missouri Compromise, on the ground that it was one of the three great measures by which the Union had been formed and its harmony preserved—the first being the ordinance of 1787, and the second the Federal Constitution. He said he came into public life on the Missouri Compromise, and he intended always to stand upon it, even if he should stand alone. It partook of the nature of a contract, and could not be repealed now without a violation of good faith. It had given peace and harmony to the country, and its repeal would inevitably involve us in useless and mischievous agitations. Not a petition for its repeal had come into Congress from any quarter. The Slave States had nothing to gain by passing it; the pretense that it was necessary in order to carry out the principle of non-intervention, was utterly fallacious; and on every account the bill ought not to pass.——On the 7th of May, a motion

was made to lay aside all other public business before the House, in order to take up the Nebraska Bill, which had been referred to the Committee of the Whole. This proposition was considered as a test of the opinions of the House in regard to the bill. The result was, that it was carried by a vote of 109 to 88; and at the time of closing this Record the bill was under discussion.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science held its sixth annual meeting at Washington, the session commencing on the 27th of April, and lasting five days. A large number of interesting and valuable papers were read on a great variety of scientific subjects, some of which were directly connected with the general interests of the country. Among them were several from Lieut. Maury and the gentlemen connected with the Coast Survey. The various exploring expeditions now in progress under the direction of the government were discussed at length, and the results which may be expected from them were clearly set forth. The meeting was even more interesting than usual, and will contribute essentially to direct popular attention to the worth and claims of science.——A Southern Convention, composed of delegates from the several Southern States, met at Charleston, S. C., on the 11th of April, for the purpose of devising measures to promote the interests and independence of the slaveholding section of the Union, and held a session of a week. Hon. George Dawson, U. S. Senator from Georgia, presided, and Lieut. Maury was placed at the head of a committee to prepare business for the Convention. The project of a railroad to the Pacific by a Southern route was the leading topic of discussion. The Convention was unanimous in the opinion that the road ought to be built, but was divided on the point whether it should be done by the Federal Government or by the Southern States alone. The decision was finally in favor of the latter plan. It is proposed that each of the Southern States shall subscribe to the stock of the road, and that all shall form themselves into a body corporate for the purpose of building it. Resolutions were adopted in favor of acquiring the right to navigate the river Amazon, of promoting manufactures in the Southern States, and of opening direct commercial intercourse with Europe.

Public attention has been largely directed to the result of a trial for murder in Kentucky. The facts of the case, as developed on the trial, were these: Professor Butler, teacher of a school in Louisville, Kentucky, had chastised one of his pupils, a lad fourteen years old, named William Ward, for violation of the rules, and for alleged falsehood in denying the offense. The lad's brother, Matt. F. Ward, the next day went to the school-room, armed with two loaded pistols, and accompanied by his brother Robert, who was armed with a bowie knife, and demanded an explanation from Professor Butler, who offered to make one, and invited him into his private room. Ward refused to go, saying that was the place to receive it. Butler declined to discuss the subject in presence of his pupils, upon which Ward denounced him in violent terms as a scoundrel and a coward. It was contended that upon this Butler struck him; but the only direct evidence to this fact was that of Robert Ward, who was under indictment as an accomplice. Matt. Ward drew his pistol and shot Butler, who lived till evening. The *venue* was removed from Louisville to Elizabethtown, in Hardin County, where the trial was held. In addition to a strong array of retained counsel, Hon. J. J. Crittenden appeared as a volunteer for Ward. The defense was that Butler struck Ward first, and that the latter shot him under that provocation, if not in self-defense. Ward was acquitted not only of murder, but also of manslaughter. Public demonstrations have taken place in various parts of the State, denouncing the verdict.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 15th of April. Some excitement had been occasioned in San Francisco by an attempt on the part of the Mexican Consul to enlist an armed force of three thousand men, mainly Germans and Frenchmen, for service in Mexico, to be employed chiefly in suppressing revolutions and repelling aggressions in Sonora and Lower California. Some three or four hundred of the persons enlisted were embarked on board a British ship, the Challenge, which was pursued, however, by a U. S. revenue cutter and brought back. The Mexican Consul was arrested, and on subsequent examination was indicted for a breach of the neutrality laws of the United States. Captain Watkins, who had returned to San Francisco after having taken part in Captain Walker's expedition against Sonora, had also been tried and convicted of the same offense, for which he was sentenced to pay a fine of fifteen hundred dollars. Walker's expedition seems to have been effectually broken up. At the latest dates it had retreated from the valley of the Trinidad toward the Colorado, on their way to Texas through New Mexico, and had been reduced to a total of fifty officers and twenty men. The mining news is favorable, and the farming prospects of the State are in the highest degree encouraging. The coming crop of wheat alone is estimated at twenty millions of bushels. Indian difficulties still prevail, especially on the Northern frontiers.

From *Oregon*, our dates being to the 25th of March, we hear that the admission of Oregon into the Union as a State is considerably agitated. A very large amount of wheat has been sown, and the crops in general promise to yield abundantly. The volcanic mountain of St. Helena is in a state of eruption.

MEXICO.

From Mexico, the only intelligence of interest is in regard to a formidable revolt against the Central Government, in the southwestern district, led by General Alvarez. The accounts of its progress are vague and unreliable. The strength of the insurgents is not accurately known, nor is it believed to be very considerable. At the latest dates Santa Anna was in the vicinity of Acapulco, with an army of about five thousand men, intending to attack the town, which was the head-quarters of the rebellion. The port had been blockaded, and one of the American Pacific steamers, which attempted to enter, had been driven away. The object of the blockade is to prevent supplies reaching the insurgents.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Eastern War continues to absorb public attention. The withdrawal of the Russian embassadors from London and Paris has been already noted: that event was speedily followed by a formal Declaration of War. On the 27th of February the Earl of Clarendon dispatched a messenger to St. Petersburg with a letter declaring that, if the Russian government did not immediately announce its intention of ordering its troops to recross the Pruth, so that the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia should be completely evacuated by the 30th of

April, her refusal or silence would be considered equivalent to a declaration of war, and the British government would take its measures accordingly. The messenger was directed to wait but six days for a reply. The note was presented to Count Nesselrode on the 17th of March by M. Michele, the British Consul; and the Count's reply was, that he had "taken His Majesty's commands with reference to Lord Clarendon's note, and the Emperor did not think it becoming to make any reply to it." The receipt of this response led to the immediate issue, on the 28th of March, of the Declaration of War. This important document rehearsed rapidly the successive steps in the progress of the difficulty, conceding at the outset that the Emperor of Russia had some cause of complaint against the Sultan with regard to the Holy Places, but declaring that these had been amicably adjusted by the advice of the British Minister, and that the Russian Envoy, Prince Menschikoff, was meantime urging still more important demands, concerning the position of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, which he carefully concealed from the British embassador. These demands were rejected, and the Emperor of Russia immediately sent large bodies of troops to the frontier, and took possession of the Principalities for the purpose of enforcing compliance with them. The object sought was virtual control of the nine millions of the Christian subjects of the Sultan; which the Porte could not grant without yielding to Russia the substantial sovereignty over his territories. It was therefore refused, and the French and English governments had felt called upon—by regard for an ally, the integrity and independence of whose empire have been recognized as essential to the peace of Europe, by the sympathies of their people with right against wrong, by a desire to avert from their dominions the most injurious consequences, and to save Europe from the preponderance of a Power which had violated the faith of treaties and defied the opinion of the civilized world—to take up arms for the defense of the Sultan.—The Declaration was debated in Parliament at great length on the 31st of March. In the House of Lords, the Earl of Clarendon contended that the object of the Emperor of Russia had been to obtain such an ascendency and right of interference in Turkey as would have enabled him at any time to possess himself of Constantinople; and that this design had been steadily pursued in the face of the most distinct and solemn assurances to the English government that he had no such purpose in view. If he had been allowed to carry this design into execution, Lord C. thought it would not be too much to say that more than one Western power would have been made to undergo the fate of Poland. It was not to protect her trade, nor to defend her India possessions, that England had resolved to go to war. For neither of these objects would she make the sacrifices she was about to make; but it was to maintain her honor, and to sustain the cause of civilization against barbarism. Russia had already reduced several of the German powers to a state of virtual dependence upon her, and it became absolutely necessary to place a check upon her further aggressions on the independence of Europe. Austria and Prussia had both resolved to maintain a position of complete neutrality. This would be found in the end impossible; but thus far England had reason to be perfectly satisfied with the course they had adopted, although she had received no guarantee as to their ultimate action. The Earl of Derby followed in a long speech, the main object of which was to show, from the recent correspondence between the two governments, that Russia had not deceived the English government in regard to her intentions, and that nothing but the utmost blindness could excuse the English Ministry for the course they had taken. It was very evident, he thought, that the Emperor counted with some reason on the friendly disposition of Lord Aberdeen, and that but for his accession to power those attempts on the integrity of Turkey would never have been made which had resulted in war. He pledged his support to the war, which he hoped would be conducted with perseverance as well as enthusiasm. Lord Aberdeen retorted the personal attack of the Earl of Derby by reminding him that he himself, when Prime Minister, had been complimented by the only Austrian Minister who had ever been the bitter foe of England, and that he had acknowledged these complimentary expressions with declarations of gratitude: for his own part, he could say the Emperor of Russia had received no such grateful recognition from him. Lord Brougham, without entering into any extended discussion of the question, expressed his fears that the war would not prove to be a short one—and said that his principal anxiety related to the southern and central parts of Europe; for nothing was to be more dreaded than a war of propagandism, and nothing was more to be deprecated than an appeal to insurrectionary movements.—In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell moved the Address, and supported it in a speech briefly sketching the history of the case, and regretting that even the passage of the Danube by the Russian troops had not elicited from Austria a declaration of war. Mr. Layard followed, charging upon Lord Aberdeen that he had actually abetted the designs of Russia by his course from a very early date, and severely censuring the action of the Ministry, in not having more promptly ordered the fleet in the Bosphorus to the assistance of the Sultan. Mr. Bright denounced the war as utterly unjust and unwise, and ridiculed the pretense that England was to preserve the balance of power in Europe. If the United States should remain at peace for seven years longer, they would show Europe where the balance of power would lie. The whole notion of the European equilibrium was one of the most false and mischievous delusions they had inherited from the past. Lord Palmerston defended the policy of the Government, saying it was impossible for any man, able to see and capable of drawing a conclusion, to doubt that there was a settled intention on the part of Russia to overrun and overthrow the Turkish Empire, for the purpose of establishing in the territory of Turkey the ascendency and domination of Russia; and the reason why the Emperor chose the present moment for pushing this design, was that he feared that the progress of reform in Turkey would soon put its accomplishment out of his power. The European balance of power, which Mr. Bright had declared himself unable to understand, was simply the doctrine of self-preservation; and the only question for England to consider now, was whether one Power is to bestride the globe from North to South, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean—to dictate to Germany, to domineer in the Mediterranean, to have the whole of the rest of Europe at its mercy, to deal with it as it pleases; or whether that Power shall be taught that there are limits even to the ambition of a Czar. Mr. Disraeli followed with an elaborate attempt to

convict the Ministry, from the secret correspondence, of having connived with the Czar in his schemes for the partition of Turkey, and to show that the war had been produced exclusively by one man. Several other members participated in the debate, at the end of which the Address, responding to the Queen's announcement that war had been declared, was unanimously voted in both Houses.

The English government immediately on the proclamation of war, issued a declaration of a good deal of interest concerning the rights of neutrals. In order to render the war as little onerous as possible to the powers with whom she remained at peace, the declaration says England is willing to waive, for the present, a part of the belligerent rights appertaining to her by the law of nations. She could not forego the exercise of her right of seizing articles contraband of war, and of preventing neutrals from conveying the enemy's dispatches; and she must also maintain the right of a belligerent to prevent neutrals from breaking any effective blockade sustained by an adequate force. But she would waive the right of seizing enemy's property laden on board a neutral vessel, unless it be contraband of war; nor would she claim the confiscation of neutral property, not being contraband of war, found on board enemy's ships. Being anxious, moreover, to lessen as much as possible the evils of war, and to restrict its operations to the regularly organized forces of the country, it is declared that it is not her present intention to issue letters of marque for the commissioning of privateers.

On the 11th of April, Lord John Russell withdrew the Reform Bill which he had introduced as a Government measure at the beginning of the session. He acknowledged that the Ministry was pledged to it, and said that his confidence in its justice and propriety had not been in the least degree shaken by the criticisms to which it had been subjected. But he said it was evident that the attention of Parliament and of the country was absorbed by the war, and that there was, therefore, no general desire that this measure should be pressed just at present. The Ministry, moreover, must stake its existence on its success, and he did not think the immediate importance of the measure was sufficient to justify them in so doing on the eve of a general war. He declared himself indifferent to the censures which the act would elicit from the opposition, but exhibited and professed deep sensibility to the opinions of the sincere friends and advocates of reform. The withdrawal of the bill was acquiesced in as necessary and proper by the House.

FRANCE.

In France, proceedings in regard to the formal opening of the war have taken place analogous in all respects to those of Great Britain. An Imperial message was read to the Chambers on the 27th of March, announcing that the last resolution of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg had placed Russia in a state of war with respect to France—a war, it is added, the responsibility of which belonged wholly and entirely to the Russian government. The Chambers unanimously pledged the support of France to the war. The same regulations in regard to the rights of neutrals, and the commissioning of privateers, have been adopted in France as in England, and the action of the two countries is made to harmonize on all points. The Duke of Cambridge and Lord Raglan, with a large number of subordinate officers in the British army destined for the East, passed through Paris on the 11th of April, and were received with imposing demonstrations on the part of the French government and people. A grand review in honor of the Duke took place on the 12th, in the Champ de Mars.——It is stated that the amount of the French contingent will not be limited to 50,000; indeed it is expected that before the war is over it will exceed 100,000. ——The *Moniteur* has published the text of the convention between France and England, which was signed by the representatives of the two powers at London on the 10th of April. The two powers agree (1.) To do what depends on them to bring about the re-establishment of peace between Russia and Turkey on a solid and durable basis, and to guarantee Europe against the return of those lamentable complications which have so disturbed the general peace; (2.) To receive into their alliance, for the sake of co-operating in the proposed object, any of the other powers of Europe who may wish to join it; (3.) Not to accept, in any event, any overtures for peace, nor to enter into any arrangement with Russia, without having previously deliberated upon it in common; (4.) They renounce in advance any particular advantage to themselves from the events that may result; (5.) They agree to supply, according to the necessities of the war, determined by a common agreement, land and sea forces sufficient to meet them.

THE GERMAN STATES.

The position of Austria and Prussia in reference to the Eastern war, continues to be a source of perplexity and anxiety. Both these powers have declared their determination to maintain a complete neutrality. The Prussian Chambers granted permission to the King to raise a loan required, but not until after very positive assurances from the Minister of War that union with Russia was utterly impossible, and then only upon the adoption of resolutions designed to pledge the government to a close co-operation with the other German States, and to efforts for the speedy restoration of peace on the basis of the Vienna Conference. The leanings of the Prussian Court are supposed to be toward Russia; but the sentiment of the Chambers and of the people is very decidedly the other way. It is stated that a private treaty has been negotiated between Prussia and Austria, intended to pledge them to a united and concerted action, and likely to exert a controlling influence on the action of the smaller German States. The Austrian government continues to give assurances to the Western Powers which are pronounced satisfactory in Parliament, and she has recently sent a very large force to her Eastern frontiers. A good deal of discontent is evinced at her failure to regard the crossing of the Danube by the Russians as a hostile act, and to resent it as such.——The state of siege in Hungary has been abolished; but the condition of the country is very far from tranquil.

EASTERN EUROPE.

On the 12th of April the Russian government published its counter statement in reply to the English Declaration of War. In the presence of such declarations and demands as those made to him by England and France, the Emperor has only to accept the situation assigned to him, reserving to himself to employ all the means which Providence has put in his hands to defend with energy and constancy the honor, independence, and safety, of his empire. All the imputations which they have

made against Russia are declared to rest on no foundation whatever. If their honor has been placed in jeopardy, it has been by their own act; for, from the beginning, they have adopted a system of intimidation, which would naturally fail. They made it a point of honor that Russia should bend to them; and because she would not consent to her own humiliation, they say they are hurt in their moral dignity. The policy of aggrandizement, which they attribute to Russia, is refuted by all her acts since 1815. None of her neighbors have had to complain of an attack. The desire of possessing Constantinople has been too solemnly disavowed for any doubts to be entertained on that point which do not originate in a distrust which nothing can cure. Events will soon decide whether Russia or the Western Powers have struck the most fatal blow at the independence of Turkey. The Sultan has already renounced, by treaty, the distinguishing privilege of every sovereign power, that of making peace or war at its own free will; and changes in her internal policy have already been exacted, far greater and far more fatal to her independence than any Russia ever desired to secure. It is for Europe, and not for the Western Powers alone, to decide whether the general equilibrium is menaced by the supposed preponderance of Russia; and to consider which weighs heaviest on the freedom of action of states—Russia, left to herself, or a formidable alliance, the pressure of which alarms every neutrality, and uses by turns caresses or threats to compel them to follow in its wake. The true motive of the war has been avowed by the British Ministry to be the abatement of the influence of Russia; and it is to defend that influence—not less necessary to the Russian nation than it is essential to the maintenance of the order and security of the other states—that the Emperor, obliged to embark in war in spite of himself, is about to devote all the means of resistance which are furnished by the devotion and patriotism of his people. He closes by denying that the responsibility of the war rests upon him, and invokes the aid of God, who has so often protected Russia in the day of trial, to assist him once more in this formidable struggle.

The progress of the war thus far has not been marked by any general or decisive engagement. The English fleet in the Baltic, under Admiral Sir Charles Napier, has seized ten Russian merchant vessels, and, at the latest dates, was off Gothland. All the Russian ports have been blockaded. The Russian forces have crossed the Danube at several points, and have taken possession of the Dobrudscha, the peninsular country inclosed between the Danube and the Black Sea. They had also attempted to cross at other points, but were repulsed. About 50,000 Russian troops were on the Turkish side of the river, and were fortifying themselves at various points. The Turks had fallen back upon Varna, which was supposed to be menaced by the Russian movement, and the English and French fleet in the Black Sea had also moved up to its defense. The Russians have also sent a force into Servia. Rumors are abundant concerning frequent engagements of severity between the Russian and Turkish forces, but they are evidently greatly exaggerated accounts of mere skirmishes.

The war with Russia and the alliance with the West, are making themselves very sensibly felt on the internal affairs of *Turkey*. The Sultan has just declared that the possessions of the mosques are the property of the State, and has deposed the Sheik for refusing his assent. This is one of the most important changes to which the internal policy of the Ottoman empire has ever been subjected. The mosques in Turkey form religious corporations, independent of the State, and exercising over it at times unbounded authority, through the ulemas, or doctors of the law and the Koran, who are the sole possessors of the vast wealth belonging to these religious foundations. Turkish landholders, from generation to generation, in consequence of the insecurity of property, and other causes, have been in the habit of making over the fee-simple of their property to the mosques, reserving to themselves only the use of them for life. In this way it is said that full three-fourths of the soil of Turkey has come to be the property of these religious foundations, held by the ulemas, of whom the Sheik is the head. The confiscation of such a vast amount of the property of the Church to the purposes of the State can not fail to exert a very marked influence on the internal affairs of the empire.

The extensive insurrections of the Greeks, fomented undoubtedly by Russian agents, have been so far countenanced by the Greek government as to lead to the rupture of all diplomatic relations between Greece and Turkey. The Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a note dated April 1, to the Greek Minister, M. Metaxa, sent him his passports, and announced that all diplomatic and commercial relations between the two countries were at an end. It had been proved, he alleged, incontestably, that the Greek government had actually tolerated and aided the insurrectionary movements of which complaint was made. The Greek Chambers had previously refused to concede the measures demanded by the Sultan, but had positively denied all participation in the insurrection. M. Metaxa replied to the Minister's note, appealing to that Supreme Tribunal whose judgments are unerring, and whose decrees are infallible, to decide whether Greece was justly responsible for the revolts which discontent had provoked in Epirus and Thessaly. The British Minister, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, had issued a circular letter repudiating all sympathy with the Greek insurrection, and declaring the purpose of England and France to sustain the Sultan against all who might threaten the peace and safety of his Empire.

From *Japan* we have intelligence of some interest concerning the movements of the Russians. From accounts that reach us by way of China, it seems that a Russian fleet, which had been rapidly augmented during the past year, entered the port of Nangasaki, and was received with great pomp by the Governor, after the departure of the squadron of Commodore Perry. A letter from the Russian Chancellor was immediately forwarded to Jeddo; and it is reported that assurances were received in return, that the Emperor had decided within the coming year to throw the commerce of the country open to the whole world, under certain restrictions necessary for the interests of Japan. The American squadron had gone to Loo Choo in January, where Commodore Perry had purchased a naval depot and erected a fort; an officer and small garrison had been left in this fort, and the Commodore had sailed for Jeddo. The report of the death of the Emperor of Japan is confirmed.

Editor's Table.

THE POSITION OF THE CLERGY among the powers of the age, is a topic closely suggested by the remarks we ventured to make in a previous editorial. Would that we could discuss it in a manner which its importance demands. One thing, however, may be safely affirmed. Whatever may be thought of our strictures or our commendations, they are certainly from the hands of a friend. We yield to no one, not merely in respect for the clergy, but in an earnest desire to see them occupy the place which alone befits the intrinsic dignity of their calling and its relation to all that is highest or most saving in our humanity.

There is, then, only one place they should occupy. We rejoice when we see them in possession of it; we grieve deeply, as for a most deplorable and calamitous event, when compelled to admit that they have fallen, or are falling, behind it. This place is in the extreme van of the world's true progress, in the "forefront of the hottest battle" with the powers of evil, whether they be the fiends of sin, of ignorance, of false knowledge, false theology, false philosophy, or that most deadly of all Satanic falsities—false sentiment. When we thus speak of the world's progress, no one will mistake our meaning. We have but one idea in the use of the term—progress in truth. And here, too, another kind of cant necessitates a caution in the use of language. It is progress, not so much in new truths—there may be a vast accumulation of these without any substantial advance—as in the wider diffusion, the deeper appreciation, and stronger hold of those truths it is most important for man to know—those ancient truths, those never obsolete truths, without which all other progress is but progress in a labyrinth, and all other light but a darkness visible.

Do our clergy stand boldly and strongly upon this advance position? If any of our remarks take the form of censure, it is in reference to this alone. We can not bear to see Christ's army, and especially his commissioned hosts, occupying any rank behind the first, or falling in the wake of any other movements originated and directed by other and secular minds, whether those movements be for good or evil, in harmony with revelation, or directly opposed to its most vital teachings.

There is among us a tendency to make almost every thing subservient to the political. The Church and the clergy share in it. It is a very common deception to suppose that they are in no danger of such an influence, in consequence of the abolition of all outward connection between the Church and the State; but mere forms here, or the want of forms, can furnish no protection. The true position of the clergy may be as much affected by falling into the current of popular sentiment in a democracy, as by dependence on any of the ruling powers in a monarchy.

But in other modes besides that of direct subserviency may this vantage ground be lost. Even where the object aimed at is right, is religious, there may be too much importance attached to it in its mere political aspect—an aspect which, if made prominent, is sure, in time, to cast a shade upon the more vital and essential features. Thus Missionary and Bible societies will doubtless advance civilization; Sunday-schools aid the cause of law and order; they promote morals, and are not morals the foundation of our liberties? It is thought good policy to dwell on these secular benefits. Pious people and clergymen, therefore, rejoice when they can get a member of Congress, or an actual or Ex-Governor, or better yet, some old hero of a General to harangue on such utilities before the annual religious gatherings. Politicians, too, are very glad of opportunities for such display. It may be a convenient currency wherewith to buy them votes in some time of political need; or, if it is a want of charity to suspect them of so poor a motive as this, it enables them, at all events, to occupy a new and flattering position, where their political greatness appears to more striking advantage in their condescending patronage of the Church and the Church's movements. Now in all this it is doubtless supposed that the State and statesmen are made subservient to the spiritual kingdom; and yet there may be room for a doubt, at least, whether the real effect may not be directly the reverse. Through the continued dwelling upon the secular benefits—either by politicians directly, on such occasions, or by clergymen out of a conciliating deference to the politician—the worldly side of all these questions becomes predominant, the spiritual power is lost, and thus there is eventually a failure even in that secular good which might have been secured had it only been kept in its subordinate place. Religion will cease to be politically *useful* when its political *utility* is presented as the true or pretended ground of its support. In other words, it will no longer be religion, but a base and far from harmless counterfeit. The best things, when debased, are ever the source of the direst mischiefs. This is the peril at which we hold those priceless gifts—the Christian Revelation and the Christian Church.

There can be no doubt that the tendency, at the present day, is to magnify the political, the social, the secular, or what may be called the worldly-humanitarian aspects connected with professedly religious movements. Even on the anniversary platform it is becoming almost as common to hear about the regeneration of the *race* as the salvation of *souls*. The millennium is to be ushered in by political movements, and be itself a sort of politico-religious golden age. Christianity is to cover the earth with railroads and telegraphs, and these, again, to diffuse Christianity with a speed unknown to apostolic times. It may be thought that this is making fast friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness; but is there not some reason to fear that in such a course, instead of the Church's spiritualizing the world, the world will secularize the Church, or that it will be made as completely subservient as though it had been bound to the State by some direct and clearly-defined connection?

It is this same feeling that leads religious men, and especially clergymen, to be peculiarly sensitive about certain points in which the State may be supposed to possess an outward religious character, and which are, therefore, prized at far more than their intrinsic value. We have an example in what is often said in respect to Congressional chaplains. A nation that expressly banishes prayer, or religious acts of any kind, from its public proceedings, can not be called a Christian nation. And yet if the practice is only the result of a hollow condescension, if it is only adopted to show how graciously the politician can manifest his respect for the utilities of religion; above all, if it comes to be looked upon as furnishing a part of "the spoils," as the

prize and the temptation of worldly and time-serving clergymen, it is hard to say which would be worse, the heathenism of the exclusion, or the blasphemy of the observance. We would touch lightly upon this point, but there are other cases where charity must be strained to the utmost to invent even the semblance of truthfulness. When we hear of the political caucus being opened by prayer—when we call to mind the long course of selfish, dark intrigue that has preceded some one of these patriotic gatherings—when we think of the train of manœuvres that have attended its organization, and then that some clergyman has been invited to invoke Heaven's guidance for men who have come there with minds made up to follow the guidance alone of their own corrupt party interests—when we read the formal resolution by which he has been graciously requested to implore divine illumination for a body whose whole machinery of action has been planned by "the wisdom that is of the earth," if not from below the earth, and which does not expect to be influenced in one single vote or measure by "the wisdom which is from above"—no language can characterize too severely the profanity of the whole proceeding. The political trifling with the highest earthly interests of mankind, bad as that may be, is not so bad as this direct insult to Heaven. The clergyman—honest and pious man—does doubtless fancy that he is doing great service to the cause of religion. He is filled with hope and triumph, perhaps, at the thought of the worldly powers thus seeking aid of the spiritual kingdom. But alas, it all contributes to the movement of which we have been speaking. The spoil-hunting faction has felt the need of no divine guidance, has cared for no divine guidance, has received no divine guidance; but another step has been taken in that movement which would make the spiritual subservient to the secular, and the chief value of the Church to consist in its political utility. No clergyman should ever officiate clerically in such a caucus, until he has some reason to believe that its after-scenes will not be in most direct contrast with its religious initiation.

Our clerical friends will bear with us, if we point out some other cases which, in our editorial judgment, furnish illustrations of the same tendency. Too much importance is attached to mere religious profession in our public men. From the way in which it is sometimes treated in our religious newspapers, it would really seem as though they regarded it as a boon to Christianity that it should be professed by a member of Congress, or the Governor of a State. Above all, that a President should show respect to religion, is thought worthy of the most grateful acknowledgment. The testimony of so great a man as he must surely be, is certainly invaluable. That he should maintain a devout attitude during the service, should clearly pronounce the responses, or should actually stand up during the whole of the prayer, are facts worthy to be trumpeted throughout the land, as full of hope for the progress and triumph of the Gospel.

A few years ago we well recollect reading, in one of our religious papers, a letter from a correspondent in Washington, containing a statement of the members of Congress who were also members of the Church. The writer had obtained his information from the most reliable sources; and it was doubtless thought that the publication would do great good to the cause of Christianity. We doubt not the perfect purity of motive which influenced the editor and his correspondent. They were good men, intelligent men, learned men, better men every way than their censor—and yet we can not help distrusting the wisdom of the proceeding. The malign, cunning, sneering infidel might well ask—What is this professed Christianity which is thus to be hunted out like a light under a bed or a bushel? What kind of professors are those who, instead of being known by their acts, must have the census of their unknown statistics so laboriously taken? The discovery is all the more remarkable from the strange coincidences it brings to light. How comes it that the votes of these followers of Christ should ever be found in such exact correspondence with certain party connections? No exceptions here. There they stand ever, rank and file, column against column, like pieces upon a chess-board—men of the same religious profession in this strange and unaccountable relation to each other—the same steady disagreement with their Christian brethren of the opposite political party, the same unvarying agreement with the men of the world who belong to their own. What explanation can be given of this remarkable phenomenon? Should not religious sympathy sometimes snap the political cord? Are both parties always in the right? Or is there some evidence here of an allegiance which is stronger, if not higher, than the spiritual?

Akin to this is the practice of obtaining testimonials from the great men at Washington to the truth and *value* of "our holy religion." It is not long since a tract was published entirely made up of such matters. We had the opinion of Cass, and Everett, and Douglass—although of this we are not quite certain—and Seward, and Sumner, and Clayton, and Benton, if we are not mistaken, that the Bible was true, that Christianity was a most useful institution, and the "foundation of our liberties." Now we would not say a word against all or any of the very respectable and distinguished gentlemen whose names have been mentioned. But then, again, the questions will come up, What is the real value of such testimony? Toward which side—the supremacy of the Church or the world—is the real tendency of the proceeding by which it is obtained? It is gathered for the sake of the young, to strengthen them in their faith. But does it not really argue distrust? Can there be true confidence in a note which has to be strengthened by so many and such endorsements? With all respect for the persons named, their testimony is not to be compared, for real value, with other that can be obtained from some of the obscurest walks of life. What is this to that witness of the power of Christianity which a man may find, if he seeks for it, in the humblest Christian who ever taught in a Sabbath-school, or told his experience in a Methodist class-meeting? Do our young men want testimonies? Let them read the history and martyrology of the Church. We say again, we would not disparage these names—but "what is the chaff to the wheat?" What are all these, and ten thousand more like them, to one life like that of Paul, or Augustin, or Luther, or Fenelon, or Ken, or Wesley, or Edwards? Ay, but these were professed theologians; we want something which shall operate more powerfully on the young heart, because coming from men in the secular ways of life, and who are therefore the more *impartial* witnesses. It comes then to this—and this is the sophism which such teaching would put at the commencement of a religious course—the casual endorsement of a worldly politician, even granting it all supposable purity of motive, is worth more, because more disinterested, than that of one who

has given his whole life, and perhaps a martyr death, to the truth which he professes.

Christianity, we may well believe, had suffered some deterioration in the days of Constantine. There was more of the worldly in the Church than in some of the preceding centuries. But what would we think, should we read in authentic Church history that the pious people and clergy of those days were in the habit of seeking testimonials to the truth and utility of their religion from Roman Senators, or Roman Prætors, or Roman Generals? In view of such modern practices, we find an argument for the truth of revelation a thousand times stronger than was ever gathered in the purlieus of the Capitol. Christianity must be indeed divine when it still maintains its hold upon the human soul under circumstances so calculated to shake all faith. It has fought many a hard battle with its malignant foes, but one of the highest proofs of its heavenly origin is found in the fact that it can stand such treatment from the hands of its professed friends. The deadliest attack of the infidel is not so faith-destroying as these attempts to prop up our belief by the endorsement of the politician, or the patronizing certificate of the minimifidian man of science, neither of whom, it may very possibly be, knows as much of the Scriptures and Christianity as the once dark savage who sits clothed and in his right mind at the feet of the missionary of the cross.

One great cause which has contributed to give the clergy the false rearward position of which we have been speaking, is the wrong opinion entertained of the nature, and hence of the true rank, of their office—an opinion to which they themselves, or many of them, at least, have greatly contributed. We refer to that very common view which regards them as merely moral lecturers instead of men clothed with a divine commission, and charged with the delivery of a divine message. The difference between the two ideas is immense; and immense, too, must be the difference in the practical consequences. Especially is it worthy of note, that the lower opinion should prevail in an age distinguished above all others by its cant about "missions." The editor has his mission, the schoolmaster has his mission, the author, the poet, the novelist, even the actor and the actress, each have their mission; but the clergyman, forsooth, is getting to be more and more thought of, and spoken of, as a voluntary, self-sent lecturer on morals. Now we know well enough that the language, as commonly used, is nothing but cant and bubble. Still there is something significant in the fact that its general prevalence should be accompanied with such a denial of the truest and highest mission—indeed we may say the only real mission on our earth—or that apparent recognition of it which nullifies by putting it simply on a par with every other calling, trade, or profession in human life.

The clergy, we say, have contributed to this. They have thought to conciliate the world, and thus gain power with the world, by lowering their claims, or rather the claims of their office. They would fain be more rational men, more practical, more *sensible*, and hence more useful men, than their pious but mistaken predecessors. Hence the "call to the ministry," about which there used to be so much superstitious sacredness, has come to be explained as a rational conviction of fitness for doing good to the world by teaching the truths of Christianity. All else is undervalued, if not wholly rejected; the outward call is but priestly formality, the inward little better than a false and irrational enthusiasm. It is the same feeling which has led to that most false position that the moral power of the clergy would be increased, the more they mingled in the world, and took part in all secular movements.

Many who are *tending* to these views, would still retain, in some sense, the idea of a special mission. Others have arrived at so transcendent a rationalism that they can afford utterly to discard the thought. All men are inspired, all days are alike religious, all life is faith, all acts are worship, all emotion is prayer, all truth is holy—science is Christianity, all conceivable measures of social reform are Christianity, political economy is Christianity—the man who lectures on trade, or astronomy, or the "moral significance of the Crystal Palace," is preaching the Gospel as truly as ever Paul preached it at Corinth, or Xavier in the Indies, or Whitfield among the colliers of England. And yet some of these men have no hesitation in suffering themselves to be styled *Reverend*, after having, as far as they could, destroyed all reverence; just as they have no moral scruple in calling themselves, and suffering others to call them, "ministers of Christ," while sitting in judgment on their master, and talking of "the mistakes of Jesus."

Such is the natural result of this view of the clerical office. If the clergyman is a moral lecturer, his truths, his doctrines, are *his own* as much as those of any other lecturer. He may make progress in them; he may adapt them to the age; he may claim the merit of new discoveries; he may get up a new gospel, such as the founders of Christianity would doubtless have preached, had they possessed his light. His hearers, too, may hear by the same rule. The preacher is to them no divine embassador; his message is no divine message, to be received with solemn deference for Him who sent it. The *lecturer* himself has taught them to discard every such thought, and hence its moral power, if it have any moral power at all, must suffer a corresponding debasement. We may be very much interested in the rhetoric of Mr. Gilfillan, his stilted exaggerations, his wondrous talent of turning all science into gospel, or all gospel into science; but then it is only the rhetoric of Mr. Gilfillan after all. It has no other moral power than his genius, whatever we may think of it, or his personal merit, whatever that may be, may impart to it. We may be quite certain that he, and Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Maurice will never do the work of John Knox, or Andrew Melville, or Richard Baxter. Mr. Parker—we mean no disrespect in naming him after such evangelical clergymen—may delight us with his extremely liberal sentimentalisms, or make us angry with his fierce and intolerant invectives, but it is Mr. Parker's inspiration after all—nothing more nor less. It is the moral power of a man, *not sent*, but coming in his own name, and whose doctrine is his own—a man of some striking traits of character, but many imperfections—a man very much like ourselves—a man who possibly may deceive himself, as other men have often done, with a show of zeal for philanthropy, which is, after all, but an acrimonious spirit of party, or a malignant *spirit of opinion* often more bigoted than party feeling, and more intolerant than any fanaticism that ever mistakingly assumed the name of a message from Heaven. What is worse, we can not know at all how long the new gospel will last, or when the new light shall come which will make it all comparative darkness. Indeed, we may be certain it will soon pass away. The speculations that many regard as standing highest in philosophy, and newest in theology,

will, in another generation, be among the things that are remembered, and remembered, too, by few. These bubbles must burst. Such a result is distinctly known by the conservative mind—the only mind that truly sees beyond its age, because grounded on those truths that overlook all ages, that survive all ages, and that are the same for all ages.

But are not the clergy, in any view that can be taken of them, men of like passions with others? True indeed—most deplorably true, and, therefore, the more important the fact, or the belief at least in the fact, that the moral power of their mission comes from something higher, purer, more stable, than their own personality. We can only listen to them intently, earnestly, and we may also add, rationally, when we regard them as messengers from Heaven. Their words have weight with us for the very cause that their doctrine is not their own. Aside from express revelation on the subject, our position is made out by the shortest and simplest reasoning. The argument is both *a posteriori* from experience, and *a priori* from the very nature of truth itself. We appeal to every man's personal knowledge. Where are the conversions, sudden or gradual, from the preaching that claims no such mission? When has it made the proud humble, or the worldly man spiritually-minded? When has it ever reclaimed the profligate, or rendered charitable the malevolent, or broken down the hardened wretch to penitence and faith? It has indeed sometimes produced very marked effects, but not like those which characterized the day of Pentecost, when men were "pricked in their hearts" and "smote upon their breasts." It may boast of its reforms, but we fear that it has set men to reforming every thing but themselves, and to cleansing every thing but the defiled sanctuary of their own spirits. There comes the same conclusion when we reason from the very nature of things or ideas. The soul of the serious hearer instinctively demands the higher sanction for the higher truth. A man may lecture to us on science, on political economy, on utilitarian ethics, and we listen to him with complacency, although he comes in his own name. We take his instructions for what they are worth, or for what we may regard *him* as being worth. But what right has a fellow mortal to preach to us of perdition, and salvation, and the life to come, unless he has a message from the universal Judge, or believes, at least, that he has such message, or is delivering the doctrine, not as his own, but as having come from those who were the inspired media through whom it was at first specially given to our blind and wandering race? If he discard this idea of embassadorship from the clerical office, we will not listen to him. Let the order be abolished as a deception, and therefore a moral nuisance, if it take not that high ground which reason and conscience as well as Scripture would assign to it as its only legitimate, its only tenable position.

We have presented our idea in its most catholic aspect. We meddle not with the vexed questions respecting the mode and validities of ministerial succession. It is not essential to our general argument. We do not say whether an unwarranted priestly assumption on the one hand, may not have led to this lax latitudinarianism on the other. We contend not for or against the priestly idea, strictly so called, which consists in the offering of sacrifice and prayer. We are content with taking the more clearly revealed, and, as we think, the higher ground, of the embassadorial character—higher, we say, because the one suggests the idea of a request or an offering from earth to Heaven, the other of a message from Heaven to earth. This, we maintain, must belong to all, or must be assumed by all, who undertake to proclaim to their fellow men the truths that relate to an eternal kingdom. Is the assumption a proud one? How much more arrogant the delivery of such a message without it. The affected humility here is more irrational than any false priestly claim that ever came from ignorant or fanatical excess.

The tendency of which we speak shows itself in what is getting to be the prevalent style of preaching. This is becoming too sentimental and declamatory on the one hand, or too argumentative on the other, as though men could be converted by sheer force of eloquence, or logic, or fairly reasoned out of the unreasonableness of sin. The Bible supplies the preacher with the text, but his own brain furnishes the sermon. A divine declaration is taken as an exordial motto, and then we have a discussion of "abilities and disabilities," and "subjective and objective," and moral this and moral that, and an everlasting proving of moral obligation, until there may arise in the hearers' minds the most serious doubts whether men are moral beings at all, or moral convictions any the less speculations of the intellect than the axioms of geometry or the statements of algebraic equations. Oh, it is indeed a piteous spectacle, to see one who stands in the place of the divine embassador thus spinning out his own poor web from his own psychological materials, while the rich Bible lies all neglected before him—that

> "Broad land of wealth unknown,
> Where hidden glory lies"—

that mine of ideas unfathomable, which it is his great business to study, to interpret, to illustrate by all the aids that can be drawn from the knowledge of language, of antiquities, of the history of the Church, and then to apply it to the consciences of his hearers with the clearness and conviction of one who knows that whatever may be his own personal merit or demerit, he is delivering a message that came from Heaven.

Is there a real objective body of revealed truth in the world? It matters not, for the sake of our main argument, which we adopt of the three great opinions that have prevailed respecting it in the Christian Church—whether it is the Scriptures and pontifical decision, or the Scriptures and general church tradition grounded thereon, or the Scriptures alone of the Old and New Testament, as they were handed down by the Church, and received at the Protestant Reformation—in either case the fundamental position is unaffected. It is the preacher's business to study this objective truth, this outward "rule of faith," to interpret it, to ascertain it, to deliver it to the world, "whether men will hear or whether they will forbear." He loses all moral power, and forfeits all respect, even the respect that might be paid to the scientific lecturer, if he present religious doctrines as his own thoughts, or the result of his own reasoning, except in that field where his reasoning may be legitimately employed—the field of sober, devout, faithful interpretation.

The very title he bears shows the falsity of this common tendency. His name in the Scriptures is Κήρυξ, *Herald*, Crier, Proclaimer. He is an Apostle, a *man sent* to make a proclamation. He is a Præco, Prædicans, Preacher—all conveying the same idea, and having no meaning on the argumentative or lecturing hypothesis.

From this tendency to take a low and secular

view of the clerical calling, has mainly come that rearward tendency and position of the clergy which is so lamentable for the world as well as the Church. There must be assumed and maintained by them more of the true ministerial or embassadorial character. They must do this fearless of consequences, and with a full trust that the simple truth thus announced will be attended by its own intrinsic moral power. Learning, of course, is demanded as a requisite—a learning which shall meet and conquer all that science or philosophy can bring against it, a learning which knows well how much this world needs revelation, and how very, very dark it ever has been, and ever will be, without it. But the other is the essential element of force. In the exercise of this, not merely assumed on certain ecclesiastical occasions, but firmly and consistently maintained, the clerical character will take its true rank; and in the nineteenth century, as well as in the days of our fathers, the corrupt politician, instead of drawing the clergy into his ignominious wake, will stand abashed and confounded by their rebuke.

Editor's Easy Chair.

PICTURES of manners and satires upon society are always interesting. The pleasantest part of old books of travel is generally that which treats of the familiar habits which History does not deign to recognize. So much the worse for History! The consequence is, that where one man reads history conscientiously, fifty men devour with eagerness private diaries and the letters of unambitious observers. It is from these last that the best impression of places is generally derived. A man puts all his individuality into a letter which is destined for friendly eyes only, and in which he allows full play to his conceits, and feelings, and fancy. But a book is a serious affair. Just as a man is the soul of humor in the unrestrained conversation of a circle, and, when he rises to address an assembly, becomes stiff, conscious, and ineffective, so a man who sketches life around him with a sparkling pen when he writes a letter to a friend, becomes solemn and heavy and pointless when he writes a letter to the world.

We thought of all this lately, as we were looking over a volume of Italian travels, written nearly a century since, by a smug Londoner, who went down into Italy—stopping to visit Voltaire upon the way—and who never suffers himself to be seduced into enthusiasm by any blandishment of romance, but, like a sagacious smug Londoner, "couldn't keep his one eye idle," and recorded all that he saw with the precision of an accountant. The result was that his letters, written to a circle of friends, are now one of the most interesting memoirs of Italian life in the latter part of the last century, and are particularly rich in their account of the decline of the Venetian republic. The book shows how utterly *effete* was the society which Napoleon had no sooner touched than it crumbled, and abounds in interesting statistics and details, which would be invaluable to any future historian of the gloomy and gorgeous state of the Lagunes.

We thought of it all lately, but not only in reference to Venice. An Easy Chair like this has always its own diocese at heart. If some smug Londoner, or pert Parisian, or lazy Italian, or heavy German, who may be now among us, and weekly writing home to his friends, should be persuaded to publish his letters, and they should be found a century hence upon an out-door book-stall in Paris, or Vienna, or St. Petersburg, how much clearer a view of us and our society the lucky purchaser would enjoy, than they who shall only read of us in some future dignified historical octavo. The reason of the interest, undoubtedly, is that the genuine and peculiar character of a people best exhibits itself in the unconscious play of its individuality, which appears, of course, most fully in its social life. In great historical events it stands upon its interest and dignity, and national interest and dignity are the same at all times and in all places.

This supposititious observer being, we will say, in New York, during this winter, would have a singular report to make. He would state that, after being well battered by all kinds of sarcasm and ridicule, for its manifest attempt to affect a social state which does not and can not really exist here, society rushed into other extremes with the same ardor and the same characteristics, but, happily, with much more tangible and agreeable results. We, who pass life sitting in our Easy Chair, whence we note and criticise the world, know of these things only by report. We depend mainly upon our young friend, and ornament of polished circles, Agneau, who strolls in to see us during these warm Spring mornings, and enlivens our solitude with his chat of society and the gossip of the upper world.

The amiable Agneau came in, not many days since, and, pulling a paper from his pocket, inquired if we would subscribe something to the Young Ladies' Charitable Trowser-patching Society. He knew our weakness. He knew that we always subscribe to all societies of young ladies: he also knew, and ventured smilingly to suggest it as a reason for our alacrity in pulling out our purse, that we should probably apply for the aid of the Society in behalf of breeches exhausted by too constant and severe sitting in this very Easy Chair.

The subscription was much too insignificant to mention here, especially to you, who have contributed so generously to the Ragged Schools and the News-boys' Aid Society, but it was a large sum for us, and the whole heart of this old Easy Chair went with it. The evidence of approval and sympathy touched the tender Agneau.

"We all go in for charity now," said he. "Charity is quite the thing."

"Was it not always the thing?" we asked, with deference to Agneau's superior experience of "the thing."

"Oh, yes! Sundays, and all that, you know," he replied blandly. "But all the first people are charitable this winter. Why, Miss Bottomrybond herself goes to teach in the Ragged School twice a week, and all the girls meet about at each other's houses, and cut garments, and go and visit the poor people in such places as you can hardly conceive. Dancing has quite gone out, I assure you, and all the good young men are coming in. There has even been a charity concert, at which you might have heard singing better than any since Sontag and Alboni went, and which netted the very handsome sum of fifteen hundred dollars for the Society. I tell you what, old Easy Chair, charity's all the go."

Now there have been sharp criticisms upon Mr. Dickens's Mrs. Jellyby, with her profound interest in Borrioboola-Gha, and her profound contempt for any misery of any people of her own color and country. It has been said that it was an unfair and unnecessary satire upon the generous efforts of humane people to reduce the amount of human suffering, and that no man who sincerely wished well to

charitable efforts of any kind would have been guilty of dealing such a stab to the cause.

As usual, whenever Dickens is censured, we do not agree. We believe that the satire was the result of very shrewd observation and a wise consideration. Mr. Dickens sees, with great clearness, that the field for English charity is England; that the lachrymose Londoner may find around the corner more misery than he bewails in Timbuctoo, and that, in every possible light in which the subject can be regarded, it is better, and absolutely essential, to begin at home. The Borrioboola-Gha style of philanthropy is the most fatal blow to real charity. Factitious feeling exhales in a fancied sympathy, which not only tends to bring the actual sympathy into disrepute, but dissipates the action and the charity of those who are truly, but not wisely, generous.

It is easy enough to fancy how pleased we were to learn that, since charity was "all the go," it was a wise and not a foolish charity; that it was not a charity which merely bemoaned the unhappiness of Sodom and Gomorrah, but alleviated the misery of New York.

There had been so much said of Five-Point Missions, and so many moral dramas had been played for the benefit of immoral personages, and there was such a general posting, in large letters and bewildering hand-bills, of the public virtue and sympathy, that we began to have the usual fear of such a universal whitening and beautifying. And yet it makes not so much difference by what means the bread gets into the mouth of the famishing, if it only does get there, and life is saved. A charity concert, at which Mrs. C. and D. sing because Mrs. A. and B. are going to sing, and which keeps itself fashionably fine and unspotted from the vulgar, is absurd enough if you choose to contemplate it from some points of view. It is as hollow, so far as genuine charity or real human tenderness and sympathy are concerned, as the family prayers of Sir Brian Newcome, which Thackeray berates so roundly. Yet, as those family prayers, cold, hard, and unreal as he describes them, and as they so often really are, may be the means of consolation and strength to some obscure servant, so a fashionable charity concert may, by its results, really wipe away tears and pour balm into broken and breaking hearts.

So we ventured to say to Agneau, who was evidently at bottom rather skeptical of the whole thing. He clearly regarded the present charitable movements among the fashionable circles as itself a mere fashion, a new form of excitement.

"Do you suppose," said he, "that my sister Lucia attends to the ragged children at the school with any different feeling from that with which she would tend sick kittens at home? All women's hearts are tender, and they please themselves, in this case, by gratifying their instincts and sopping their consciences. However, I look upon the whole thing as a very fortunate fashion; but I as certainly believe that it will be as evanescent as other fashions."

"But remember," we replied, "if fashion forces people into charity, so it often shames them away from it. For our part, it seems clear enough that many of those who are now ardent in the cause are really ardent, and have hitherto only waited for social permission to begin. That argues some weakness, of course; but in such matters we Americans at the North *are* especially weak. Mrs. D. would never join the Society for Trowsers-patching, although she might be conscientiously convinced that trowsers were splitting upon all sides in a most fearful manner, and although she was really very anxious to do something to arrest the evil, until Mrs. B. and C. joined. It simply shows that her feeling, though real, is not strong enough to stand and act by itself; but when, under favorable circumstances, it has once commenced that action, it will not be very likely to stop or shift with the fashion. Moral shame will prevent her discontinuing a work which moral conviction was not strong enough to make her practically begin."

Besides, all motives are so mixed. Little Agneau always insists that his cousin Polyhymnia married old Baggs merely because he was rich. Agneau will not allow that Polly could have had the slightest sympathy with any taste or predilection of her spouse. He is a good, generous, hearty fellow, not much cultivated, and of rather coarse than fine sympathies; but because he is a good deal older than Polyhymnia, Agneau is resolved that it was only the money. Yet, to tell the truth, his cousin, who, in the early days, confided much to this Easy Chair, has confessed that she would have married Baggs had he been only half as wealthy. She wanted to be married; she wanted a certain kind of freedom; she loved the country (Baggs has a place up the river); she found Baggs a generous, kind companion; she had given up Byron and the heroics, and she was discreetly married to John Baggs.

To say that his money did it all, is a libel upon Mrs. Polyhymnia Baggs. It helped—of course it helped. We say simply that motives are mixed. Agneau insists, until he is black in the face, that it was all mercenary. It was no more purely mercenary than the prevalent charity is purely fashionable. Agneau and his friends can not criticise and condemn in this wholesale manner.

The fact is that we heard another account of the concert, and from a woman.

"It was a glorious sight," she said; "a church crowded as soon as the doors were opened, and by a throng such as few occasions assemble. It was Easter-time, and the spring bonnets were fresh and gay, and the galleries brilliant with smiles and bright with silks and ribbons. The church itself was gloomy, being one of the pseudo-Gothic cathedrals in which we so much delight; but it was illuminated by the loveliness that shone in every pew. The seats all faced the choir, so that it was not necessary to rise when the music commenced. The choir is very lofty, and a high screen of colored silk protects the singers from the eager gaze of the spectators below. They seemed, on this evening, lifted up and separated from the audience, as in the Monte Trinitá at Rome the nuns are inclosed in a gallery high up under the ceiling, and there sing, invisibly. Presently from the depth of the lofty choir rolled out a full stream of chords from the organ, and the concert began. Sweet, tender, tremulous voices, fresh with youth and half-hushed by the novelty of the place and occasion, overflowed the screen and poured into the solemn church. The concert was a long strain of music, sometimes sinking quite away into modulations *pianissimo;* then gathering again, and ringing jubilant through the church and through the heart of every listener. It was a singular success. The thought of such a concert was generous and humane, its fulfillment was entirely adequate. It was very foolish for Mr. Agneau to pull his gloves and smile, half-scornfully, and say that the charity of the singers was only surpassed by that of the audience. In fact," said our gentle informant, "since his cousin Polyhymnia became

Mrs. Baggs, Mr. Agneau is very severe upon society."

We consider him judged by that informant. At least, if it be only a fashion, is it not a good fashion? Suppose that it was the fashion to have all our rooms well ventilated. Mrs. Renfermé would then have her house built in that fashion, and so prolong her life and that of her family. Would it not be a good result? Is it better that Mrs. Renfermé should have a close, hot house, because that would show that she was not subject to fashion? Quite the contrary. If we can have so potent an ally as Fashion, what cause can afford to part with it? and when Fashion is well-directed, why should we undertake to sniff and destroy what good it may be doing? Dear young Agneau, there is not such an excess of unadulterated goodness, sympathy, and beneficence in this world that we can dispense with all that has the suspicion of taint. You are very forward and eloquent in satirizing fashionable charity; will you have the kindness to point out your own charities, fashionable or unfashionable? And, in default of finding them, may it not be worth your while to consider whether Mrs. Baggs, who gives six hours a week to the ragged children, is not doing more for the palliation and prevention of suffering, and consequently of sin, than you who curiously spy her motives, and laugh at the unusual spectacle of Mrs. Baggs in a charity school?

Agneau has one more gun, which we will let him discharge.

He says that the condition of fashionable girls is peculiar. Like all other women, their natural condition is marriage; but the claims of society are so exaggerated and artificial, that now, instead of marriage being a mutual help to the man and woman, it has become a luxury in which only rich men can indulge: consequently, as the number of men who can support luxuries is limited, there must be many girls who are not married, and are yet so educated that every avenue of action is closed to them. They perish of ennui, and plunge with ardor into any thing that promises to distract and amuse them. Thus their charity is no evidence of real sympathy with suffering, nor of a genuine humanity, but only of a despairing ennui which snatches at any straw of dissipation. "They are violently charitable," says Agneau; "they sew and cut garments, they teach in schools, they carry soup and soap to poor houses, precisely as they dance violently and flirt. They have missed their destiny, and any thing they can contrive to do is a *pis-aller*, a make-shift, a resource against ennui."

Amen; and then what? Are not the hungry fed and the naked clothed? Shall these offices be deferred because the hand that feeds and clothes is somewhat moved by personal and individual considerations? Is there nothing in such acts to benefit the doer? Even if undertaken to distract the mind from too intent a self-consciousness, may it not result in giving it that peace which it could not supply to itself? Charity is twice blessed, you know; it blesses the giver as well as the receiver. Besides, Agneau, before you condemn a charity whose good results you do not emulate, should you not at least be a little charitable to motives? It is a kind of charity that will not increase your pecuniary outlay, but it will greatly benefit your character.

"Ah! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!"

But remember it is not for *you* to echo that. It is *your* want of Christian charity for the good actions of others that the poet bewails.

The young Agneau always forces us into this half-sermonic style. It is so easy for people to inquire, when they are asked to subscribe their sympathy or their money to some cause—whether Mrs. Jellyby is interested in the movevent? It is a witty way of saying no. John Baggs on the other hand, always says, "Well, I don't know about this particular thing, but, my dear Polyhymnia, I know that you will do some good with this money, and I know that there is a great deal of good to be done with money in the world. Take it!"

Agneau sniffs, and says that it goes to impostors, and that a man has no right to waste his money; and Agneau gives eight hundred dollars for a two-thirty-five trotter.

Now if he really believes that the money goes to impostors, let him look into the matter, and see that it goes right. But if he only puts his hands into his breeches pockets, and says so without stirring a step to see, then Mr. Agneau merely makes his willful ignorance an excuse for his intentional avarice.

In these days of universal subscription for every possible object, we have heard a good deal of talk around our Easy Chair about the Egyptian Museum of Dr. Abbott, of which we have before spoken. It was early felt by many gentlemen and scholars most conversant with the subject, that the opportunity of securing to this country and to this city so unique and valuable a collection ought not to be lost. It was clear enough that the enterprise would be difficult. But the facts were these: During a residence of more than twenty years in Egypt, whither he originally went to serve as a physician in the army of Mehemet Ali during the Syrian war, Dr. Abbott spared no time or care in the accumulation of a museum of Egyptian antiquities, which it is impossible to collect under other circumstances than those of constant residence and close attention. It soon became known to the dragomans and explorers of the ruins that this Frank was interested in every new discovery, and that he would give the best prices for the best things. Consequently every thing came to him. He was receiver-general of the recovered treasures of Pharaonic times, and his collection, annually increasing, became gradually one of the sights and "lions" of Cairo. It is within a half-dozen years that he made one of the most interesting additions possible to any collection of the antiquities of any country. This was the ring of Cheops, who built the great pyramid which bears his name. It is a signet-ring, with the *cartouche* corresponding to the narrow coat of arms. Miss Martineau, in her thoughtful book of Eastern travel, says that the loss of this ring from some English collection would be "a national loss." All the other modern travelers in Egypt, as well as the most eminent of Egyptian scholars, unite in testifying to the great value of the museum. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who has achieved a just and large reputation by the work embodying the results of his profound Egyptian study and investigation, is especially warm in his praises, and had already offered a large sum to Dr. Abbott, on behalf of an English nobleman of the highest rank, for the purchase of the collection. But it was already shipped for America, and the Doctor determined to trust to the interest of the youngest nation in these invaluable relics of the eldest.

He has undoubtedly been disappointed. America

cares as little for Egypt as Egypt thought of America. The filial sentiment is unknown to us. We are so busy in improving what the Past has bequeathed to us, that we forget we owe it any thing. In our eagerness—and, it is true enough, our necessary eagerness—to get money, we lose every thing else. We get money, but we do not get comfort, nor ease, nor civilization. Several friends of Dr. Abbott, however, and many gentlemen of influence and means, interested more or less in the collection itself, and particularly interested in the fair fame of the city, resolved that an effort should be made to call public attention to the matter, and to secure the sum necessary to purchase and retain the collection. Peter Cooper, Esq., whose name we record with pleasure as one of the men whose use of money shows how truly he estimates its relative importance to other and higher possessions, and whose career so well confirms the truth that Lorenzo de Medici was the Magnificent, not because he was rich, but because he knew the use of riches, generously offered an apartment in the new Institute now erecting under his auspices in Astor Place, for the permanent accommodation of the collection. A general subscription has been organized, a public meeting has been held, at which eminent men, both clergymen and others, spoke warmly in favor of the project, and there is every reason to suppose that the necessary amount will be secured.

The amount required is only about fifty or sixty thousand dollars—the object is the purchase of an unequaled collection, illustrating, in a hundred ways, Scriptural times and religious history—a collection which would be the nucleus of a generous and extensive historical, scientific, and artistic museum, which would give New York an elevated rank as a real and not a pretended and assumed metropolis among the great cities of the world. It is for precisely such purposes as this—for the concentration in one city of all possible sources of information and reference in all possible departments of human study—that money is worth getting. Without this conviction and without this principle we labor in vain to build a great city. It can not be done. A million houses and five millions of people do not make a metropolis. Athens was a small city. New York, if it had fifty times as many inhabitants as now, and stretched its stately ranges of tumble-down buildings for twenty miles along the Hudson, would be as far from a real metropolis as it is at this moment, when, if it should by any chance be ruined, the only remains of the slightest interest to the next age would be the Astor Library, and some of the humane and charitable institutions.

For what is a metropolis? It is the head of the State, the fountain of learning, art, and intellectual influence. It is the brain of the country; the point to which its scholars, artisans, artists, of whatever kind, throng to consult the wisdom of experience and the inspiration of the moment. It is in the State what a Crystal Palace is among the workshops of industry. Athens, Rome, the truly great cities of antiquity, were great by reason of results to which wealth was only subsidiary. Had they been marts only, and not temples—had their people served Plutus only, and not Apollo and all the Muses, they would have shriveled out of history like Carthage. And what to-day makes London, Paris, Rome, and Vienna, each a metropolis? It is precisely the same thing. It is the devotion of money to humane and permanent purposes—to the endowing of libraries, galleries, and institutions of every kind, for the intellectual benefit of the population. This is true, however much the New Yorker may sniff at the unhappy workmen of other countries. We are not praising them beyond the fact. We know how often the opulent Library and the beautiful Gallery seem melancholy mockeries of pinching poverty and grinding toil. But if under such political organizations such actual intellectual chances may exist, may they not also exist among us? Is there any secret affinity between despotism and knowledge? You say, with intrepid ardor and great contempt, "Quite the reverse." Will you then explain how it is that this country is so slow to recognize the necessity of teaching people something more than reading and writing and ciphering? Those branches ought to be as natural and common as breathing, and never referred to except as matters of course.

We New Yorkers have a complacent way of smiling at Boston and other cities, and patronizingly hinting that they are "provincial." But does a city cease to be provincial because it is large? New York is, after all, nothing but a great trading port. It is a commercial city. What is the difference between New York and Boston, for instance? It is size only. It is melancholy, if you choose, but it is equally true, that in the great essentials of a metropolis Boston is, if not superior, certainly not inferior to this great and glorious counting-house called New York. When a flourishing and opulent city so far scorns universal interests, and is so destitute of true pride that it can not see how often the best investment is that which produces no net pecuniary result, it may well claim to be a sharp, shrewd trader, but it shows nothing of the man.

This opportunity, once lost, can never return. Collections of antiquities are not to be imported at will, nor can any commission be sent out at any moment to recover what is now offered. Think, too, how the Englishman who knows that Lombard-street is not the true glory of London, and the Frenchman who knows that the Bourse is not Paris, will smile with secret scorn at the city which proposes to represent America, and, therefore, to encourage and in every way support the human race and human hope and improvement, and yet which treats with insolent and ignorant contempt the opportunity of achieving a permanently illustrious result for its own character and fame.

We take pleasure in saying this to the eager men who pause a moment upon their way to Wall-street, and lean over our Easy Chair, and talk about the great metropolis of America.

JUST as our last Number was published, and we were resuming our seat for a fresh monthly observation of the world and its ways, one of the frightful fires occurred to which we have already alluded, and which are the blight and bane of New York. Why it should be so is only too clear. We pay heavy penalties for our freedom. The liberty of building colossal card-houses is one of them: and the consequent fearful destruction of life and property is another. We have no expectation of any improvement in the matter. In a country utterly devoted to money-making at any price, the controlling principle will always be, Devil-take-the-hindmost; every man will shrug his shoulders, and insist that it is none of his business—until—? Until his father, brother, or son is brought home crushed, mangled, and dead, and the happiness of his household is shattered forever. In a republic, individual responsibility for the common weal is a duty, and it can not be escaped. In Paris a man says justly, "Oh! the government will see that Monsieur Voisin builds

his house securely;" and all Paris knows that it stands as firmly as a city needs to stand, and consequently people live in the sixth and seventh stories with a consciousness of safety as great as the dwellers upon the first floor: consequently millions and billions of francs are not lost in conflagration or insurance every year; and consequently we do not shudder and sicken over the record of twenty men crushed by a falling house, of which only an upper story was burning.

But if Monsieur Voisin builds a house in New York, we all hurry by as fast as possible while the process goes on, lest the walls should tumble while we are passing; and we know that if it stands up long enough to take fire, it will all sink in tremendous and disastrous ruin as soon as the fire gets well under way. So the flimsy structures flame and fall, and we read eagerly the sickening history, and shudder, and say not a word, and lift not a finger to arrest the evil. A few newspapers utter a manly and vigorous protest; there is a vague and transitory invigoration; then we all admire the exquisite Corinthian marble-front of the enterprising Messrs. Badger and Bat's new emporium of trade; and then begin again to bewail the victims of "that shocking accident" caused by its destruction.

Intelligent foreigners are always struck, first of all, by the fact that our work in every kind is that which will just do. There is no conscience, no completeness. If the table will stand until one of the children runs against it; if the house will hold up until the family moves in; if the dust is wiped from the chairs where the visitors sit, it is quite enough. Then, when the accident happens, why, the thing did itself. Was there ever a mirror broken, or a choice tea-set, or a bottle of wine shaken, or a book inked by any body in the house, child or servant? Never. It always shook, broke, and inked itself.

The same flimsy appearance characterizes every thing else. You think old Magog, the millionaire, has built a sumptuous free-stone house upon the avenue. Great mistake! Magog, the millionaire, has put a miserable thin facing of free-stone over an unsightly mass of stone and rubble. Or the splendid hotel of Gog, his partner, is a palatial structure of white marble? Error the second! The hotel is a whited sepulchre. If it holds up long enough for you to examine, you will discover that it is only a smooth marble complexion. It is a spar of white stone put edge-wise upon the street-front. If you go inside, you find the same foolish pretense: gilt and gauds are employed to hide the want of richness and elegance. A gentleman or a lady feels uncomfortably in the midst of this cheap splendor. If we are not mistaken the gentleman actually blushes. We know not where he could have seen such flaring mirrors, such vulgar carpets, such dazzling damask; but clearly he has seen it somewhere at some time, and he does not like to remember it as he seats himself upon the gaudy sofa with his young wife.

The age of gold, of iron, and of brass; but is not the age of tinsel worse than any?

It is not ludicrous only, but tragical, when it occasions such fearful results as we continually observe; and yet there is the very sublimity of ludicrousness and absurdity in the eager renunciation of one moment, and the comfortable resignation of the next. "'Tis n't my affair," say Messrs. Gog and Magog; "and it's so hard to tell where the blame ought to rest. You may investigate, if you choose; but you must really excuse us, it's steamer day." "Yes; but Mr. Gog, the hope of your age, the heir of your name, the light of your solitary home, in whose youth you lived again, the manly boy, the noble son, lies dead beneath the ruins. Good-morning."

To-morrow it may be Magog's turn. It must be somebody's turn.

The spring air is melodious with the rumors of coming music. The great temple of the Muses in Fourteenth Street is completed, and upon the site of Metropolitan Hall—one of the most festal and brilliant public-rooms we have ever seen, and over whose destruction by fire this Easy Chair has already mourned—Mr. Lafarge, the proprietor of the late hotel of that name, which fortunately did *not* hold up long enough to be crowded with guests—in which case there would have been a loss of life too inhumanly shocking to consider—is erecting a hall, or theatre, or opera-house, which will serve as a chapel-of-ease to the greater edifice near Union Park. It is rumored that in this latter place Grisi and Mario will make their début, if they make any début at all in America. But after this long interregnum, how delightful it will be to hear music once more, and such music as we have not often had! To those of our readers who are less familiar with such matters, it may be interesting to know that Grisi has reigned queen-paramount of the Italian opera—although not of music since the advent of Jenny Lind—during the last twenty years. She immediately succeeded Pasta and Malibran, although undoubtedly inferior to the first in broad dramatic power, and to the last in passionate intensity and fervor. Her characteristic style is that which is best displayed in Bellini's *Norma*, which is beyond question her greatest *rôle*. She has a queenly person, tending to embonpoint, dark hair and eyes, a neck of alabaster beauty, and arms of famous form. She plays dexterously with Time, and, like the Countess Rossi (Sontag), cheats him deliciously. In fact the light reflected from his scythe only illuminates her charms.

Mario, her husband—for we believe they are now married—is much younger, and the universally acknowledged successor of the great tenor Rubini, whose death was lately recorded. Like all power, the charm of a tenor-voice is hereditary only in name. Mario is not so great as Rubini, but he is the greatest and most exquisite of living tenors. He is personally handsome, after the Italian and barber model. He has rosy cheeks and delicate features, and clustering, curling black hair. He is altogether "a love of a man."

Now, excepting the stability of New York building, nothing is so uncertain as the permanence of a singer's whim. We confess our doubts frankly, therefore, as to our seeing and hearing the great pair this side of the sea. If they should come, we hope sincerely that they will inaugurate the new opera-house. It would continue to it the tradition of European success; and undoubtedly their career in it would help to solve the problem which is at present the despair of the musical circles, whether the opera could be a permanent institution in New York.

The financial friends of this Easy Chair, Messrs. Dry, Sly, and Lye, of whom we have already spoken, lately began to buy Crystal Palace stock again with great eagerness. We, who were not homeopathically inclined, and did not care to be cured by a hair of the dog that bit us, looked very wisely

when we heard it, but slapped our pockets, like wise men, and said, "Let's see!"

And we *have* seen. We have seen Mr. Barnum placed at the head of affairs, and the stock rose at the announcement, even as the mercury in the thermometer when the warm South breathes upon it. We have seen Mr. Barnum, as President, preceded by banners and trumpets and shawms, proceeding in state to *re*-inaugurate the Palace, which was so imperfectly inaugurated last year by the President of the United States. We have seen close behind Mr. Barnum, walking in solemn procession and in blue kid gloves, the Honorable Horace Greeley, one of the Board of Directors. We have seen, in the Palace itself, a mass of interested and curious spectators; and through the airy spaciousness of that exquisite building we have heard ringing the brilliant bursts of triumphal music, the sacred swell of anthems, the voice of prayer, and the glowing and genuine eloquence of impassioned and interested men.

And as we saw and heard, we were ready to believe—we almost did believe—that the temple was *re*-inaugurated to success, and not to failure; to a permanent, and popular, and noble influence.

When one of the old Board of Directors said of his colleagues, "They are all the best of men, but too respectable," he said a true thing, and expressed what many felt to be the reason of the limited success of the first season of the Exhibition. The whole thing was begun and continued wrongly, under the old regime. Because the nobility and wealthy men of England had succeeded in the fulfillment of a most happy conception, by the united prestige of royalty, religion, and wealth, it was simply foolish to hope to do the same thing here within a year or two afterward. It was especially foolish not to see that, if the enterprise were undertaken at all—which did not seem at all desirable, since it was especially a thing not to be repeated—it must be done strictly according to our genius. To put it under the protection of certain gentlemen of generous education and refined social position, and who, in some degree, correspond to the class who supported the World's Fair in London, was by no means to insure success. The irrefragable social fact against which we are perpetually dashing our heads in this country, is that there is no aristocracy available for any other than purely social purposes. There is no permanent aristocratic interest and influence, as in England, upon which a man may surely count. The things that succeed with us are those which appeal directly to the popular interest, by showing that they are in charge of those whose names insure at least seven per cent. per annum.

So we thought, as we leaned from the gallery of the Crystal Palace on the half-rainy May day of the re-inauguration. It was easy enough to see that we do not believe in pomps and shows. What a poor spectacle we produce when we try to have a spectacle! Is there any thing so dreary as a Fourth of July procession, except it be one going to re-inaugurate a Crystal Palace? We ought to give up the procession. It is not cognate to our institutions. A mass of figures, all of whose individuality is lost, and who are all draped in awkward black, is not festive, especially when they all have the sad, sallow face of the American. In Rome, with the scarlet splendors of a pompous priesthood, with violet, and gold, and crimson, and white—with golden vessels and silver vessels, with crosses, jewels, crosiers, and mitres—with swinging censers of burning incense, and the multitudinous chant of acolytes—with streets gorgeously draped, and carpeted with flashing colors, and strewn with bay leaves and crushed flowers, and lined with a picturesque and adoring crowd of romantic beauty—in Rome a procession, which the Triumph of Aurelian leading Zenobia captive did not surpass, is possible. And so in England, with the gauds of royalty, the ermine and trains and coronets of a nobility, the lawn robes of bishops, and the brilliant accessories of gilded carriages and liveried servants, a procession is possible. But in omnibus-jammed Broadway, draped with threatening clouds, what can a multitude of gentlemen in black coats do which will be at once so unseemly and unreasonable as to parade solemnly, with banners and bass-drums, to any possible point for any possible purpose? If they are truly sensible, they will take the cars at Canal-street, or the omnibuses at the Park, and say nothing about it.

Of all melancholy and attenuated processions, that of the re-inauguration was the superlative degree.

But that was all that was amusing, or in any sense a failure. Mr. Fry's music was admirably performed, and the speeches were stirring. Especially that of Mr. O'Gorman sent constant volleys of applause echoing along the aisles. It was pleasant to hear such men, and to hear such sentiments. It was pleasant to believe that every thing which can be done to rescue the Palace from its decline will be done—that able, thoughtful, and practical men have it in charge—that the appeal is made to the practical genius of the country by men in whom that practical genius confides—and that a gentleman who has achieved such successes elsewhere has consented to try his power here. There has been some great mistake about the whole affair until now. Whether it lay as deep as the very conception of the enterprise, remains to be seen. If it is any where above that, it will now be removed.

And, speaking with a full sense of the responsibility of an Easy Chair, we say to our friends in the country, that, in every way, the Crystal Palace deserves a visit and a careful study. The sight of the building itself well rewards a long journey. Its graceful intricacy of delicate lines, its airy dome, which it seems as if a breeze might waft away, and which, seen across the buildings of the city, lies in the summer air like a dream of the Orient; its space, its solitude, its society—all these combine to complete an architectural triumph.

Yet that black coat which does not become a procession is a sharp and terrible critic. "What's the use?" it says, as it glooms about the Palace.

Black coat! let us answer, the use to you, the measurable, practical use, is, when some shy and susceptible boy from your factory comes here, and, impressed by beauty and grace, and enamored of airy symmetry, returns and makes designs for your cloths which command the market and pour gold into your purse. That is the palpable and direct "use" of all beautiful and sublime things to a black coat, which is called Gradgrind, and demands the facts.

But to that boy, that J. J. (as he appears in *The Newcomes*), a voice sweeter than ours shall sing:

"So, Lady Flora, take my lay,
And if you find no moral there,
Go look in any glass, and say,
What moral is in being fair?
Oh! to what uses shall we put
The wild weed-flower that simply blows?

And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?

"But any man that walks the mead,
In bud, or blade, or bloom may find,
According as his humors lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.
And liberal applications lie
In Art like Nature, dearest friend:
So 'twere to cramp its use, if I
Should hook it to some useful end."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is very odd to find what an accurate idea one can get of "How things look the other side of the water," by a mere collation of the little by-paragraphs which are scattered over the columns of the foreign journals.

Thus, we have Paris in our eye this morning (a blessed Spring morning, which almost tempts the geranium in our office to bloom before its time) as plainly as if we were there. We seem to see the brilliant Rue Rivoli opened up (as they tell us it is) as far as the quaint old Hotel de Ville. We see the new houses rising, with their sunny balconies, and their cozy entresols, on the site of the lumbering old shops which used to threaten every passer-by with their leaning walls. We see the light-hearted masons, in blouses, clambering over the timber scaffoldings, and dressing up with statues, and clean cut cornices, and finials, the huge tower of the Jacquerie. And we remark (though the contrast shames us at home) that all the building material is confined within narrow compass, surrounded by substantial palings; so that no passer-by is in danger for his life, and no horde of carriages is brought to a stand-still by accumulated piles of brick and mortar.

We have heard many times of projected reforms in these things; and once deceived ourselves into the belief, that by putting our name to a paper which declared its signers members of a reform party, who would, independent of politics, make the city government what it ought to be; we say, we innocently thought that the change would be wrought, and that thenceforward a man could pass from Bowling Green to Union Square under the safe care of some such patron saint as Mr. Westervelt. Still, however, we tremble, and venture on the journey with very much the same apprehension of danger with which Crusoe and his man Friday put to sea in an open boat.

To pass again to the city of Napoleon, we find the walls of the New Palace Extension rising fast, and fast inclosing a court, which is to be the grandest and most splendid of the world. We wonder at it all the more, when we read, as we do, of the new one-hundred-gun ships which are slipping every week from the water-ways of Brest and of Toulon; and when we hear of the tens of thousands who are taking passage, at government cost, for the pleasant shooting excursion to the banks of the Bosphorus.

Is the money of the new Emperor so plenty that the city can grow by a kind of Aladdin magic, and all the while his armies and his fleets keep pace with the over-rich neighbor on the other side of the Channel? Are we not to hold our breaths presently, with the tale of some sad crisis, which shall shake the Paris Bourse so hard, that the tremor shall reach even to Wall Street? Let the men of the money articles tell us.

Least of all would one expect to find the gigantic Palace of Industry climbing, day by day, above the trees of the Champs Elyssées; and not only this, but we hear even that the idea is mooted of extending its area into still grander proportions, and stretching from the Place de la Concorde as far as the Rond Point. If this be done, people might well leave their war in the East, to look on the hugest building which cumbers Europe.

But from what quarter are the tokens of industry to come, with which to stock such a palace? Russia will probably have no humor to be making show of her vases of malachite; and Austria and Prussia will have other occupation than the dressing of ormolu tables for a Paris fair. And if the Spanish breeze—which at our present writing is blowing strong—should grow into a gale, our M'Cormicks, and Daguerreotype men, will be looking for prize-money on the shores of Cuba.

And while this war-thought is upon our mind, we can not avoid a glance, in the way of the moralists, upon the strange and eventful designs which Providence seems to be putting in store for the two years which now face us.

Hereabouts (meaning upon our shores), we have the Cuban soreness, never curing itself, and never getting cured; we have the Acapulco revolt, and men fighting, brigand-like, among the mountains; we have a Sonora Republic, set up by a gang of pirates, and not a State with energy or vigor enough to drive them out; we have the old vexed questions of Central America; and three-hours-long orations from his Excellency, Mr. Borland, which cover the Belize in deeper and darker fog than ever; we have, from our Home authorities, tremendous orders about diplomatic dress, and the men in plain clothes fighting duels, or dancing (by ingenuous confession) a dance of fools in Piedmont.

Beyond the water, England and France are closing factories to drive the Northern monarch back, with his million soldiers, to his lair in the ice. Poor bed-ridden Turkey, galvanized into a liveliness which almost redeems her heathenism, is battling with Greek Christians, and sticking her crescent in the caps of French generals. Austria, before this shall have met the eye of the reader, moving her troops against her old Northern ally; and Russia matching the lost friendship, by promising an independent kingdom to Hungary, and a state and government of their own to the Lombardo-Venetians. Thus, who knows but the extremes of Republicanism and of Despotism may coalesce, and Mazzini accept Russian gold, and Kossuth put on the coat of a Cossack?

We throw out these fancies because they drift to us upon the tide of forecoming events; for who can tell, or who can guess, what shall be the fate, four years hence, of Sonora, or Honduras, or Cuba, or Hungary, or Turkey, or even of Russia?

In addition to all this, why not name the terrible bugbear of the coalition of France and England to resist the aggression of the United States—a pleasant bugbear, doubtless, to many; and doubly so to its first entertainer (perhaps inventor), the late minister to the court of France, from Virginia. We do not profess great foreknowledge in matters of so uncertain complexion as those of European diplomacy; yet we do venture an expression of the belief that France and England, in common with the other powers of Western Europe, have entertained, and do still entertain, the thought of a mutual convention, in virtue of which the several states who are parties to the convention, shall be guaranteed in perpetuity their present boundaries; and, if boundaries, perhaps colonies. This will explain Napoleon's phrase, that "the age of conquest was passed by."

How far this may be supposed to interfere with the so-called "Monroe doctrine," and how far that doctrine would be worth the price of war, we throw out as a juicy nut for the political wiseacres to crack their teeth withal!

By a pleasant *circumbendibus*, we pounce again upon the Paris papers. We find there, that the agreeable fish-story of Agassiz and the Californian has found its way to the other side of the water, and, naturally enough, has excited the wonderment of the *quidnuncs* in the world of science. The reader knows of the story, doubtless; how a certain Californian (an odd nativity for scientific discovery!), wishing to tempt his appetite with a broiled fish to his breakfast, threw his line, baited with shrimp, into a bay of that country of golden sands. He presently took, one after the other, a male and female fish: their appearance does not seem particularly to have attracted his attention. He threw his line again, and again, and again. But luck was gone. He bethought himself of changing his bait; and, naturally enough for a fisherman (though most unnatural in any one else than a fisherman or a Californian), he sliced a fragment from the stomach of one of his victims. The wound revealed a nest of some twenty lively little fishes, within the parent fish; and on being thrown into the water, they swam (says the graphic and truthful Californian) "as if they had spent their lives in the sea."

The odd thing about it was the fact, that no fish ever heard of in nature, except this California fish, caught by a Mr. Jackson (a name for generals), ever produced young before, in any other way than by dropping spawn in the water.

But, as we said, the story is setting the Paris naturalists agog; and Mr. Jackson may congratulate himself in having given currency to a triumphant hoax, or to a most discouraging discovery. For already, in France and in Belgium, articles had been signed for the formation of a great company to rear fish, and stock preserves, by protecting vivifying spawn; but if the fish are to change their tactics, the shares in the new corporation must fall. If the stock had been offered at the New York "board," we should be compelled to regard the whole affair as a fabrication, and M. Agassiz himself as writing—in the interest of the "bears."

A NOTABLE death belongs to the French news, since last we bethumbed the Paris files in the interest of our readers. It is that of the strange old man, the Abbé Lammenais. The record of it will have already fallen under the eye even of American readers. He was a strange French compound of saint and sinner; being full of humanity, and yet ignoring the laws upon which society rests; indulging in grand conceptions about faith and immortality, and yet (as we ordinarily use language) thoroughly irreligious and infidel; he was intensely intellectual, and yet, at times, in his long life, sensual—to a crime.

The mild and genial Sergeant Talfourd, too, whose name, many years ago, gained an almost Greek lustre by the authorship of Ion, has fallen among the dead ones, from his bench in the Justice Court. The summer past he was traveling, with the rational joyousness of a healthful old man, among the watering-places of Germany, attended by a pleasant-faced son. And people who read books of worth, pointed him out as the author of a glowing and severe English tragedy. In England, too, up to a very much later date, he seemed well; and only showed such token of apoplectic tendency as belongs to almost every English squire who has no dislike of mottled beef and Cambridge ale—to wit, a pleasant rosiness of face. But, as he sat on the Bench of the Court-room, after delivering an impressive charge, he was observed to nod, and gradually to sink: the servitors of the court ran to his assistance, and removed his heavy wig; but he was too far gone to speak, and by the time they had fairly carried him out of the court, he was dead.

It was an English death.

And now, for contrast, as our theme is gloomy, we will look at a French death.

Maître (we will call him by that name) was a gardener to a gentleman's establishment, not far away from Paris. He had a strange love for flowers and trees, and tended them as gently as a mother would tend a child. But he conceived a strange, and a truly French desire, to discover the secret principle by which plants grew. It was not enough for him that the showers and sunshine, and the earth he put about his plants, made them luxurious and fruitful; but he watched for hours together the unfolding of a bud, and traced, so far as he was able, the little fibres leading from root to blossom.

The old man in the story of Picciola made the flower a companion; but our gardener made his all subjects for dissection.

At length he wearied of the unavailing pursuit, wrote a line of explanation upon the gravel walk, and hung himself upon a tree of his garden. The line he wrote might be written by many at dying; it was, "I can not find it out!"

But what is a man, hanging on a tree, stone dead, to the thought that crowds on one as the tidings come in from the banks of the Danube? They say that poor Turgot, the party to the Soulé duel, is still suffering excruciatingly, and that the surgeon dispatched from Paris has not succeeded in extracting the ball. But what is a solitary Turgot to the thousands who will be howling soon with the strange pains of splintered bones, or lost limbs, or deep sword-cuts?

How the sight of even what provident humanity is doing brings home to one the ills, more frightful than pestilence, which one ambitious man is pouring out on Europe!

Look at these hospital wagons; how coolly the paragraphist talks of them, as if no son or brother might be jolted in them over the bogs of Servia! These wagons are designed to carry the wounded from the field of battle, and the sick and disabled upon the march, until they can be deposited in hospital. They are upon four wheels, arranged to turn in the shortest possible space, and are furnished with springs of unusual length, strength, and elasticity. The bodies are divided into four horizontal compartments, 6½ feet long by 2 feet in breadth and depth; each compartment is fitted with a movable stretcher, carefully webbed and pillowed, on which the severely wounded will be raised from the field of battle and placed, thus reclining in a compartment for removal. The compartments are amply ventilated and protected by Venetian shutters from the sun and night air, and over all is a waterproof cover, supported on light hoops of wood. A door closes these compartments behind, which, as it is necessarily deep and large, can be converted into a table whereon wounds may be conveniently dressed. In front of one wagon body is a capacious locker designed to carry water casks, surgical instruments, and drugs, and on it are seats capable of holding six men, whose wounds do not prevent them trav-

eling in a sitting posture; these seats are provided with guards to support the wounded if faint.

A FRENCH provincial paper brings in the story of two young fellows of Bretagne, who, to escape the hazard of conscription and foreign service, married latterly a couple of old girls, aged respectively seventy-seven and eighty. The happy pairs are said to have made a bridal promenade to the neighboring village, returning the same day to pass the honeymoon in their native town!

But all are not so fortunate (we do not speak of husbands, but of conscripts). Many a way-side home, in the far provinces of France, is this year feeling a blight which comes closer to the heart and the fears of the cottagers than the famine or a fever. The lot which governs French army enrollment takes no cognizance of only sons, or of dependent widowed mothers; and the recruiting sergeants are not given to sentimental tendencies, or to any weakness for distressed parents.

Here and there some strong case, in which the agony is very bitter, makes itself heard as far as the willing ears of the tender-hearted Empress, and by her voice the sorrow is turned into gladness. But these are exceptional; and the fumes of wine and pipes, with a roistering *Vive la France!* gives a short-lived courage to many a parting whose memory will bring up the first tears on days of battle.

EVERY body, long ago, will have read and digested the speeches in the British Parliament, in connection with the Royal declaration of war; but we want to put on the record of our Gossiping columns a fragment of the Earl of Derby's speech, where he says, "No human being imagines that this war can be brought to a close at the end of six months. No human being supposes that the call now made upon the Parliament (of a doubled income-tax) will be sufficient even for a tenth part of the expenditure that will be incurred by the country."

And from the debate in the House of Commons, let us drop on record also, this little *whimsey* from the observations of Mr. Bright: "Give us seven years," says he, "of this infatuated struggle, and let America have the same period of peace, and *she* would show us where the balance of power lay, and whether England would retain her vaunted supremacy of industry, and on the seas."

Let the reader put these things in his pigeonhole, and when a twelvemonth has gone by, we will call them to his mind again; and so measure the foresight of the statesmen of England.

There are those of us who remember, long ago, when England was at war; and when the slow-sailing ships, with weeks between their arrivals (as there are now only hours), brought the eagerly-sought-for news of Wellesley's marches on the Peninsula, and of the swoop of Nelson's great fleet. There are those who can recall (when school-jackets were not yet cast off, nor the Columbian classbook abandoned) how caps were tossed high in the air, and a boyish "hurra!" rung out, when news came that the Trafalgar fight was a glorious victory! We are curious to see, and to compare, the war-tidings of our age with those which came over when the wee days of tops and marbles made us joyful. There are other elements now blended in the great bulk of what makes our nationality; and Celtic, and maybe Slavic blood, has crept into the veins of American school-boys: will they shout over a victory in the Baltic, as *we* once shouted over one of Aboukir? And will news-reading mothers name their new-born sons "Charley Napier," as the matrons of our frisk days called their children "Horatio" or "Bronte?"

But, like the whole world of news-writers now-a-days, our pen runs insensibly to war; whereas our good readers will be looking here for a relief to the paper-talk of battles. And they shall have it; first, in a little resumé of a French stage-piece, which is just now attracting attention in the chief theatre of Paris, and which is the work of Madame de Girardin, wife of the famous journalist.

No story at all belongs to it; but its interest depends wholly on its graceful language and rendering of Gesling, and upon that nice psychologic power so peculiar to the lady-writer. Its title may be rendered, "Joy is fearful."

The scene opens with a family in deep affliction; a son is supposed to have been lost at sea; the mother is utterly subdued; a sister, of natural liveliness, is clouded by grief; a young girl, the affianced of the drowned one, is endeavoring to recall, by a drawing, some trace of the features of the lost lover. Even the old domestic of the family is unmanned by his kind-hearted sympathy, and the whole scene is *triste* to the last degree.

The feeling of the reader (and, *à fortiori*, of the spectator, on the boards of the Theatre Français) is painfully subdued to the mournful spirit of the piece. With French extravagance (and, we may add, with French infidelity), the mother is buoyed up by no hope, either social or Christian; the young life of the daughter seems clouded by a grief as dark as crime; the affianced girl is wilder, and less reasonable in her lament, than either parent or sister. A brother, who is more moderate in his expressions of sorrow, gives token (in true French spirit) of a wish to supply the place of the shipwrecked one, in the affections of the affianced; but is repelled with scorn.

Thus matters stand, when the old gray-haired domestic (whose part is the best one of the play), talking with himself, as he busies himself about the salon, indulges in the chimera that perhaps the boy is not lost; and he paints to himself how joyous a thing it would be, if only the story of the shipwreck were to prove untrue; and if it should appear that his young master were really safe; and if he were to come back again, in the old way, with what a quiet pleasure he would shake him by the hand!

No sooner said than done. The boy does appear! But so far from quiet, the old man trembles, cries, and would have fallen to the floor but for the help of the lost one, who has come suddenly to life again.

When the old man recovers, the young sailor explains to him how a complication of strange reverses have given rise to the story, and delayed his return. He inquires eagerly about the family; but the old man, now fairly himself again, and remembering how joy had nearly been the death of him, contrived a system of cautious manœuvres by which the recovery of the lost son, and brother, and lover shall be brought to the knowledge of the sorrowing friends.

The whole art and design of the piece lies in the strange nicety with which Madame de Girardin has painted the action of an unexpected joy upon the varying temperaments, first of the simple old domestic, and then of the sister, the betrothed girl,

and, lastly, the incredulous and broken-hearted mother.

The sister finds the old white-haired domestic, who had been so crest-fallen, chirruping and singing at his work. Amazed at the change, she demands indignantly an explanation, and guesses it before it is complete. The brother has been cautioned; and even when he overhears his sister's glad expressions of delight, of her desire to meet him again, he hesitates to approach. Even when he has come from his hiding-place, and is fairly in her view, he seems to dread some terrible explosion of feeling.

But the girl, with a natural and healthful outburst of joy (which we are sure must "bring down" the house), says, "*Venez donc, je n'ai pas peur!*"

The communication of the joyful change is, however, conveyed to the other parties with minute and fearful caution. The reader, or spectator, is kept in constant anxiety lest it may break too suddenly; scenes pass, all tending, by insensible gradations, toward the denouement, which, with strange artistic skill, is put far away.

And when, finally, the whole truth is borne down to the heart of the desolate mother, and the son himself appears, and rushes forward, and is clasped in her arms, and kissed over and over with frantic joy, the whole house (say the journals) is in uproar, with clapping hands, and with the sobs of the women.

We have noted and sketched the piece to show on how frail and attenuated a thread is hung even a successful drama, and how French histrionic art will equip even the commonest emotions with an interest that absorbs attention.

And now we add to this a little drama of our own, and with it we close our budget for the month. We say, a drama of our own, since it has never before, to our knowledge, been rendered in type; and yet its facts are all substantially true.

A wealthy nobleman of England, who had an only son, grown to manhood, was living, not five years ago, upon a magnificent country estate, on the borders of the manufacturing town of ——.

There was scandal attaching to the life of the old man; and it was said that one, who was not his wife, and who lived at his villa, exercised too great an influence over his actions, and prevented full confidence between the father and the son.

However this may be, the son, who was possessed of most rare manly beauty, left his father's estate, went up to London, and being utterly without resources, enlisted as a private in the Household Guards of the Queen. His appearance and his acquirements (for he was possessed of a University education) soon attracted attention. The matter was talked of, even by those in high position about the Court; and soon the handsome young guardsman became an object of general curiosity.

Among those who heard this mention of the discarded son, was an amiable girl, the daughter and heiress of a noble house. She was attracted by his story; and the sight of his manly graces, not concealed even by the humble uniform he wore, made entire conquest of her affections. Under the circumstances, the initiative could come only from the lady; but interest was too strong for the intervention of any ordinary laws of etiquette or propriety; and the young Guardsman was given to understand that the heart of a high-born lady, whose wealth was equal to her rank, was at his disposal.

The Guardsman, like a sensible man, contrasted favorably the new alliance with his dull service at the doors of the Royal barracks; and in due time the parties were joined in marriage.

Nothing could be happier than their wedded lot for a six-month. After that time the health of the bride failed: they journeyed to a milder region; where, after a few months of lingering illness, the young wife died; leaving to her husband the whole of her vast property. He, with rare disinterestedness, at once alienated a large portion of it in favor of some charitable foundation in which his deceased wife had, once upon a time, expressed deep concern.

Returning to England, to look after the accomplishment of this scheme of benevolence, he chanced, in the autumn of 18—, to be present at the great yacht race off Cowes, in which the *America* won such glorious laurels. The winning yacht was understood to be for sale; the gentleman who serves as the hero of this bit of story was desirous of revisiting again the scenes of his wife's illness and death. He loved the sea; he admired the staunch little American vessel; and he bought the yacht.

Some months after, she lay moored in the Southampton waters, fully equipped for a trip to the Mediterranean. The owner was about setting sail, when he received special advices from London, desiring his immediate presence. He hurried up to town, and learned from his solicitor that his father had died under distressing circumstances two nights before. The son and father had not met since the angry parting three years previous. The person through whom the estrangement had arisen was understood to be still an occupant of the paternal mansion; and to be in virtual, and perhaps legal, possession of the greater part of the estate.

The son had no desire for greater wealth than he now possessed: and the circumstance only of some mystery attaching to the death of his father, induced him to revisit his old home. He arrived before the funeral ceremony: a sight of what remained of his father, revealed, with fearful force, the reasons for the mysterious communications respecting his death. The face was horribly disfigured, and the jaw and skull shattered by a pistol-ball. It appeared that the old gentleman, always proud of his fine person and countenance (which the son had inherited in a double degree), had been seized with the small-pox; and, shocked and humiliated by the terrific change it had wrought in his features, he had, in a moment of frenzy, put an end to his life.

Of the elegance which marked him as a descendant of a long line of aristocratic fathers, nothing was visible now, in the narrow coffin, but the fair and delicate hand.

The son took the hand and kissed it; then hurried back to London, and thence to his yacht in the bay of Southampton. In a week he was at sea.

A fever overtook him; and soon the disease which he had gained from a touch of the father's hand. The crew gave him such treatment as they could; but the exposure, and the lack of medical attention, gave to the disease strange force; and when the vessel cast anchor before Gibraltar, not a vestige remained of the manly beauty which had given a romance to his life. Was it "a visiting of the sins of the fathers upon the children?"

At any rate, the old moral we may whip at the end is made fearfully true: That noble blood does not guard a man from suffering or shame; and that our mortal sorrows cut through the thickest shields of gold.

Editor's Drawer.

AS we *write*, it is May; but when *what* we write and select from our stores of "things new and old" shall come before our readers, it will be the "leafy month of June;" June, the fairest of all the "sister-seasons."

It is strange, but it is true, that the brightness, the joyousness, the very *life* of nature, to many a one under whose eyes these words will fall, will prove any thing but joyous. What of the bereaved?—what of the suffering?—what of the dead? Byron has well expressed, what thousands have felt, in his lines (as immortal as any thing that ever came from his undying pen) upon the death in battle, at the ensanguined field of Waterloo, of "the young, the gallant Howard:"—

"But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
That living waved where thou didst *cease* to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth, its work of gladness to contrive,
With all its reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring."

This is the perfection of pathos; and how many a bereaved parent—how many, who only a short year ago, saw around them father, mother, sister, brother, child—will call these lines to mind as records of their own thoughts, when they remember those who saw the last year's foliage in its tender green, and the expanding, perfect bud! Verily, "We all do fade as a leaf."

Say not that these reflections are untimely; that they are morbid—a "death's head at a wedding feast." There is many a sad heart, that the spells of the spring-time can arouse no more:

"As many a bosom knows and feels,
Left in the flower of life alone,
And many an epitaph reveals,
On the cold monumental stone."

THE following picture of an intelligent Coroner's Jury is copied from an English newspaper, published twelve years ago:

CORONER. "Did you know the defunct?"

WITNESS. "Who's *he*?"

COR. "Why, the dead man."

WIT. "Yes."

COR. "Intimately?"

WIT. "Werry."

COR. "How often have you been in company with him?"

WIT. "Only once."

COR. "Do you call *that* intimately?"

WIT. "Yes; for *he* were drunk, and *I* were *werry* drunk, and that made us like two brothers."

COR. "Who recognized the body?"

WIT. "Jack Adams."

COR. "How did he recognize him?"

WIT. "By standing on his body, to let the water run out!"

COR. "I mean how did he *know* him?"

WIT. "By his plush jacket."

COR. "Any thing else?"

WIT. "No; his face was so swelled his *mother* wouldn't ha' know'd him."

COR. "Then how did *you* know him?"

WIT. "'Cause I warn't his mother!" (*Applause in the Court.*)

COR. "What do you consider the cause of his death?"

WIT. "*Drowning*, in course."

COR. "Was any attempt made to resuscitate him?"

WIT. "Yes."

COR. "How?"

WIT. "We *sarched his pockets!*"

COR. "I mean, did you try to bring him to?"

WIT. "Yes—to the public-house."

COR. "I mean, to *recover* him?"

WIT. "No; we weren't *told* to."

COR. "Did you ever suspect the deceased of mental alienation?"

WIT. "Yes, the whole village suspected him."

COR. "Why?"

WIT. "'Cause he ailinated one of the Squire's pigs."

COR. "You misunderstand me. I allude to *mental* aberration."

WIT. "Some think *he was!*"

COR. "On what *grounds?*"

WIT. "I believe they belonged to Squire Waters!"

COR. "P'shaw! I mean, was he *mad?*"

WIT. "Sartenly he were!"

COR. "What! devoid of reason?"

WIT. "Oh, he had no reason to drown hisself, as *I* knows of."

COR. "That will do, sir. (*To the Jury*): Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence, and will consider your verdict."

FOREMAN. "Your worship, we are all of one mind."

COR. "Well, what *is* it?"

FOREMAN. "We don't mind what; we're agreeable to any thing your worship pleases."

COR. "No, gentlemen: I have no right to dictate: you had better consult together."

FOREMAN. "We have, your worship, afore we came, and we are all unanimous."

COR. "I am happy to hear it, gentlemen. (*To the clerk*): Mr. Clerk, take down the verdict. Now then, gentlemen."

FOREMAN. "Why then, your worship, it's '*Justifiable Suicide;*' but begs to recommend to mercy, and hopes we shall be allowed our expenses!"

Lest this scene should be thought to be exaggerated, the journalist affirms its truth to the letter, in every particular.

THE ensuing anecdote of Charles Lamb has never appeared in any English sketches or anecdotes of his life, but it is pronounced to be entirely authentic:

"At a dinner-table one evening, a sea-faring guest was describing a terrific naval engagement, of which he was spectator, on board a British man-of-war. 'While I was watching the effects of the galling fire upon the masts and rigging,' said he, 'there came a cannon ball, which took off both legs from a poor sailor who was in the shrouds. He fell toward the deck, but at that moment another cannon ball whizzed over us, which, strange to say, took off both his arms, which fell upon deck, while the poor fellow's limbless trunk was carried overboard.'

"'Heavens!' exclaimed Lamb; 'didn't you *save* him!'

"'No,' replied the naval Munchausen; 'he couldn't swim, of course, and he sank before assistance could be rendered him.'

"'It was a sad, sad loss!' said Lamb, musingly; 'if he *could* have been picked up, what *an ornament* to society he might have become!'"

"NEVER say *dye!*" would seem to be the maxim of the fond wife who writes the ensuing lines. But, punning apart, there are touches of pathos in them which dispel the thought of humorous fancy:

A WIFE'S PETITION

TO HER HUSBAND NOT TO DYE HIS HAIR.

OH! touch not with cosmetic art
One of those silver hairs!
Thy cherished image in my heart
No other plumage wears.
Thy dark-gray locks are dear, my love,
As part of that sweet time,
When my fingers fondly through them wove,
In my gay girlhood's prime.

They were not all of sable hue
When, in that forest nook,
You came a little maid to woo,
With honey'd word and look;
And from amid her mountains blue
Your silly wife you took,
And she, in fondest love for you,
Her childhood's home forsook.

They mind me of those by-gone days,
When oft you "sought my bower,"
With noble, old poetic lays
To charm the evening hour;
Or 'neath the full moon's sheeny rays,
Dropping their golden shower,
We trod the garden's fragrant maze,
Scented by jasmine flowers!

I've seen my children's rosy hands
Play in their wavy mass,
While life's swift-rolling golden sands
Beneath our feet did pass.
Ten thousand mem'ries to them cling—
I would not change a hair!
No locks, though black as raven's wing,
Could I with *them* compare!

When DEATH shall take our souls, my love,
Where we must soon appear,
Where kindred spirits blissful rove,
Seeking Earth's lost and dear,
I fear I should not *know* thee, love,
If, in that radiant sphere,
Thy silver locks waved not above
Thy spirit's brow as here!

Memphis, Tenn. MARY.

A WELL-KNOWN penurious character invited a friend to dinner, and had provided only two small mutton chops. Upon removing the cover, he said:

"My friend, we have a Lenten entertainment; you see your dinner before you!"

Taking the two chops upon his own plate, his friend replied:

"Yes, I *do*—but where is *your* dinner?"

"WHEN found, make a note of," was the advice of that "dear good man," Captain Cuttle. We followed it instinctively, in depositing in our *reservoir* the following thoughts, suggested by a second-floor hall and stair-case of a London dwelling, where a coffin, containing the deceased occupant of the house has been placed by the undertaker. If the scene should be remembered by the reader, he will not be the less gratified that it is again newly called to his recollection; and it may induce some who have not yet done so to peruse Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," from which it is taken:

"That staircase, by which young master stealthily ascends, having left his boots in the hall and let himself in after dawn from a jolly night at the club; down which Miss comes rustling in fresh ribbons and spreading muslins, brilliant and beautiful, and prepared for conquest and ball; or master Tommy slides, preferring the banisters for a mode of conveyance, and disdaining danger and the stair; down which the Mother is fondly carried smiling in her strong husband's arms, as he steps steadily step by step, and followed by the monthly nurse, on the day when the medical man has pronounced that the charming patient may go down stairs; up which John lurks to bed, yawning, with a sputtering tallow candle, and to gather up before sunrise the boots which are awaiting him in the passages; that stair, up or down which babies are carried, old people are helped, guests are marshaled to the ball, the parson walks to the christening, the doctor to the sick-room, and the undertaker's men to the upper floor; what a memento of Life, Death, and Vanity it is, that arch and stair, if you choose to consider it, and sit on the landing, looking up and down! The doctor will come up to us, too, for the last time there, my friend in motley. The nurse will look in at the curtains, and you take no notice; and then she will fling open the window for a little, and let in the air. Your comedy and mine will have been played then, and we shall be removed, O how far, from the trumpets, and the shouting, and the posture making!"...."However much you may be mourned, your widow will like to have her weeds neatly made; the cook will send or come up to ask about dinner: the survivors will soon bear to look at your picture over the mantle-piece, which will presently be deposed from the place of honor, to make way for the portrait of the son who reigns.

"Which of the dead are most tenderly and passionately deplored? The death of a child occasions a passion of grief and frantic tears, such as your end, brother reader, will never inspire. The death of an infant which scarce knew you, which a week's absence from you would have caused to forget you, will strike you down more than the loss of your closest friend or your first-born son; a man grown like yourself, with children of his own. We may be harsh and stern with Judah and Simeon; our love and pity gush out for Benjamin, the little one. And if you are old, as some reader of this may be, or shall be—old and rich, or old and poor—you may one day be thinking for yourself: 'These people are very good round about me; but they won't grieve too much when I am gone. I am very rich, and they want my inheritance; or very poor, and they are tired of supporting me.'"...."Which, I wonder, brother reader, is the better lot, to die prosperous and famous, or poor and disappointed? To have, and to be forced to yield; or to sink out of life, having played and lost the game? That must be a strange feeling, when a day of our life comes and we say, '*To-morrow*, success or failure won't matter much: and the sun will rise, and all the myriads of mankind go to their work or their pleasure as usual, but I shall be out of the turmoil.'"

SOME years ago the following conversation actually took place between a lawyer and his client in a certain city of "Down-East:"

LAWYER. "What's the name of the other party, sir?"

CLIENT. "Name? let me see; I declare, it has escaped my mind."

LAWYER. "What does it *sound* like?"

CLIENT. "It didn't seem to sound like any thing. I had it at the tip of my tongue just now. It's something *to take.*"

LAWYER. "Like something *to take?* Like *what*, then?"

CLIENT. "I have it! I *knew* I had it at my tongue's end. It's *Bitters!*"

LAWYER. "*Bitters!* are you *sure?* Bitters is a curious name. I never heard of it before."

CLIENT. "Yes, it's Bitters—I *know* it's Bitters."

LAWYER. "It can't be."

CLIENT. "Yes it is—I am positive. Bitters is the man."

LAWYER. "Isn't it *Butters?* There *is* such a name as *Butters;* or isn't it *Betts*, or *Beattie?*"

CLIENT. "*No!* I tell you it's *Bitters!*"

The lawyer, thus so positively reassured, proceeded to draw up the agreement accordingly. He then handed it to his client, who read down to the name "Bitters," and then exclaimed:

"Good gracious! the name *isn't* Bitters, after all! It's *Stoughton*, as true as I'm alive!"

It is easy to see how the man was misled by the two words. It is barely possible, however, that he may have been a little befogged in his memory by having previously taken a little something—and a little *too much—with* his "Stoughton Bitters."

WOULD it not be a good plan to substitute for the modern custom of duelling (under the miscalled "code of *honor*") with pistols, rifles, or swords, the plan adopted in Kordafan? It is as follows:

"When a gentleman of that nation considers himself aggrieved, he sends the offender a formal challenge, which, it is presumed, is always accepted. The duel takes place on some open plain, and all the friends of the combatants assemble as spectators.

"An *agareb*, or couch, is then brought forth, and the two combatants place a foot close to the edge of the couch, the breadth of which alone divides them. A formidable whip, made of Hippopotamus leather, is then placed in the hands of each, and renewed attempts are made by their friends to reconcile them. If, however, they are bent on carrying out their 'affair of honor,' the signal for battle is at last given. He who is entitled to the first blow, then inflicts as hard a lash as he can on his opponent, who stands perfectly still to receive the compliment, and then prepares to return it.

"They thus continue, 'turn and turn about,' to flog each other's backs and shoulder (the head must on no account be struck), while the blood flows copiously at every stroke. Not an acknowledgment of pain escapes the lips of either, and all the spectators remain equally mute. This continues until one of the combatants, generally from sheer exhaustion, drops his instrument of torture, whereupon the victor immediately does the same.

"The rivals now shake hands, declaring that they have received sufficient 'satisfaction'; their friends congratulate them on the reconciliation; their wounds are washed, and sundry jugs of '*merissa*,' the national beverage, provided beforehand, are produced, and emptied by the spectators in honor of the gallant opponents."

This seems to be administering "equal and exact justice;" and the "style" is like the play of "*cutting jackets*," by which country boys sometimes test each other's prowess.

A WO-BEGONE lover, "out at the pockets," and doubtful of success in the end, is a sad "subject;" as may be abundantly gleaned from the subjoined pathetic lines:

"I am down in the mouth, I am out at the pockets!
Ah, me! I've no pockets at all;
And all I have left, is a braid and a locket:
That's all.

"It was rather solemn; quite touching, alas!
As she got on a stool to be higher,
I acted, no doubt, the entire jack-ass—
Yes, entire!

"Arms and lips came together, and staid, as I reckon,
With as much as you please of a linger,
Till a finger was seen at the window to beckon—
A finger!

"We'd forgotten the shutters!—the world was forgot,
Till we saw that sign from her father,
Which was rather a poser, just then, was it not?
'Twas, rather!

"He knew I was ruined—all gone to smash!
And he was a man of that stamp,
Would call you a scamp, if you hadn't the cash—
Ay, a scamp!

"His bonds and investments—not in such brains
As a poet makes up into verses;
His remarks—upon never so beautiful strains,
Were curses!

"I called the next day, but the stool was removed,
And the delicate foot, with a twirl,
Walked off somewhere with the girl that I loved—
The girl."

A CORRESPONDENT in Washington sends for insertion in the "Drawer" the following account of "*Mr. Schenck in the Ministry*," which we quite agree with him in thinking is "altogether too good to be lost:

"Every one who has heard Hon. Robert C. Schenck speak for the first time, in a case where his feelings were deeply interested, knows what a vivid impression his withering sarcasm and impassioned manner are calculated to produce upon persons unaccustomed to listen to animated debates.

"An unsophisticated Methodist farmer, who lived in a distant portion of the country, and whose avocation seldom called him 'to Court,' accidentally heard that Mr. Schenck was appointed '*Minister* to Brazil,' a country in South America. The terms '*minister*,' and 'preacher of the gospel,' were inseparably associated in his mind; and he took it for granted that Mr. Schenck had turned preacher, and had seen sent off on a professional 'mission.'

"With this impression he went home. 'Wife,' he said, 'what do you think I heard at Dayton, to-day? That little white-headed lawyer you have heard me speak of so often, has been converted, and turned preacher to a heathen nation away down in South America! If the Devil ever met his match, I guess he has got him now; for if grace don't change him too much, he will give no rest to the reprobate for the sole of his foot until he leaves the country!'"

AN amusing anecdote, connected with the celebrated Whisky Insurrection of Pennsylvania, is related of one of the citizen-soldiers in the expedition of the Macpherson Blues against the insurgents in 1794, which is worthy of being recorded. The person referred to was a German by birth, of the name of Koch, who was well known in Philadelphia as a large out-door underwriter, in his day and generation. He died in Paris, leaving a fortune of over a million and a half of dollars.

Koch was a private in the Macpherson Blues. It fell to his lot one night to be placed sentinel over a baggage-wagon. The weather was cold, raw, stormy, and wet. This set the sentinel to musing. After remaining at his post for an hour, he was heard calling out lustily:

"Gorpral of der Guartz! Gorpral of der Guartz!"

The Corporal came, and inquired what was wanting. Koch "wished to be relieved for a few minutes," having "something to say to Macpherson."

He was gratified, and in a few moments stood in presence of the General.

"Well, Mr. Koch, what is your pleasure?" asked Macpherson.

"Why, General, I likes to know what may be der value of der wagon over which I am der shentinel?"

"How should *I* know, Koch?" asked the General.

"Well, somet'ing *like* it—not to be bartick'ler?"

"Well—a thousand dollars, perhaps."

"Very well, General Macpherson; I writes a check for der moneys, and den I shall go to my beds!"

A CAPITAL hit at the snobby English often to be found traveling in Italy, is contained in the annexed letter from a "man of leather" in London, writing from the "Hôtel de l'Europe," in Rome, to his partner in "the city:"

"I see Blink, Twist, and Co. have failed. Don't accept less than seven shillings in the pound. Our account is £2861. Leathers, I see, are up.

"I'm a melancholy man. But when you're at Rome you must do as Rome do, which aint much, except ruinationing all over. You know the crack things here are the Pope and his toe, and the Forum, and the Coliseum, which is in the shape of the oval box-bed before old Twist's house at Pentonville. I say, confound Mrs. Starke, who wrote the Guide-Book. She's the author of half my misery; pinting out all them old ancient buildings, about which some people cipher all day; but for me, it's like casting a paid account.

"There's the Watican of the Pope, full of old ancient images and stone-work. We've seen hundreds of pictures. You ought to admire Raphael's most, and call him *Rough-file*. There's the Arch of Titus, and several others, which would look much cleaner if white-washed; and I'm dreadfully bit up by vermin.

"Rome's dirty and dull; in fact, nothing looks clean in Italy but the sky, which is really *very* blue. The color of the Tiber is not 'yellow,' as the books say, but a dark table-ale color. (Tell John to bottle off last year's brewing before I come back.)

"You often say, 'He's a Trojan.' I've seen that gentleman's stone-works. His column represents nothing; while the brass flames of our Monument *do* give an idea of the great fire in London.

"The bridges here are called '*punts*,' no doubt because in antique times they were held up by flat-bottomed boats!"

THE following odd sort of relationship was actually formed by a pair of nuptials extraordinary in North Carolina:

"A widower, who was not very young, became 'smitten' by a beautiful girl, and married her. A short time after, the son of this man, by a former wife, became also in love, not with a younger person, but with the mother of the father's new wife—a widow lady, still in the bloom of her years. He offered himself, and soon the young man and the widow were united in the bonds of matrimony; so that, in consequence of these two connections, a father became the son-in-law of his own son, and the wife not only the daughter-in-law of her own son-in-law, but still more, the mother-in-law of her own mother; while the husband of the latter is the father-in-law of his mother-in-law, and father-in-law of his own father!"

This "reads" almost as puzzlingly as the question asked of an American by a waggish Englishman:

"Can a man, in America, marry the sister of his widow?"

"O yes," was the reply; "it's a matter of very frequent occurrence."

"Indeed! Well, in *our* country it is quite different. It is never done there, although it is not against the law!"

ONE cold winter evening a knot of village worthies were convened around the stove of a country store, in a Western town, warming their fingers by the stove-pipe, and telling stories and cracking jokes. The schoolmaster, the blacksmith, and the barber, and the constable, and the storekeeper, and the clerk, all were there.

After they had drunk cider and smoked cigars to their hearts' content, and when all the current topics of the day had been exhausted, the schoolmaster proposed a new kind of game to relieve the monotony of the evening. Each one was to propound a puzzle to his neighbors; and whoever should ask a question that he himself could not solve, was to pay the cider-reckoning for the entire party.

The idea took at once; and the schoolmaster, "by virtue of his office," called on Dick D——, whom most folks thought a fool, and a few a knave, to put the first question.

"Wal, neighbors," said Dick, drawling out his words, and looking ineffably dull and stupid, "You've seen where squirrels dig their holes, haven't you? Can any of you tell me the reason why they never throw out any dirt?"

This was a "poser;" and even the "master" had to "give it up."

It now devolved on Dick to explain:

"The reason is," said Dick, "that they first begin at the *bottom* of the hole!"

"Stop! stop!" cried the schoolmaster, startled out of all prudence by so monstrous an assertion: "Pray, *how does the squirrel get there?*"

"Ah, master," replied the cunning fool; "that's a question of your own asking!"

The result had not been anticipated. The "schoolmaster was *abroad*" at that particular juncture!

"WHAT harm is there in a pipe?" says young PUFFWELL.

"None that I know of," replied his companion; "*except* that smoking induces drinking; drinking induces intoxication; intoxication induces the bile; bile induces jaundice; jaundice leads to the dropsy; dropsy terminates in death. 'Put *that* in your pipe, and smoke it!'"

PERHAPS there is a hit in the following at the prevailing style of ladies' evening dresses:

"When dressed for the evening, the girls, now a days,
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;
None blame them—for what is an evening dress,
But a dress that is suited for Eve?"

IT is a "Britisher" traveling among us who thus records his impressions of the rapid manner in which meals are "bolted" at the hotels of our bustling Western cities, where, as some modern writer says, "the citizens have too much to do to *waste much time at their meals*." Aside from all other in-

centives, however, to the deliberate partaking of our meals, one ought, especially, to have weight; and that is, that hasty, indigestive "cramming" of food is a serious, and almost a certain cause of ill-health:

"'Chair, sir?' 'there, sir!'—'soup, sir?' 'yes, sir!'
'Glass of water—bill of fare'—
Jabbers on my dark oppressor—
'Alligator?—roasted bear?'

"One—two—three! that wide-mouthed vulture
Can not have *already* dined!
By my gastronomic culture!
He's a specimen refined.

"Call this *dining?*—its *devouring*,
Like the beasts in Raymond's show,
O'er the mighty desert scouring,
Devastating as they go.

"'Where's that waiter?'—one breath later
And the cabbage is no more!
Disappearing in the clearing
Of the 'gent' it stands before.

"Are we on the eve of 'bu'sting'
Generally up, for good?
Are we seriously distrusting
Our prospective chance of food?

"Are we to be hung to-morrow,
Executed to a man,
That we seek 'surcease of sorrow,'
By devouring all we can?

"Are we cramming beef and lamb in
From an unsubstantial fear
Of a grand potato famine
Shipped from Ireland, coming here?

"What's the reason that we seize on
'Grub' like birds and beasts of prey?
Is the question indigestion,
That quack medicines may pay?

* * * *

"Oh! a hideous apprehension
Often o'er my bosom steals,
With a strong and nervous tension,
Thrilling me from head to heels!

"'Tis that, *some* day, *some* collection
Of the hungry guests I've seen,
In voracity's perfection,
Having swept the table clean,

"Will, their appetites to smother
Wildly on the waiters fall,
Then, devouring one another
Eat up landlord, cooks, and all!"

THE following amusing example of "*Book-keeping; or the Rich Man in Spite of Himself*," was published some years ago, and was at the time declared to be a perfectly authentic anecdote of an old New York merchant:

"In old times it was the custom of the merchants of the city of New York to keep their accounts in pounds shillings and pence currency. About fifty years ago a frugal, industrious Scotch merchant, well known to the then small mercantile community of this city, had, by dint of fortunate commercial adventure and economy, been enabled to save something like four thousand pounds; a considerable sum of money at that period, and one which secured to its possessor a degree of enviable independence. His places of business and residence were, as was customary at that time, under the same roof. He had a clerk in his employment whose reputation as an accountant inspired the utmost confidence of his master, whose frugal habits he emulated with the true spirit and feeling of a genuine Caledonian. It was usual for the accountant to make an annual balance sheet, for the inspection of his master, in order that he might see what had been the profits of his business for the past year. On this occasion the balance-sheet showed to the credit of the business six thousand pounds, which somewhat astonished the incredulous merchant.

"'It canna be,' said he; 'ye had better count up agen. I dinna think I ha' had sae profitable a beesness as this represents.'

"The clerk, with his usual patience, re-examined the statement, and declared that it was 'a' right,' and that he was willing to wager his salary upon its correctness. The somewhat puzzled merchant scratched his head with surprise, and commenced adding up both sides of the account for himself. It proved right.

"'I did na' think,' said he, 'that I was worth over four thousand pounds; but ye ha' made me a much richer man. Weel, weel, I may ha' been mair successful than I had tho't, and I'll na' quarrel wi' mysel' for being worth six thousand instead.'

"At early candle-light the store was regularly closed by the faithful accountant; and as soon as he had gone, the sorely-perplexed and incredulous merchant commenced the painful task of going over and examining all the accounts for himself. Night after night did he labor in his solitary counting-house alone, to look for the error; but every examination confirmed the correctness of the clerk, until the old Scotchman began to believe it possible that he was really worth 'sax thousand pounds.'

"Stimulated by this addition to his wealth, he soon felt a desire to improve the condition of his household; and with that view, made purchase of new furniture, carpets, and other elegancies, consistent with the position of a man possessing the large fortune of six thousand pounds. Painters and carpenters were set to work to tear down and build up; and in a short time the gloomy-looking residence in Stone Street was renovated to such a degree as to attract the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors. The doubts of the old man would still, however, obtrude themselves upon his mind; and he determined once more to make a thorough examination of his accounts.

"On a dark and stormy night he commenced his labors, with the patient investigating spirit of a man determined to probe the matter to the very bottom. It was past the hour of midnight, yet he had not been able to detect a single error; but still he went on. His heart beat high with hope, for he had nearly reached the end of his labor. A quick suspicion seized his mind as to one item in the account. *Eureka!* He had found it. With the frenzy of a madman he drew his broad-brimmed white hat over his eyes, and rushed into the street. The rain and storm were nothing to him. He hurried to the residence of his clerk, in Wall Street; reached the door, and seized the handle of the huge knocker, with which he rapped until the neighborhood was roused with the 'loud alarm.'

"The unfortunate clerk poked his nightcap out of an upper window, and demanded:

"'Wha's there?'

"'It's *me*, you scoundrel!' said the frenzied merchant; '*ye've added up the year of our Laird among the pounds!*'

"Such was the fact. The addition of the year of our Lord among the items had swelled the fortune of the merchant some two thousand pounds beyond the amount."

HERE are a couple of love-songs, at once both

Latin and English, one of the amusements of Dean Swift. There is a mine of wit and originality in the learned trifles:

"*Apud in is almi de si re,*
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re,
Alo ver I findit a gestis,
His miseri ne ver at restis.

"A pudding is all my desire,
My mistress I never require,
A lover I find it a jest is,
His misery never at rest is."

The next, in the same style and vein, is equally happy:

"*Mollis abuti,*
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Molli divinis.
O mi de armis tres,
I mina dis tres,
Cantu disco ver
Meas alo ver?

"Moll is a beauty,
Has an acute eye,
No lass so fine is,
Molly divine is.
O! my dear mistress,
I'm in a distress,
Can't you discover
Me as a lover?"

We remember another of Swift's exercitations in this kind:

"*Lœtus paco fit tis time:*
"Let us pack off—'tis time!"

"Jones," said a sympathizing neighbor to a friend, "what in the world put matrimony into your head?"

"Well, the fact is, I was getting short of shirts!"

A DIALOGUE between a father—a dissipated and extravagant man—and his son, as to how to expend five-and-twenty shillings, which a new situation was to give the former, is one of the laughable, and, at the same time, instructive things that have found their way into our *omnium-gatherum*. It runs as follows:

"Now, Johnny, my boy," the old man would say, "let me see; I owe eight shillings at the porter-house, sign of 'The Saddle;' well, that's *that*." (Putting the amount on one side.)

"Yes," says Johnny.

"Well, then I promised to pay a score at the Blue Pig Tavern—say five shillings. How much does *that* make, John?"

"Why, thirteen shillings," says the boy, counting on his fingers.

"But I mean, you goose, how much have I got left?"

"How should *I* know?" says John; "count it yourself: *you've* got the money."

"But you ought to know," says the father, with true parental authority. "Take thirteen from twenty-five—how many remains? Why twelve, to be sure," counting the balance slyly in his hand. "*That's* the way you are neglecting your education, is it? I shall have to talk to your schoolmaster."

"Yes, you'd *better* talk to him! He told me yesterday that unless you let him have some money I needn't come to school any more."

"Ah, true, my boy—true; you mustn't lose your education, at any rate. Take him round five shillings after dinner. I had a pot of beer with him last night, and he agreed if I would let him have that much now, he would be satisfied for the present."

"I want a pair of shoes, father," says John. "I can get a capital pair for three-and-sixpence."

"You must get them for *three* shillings, John: we owe the butcher four, and *he* must be paid, or we get no meat: there, that ends it," said the poor old man, with a satisfied air; but his vision of independence was in an instant destroyed, by John's simply saying:

"You've forgotten the landlady, father!"

"Yes, John, that's true—so I have. She must have *her* pay, or out we go."

"She *must!*" echoed John.

"John," says the father, "I'll tell you how I'll contrive it. I'll put 'The Saddle' off with *four* shillings, and open a *branch* account with 'The Yew-Tree'" (another drinking-house).

"But," said John, "we *owed* her a shilling last week, and she paid for the washing."

"Oh!—ay; well, how much does the *washing* come to, John?"

"Two and tuppence," replied the boy.

"Well, then give her *three* shillings instead of *five*," said the father.

"But then, father, *that* won't do; and we want tea."

"*Who* wants tea? *I* don't care a fig for tea."

"But *I* do," replied the boy, with most provoking calmness.

"You want *tea!*" said the father; "you young rascal, you'll want *bread* yet."

"Bread!—that's true," exclaimed John; "you have forgotten the baker!"

The old man's schemes to pacify his creditors with five-and-twenty shillings were all dissipated by the recollection of the baker, and sweeping the money off the table into his breeches-pocket, he roared out, in a great passion:

"Let 'em *all* go!—I'll not pay a farthing to *any* of 'em!"

How this may strike others, we do not know; but to our minds this dialogue, and the circumstances (call them rather weaknesses and vices) which led to it, involve a very fruitful lesson. It illustrates very forcibly the denunciation of the Scriptures:

"Wo unto them who rise up in the morning to *pursue* strong drink—who *continue* until night; until wine *inflame* them!"

"W. T. H.," of Baltimore, sends for the "Drawer" the ensuing, with the accompanying note:

"Herewith is a piece, found among some very old papers, which it is there stated has 'never before been published.' For severe wit and sarcasm, it strikes me as possessing very great merit, and I think it will afford the readers of the 'Drawer' some amusement. The explanatory caption was found with the piece, which, as I have said, has been among old family papers for many years. There can be, I should think, no doubt whatever about the authenticity of the piece."

"Mr. Wall, of West Bromwich, was, many years since, land steward to T. C. Tervoise, Esq., a large landed proprietor in Warwickshire; and, by his vexatious and oppressive conduct, had occasioned much uneasiness among the inhabitants. Mr. Canning, then a young man, was on a visit to the clergyman of the parish, and entering into the grief of the people, wrote the following sarcastic lines. Wall and Mr. Tervoise were very much enraged, and offered five hundred pounds for the discovery of the author.

"MURUS AHENEUS EST.

"Will Shakspeare of old, for the pleasure of all,
Presented a man in the shape of a wall;

Our landlord, alas! for a different plan,
Has dressed up a Wall in the shape of a man:
Of such rude materials, so heavy and thick,
With a heart of hard stone, and a facing of brick,
That 'tis plain from its blundering form and its features,
'Twas built by some journeyman mason of Nature's;
And, spoilt by its master's continued neglect,
Oppresses the land it was meant to protect.
This Wall, this curs'd Wall, ever since it was raised,
With quarrels and squabbles the country has teased,
And its office thereby it performs with precision,
For the grand use of Walls we all know is division.
Some people maintain that no prospect is good,
But the varied expanse of plain, water, and wood;
Our hopes are confined, our taste is but small,
For we only request to behold a *dead Wall.*
The trees on the Wall are pleasant to see,
Much more so to us were the Wall on the tree;
And if to exalt it would please Mr. Tervoise,
Any tree in the parish is much at his service."

It was an ancient Punch, if we remember rightly, who gave the annexed as a passage from "*The Cook's Oracle:*"

"What is a spider?"

"A thing the maid kills with a brush, after I have done breaking breakfast-cakes in it."

"How could you cook your mistress?"

"By getting her into a stew?"

"How can you make a venison-pie without flour?"

"Put *deer* meat inside, and make the crust of *doe.*"

"What patron saint do you worship?"

"The god Pan."

"Who was the first cook?"

"Prometheus: he stole fire from the skies to warm a small *Pig*-malion for his breakfast."

"How do you bone a turkey?"

"Poke the stuffing in with my knuckles."

"If you know nothing about *boiling* a goose, how do you expec-to-rate as a cook?"

"As a *spitter*, of course."

The late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, one of the dryest and slyest of humorists, furnished, many years ago, the material of this last-named play upon a word.

We have omitted to mention in compliance with a request, and information furnished by a correspondent at Fayette (Miss.) in March last, that the droll Arkansas "Noatis," which appeared in the February number, and was credited to the "Spirit of the Times," originally appeared in the *Southern Watchtower,*" of Fayette, to which journal it was contributed by Joshua S. Morris, Esq., a resident of that town. If the paper in question has many such contributors, it will be a "Tower" of strength in its humorous department.

There have been sent, in "correction" of the alleged authorship of the lines written by a blind Quaker woman of Philadelphia—published recently in the "Drawer"—numerous letters, attributing the lines to Milton. But the lines *were* written, as stated, by Elizabeth Lloyd, a Quaker woman, and blind, of Philadelphia. They appear in no early edition of Milton's Poems; but in the *last* Cambridge edition they are published as a "*newly-discovered* effusion" from the pen of the immortal author of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained.

Literary Notices.

Besides the numerous reprints of valuable foreign books, our literary record for the present month comprises but a scanty number of publications, some of which, however, present very favorable specimens of native talent in various walks of literature.

A theological work of considerable importance is *The Divine Character Vindicated,* by the Rev. Moses Ballou, being a review of some of the principal features of Dr. Edward Beecher's celebrated *Conflict of Ages.* Mr. Ballou presents a copious analysis of that work, treating the statements of the author with candor and justice, and then proceeds to an examination of its remarkable theory in the light of reason and Scripture. His own views are founded on the essential benignity of the Divine character, and the limited consequences of sin, and though they must fail of giving satisfaction to the religious world in general, they are sustained with a good deal of argumentative skill, and are often suggestive of profound reflections. In its transparent simplicity, the style of the volume affords a good model of theological discussion. (Published by Redfield.)

The Exiles is the title of an American novel by Talvi (Mrs. Robinson), in which that accomplished lady brings the fruits of her wide experience of social life in this country to the illustration of a powerful and touching fictitious narrative. The story describes the varied fortunes of a couple of German emigrants, from the higher walks of society, who are induced to take up their residence in this country, and after a series of painfully disastrous events, find a tragic winding-up of their history in a remote town of Vermont. The most striking merits of the production—which are numerous and of a high order—are its vivid and subtle delineations of passion, the admirable fidelity of its character-drawing, its frequent touches of pathos, its graphic and effective descriptions of nature, and its life-like, home-like pictures of American manners, drawn sometimes perhaps with a little too much intensity, but always with essential truthfulness, and never sacrificing a kindly and generous spirit to the love of satire. In the management of the plot, which we think is too complicated in its details, Mrs. Robinson shows not a little ingenuity and artistic skill. She constantly keeps the curiosity of the reader on the stretch, and escapes from the most difficult situations by adroit arrangements which have the effect of a pleasing surprise. The narrative is full of action and incident, and, covering a wide space, admits of a remarkable variety of scenes, derived from opposite extremities of the American continent. Apart from its interest as a novel—which is guaranteed by a plot of high-wrought romance—its acute remarks on American institutions and society, illustrated by a succession of lively sketches, evidently taken from the life, challenge the attention of readers, and can not fail to reward them for its perusal. Like the other productions of Talvi, which have given her such a high

rank in literature both at home and abroad, this work was originally written in German. It loses nothing however in the translation, which has been executed with such idiomatic grace as to read like the composition of one to whom the language is native.

Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, by Sir G. WILKINSON. In this important work a complete view of Egyptian antiquities is presented, showing the character of the domestic life, political institutions, religious observances, and industrial arts of that remarkable people. It is the product of long and laborious research; it bears the stamp of thoroughness on every page; it is copious, without being confused; the descriptive portions are crowded with information, while they are couched in a flowing and attractive style, clothing the hoary and wasted Past in a fresh and life-like costume. The volume is illustrated by a multitude of engravings, which make the explanations of the writer perfectly clear to the eye. It will be welcomed by the student of profane history, and no less by the searcher of the Scriptures, as an efficient and most interesting aid in their pursuits. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Regent's Daughter is a dramatic adaptation, founded on the romance of ALEXANDRE DUMAS, hinging on a plot for the assassination of the Regent, Philip of Orleans, in which the lover of the Regent's unacknowledged daughter is the chief actor, and which was detected by the counter-intrigues of Cardinal Dubois. The translator has executed his task with remarkable success, showing a sagacious perception of the sources of dramatic effect, and a felicitous command of spirited, and nervous English. The play is intended primarily for reading, but, with some unimportant omissions, would be admirably suited to public representation. Its authorship in the present form has been ascribed to the editor of the *Albion*, weekly newspaper, Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG, and it certainly betrays the graceful vigor of expression for which the pen of that gentleman is famed. (Published by Appleton and Co.)

Among the numerous popular fictions called forth by the Temperance Reform, the story entitled *Minnie Hermon*, by THURLOW W. BROWN, is as well entitled to commendation as any that have fallen under our critical eye. It presents a series of vivid sketches, many of them marked by true pathos, showing the tragic effects of indulgence in the fatal cup. The facts are evidently taken from real life, and though embellished with a high rhetorical coloring, can not be said to exaggerate the evils which they are intended to illustrate. (Published by Miller, Orton, and Mulligan.)

The Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington, by B. P. SHILLABER, have been collected in a neat volume, illustrated by numerous characteristic engravings, and published by J. C. Derby. The unexampled popularity attained by these specimens of native humor, as they have appeared from time to time in the public journals, may safely be taken as a test of their genuine and rare merits. We regard them as among the best productions of the sportive badinage, so congenial to the American taste, that are to be found in our lighter literature. The character of the oracular old dame is sustained with dramatic harmony through the whole of her unique comments; she never by any mischance relapses into orthodox English; and always hides beneath her eccentricity of expression the largest and warmest soul of grandmotherly kindness. Her biographer and "honest chronicler" has succeeded to a charm in giving the veracious history of her life. His irrepressible love of fun is so blended with the true spirit of wit, as to entitle him to a high rank in the walk to which he has so cordially devoted himself. He is certainly a master in this line—at the very top of the scale—and his imitators are—nowhere.

Crosby and Nichols have issued a posthumous work by the late Rev. SYLVESTER JUDD, consisting of a series of discourses on *The Church*. Mr. Judd is well remembered as the gifted but erratic author of *Margaret*, *Richard Edney*, and other productions, which have obtained a limited circle of devoted admirers. Several of his friends have thought it desirable to bring before the public his views concerning Church principles, plans, and organization, and the result is the present volume. The discourses which it contains are written in a plain and unambitious style, and in a tone of unmistakable earnestness.

An edition of Professor SMITH'S *History of Greece* is issued by Harper and Brothers, expressly prepared by a competent American editor. As a popular manual of Grecian history this work is entirely without a rival in English literature. It embodies the best fruits of modern researches in a style of remarkable elegance and grace, and presents the oft-told story of Grecian development not only with critical discrimination but with picturesque beauty. The high rank of Professor Smith as a classical scholar vouches for the accuracy of his narrative, while the charms of its diction offer a rare enticement to every tasteful reader.

Spirit Manifestations Examined and Explained, by JOHN BOVEE DODS. (Published by Dewitt and Davenport.) After the elaborate defense of the so-called Spiritual Manifestations by Judge Edmonds, and some other writers of ability and official position, the subject has assumed an importance in the public eye which we think is quite out of proportion to the value of any communications obtained by this peculiar agency—mysterious, preternatural, spiritual, psychological, or by whatever term it is designated. As an illustration of certain remarkable powers in the human system—not yet sufficiently explained—this volume, however, is seasonable, and well adapted to gratify a laudable curiosity. The writer, who has devoted his attention for many years to the subject, and who is undoubtedly a man of scientific research, as well as of candor and impartiality, professes to have discovered the origin of the phenomena in question in the involuntary powers of the mind, the physical instruments of which are seated in the cerebellum. He adduces a multitude of very curious facts in support of his theory, which, if they do not give it the force of demonstration, have a great deal of plausibility, considered in that point of view, and are well worth the study of the anthropological inquirer. Dr. Dods handles his subject without bitterness or partisan zeal. He imputes no sinister motives to the believers in spiritual manifestations. He thinks them in a great error, and endeavors to show them the ground of their error. His volume is eminently readable—replete with singular instances of abnormal phenomena, both from ancient and modern times—and is not surpassed, either in instruction or entertainment, by any work yet called forth by the "spiritual controversy."

D. Appleton and Co. have issued a neat and convenient edition of SURENNE'S *French and English Dictionary*, thoroughly revised and improved by

additions from standard authorities, forming one of the best manuals for constant reference now in use.

The recent publications of T. B. Peterson include, among others, T. S. ARTHUR'S excellent domestic stories of *The Iron Rule; or, Tyranny in the Household,* and *The Lady at Home; or, Happiness in the Household;* a compact and well-printed edition of DISRAELI'S novels, *Venetia, The Young Duke, Miriam, Alroy, Henrietta Temple,* and *Contarini Fleming,* each work, comprising three volumes in the original, in one handsome volume; and *Kate Clarendon* and *Viola,* by EMERSON BENNETT. The numerous popular fictions brought out by Mr. Peterson, have given his name a wide celebrity among book-purchasers, and have contributed greatly to the promotion of a cheap literature.

The prevailing interest in the war now waging between Russia and the Allied Powers has called forth numerous publications relating to the condition of Russia and Turkey, which can not fail to be received with general satisfaction. Of these the most original and able is *Russia as it is,* by Count DE GUROWSKI, a Polish nobleman, now resident in this country, and a thinker of great depth and penetration, profoundly versed in the civil and military affairs of Europe, and warmly devoted to the fortunes of the Sclavonic race. His work abounds in rare and valuable information, in comprehensive general statements, and in copious statistical accounts of the resources of Russia. The style is lucid and vigorous, and presents a remarkable instance of effective idiomatic expression by one who writes in a foreign language. This work is published by the Appletons.

The Russian Shores of the Black Sea, by LAWRENCE OLIPHANT, is an entertaining narrative of a voyage down the river Volga, and a tour through the country of the Don Cossacks. It is filled with lively pictures of the peculiar manners of the people, and of the natural scenery of that portion of the Russian Empire. (Published by Redfield.)

Redfield has also issued *A Year with the Turks,* by WARINGTON W. SMYTH, containing sketches of travel in the European and Asiatic dominions of the Sultan. It presents a highly favorable view of the Turkish character, which it defends with the spirit of a partisan.

A work of great interest on the Russian policy, entitled the *Knout and the Russians,* from the French of GERMAIN DE LAGNY, is published by Harper and Brothers. It presents a detailed and very lively description of the interior of Russian society, with a lucid exposition of the prominent public institutions. The author is no friend to the Czar, and no doubt occasionally permits his hostility to color his statements. We do not think, however, that the substantial accuracy of his work can be called in question, and the strong feeling under which he writes gives a piquant zest to his descriptions, and effectually prevents the reader from falling asleep. His chapters on the army, the nobility, the clergy, the navy, the magistracy, and the finances, are informing and valuable. His account of Russian serfdom is full of novel and striking views. In describing the punishment of the knout, he brings forward several terrible instances showing the severity of Russian criminal law, in spite of the abolition of capital punishment. The vivacity of style with which this volume is written makes it more readable than a large proportion of the works which have been suggested by the Russian question.

Another work issued by Harper and Brothers, in relation to Turkey, is CURZON'S *Armenia,* an agreeable account of travels performed in connection with the joint English and Russian commission for settling the boundary between Turkey and Persia in the region occupied by the Koordish tribes. In addition to the lively sketches of Eastern manners and scenery, the volume abounds with copious and valuable notices of Armenian history, and the progress of Russian aggression in that quarter.

Mason Brothers publish *A History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune,* by the Rev. W. H. HAVERGALL, with an introductory notice by the Rt. Rev. Bishop WAINWRIGHT. It furnishes a curious history of that ancient piece of psalmody, with an account of the successive changes which it has undergone. Its authorship is ascribed, not to Martin Luther, according to the traditional opinion, but to William Franc, an obscure composer, whose name is known only in connection with the Genevan Psalter. The tune, however, has since been subjected to so many variations as almost to have lost its original identity.

A new edition of TALFOURD'S *Critical and Miscellaneous Writings* is published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co., containing the most important essays and reviews of their late lamented author. As a sound and impartial critic, Talfourd occupies a high place in English literature. If he did not affect the brilliant audacity of Jeffrey, he was far more catholic in his tastes, and more profoundly appreciative in his judgments. Free from the love of paradox, which, to a great extent, vitiated the remarkable critical acuteness of Hazlitt, and never, like Coleridge, overlaying the original and subtle distinctions of transcendental speculation with a cloud of vaporous phraseology, Talfourd brought an honest and masculine judgment, a keen perception of truth, a singularly refined taste, a profound and universal culture, and a most gracious sympathy with every genuine manifestation of intellect, to the criticism of the great literary productions of the age. His verdicts, in almost all cases, will stand the test of time. He was apparently almost wholly devoid of prejudice—certainly, he had not a trace of malignity or captiousness in his nature—he never sought to amuse himself or the public at the expense of an unfortunate author—he did not mistake severity for acuteness, nor wholesale censure for just discrimination—he never condemned without cause—though, perhaps, it may be admitted that his heart was tinctured with an excess of favoritism for those whom he deemed great intellectual benefactors, and who had not met with the due meed of honor from the public. His native kindliness protected him from the bitterness which is often thought to be an essential element of criticism; while his wakeful good sense and delicately sensitive taste, prevented him from becoming the dupe of pretension. In our opinion, his critical essays possess far more than an ephemeral value; we know of no better comments on recent English literature; and their diligent study can not fail to produce the most wholesome effects on the public taste.

My Schools and Schoolmasters, by HUGH MILLER, is an admirable specimen of autobiography, detailing the varied experiences of his early years, and the successive steps by which, from a working mechanic, he attained his present scientific distinction. It is a work replete with instruction and encouragement, especially to those who have not enjoyed the benefits of a regular scholastic education. (Published by Gould and Lincoln.)

An Art-Student in Munich, by ANNA MARY HOWITT. A delightful record of personal experiences,

belonging "to a peculiarly poetical chapter in the life of a woman studying Art." The author is a daughter of the celebrated Howitts, and writes with an enthusiasm and naivete that are quite fascinating. Her notices of art and artists in Munich are not only spirited, but full of information. (Published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.)

The Dodd Family Abroad, the latest production of CHARLES LEVER (published by Harper and Brothers), is one of the finest and funniest specimens of his inimitable humor and satire. It relates the adventures of an Irish family, who leave their kindred bog-trotters at home, and go in search of "the genteel" on an European tour. They fall into all sorts of scrapes, constantly suffer from their own absurdities, but learn no wisdom from the experience. The characters of the ambitious and most foolish mamma, the long-suffering papa, the graceless wretch of a son, and the deluded beauty of a daughter, are sustained with infinite spirit, and afford an endless fund of amusement.

Farm Implements, and the Principles of their Construction and Use, by JOHN J. THOMAS (published by Harper and Brothers), is a volume for the farmer's library, the like of which is not to be found in the extensive range of agricultural literature. It originally appeared in the Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society, under the title of "Agricultural Dynamics; or, the Science of Farm Forces." The edition now published is based on that essay, which has been revised and enlarged, and the number of illustrations more than doubled. In applying the principles of Natural Philosophy, in their different branches, to the practices of modern farming, it avoids the use of technical phraseology, and presents the subject in a form adapted to the comprehension of every reader. The practical farmer will find in it a description of the tools in daily use, with an exposition of the scientific principles of their construction, and numerous valuable hints for the improvement of their convenience and utility. The work is adapted to recitation in schools as well as to private reading. Speaking of the original edition, the late accomplished horticulturist Downing remarked: "We should like to see this work printed, bound, and hung up in every work-shop, tool-room, and farmer's book-shelf in the country."

DEATH OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

IN recording the death of this distinguished man, which took place on the 3d of April, we are reminded of the disruption of another link, which connected the rich, imaginative, and picturesque poetical movement of the last half century with the intellectual development of the present day. Under the pseudonym of Christopher North, the deceased was known to every cultivated reader in our own country; in spite of strong political differences, he was cherished with enthusiastic and loving admiration; and his death, though at a ripe old age, has sent a pang to many American hearts like that felt on the loss of a personal friend. The subjoined notice, which embodies the language of several of the leading British literary journals, presents the character of the departed poet in a favorable light, and will not be thought to do more than justice to his memory.

Professor Wilson was born at Paisley in 1788, his father being a wealthy manufacturer there. He entered Glasgow University at the age of 13, and in four years more went to Magdalen College, Oxford, where his extraordinary quality was recognized at once. He was the leader in all sports, from his great bodily strength, as well as his enthusiasm for pleasure of that kind; and he gained the Newdegate prize for an English poem of sixty lines. On leaving college he bought the Elleray estate, on Windermere, and cultivated the acquaintance of the "Great Lake Poet," becoming himself, in latter days, the "Admiral of the Lakes," and acting as such when Bolton entertained Canning and Scott with a splendid water *fête* on Windermere. In these days Wilson played many wild feats. He attended all the fairs, fights, running matches, races, and so forth, in the country. He was a capital boxer, singlestick man, and wrestler; no great sportsman, except as an angler, and now and then in pursuit of the red deer. For some time he took up his abode among the gipsies, learned a great deal of their slang, and adopted their costume and their habits. Afterward he partially settled down, and went to study law in Edinburgh. As might be expected, little profit resulted from this experiment, but he took to literature, and produced several isolated works, such as the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," which attained great popularity; the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay," a pathetic Scottish story; the "Isle of Palms;" and the "City of the Plague." But two things occurred in Edinburgh about 1818—the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University became vacant, and Maga was established. Wilson immediately became a candidate for office in the one, and contributor to the other. Sir Walter Scott's patronage mainly contributed to his success in the first, his own abilities won the second. Before this time he had commenced that connection with *Blackwood's Magazine* which, for years after, identified him with all the brilliant fancy and exquisite taste with which its pages were adorned. The productions of his eloquent pen were, in 1842, published in a collected form, under the title of "Recreations of Christopher North." A singularly vigorous and healthy physique, animated by an impulsive and restless spirit, drew him on in youth to undertake feats—generally displays of athletic strength—out of the ordinary course; and the alternations of indolence, so often remarked in temperaments like his, led him in more advanced life to indulge in an unusual disregard of external appearances; and upon those slight grounds the most adventurous tales of his eccentricity were circulated: but even at the most extravagant period of his youth, John Wilson was always restrained by a high and pure sense of morality. The drinking feats attributed to him are either gross inventions, or literal acceptations of the humorous caricatures of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ:" they who were intimate with Wilson know that he neither required nor used to excess the stimulus of strong drink. He enjoyed the most extravagant hilarity of the social board, but could work himself up to the highest pitch by the sheer effort of talking. His literary genius was so entirely akin to his physical temperament, as to appear simply an emanation from it. Looking at his productions with the cool critical eye with which one is accustomed to examine the works of a past time, we can not but perceive that they are characterized by a want of condensation—by an absence of exact, subtle, or deep analytical or critical power—that their style is sometimes inflated, and verging on the tawdry; and yet, with all these defects, they are informed with a vitality which entitles them to be numbered in the class of works which men will not willingly let die. There is a bewitching combination of vague, dreamy wild-

ness, pathos, and ethereal fancy, in his "Isle of Palms" and "Unimore;" while in his "City of the Plague" there is an irregular splendor and vigor that sometimes reminds one of the old English dramatists. His prose writings are the outpourings of an improvisatore; unequal, but fascinating, full of power and variety—ranging from pictures of ideal beauty to defiant humor, now throwing out suggestions pregnant with materials for thought, and again dashing off graphic descriptions that place their subjects visibly before the eye. If the marvel of his eloquence is not lessened, it is at least accounted for to those who have seen him. One writer says—"Such a presence is rarely seen; and more than one person has said that he reminded them of the first man, Adam; so full was that large frame of vitality, force, and sentience. His tread seemed almost to shake the streets, his eye almost saw through stone walls; and as for his voice, there was no heart that could stand before it. He swept away all hearts whithersoever he would. No less striking was it to see him in a mood of repose, as when he steered the old packet boat that used to pass between Bowness and Ambleside, before the steamers were put upon the lake. Sitting motionless, with his hand upon the rudder, in the presence of journeymen and market-women, with his eye apparently looking beyond every thing into nothing, and his mouth closed under his beard, as if he meant never to speak again, he was quite as impressive and immortal an image as he could have been to the students of his class or the comrades of his jovial hours." Another describes him as "a stout, tall, athletic man, with broad shoulders and chest, and prodigiously muscular limbs. His face was magnificent; his hair, which he wore long and flowing, fell round his massive features like a lion's mane, to which, indeed, it was often compared, being much of the same hue. His lips were always working, while his gray flashing eyes had a weird sort of a look which was highly characteristic." As Professor of Moral Philosophy, he possessed a rare power of winning the affections and confidence of his pupils, and instigating them by a certain contagion of eloquence to self-exertion. Properly speaking, he founded no school; for his discursive turn of mind was unfavorable to the maturing of systematic, precise opinions: but he set his hearers to think, and inspired them with ambition to distinguish themselves as thinkers, and not a few able and successful inquirers were thus launched upon their philosophical career. He also imparted a new character to the Moral Philosophy chair of Edinburgh. Stewart and Brown had each confined his instructions almost exclusively to intellectual analysis—had made his class as it were a double of the Logic class: the genial and imaginative Wilson naturally applied himself more to the analysis of the fancy and the passions, and the illustration of their influence on the will—the most essential branch of ethical inquiry. But it was in his own family, and among the wide and varied circle of friends and acquaintances he loved to bring around him, that Wilson was seen in all the most engaging features of his character. His domestic affections were intense: we believe he never entirely recovered from the blow inflicted by the death of Mrs. Wilson—and if ever there was a woman to be sorrowed for throughout a widowed life, it was she; so opposite to the dazzling impetuous spirit of her mate, in the beautiful gentleness and equanimity of her temper, yet adapting herself so entirely to his tastes, and repaid by such a deep and lasting affection. As for friends and others not belonging to his own family circle, there perhaps never was a man gifted with such an universality of sympathy with all that is intellectual. He had points in common with all—with the elegant fastidiousness of Lockhart, the broad humor and inspired idiotcy of the Ettrick Shepherd, the polished coterieism of Moore, the masculine benevolence of Chalmers, the disputatious logic of De Quincey, the playful humor of Lamb, the *enjoué* and often felicitous criticism of Hunt, and the honest aspirations of less gifted individuals. In the society of the northern capital he will be long and sadly missed. The accounts of his eccentricity of manners and appearance have been much exaggerated. He had no great respect for the commonplace conventionalities of artificial life, nor had he any reverence for tailors and masters of ceremonies; but the statements about his buttonless shirts, his threadbare coats, and tattered academical robes, are pictorial fictions. With all his apparent eccentricity, he had sound judgment and a genial kindly heart; and in his warm love, especially in his latter years, of all that was generous and good and sacred, and his sincere affection for Dr. Chalmers and others of his colleagues most eminent for piety and active philanthropy, he gave proof of a religious principle far deeper than any mere sentimental feeling or philosophical persuasion could have inspired. He was much beloved in the neighborhood of Elleray. Every old boatman and young angler, every hoary shepherd and primitive dame among the hills of the district, knew him and enjoyed his presence. He was a steady and genial friend to Hartley Coleridge for a long course of years. He made others happy by being so intensely happy himself when his brighter moods were on him. He felt, and enjoyed too, intensely, and paid the penalty in the deep melancholy of the close of his life. He could not chasten the exuberance of his love of nature and of genial human intercourse; and he was cut off from both long before his death. The sad spectacle was witnessed with respectful sorrow, for all who had ever known him felt deeply in debt to him. He underwent an attack of pressure on the brain some years before his death; and an access of paralysis closed the scene. In his death, those who knew him best will feel that one of the great and good men of our time has passed away.

The Author of *Mary Powell* has commenced a series of *The Chronicles of Merry England*, a history written in chronicle style, and affecting some of its quaintnesses, to which we object, as to all affectations and imitations. This first volume advances no further than the reign of Stephen. It is pictorially written, and therefore well calculated for school and family reading.

The *Edinburgh Review* is just 50 years old; the *Quarterly*, 44; the *New Monthly Magazine*, 33; *Blackwood*, 38; and *Fraser*, 24.

Punch was concocted in the dark back-parlor of a public-house behind Drury-lane Theatre. The paper was started; it struggled on for about a year, and was then sold for £100 to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the printers. In their hands it rose to eminence. All the wit in England hastened to their standard. It has had the honor of being expelled from several kingdoms on the continent of Europe. "One night, at Lady Blessington's," said a certain literary gentleman, "Lord Brougham

told me that he would rather stand a six weeks' roasting in the House of Peers than a single scarifying joke in *Punch*."

Among the recent English publications the following are worth noting: Volumes one to three of the Rev. H. H. MILMAN'S *History of Latin Christianity*, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.; STEPHENS' *Central America*, revised by Mr. CATHERWOOD, in one volume; *The Life and Times of John Perry, the Pilgrim Martyr; Working Women of the last Half Century, the Lesson of their Lives*, by C. L. BALFOUR; *Remains of the late Bishop Copleston, with an Introduction containing Reminiscences of his Life*, by Archbishop WHATELY; Mr. HARDMAN'S Translation of *Weiss' History of the French Protestant Refugees; Atherton*, a new work by Miss MITFORD, author of *Our Village*.

Among the most recent publications of interest in Paris we may cite the first volumes of the works of ARAGO, with a charming introductory memoir by his early and constant friend and brother in science, ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. The political and economical papers of ARMAND CARREL have also been collected and arranged, judiciously annotated by M. CHARLES ROMEY, and preceded by a biographical notice from the pen of M. LITTRE. These papers throw a new light on the high qualities of that chivalrous individual.

The Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* writes, "About once a month or so, a new work by Lamartine is talked of; at this moment it is said that he is writing a volume of Turkish tales, which he intends shall form a sort of companion volume to the 'Arabian Nights.' But of all the many new works of his that have been promised during the last year, not one—his *soi-disant* 'History of the Constituent Assembly' excepted (it is being published piecemeal in a newspaper, but excites little attention)—not one has seen the light. Nevertheless, it is quite certain that he labors hard with his pen, even to the injury of his health. This is most honorable to him, as his political career has made him poor and embarrassed, and as he is anxious to leave, on going to his last home, no debts behind him. In one respect he is very fortunate: an eminent stockjobber, named Mirès, who is the proprietor of three or four newspapers and periodicals, feels such warm admiration of his genius and personal character, that he insists on purchasing all the manuscript works he writes or plans, and on giving him, in ready money, a higher sum than, if left to himself, he would venture to ask. It is not often that the Stock Exchange produces a Mecænas; and it is much to the credit of M. Mirès to be the *præsidium et dulce decus meum* of such a man as Lamartine, the greatest living poet of France, and, in spite of his political errors, one of the noblest of her citizens."

A new work of Michelet's is announced, "The Women of the Revolution." The illustrious historian is still at Nice; his health is improved.

A work is published in Paris bearing this singular title, "Eternity Unveiled; or, the future life of souls after death." The author is M. H. Delaage, the grandson of Chantal.

The French Government has decided that a periodical, containing reports and papers of scientific and literary societies, accounts of missions, &c., shall henceforth be published, under the title of "Bulletin des Sociétés Savants."

An unpublished Latin treatise by Leibnitz, in refutation of Spinoza, has lately been discovered and translated into French by M. Foucher de Careil.

A Florence correspondent of a London journal writes: "I met at a soirée the other evening, the lady who, about thirty years since, wrote *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, and the poet, Mr. Browning—the former a talkative and bustling, the latter a silent and thoughtful guest. His gifted lady is hardly to be met with in such circles, for Mrs. Browning dedicates herself here, as I understand, to the retired, studious life conformable with her habits in earlier years, as with the inclinations of her gentle and elevated nature."

The publishing house of Messrs. J. W. Parker and Son, who have just given to the public Mr. FREDERICK TENNYSON'S *Poems* and the *Poetical Remains* of PRAED, will shortly issue a volume of new *Poetry* from the pen of the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, which it may be hoped will consist rather of many short pieces than two or three long ones, remembering the touching and picturesque ballad of *Call the cattle home*, in his novel of *Alton Locke*.

The late recall of Chevalier BUNSEN by the Prussian Government produces much excitement among his English friends. A London journal says:

"Literary men as well as politicians will be sorry to learn the removal of the Chevalier Bunsen from the office of Prussian minister at the English court. The Chevalier had so long been connected with this country, had made himself so deeply acquainted with our language, literature, and science, that he may be said to have been *of* us, as well as among us; some of his best works are written in the English language; and it may be said more truly of him than of most students, '*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*' At any period the removal of such a man would be a matter of regret, and now more especially, when it is clearly the consequence of political intrigues at the court of Prussia, unworthy in themselves, and arising from parties openly and avowedly hostile to this country."

Southey, Moore, Wordsworth, Campbell, Coleridge, Scott, Wilson—never did a brighter galaxy of poets adorn any age. It is curious and sad to remark that in the case of almost all of these illustrious men—certainly of all of them who reached old age—the overtasked brain more or less gave way.

A lately-published decree of the Index includes, among other prohibited works, in French and Italian, the *Theological Essays* of Mr. F. DENISON MAURICE. It is not frequently that English publications appear in this list; and though the theory of ecclesiastical censorship is severe, its enforcement in Rome is tempered by modifications. Permission to read prohibited books, which is necessary for those desiring freely to avail themselves of public libraries, is easily obtained by application to proper authority and statement of a legitimate object in view, the petitioner receiving a formula in Latin, in the name of the Pontiff and the Inquisition, at the expense, for expedition fees, of about tenpence.

Young America at the Sea-side.



Young America finds himself "used up," and is recommended to try Sea-Bathing to recruit himself. He goes down to Fire Island, and proceeds to prepare for a Bath. He finds it rather chilly.



Not being accustomed to this kind of amusement, he assumes a position exactly the reverse of the one he had calculated upon. He finds the taste of Salt Water any thing but agreeable.



He then tries a Sail, with a little Trolling; but he is struck by a Blue-Fish, the Boom, and a curious Sensation—all at the same time.



He comes to the conclusion that the Salt Water Exercises do not agree with his Constitution. He therefore reverts to First Principles, and enjoys himself hugely.

Fashions for June.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2 Visiting and Walking Costumes.

THE Illustrations which we present require but brief comment. Figure 1 is a Visiting Dress. It is *à disposition*, although for this may be substituted a trimming of embroidery, braid, or *bouillonée*. Figure 2 is a Walking Dress for a young lady. It is high in the neck at the back, with a *basque* somewhat deeper in front and behind than at the sides. The sleeves are cut at the outside in points, which are united by fancy buttons, forming lozenge-shaped openings, through which the under-sleeves appear. The under-sleeves are plain with embroidered wristbands. The body is ornamented with a shirred ribbon, which terminates in small bows at the sleeves. When the hair is copious the mode of dressing given above is very becoming.

Bonnets are made of almost every material and combination of materials. Though smaller than have previously been worn, they are extremely pretty; and recede further than ever from the face. The ornaments are chiefly displayed upon the edges and front, the crown being comparatively plain. Redundancy of ornament is the distinguishing characteristic of the foreign modes. Flowers, laces, marabouts, and ribbons are used with the utmost profusion. The cap-crown is a special favorite. Transparent tissues are in great request. The same profusion of trimming is worn upon dresses. Flounces and *basques* are the prevailing modes.

In Mantelettes the modistes have put forth all their resources, and never has their success been so decided. Every variety of this beautiful costume has tasked their inventive powers—the stately Pelisse, the bewitching Mantilla, the graceful Scarf, the elegant Talma, and combinations of all these—every thing, in short, that the exigencies of any style of figure or complexion could require, is at the disposal of the fair. From Mr. Brodie's latest importations and productions we present the three illustrations of these articles given on the following page.



FIGURE 3.—THE TALMA MANTLE.

Composed of taffeta wrought upon tulle, forming a *guipure*. This is outlined with needle-work, and finished by a massive fringe.

FIGURE 4.—L'EMPERATRICE.

A double scarf formed of two shades of *poult de soie;* the outlines, embroidery, and fringes alternating in color upon the ground of the scarf.



FIGURE 5.—THE ZULEIKA BERTHE.

This graceful mantelette is composed of a vandyked *berthé*, trimmed with a crimped fringe, and terminated by a rich *velour guipure*, fringed.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. L.—JULY, 1854.—Vol. IX.



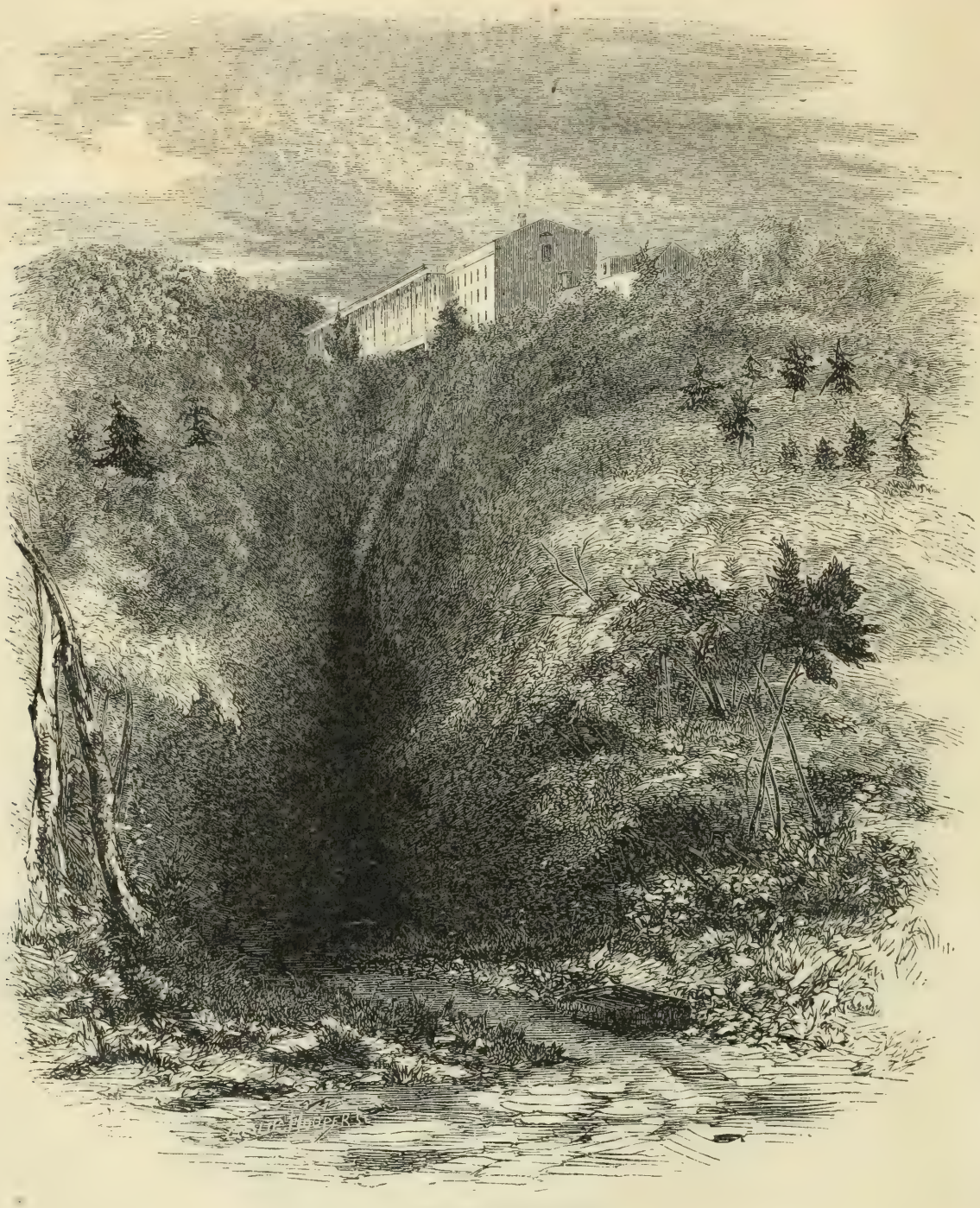
THE CATSKILL CREEK.

THE CATSKILLS.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THE Catskills follow a grand course from north to south in the eastern part of the State of New York. Their position is at an aggregate remove of ten miles west of the Hudson. The interval of undulating and fertile country is thickly studded with cities and villages and highly cultivated farms. Geologically speaking, the Catskills occupy the counties of Sullivan, Ulster, Greene, Schoharie, and Albany; but pictorially considered, they are in the county of Greene alone; within whose limits are found all the loftiest peaks, and all the chief resorts of the tourist and the artist.

The village of Catskill, upon the Catskill Creek, near its confluence with the Hudson, is one hundred and eleven miles above New York; and is accessible from that city almost hourly by steamboat or railway. Good coaches are always waiting to convey travelers thence, over a glorious route of twelve miles of enchanting valley and hill country, to the regal halls of that famous cloud-capped palace—the Mountain House. This noble edifice, lifting its grand façade above a rocky cliff twenty-five hundred feet in air, forms a curious and beautiful feature of the mountain landscape, in the passage of the river, from all the distant towns and elevations to the eastward; and as it comes again and again into view in the gradual approach from



THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

Catskill; and finally, as it rises proudly above our heads, while slowly ascending the precipices which it so grandly caps.

The Mountain House is a spacious structure of wood, originally built by the people of Catskill at a cost of more than twenty thousand dollars. It has from time to time been since refitted and enlarged, until it now affords all the conveniences and elegances of our most recherché metropolitan hotels. "How the proprietor," says Mr. Willis, "can have dragged up, and keeps dragging up, so many superfluities from the river level to that eagle's nest, excites your wonder. It is the more strange, because in climbing a mountain, the feeling is natural that you leave such enervating luxuries below. The mountain-top is too near heaven. It should be a monastery to lodge in, so high—a St. Gothard or a Vallombrosa. But here you choose between Hermitages, 'white' or 'red,' Burgundies, Madeiras, French dishes and French dances, as if you had descended upon Capua." The grand and precipitous height of the Mountain House, reveals a scene which in extent and beauty is scarcely rivaled by any "panoramic" view in the land. The eye glories in a boundless sweep of cultivated champaign, sparkling with busy towns and happy homes, bending rivers and mystic mountain chains, between the remote hills of Vermont on the one hand, and the dim waters of the Atlantic on the other. Miss Martineau, musing here on a sunny, quiet Sabbath morn, thus records her impressions of the *morale* of this suggestive picture:

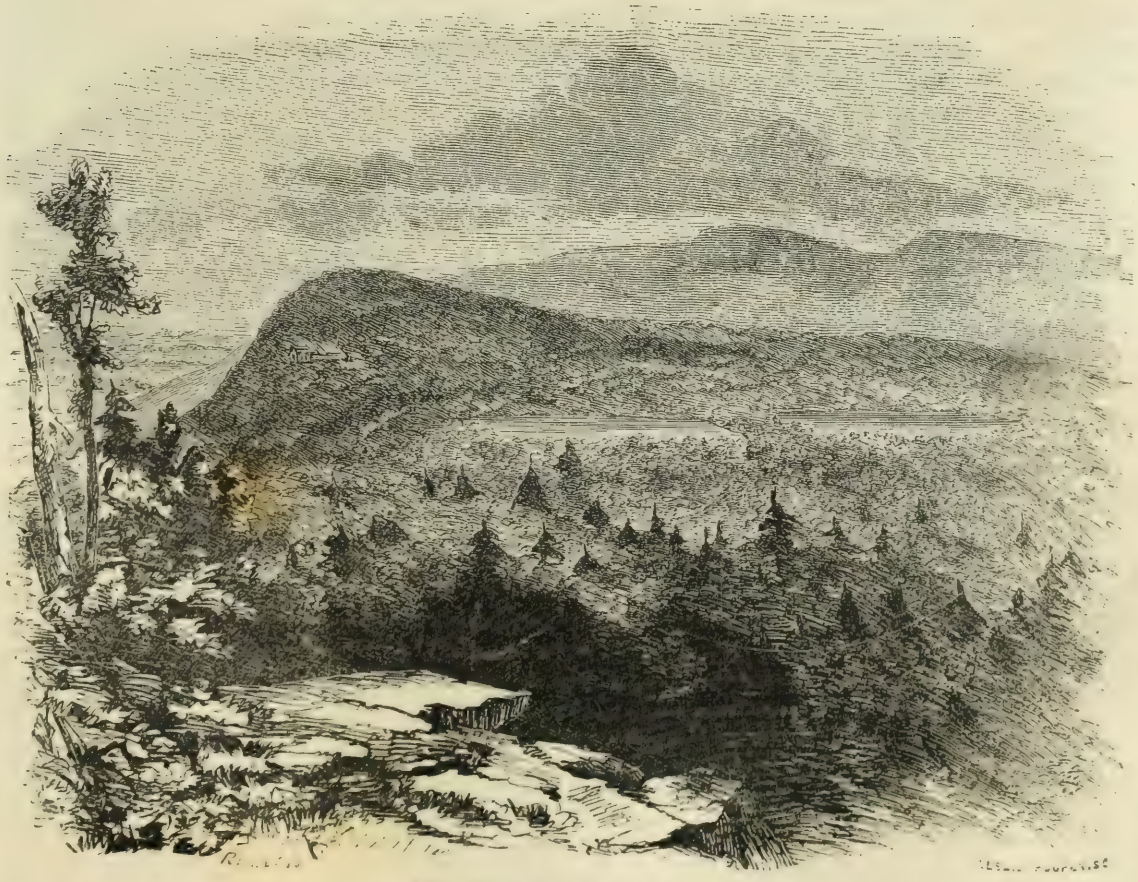
"To the philosopher what is it not?.....The fields and waters seem to him, to-day no more truly property than the skies which shine down

upon them; and to think how some below are busying their thoughts about how they shall hedge in another field, or multiply their flocks in yonder meadows, gives him a taste of the same pity which Jesus felt in his solitude, when his followers were contending about which should be greatest."

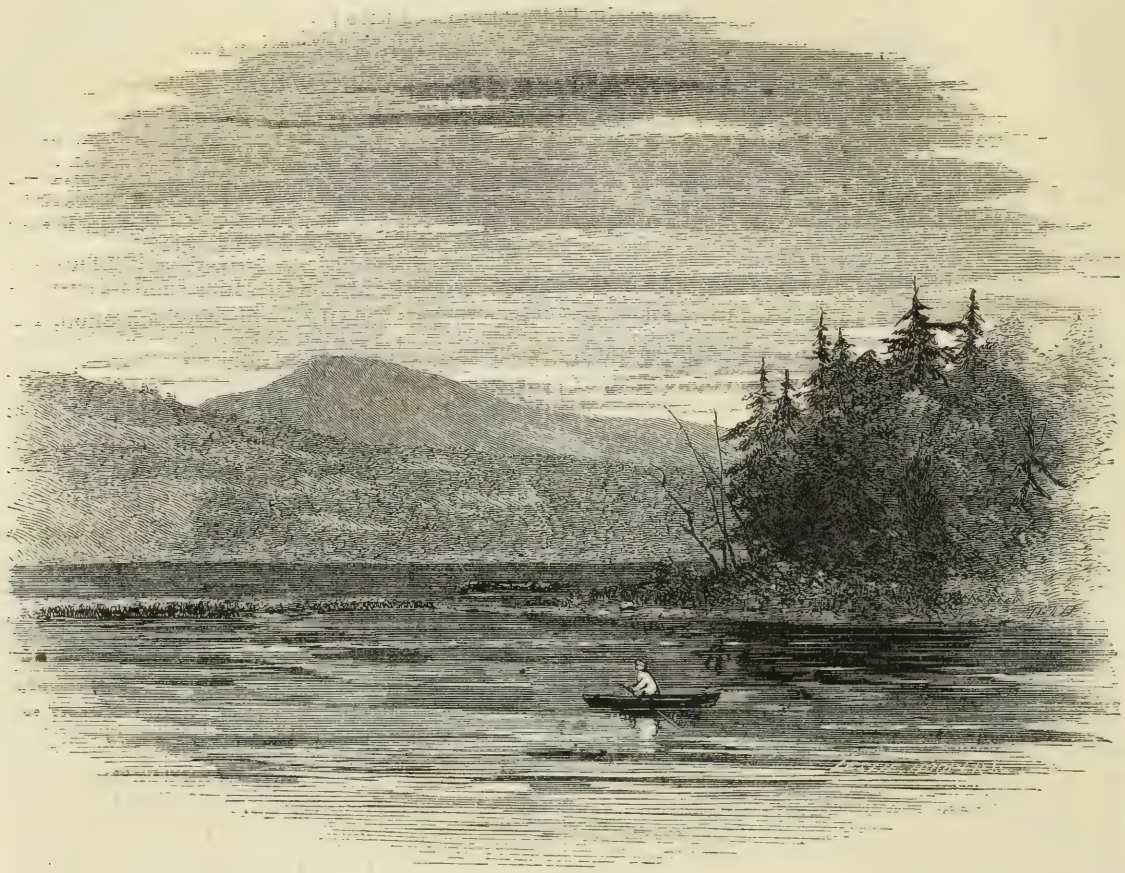
Every fashionable "resort" has its especial points or lions—its great staple "sights." The staple, *par excellence*, of the Mountain House is the "sunrising." Though every body does the "sunrise," and every body rhapsodizes thereon, and though it forms now one of our own themes, yet it never has been and never can be looked, or talked, or scribbled up or down.

There are here extraordinary facilities for enjoying this high delight of nature. The orient is before you, unobstructed by intervening hill or object whatsoever. The first smiles of the monarch of the morn are yours, dimmed by the intervention of a few jealous or, perhaps, welcoming clouds, for they laugh and dance with radiant beauty and grace as his burning caress calls the roses to their cheeks. The dense sea of vapor which overhangs the wide valley far below, is broken as by the wand of an enchanter, and it rises into the upper air, like the smoke of a thousand watch-fires, bringing hill, and vale, and stream, with all their myriad details into active and joyous life and motion. It is a curious and oftentimes an amusing study, to observe the varying degrees of emotion or indifference with which more poetic or obtuser natures witness this sublime spectacle: the highly spiritual temperament worshiping with religious oneness and fervor; the intelligent and philosophic mind satisfied with its grand beauties; the simply wondering observer gazing with new and pleased astonishment; down through all the shades of coolness and insensibility—lazily scanning the scene from chamber window, or enduring terrible martyrdom, standing in the shivering chilliness of the early morning air.

A pleasant morning may be spent in a tramp to the North Mountain, a neighboring eminence, overlooking the Mountain House and its surroundings. The "Two Lakes," of which anon, sleep peacefully below in their soaring hammocks, while the great valley of the Hudson spreads away to the east and south. Glorious is the sparkle and freshness of the air at this lofty altitude, giving one a feeling and relish of life, of a vigor and intensity undreamed of in the thronged city. We may perhaps be permitted to relate here a little adventure incident to our first pilgrimage to the North Mountain. This part of the Catskills was always a favorite range of the bear; and they may yet be readily found here when sought at the proper season. We were duly posted in respect to this fact, as also touching a habit this animal has of leaving marks of his passage, in the shape of up-turned stones. Our companion kept a sharp eye upon all the rocks in our path, and seemed to be in mortal fear of encountering one of the black gentry. It so happened that in returning we lost our way, and the better to re-find it, we agreed to search each in a different direction, being careful, however, not to lose one another. We at length discovered the path, and our fancy was so enlivened by our good fortune that it suggested to us a



FROM THE NORTH MOUNTAIN.



SYLVAN LAKE

little play upon the fears of our friend. We exerted ourself successfully to overturn a number of the largest stones around us, and then, joyfully announcing the success of our search, we pointed with an affected shudder to the freshly disturbed rocks. B—— turned pale with fright, and grasping us by the arm literally pulled us along the path. We intimated to him, pointing to our sketch-box, that with such a load it would be impossible for us to proceed so fast. Taking the hint, he added our burden to his own, and thus relieved us to the end of the journey. When he came to a "realizing sense" of the nature of the *ruse* played upon him, which we very triumphantly laid bare to his imagination, he vowed never again, under any circumstances whatever, to carry our box, and at the same time condemned us to a fine of a pitcher of the very best milk-punch which the borough of Palenville (our head-quarters at the time) would afford.

On the opposite side of the hotel is another grand look-out which visitors delight in, under the programme of a jaunt to the South Mountain. It overlooks the clove of the Kauterskill, the finest chapter of the Catskill scenery, and which we shall read *con amore*, when we have sufficiently glanced at the Mountain House localities.

The next pilgrimage which the tourist is expected to make is to the two charming lakelets, which, in their strange mountain bed, add so greatly to the interest of the surrounding points. Their waters supply the renowned Catskill Falls, which we shall reach in due order. An easy wagon passes the lakes at intervals throughout the day, on its way from the hotel to the cascades, but an orthodox Syntax will indignantly scorn this vulgar mode of locomotion, and bless the man who first invented boots. A few minutes' walk will bring you to the margin of the Upper or Sylvan Lake, a view of which we add to the list of our pictorial memories. You may pass an hour or two delightfully in strolling upon the pleasant shores, or you may enter one of the skiffs which skim the waters, and mingle your voice in happy carol with the murmur of the breeze, which never fails to play with the bright image cast by tree and rock and sail on the pellucid bosom of the lake. When these more demonstrative expressions of pleasure, which the scene will always draw from the coldest hearts, are spent, you may give your thoughts to the poetic page, or to the dreams of the romancer, occasionally glancing at the fly which you have cast upon the water to lure the wary trout. In short, unless you can find here some or other source of pleasure, God pity you, unhappy man!

The footpath to the Falls is another and much shorter one than the carriage way. It leaves the lakes to the right and traverses the forest. We did it for the first time by moonlight, after lingering too long in the shadows of the ravines below. The density of the leafage made the way very sombre. Late rains had left innumerable pools here and there, and our foot often sank into their treacherous depths, when we thought we were firmly stepping upon inviting bits of polished rock. Now we nearly lost our equilibrium, as like a drunken man we made a lofty step over some nothing, which, in the partial obscurity, appeared to be a considerable obstruction in the

path. Now a dripping bough cooled our perspiring phiz with its saucy greetings, and then our thoughtless heel crushed the head of some unsuspecting reptile. It was a lonely walk, and despite our romance, we were not a little relieved when we emerged from the wilderness upon the larger path which leads over the plain of the "Pine Orchard" to the Mountain House. The sight of that beautiful structure, in its wild insulation, and with its many illumined windows, obscured only by the passings and repassings of gentle forms, was as grateful to our eye as was the sound of the distant music to our ear.

Now for the Falls. Approaching from the Mountain House, you of course see them first from above. Before you commence the descent of the long flights of wooden steps which lead to the base of the cataracts, you enter a very pleasant sort of café, where you may strengthen your physical man with any species of refreshment, from brandy-punch (in the quality of which you may place the extremest confidence of true love) to a cooling ice-cream or a draught of sparkling lemonade. At the same time you may relieve yourself still further by lightening your purse to the extent of a quarter, which the placards posted around will instruct you it is expected that gentlemen will pay to keep the stairs, the Falls, and the guides, in order. This assessment also rewards the Neptune of the spot—our venerated friend Peter Schutt, whom you must cultivate—for "letting off the water!" For, be it known unto you, that a dam is built above these Falls; by which ingenious means the stream, restrained from wasting its sweetness on the desert air, is peddled out, wholesale and retail, at



THE HIGH FALLS.



PALENVILLE.

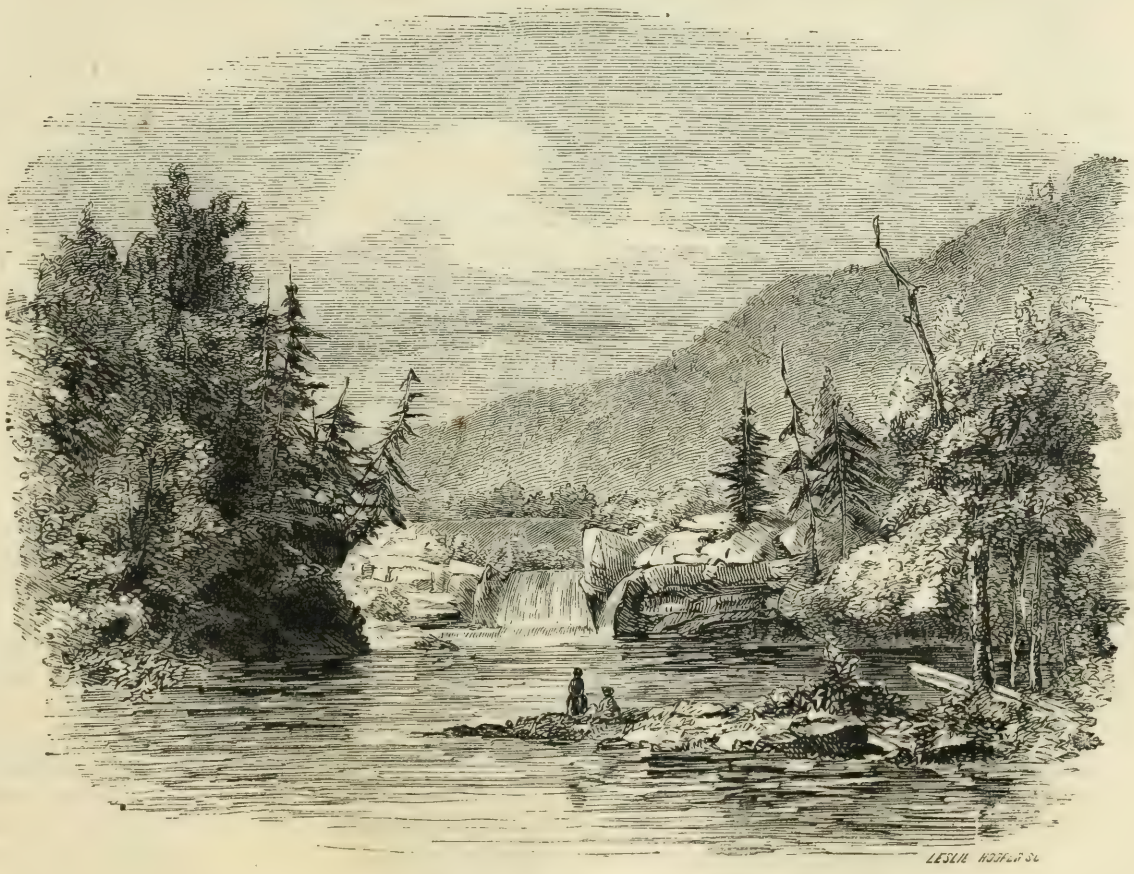
the tale of two and a half dimes a splash! Cooper says, in the "Pioneer," touching these cascades: "The stream is, may be, such an one as would turn a mill, if so useless a thing was wanted in the wilderness; but the hand that made that 'leap' never made a mill!" Alas! since Cooper's hero lived, the "wilderness" has "blossomed as the rose," and the once free torrent is now chained by the cold shackles of the spirit of gain. Happily, after being thus bound, it laughs with the greater glee when released; and one will forget while he gazes, spell-bound, upon the world of spray, that, like the sunshine in his own heart, it will not always last. To continue our loan from the graphic picture in the Pioneer: "The water comes croaking and winding among the rocks, first so slow that a trout might swim in it, and then starting and running, like any creature that wanted to make a fair spring, till it gets to where the mountain divides like the cleft foot of a deer, leaving a deep hollow for the brook to tumble into. The first pitch is nigh two hundred feet; and the water looks like flakes of snow before it touches the bottom, and then gathers itself together again for a new start: and, may be, flutters over fifty feet of flat rock, before it falls for another hundred feet, when it jumps from shelf to shelf, first running this way and that way, striving to get out of the hollow, till it finally gets to the plain."

When you reach the base of the first Fall, your guide will perhaps conduct you over a narrow ledge behind the falling torrent, as at "Termination Rock" at Niagara. Then reaching the green sward on the opposite side of the stream, you may make a signal to Peter Schutt, who will be looking over the piazza of his café above, and if you have duly settled between you the telegraphic alphabet, in such case made and provided, he will attach a basket to the projecting pole, and incontinently there will descend sundry bottles of the very coolest Champagne of which the vineyards of France ever dreamed. You may then repose yourself half an hour or more upon the mossy couch aforesaid, imbibe Neptune's nectar, and when your quarter's worth of cascade is spent, you may remount the steps to the summit of the Fall, or may accompany us and the stream down the ravine to the great clove below. One moment, though, before we tumble through brush and brake, and over rock and rapid. On one occasion, while we were sketching the beauties of certain other cascades in the neighborhood called Little Falls, we were discovered by Peter Schutt, who accused

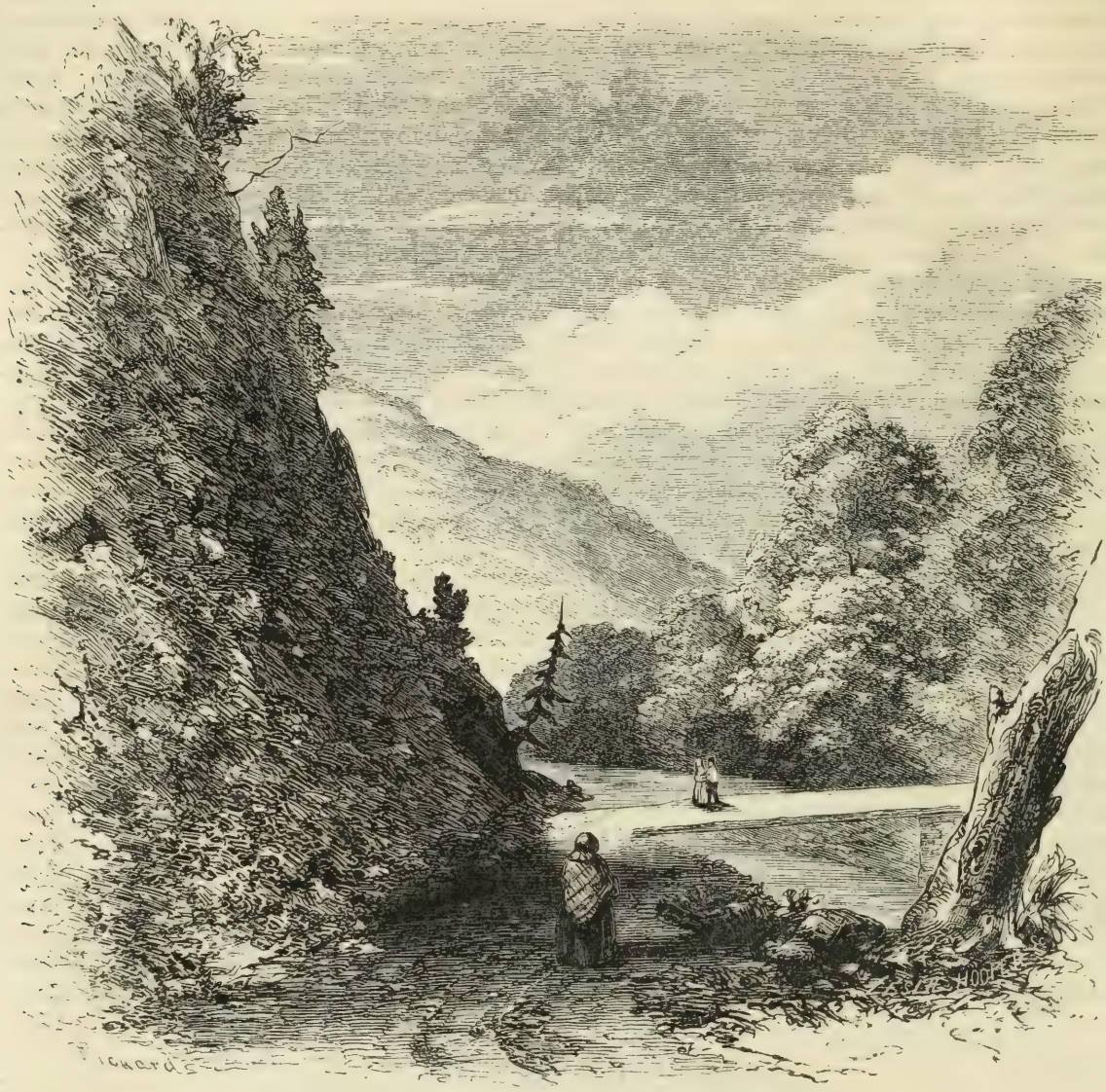
us bitterly of forgetting our first love, and strictly forbade us, or any body, to "paint the Little Falls bigger than his!" Peter Schutt can bear no rival near the throne.

The passage of the gorge we now traverse is replete with interest. Up and down we go for a varied mile, urging our way through the deep tangled wild wood, leaping from rock to rock across the brawling stream, contesting the track with prostrate trees, gazing reverently upward upon sullen cliffs, or far below into the deep chasms where the plunging waters lie inert for a moment after their unwonted toil. At the close of this brief but brilliant episode in our tour, we open upon the fine turnpike road which crosses the mountains through the clove of the Kauterskill. We shall perhaps explore this picturesque gorge more intelligently if we commence the jaunt at the mouth of the passage, where one or other of the little inns of Palenville will afford us a very tolerable if not luxurious bivouac.

Very few of the thousands who annually visit the Mountain House ever explore this, the most charming part of the Catskills. The village of Palenville, apart from its location, is a hamlet of the most shabby sort. It barely supports one ill-furnished store, two primitive way-side taverns, a Methodist chapel, a school, a post-office, and a small woolen factory. With the exception of such gentry as the blacksmith, the wagon-maker, the cobbler, and the tailor, the inhabitants employ themselves in the factory, in neighboring saw-mills, tanneries, and in the transportation of lumber and leather to the river landings. In the vicinity are a few of the better class of homesteads and small farms. The situation of Palenville, at the portals of the hills, gives you an equal and ready access to the great valley on one side, and to the mountain solitudes on the other. Eastward from the hamlet, half a mile is a most lovable cascade, too much neglected by the few travelers who come to the clove. A minute's walk through a dense copse will bring you to an unexceptionable point of observation. Seated upon a moss-grown rock, and shaded by the "sloping eaves" of giant hemlocks, you "muse on flood and fell." At your feet lies the deep basin of dark waters, the clustering foliage toying with their busy bubbles. The cascade and its accompanying rock-ledges fills the middle ground, exposing beyond the entire stretch of the southern line of hill, until it is lost in the golden haze of the setting sun. At this evening hour, too, the sunlight kisses only the tops of the trees and shrubs, and glimmers upon the upper edge alone of the falling water. A little way below and this picture occurs again, in a scarcely less pleasing form. Still further eastward are other smaller yet exceedingly agreeable glimpses of cascade and copse. The greater beauties, however, lie west of the village, and along the bed of the torrent, rather than on the frequented path. You must make a thousand *détours* to properly explore the varying course of the brook which dashes and leaps through this magnificent pass. You must risk your neck now and then in descending to the arcana of a ghostly glen far below the roadside, and anon you must struggle manfully to pull your aching limbs back again. After the passage of a mile and a half you cross the creek on a wooden bridge, rickety



CASCADE NEAR PALENVILLE.



THE HIGH ROCKS.

and insecure enough for all the requisitions of the picturesque, at the favorite point of "High Rocks." Beneath this bridge is a fall of great extent and beauty. To see it to advantage, you must hunt up the footpath, which will lead you to the edge of the water on the opposite bank, where a good granite lounge looks the roystering spray full in the face.

Beyond this point the highway offers very little of interest, excepting in the general vistas of the ravine, up and down, as you ascend the ridge. The waters may, however, still be followed two or three hundred yards, to the base of another fall, not less noticeable, though of totally opposite character to that which you have just left. This is known to all *habitués* of the clove as the Dog-Hole. It is a perpendicular leap of some sixty feet. The stream here, extremely narrowed by the rocky banks, rushes over an immense concave ledge, into a caldron from which a fish could scarcely emerge.

We were once passing the day here sketching; undisturbed, save by the music of the waters, and the melody of birds; when, as we finished our drawing and were examining it with inward satisfaction, we were suddenly startled by a near and unusual noise. Remembering that the much dreaded snake moves more silently, we ascribed the fracas to the passage of stray cattle, or to the noisy amours of the winds, and resumed our meditations. Again were we startled, and this time, with a consciousness of some extraordinary presence; when looking up, we caught the wondering eye of a remarkable old denizen of Palenville, and heard him ejaculate, as he stared at our picture, "'Tis most onaccountable!" This is a favorite expression of the good old man's.

"Is that you, Uncle Joe!" we exclaimed, much relieved, "we took you for a bear!"

"O no!" said he, "there ain't many bears in these parts now, and they never disturb a body. When they hear a man coming, they always bear away! he, he, he! 'Tis most onaccountable!"

Uncle Joe looks out and observes the clouds gathering or rolling away, and each circumstance strikes him as most unaccountable; in the long winter evenings he loses at dominoes in the sitting-room of the village inn, and in his peculiar nasal utterance still thinks it "most onaccountable!" He once undertook to pilot us over a short cut to the Mountain House, when he completely lost his way, yet found every consolation

in the reflection that it was "most onaccountable!"

At the Dog-Hole you must again betake yourself to the road, and you will do well to keep therein, until you reach the sprawling shanties of a deserted tannery in the "Upper Clove." These tanneries are numerous in the Catskills; and the business affords employment and bread to very many people. The great abundance of the hemlock, which supplies the necessary bark, gives extraordinary facilities for the labor. In Prattsville, some thirty miles west of the Clove, Colonel Zadoc Pratt has established one of the most extensive tanneries in the land. This feature of the country is not at all calculated to win the love of the hunter of the picturesque. It destroys the beauty of many a fair landscape—discolors the once pure waters—and, what is worse than all, drives the fish from the streams! Think of the sacrilege! The bright-tinted trout offered up upon the ignoble altar of calf-skin, sheep-skin, and cow-skin! It boots nothing to protest against the infamy, or, "O! ye gods and little fishes!" we would summon the venerated shade of our beloved Walton, to share our indignation at the shameful innovation.

Let us then pass the falling tanneries without even a *requiescat in pace*, and again springing and stumbling from rock to rock, and from log to log, make our way up the stream. The brook which now comes in from the ravine on the right, is that which we have already followed in our descent from the High Falls—near the Mountain House—to the Clove. We pass it by now, and advance upon the other branch. The rest of our way is as novel and romantic in its continually changing revelations, as it is arduous in achievement.

Here is the favorite studio of the many artists, whom the summer months always bring to the Catskills. Nowhere else do they find, within the same narrow range, so great and rich a field for study. Every step is over noble piles of well-marked rocks, and among the most grotesque forest fragments; while each successive bend in the brook discloses a new and different cascade. The total absence of a nomenclature prevents any successful attempt to individualize the many fine points here, until we reach the base of the last and highest of the cascades, the Little Falls, to which we have already referred as having excited the jealousy of good Peter Schutt, the Prospero of the "High Falls." Often in these wild glens have we looked upward, where—



THE DOG HOLE.



VIEW THROUGH THE CLOVE.

"Higher yet the pine-tree hung
Its darksome trunk, and frequent flung—
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high—
His bows athwart the narrowed sky."

Or we have gazed below, where—

"Rock upon rock incumbent hung;
And torrents down the gullies flung,
Join'd the rude river that brawl'd on,
Recoiling now from crag and stone."

With Uncle Joe as a guide, and accompanied by two of our friends, we took our first walk up this devious path, resolute in purpose and step as the youth who "bore the banner with the strange device." We sallied forth in high glee on that lovely morn, "with health on every zephyr's wing;" and even Uncle Joe failed to look upon it as "most onaccountable," when one of our party vented his superabundant enthusiasm in a recitation of Mrs. Ellis's verses:

"Were I a prince, it is not all
The charms of court or crowded hall,
Could keep me from the lovelier sight
Of blooming earth and rivers bright;
But here I'd come,
And find my home,
Sweet scene of peace, no more to roam."

As we trudged joyously along, our chat fell upon the comparative charms of Nature, in her varying aspects, with the seasons' change. One loved the fresh and sparkling emeralds of spring, and her pure and buoyant airs; another rejoiced and dreamed happy dreams, fanned by the warmer and more soothing breezes of summer; while a third reveled in the fanciful and gorgeous apparel of motley autumn—in the rainbow beauty of the forest leaves. Uncle Joe listened with truthful sympathy to all their varying preferences; but he thought the terrors of winter, when the fathomless depths of snow buried the hills, and the giant stalactites of ice sentineled their narrow passes—the "most onaccountable."

"You should see," said he, as we stood beneath the towering rocks of Little Falls, "you should see those thousand rills, trickling and leaping down so merrily from the summit of the mountain, as they appear in winter, in the shape of glittering icicles a hundred feet in length! You should look upon those waters when bitter frosts have chilled them with their own icy monuments."

As our worthy thus discoursed, though in more homely phrase, the fanciful poem of Bryant sug-

gested by similar scenes at the Mountain House Cascades, came to our mind:

"'Midst greens and shades the Catterskill leaps
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings;
All summer he moistens his verdant steeps,
With the light spray of the mountain springs;
And he shakes the woods on the mountain side,
When they drip with the rains of autumn tide.

"But when in the forest, bare and old,
The blast of December calls,
He builds in the star-light, clear and cold,
A palace of ice where his torrent falls,
With turret and arch and fret-work fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air."

From the top of the Little Falls, we have a noble view of the gorge of the Kauterskill, with the distant glimpse of the valley of the Hudson, and the remote plains of Connecticut. "There," as Miss Martineau writes, "where a blue expanse lies beyond the triple range of hills, are the churches of religious Massachusetts, sending up their Sabbath psalms—praise which we are too high to hear, while God is not."

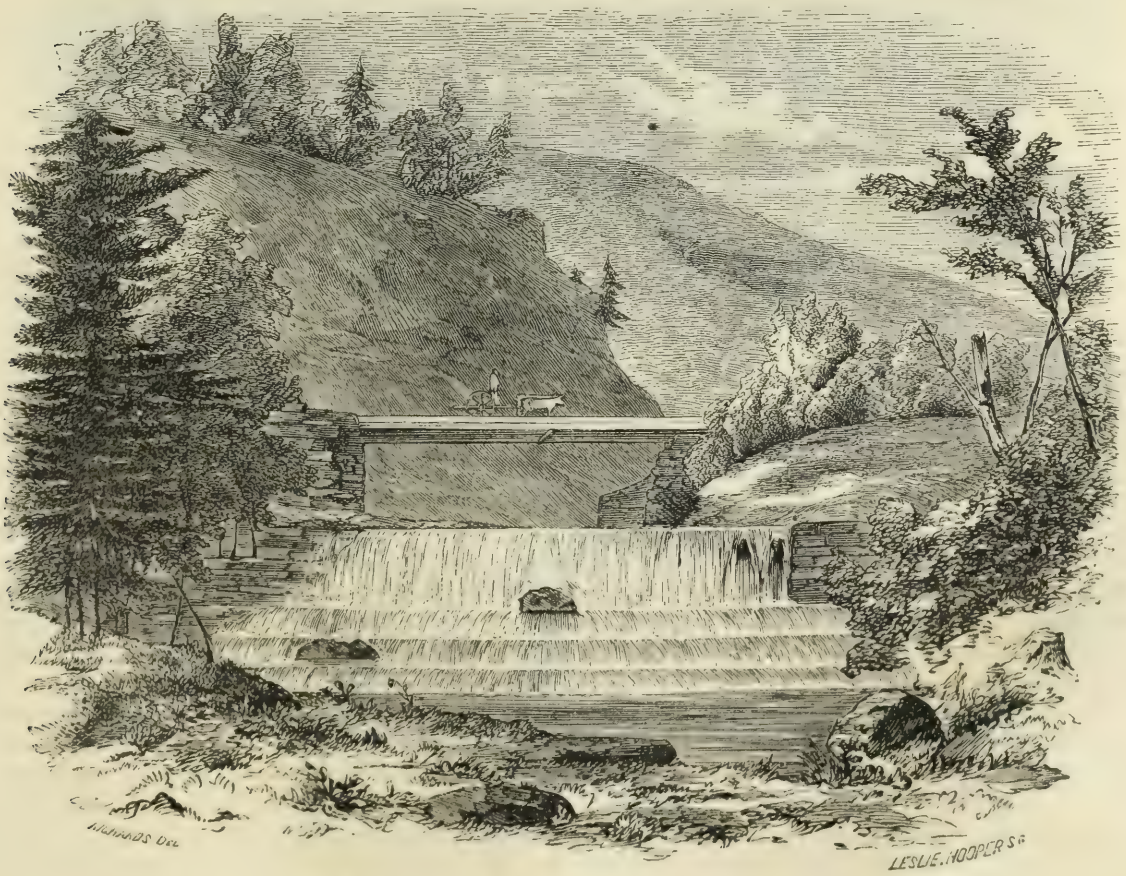
Half a dozen miles onward, we may enter the "Stony Clove," a pass in the western chain of these hills, generally known as the Shandaken Mountains. This gorge had been described to us as one of sublime beauty; so narrow as scarcely to admit of the passage of more than a single file of voyagers; and with such mighty walls as to exclude the faintest beam of sunshine; while ice and snow were to be seen there at all seasons of the year. Our experience afterward corrected this report. Compared with other regions of the Catskills, we thought the Stony Clove extremely monotonous; and indeed we found ourself at the other extremity, while we were yet vainly awaiting a realization of our magnificent expectations.

There is a lakelet in this pass from which a certain author once drew a trout weighing five pounds; but in a second edition of his travels he reduced the extraordinary fish—at our particular and most conscientious request—to a tonnage of a pound and a half!

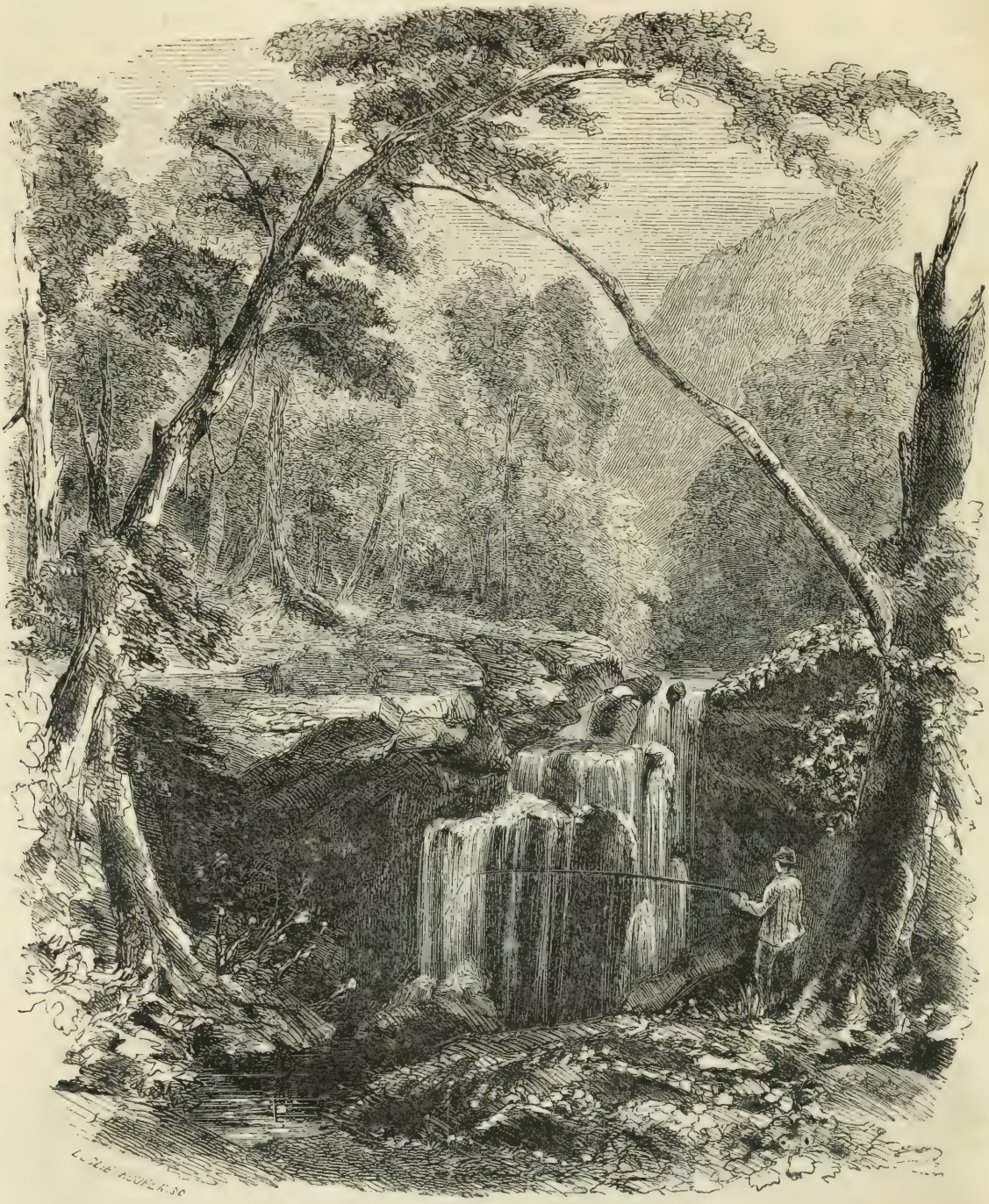
Plauterkill, the second of the two great cloves of the Catskills, is entered five miles south of Palenville. It is scarcely less fruitful in the picturesque than is the Kauterskill; while it retains yet more of its native luxuriance and wildness. The hand of man, however, is now busy in its forest haunts—felling the royal tree—obstructing its foaming torrents, and winding the smooth and trodden path through its fastnesses. The stream which makes its rugged way in the gorge of the Plauterskill, falls, in the passage of two miles, no less than twenty-five hundred feet. Its banks rise in colossal mountain walls, towering high in air, and groaning with all their mighty strength, beneath the weight of their dense forests. A monarch among these hills is South Peak, with its crown lifted four thousand feet toward heaven. It is full of remarkable localities, each enwrapt in legendary lore. Not the least lovely of its possessions is a gentle lake, perched in solitude upon its summit.

Before we take our leave of those hills, we must go back a while to the Kauterskill, and ascend those giant spurs looking down into its glens—the lofty Round Top and the illustrious High Peak.

From these grand elevations the Mountain House and its soaring perch are seen far, far



BRIDGE ON THE KAUTERSKILL.



THE PLAUTERKILL.

below in the valley. Glorious are the vistas of plain and river opened here and there in the great forests, which shelter you in all your long ascent. When the dawning is auspicious, you may gaze in wonder as upon a vast expanse of ocean, with the surface here and there writhing in mad billows: now it is a frozen sea, with huge heaps of snow-drift, which anon is rent into mighty squadrons of giant icebergs. Magical is the effect of the sunbeams upon this great sea of mist, making it a Proteus in form, and a chameleon in color. Once, after passing an adventurous night with a large and merry party of dames and cavaliers, upon the proudest heights of the High Peak, we watched such a scene as this until the sun, rising high in heaven, bathed farm and cot below in the full effulgence and glory of the day. We can not perhaps better amuse our readers than with some account of this same memorable expedition. To this end we shall venture to draw at pleasure, as we have already done throughout this paper, upon letters and descriptions of the Catskills which we have written for other occasions than the present. Gazing from the window of our little hostelry, in the mountains, one sunny morn in July, as the sound of many wheels struck upon our ears, we beheld a suite of carriages, heavily laden with fair dames and gallant lords, bent, as was evident from their excess of glee and basketry, upon a frolic of some sort. A single glance was sufficient for much mutual recognition between the travelers and ourselves; and as some of the party alighted to greet us, we felt that marching orders for our idle feet had at length arrived. So it fell out and we were speedily enrolled a full private, in the largest and most genial expedition which

ever set forth for the conquest of "High Peak." Our troupe was to reach the head of the Clove (the average summit of the mountains) in the carriages, and proceed thence, on foot, six miles to the crest of High Peak, where we were to pass the night. Preceded by our guides, laden with stores, we made a very gallant appearance, not lessened by the orthodox costume of both ladies and gentlemen—the former in a demi-composite Bloomer rig. Through bush and brake, wading in deep mosses and clambering over and under fearful rocks, we merrily urged our way; now and then halting for a general council of travel, by the side of the cool mountain springs. The ladies performed the journey stoutly, until, without let or hindrance from bears, snakes, or panthers, we rested on the crown of the noble peak, upon a grand table-rock covered with mosses of extraordinary length, and of the softest texture. The promised land thus gained, we set about selecting a site for our camp, which we formed under the ledge of our trysting rock. Then what an industrious colony we were, to be sure!—some felling trees for the construction of the castle, others gathering mosses and hemlock sprigs for roofing and bedding, building fires, boiling coffee, and other preparations for the evening meal and the night's repose. All this while a heavy storm, which had been long gathering, threatened momentarily to break upon us, in anger at our bold invasion of cloud-land. Night grew apace, and the newly risen moon hid herself in affright: nearer and louder boomed the deep thunder, and more fiercely and frightfully flashed the lightning, until our huge camp-fires looked dim and pale in the electric glare. The bough-house, which we had fully completed, was soon crowded, in the vain hope of shelter. The water quickly penetrated its dense roof of leaves, until every devoted noddle served as a rock for the gambols of a mischievous little cascade. It was soon found to rain harder inside than without, those exposed to the full blast of the storm having the heat of the fires as an antidote. Thus passed a long hour, when the storm, wearied with our obstinate resistance, took itself off, with the whole baggage of mist and cloud. The moon again gleamed forth, decking the dripping forest leaves with pearl and diamond. The scene which followed, as one after another emerged from the bower, and gathered around the fires to dry, was grand and solemn in the extreme. The artists of our party made—as artists always will—good use of the occasion. Each strove to rival the other in excess of caricature; but no exaggeration could exceed the reality. We had no idea that we possessed so large a stock of dry goods (wet goods we mean), until we beheld the vast array of submerged beaver, dripping broad-cloth, and innundated muslin and linen, steaming on rock and bough. As it was deemed unsafe to sleep after the rain, we were reduced to the necessity of sitting up throughout the night, an alternative which proved, however, to be no great hardship. Each member of the party seemed to feel the necessity of being more than usually amiable, and all discomfort was quickly exorcised by the magic wand of cheerfulness. Story and jest and song followed rapidly, and none were permitted to take cold, either physically or mentally, by remaining quiet and unoccupied. Among



CASCADE IN THE PLAUTERKILL.

our *divertissements*, a series of grand *tableaux vivants* had eminent success. For the drama of Pocahontas and Captain Smith, the party—especially the ladies—were already in admirable costume; and with the wild glare of the fires, and the ghostly forest back-ground, the representation was very tragic.

Of the rewards of all our enterprise and trials, in the sublime spectacle of the succeeding dawn, we have already discoursed. After a very matutinal breakfast we made a successful descent, regaining the habitable globe in good condition, and with none but pleasant memories of our adventurous night on High Peak.

We have less agreeable memories of our first acquaintance with Round Top, the neighboring summit, and next in elevation to the High Peak. We had been assured that from the crest of the Round Top we should be able, at least by climbing a tree, to see "all creation." But, alas! when our destination was reached, our only reward was the consciousness of duty discharged; for so thick were the forest leaves, that look which way we would, our vision was every where obstructed We knew that "all creation" was—as we had been told—spread out beneath us, but that knowledge was merely a Tantalus-cup, while creation was so effectually hidden from view. We recollected the supreme alternative of "climbing a tree;" but then, too, we remembered not only the ten miles which we had walked, but the other ten still to be trudged over in returning; and we felt ourselves much too fatigued to venture upon any rash exploit. Our feelings at that critical moment might be happily expressed by a slight parody of some lines in the soliloquy of Hamlet's uncle:

"What then? what rests?
Try what the *tree-tops* can! What can they not?"

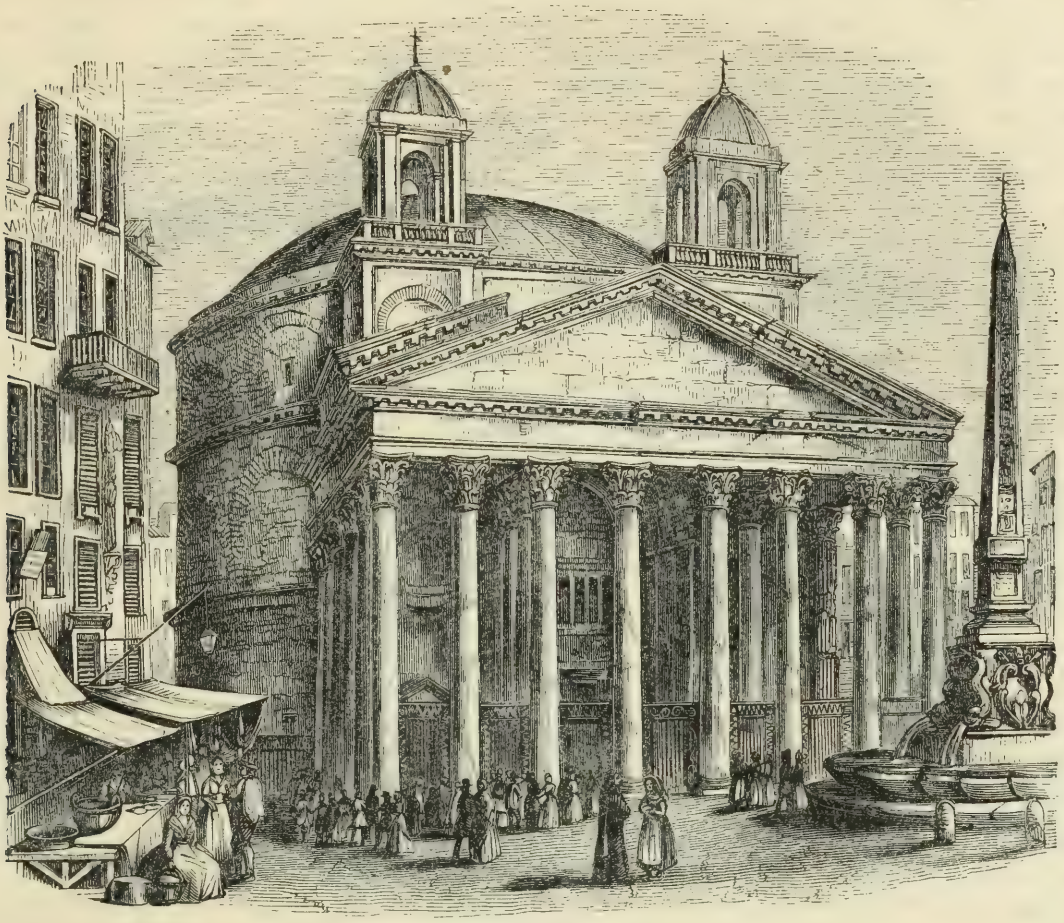
And yet, what can they when one can not *climb up*. Here was a quandary! After lugging ourselves and our sketch-boxes to "the height of this great argument," not a glimpse could we get of all the marvelous beauties around us. Something, however, we were determined to draw, by way of memento of the visit. As good luck would have it, our eyes unanimously fell upon the picturesque figure of our guide, old Uncle Joe, as he gracefully reclined upon a moss-grown bank, filling the air with the perfumes of the fragrant weed. As he thus arrested our attention, we thought—to use again the speech of the Danish king—"all may yet be well!" Uncle Joe was a doomed man—sacrificed upon the altar of the picturesque and of *High* Art. Enjoining upon him the most statuesque quiet, we rapidly transferred his undying beauties to the spotless page; one assailing him in the van; a second on his flank; while a third worried his rear; until he soon fell a victim to black lead, and was carried at the point of the pencil. Thus provided with reminiscences of Round Top, we began the descent of the mountain a little more rapidly than we went up. While hurrying down the steep declivity, Uncle Joe, who led the file, overturned a hornet's nest; but the speed at which he was moving placed him beyond the reach of the vengeful insects by the time they were fairly aroused. He shouted the alarm, but too late for the well-being of the next in pursuit. Those still behind hastily avoided the fatal track and escaped. While we were quizzing our fellow-traveler upon his swelled eye, incident to the warm reception given him by the hornets, Uncle Joe fell over a prostrate tree and bruised his back. Very soon after, another slipped upon a mossy rock and damaged his ankle; while we, to save ourself from a like fall, stupidly grasped at a thorn bush, and lacerated our hands. Condoling with each other, we hobbled along, one with his hand over his smarting eye, another seeking to straighten his dorsal latitudes, a third limping heavily, and we with our digits wrapped in a white cambric. To increase the pleasures of the day, we lost the path, and after wandering hither and thither, very much befogged, finally emerged upon the turnpike, some miles further from our inn than the point at which we had left it. Here, after the fatigues of a night on High Peak, and of a day on the Round Top, we end our wanderings in the Catskills.

THE HOLY WEEK AT ROME.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE grand object of the Roman Catholic Church in its observance of the Easter festival, as stated by Bishop England, is "to use the most natural and efficacious mode of so exhibiting to a redeemed race the tragic occurrences of the very catastrophe by which that redemption was effectuated, as to produce deep impressions for their religious improvement," and he hazards the following observation, that "if the multiplication of religious rites be superstition, then is the God of Sinai its most powerful abettor." Acting upon this view of the inspired Word, the Church of Rome combines "music, scenery, action and poetry," with a grand melodrama to excite those emotions in the minds of its disciples which it substitutes for religion, or to use the words of its expounder, "to bring the mind to any particular frame," so that "the effect is almost irresistible."

There was a period doubtless in the history of Christianity when certain religious transactions, simply given in a pictorial manner, were not without efficacy in arousing heathen minds to inquiry and interest; but multiplied and diverted as they since have been from their original purposes, they are now presented to us more as a theatrical resource to sustain and show off priestcraft than as illustrating the truths of the Bible. Yet I would not be understood as asserting that there are no hearts moved even in this age to a clearer appreciation of the sublime doctrines which they are intended to illustrate, by these subtle appeals to the senses and imagination. Many a simple Romanist bows in adoring faith before image or relic, and arises from his devotion justified before God, as was the poor publican in the Temple who beat his breast and cried, "Have mercy upon me a miserable sinner," while the skeptical Pharisee, who thanked heaven that he was not



PANTHEON AT ROME.

as other men, left with additional sin upon his heart. The sin lies not with those who *believe*, but upon them who *deceive* those that "hunger and thirst after righteousness." If the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, to which I shall allude, are the "bread of life," then is her skirt free from this great wickedness. But if, on the contrary, they confirm mankind in superstition, substituting evanescent emotion for practical piety, and shut the gates of heaven to all except those who bow before their idols and leave their gifts at her shrine, then indeed have the enlightened men, who have upheld and sanctioned a system so much at variance with the simple precepts of the gospel and the example of its author, incurred a weighty responsibility.

A fortnight before Easter the church edifices are all put in mourning, the ornaments generally removed, pictures vailed, and crosses clothed in violet in token of grief and penance. During this period the greatest activity prevails in preparations for the coming solemnities. Each church seeks to distinguish itself above its rivals by the splendor of its decorations, its pomp, music, lights, and all those outward appliances to attract the eye, in which the Roman people for upward of two thousand years have been so curious and critical. All the communities of sisters are as busy as so many hives of bees with the needle; embroidery, sewing, plaiting, bleaching, or repairing the linen of the altar, the damasks and velvet hangings of the churches, and the robes of the priesthood. To them as to their isolated brothers, the monks, the coming spectacles are an event in their monotonous lives, and they enter upon the work of preparation with all the zest of secular ambition, all striving to exalt the object of their labors before God and man by the splendor of their work. Their degree of success promotes correspondingly the veneration or enthusiasm of the people toward the particular patron saint they thus delight to honor. Consequently upon the good works of their hands hangs, in no small part, the piety of their congregations, for, as we have seen, their avowed object is to create a powerful impression upon the imagination. The Holy Week comprises the profoundest griefs and the greatest joys of the Church —comprising as it does the crucifixion and resurrection of the Saviour. All that human ingenuity and expense can provide, to make apparent the one and give eclat to the other, is lavished upon the ceremonies of this festival.

Rome overflows with a gaping, wondering, worshiping, or skeptical multitude. Whatever may be the creed of each individual, or whether of no creed at all, the entire mass come up to gaze upon the show. Albano, Frascati, Tivoli, and all the neighboring towns pour in their picturesque and handsome population by tens of thousands. On a transalpine stranger no portion of this grand gala makes a more agreeable impression than the variety and beauty of the costumes and races about Rome. Slouched capped pilgrims, with staves, cockle shells, and scrips, are scarcer now than a few centuries back, but enough are to be

seen to complete the romantic human variety which Rome calls from the four quarters of the globe, to witness the pride of her abasement. Every European country sends its representatives, and even the republicans of America add greatly to the throng.

Rome at no time has much to boast of in the extent and cleanliness of its accommodations. It it is a city a century behind all other European capitals in every public convenience except good water, in which, a legacy from Imperial Rome, it is as far ahead of them, possessing fountains and aqueducts sufficient for the wants of a million souls. The result is, that during Holy Week, Rome is crowded to an extent that Paris in its most brilliant fêtes never realized. Prices are quadrupled. Indeed there is no limit to the demand of a Roman where the necessity is pressing. Every hotel and apartment is crammed at prices which rival those of California when houses were scarcer than golden ingots. Alas for those tardy ones who arrive but a few days before Palm Sunday! They are to be seen anxiously driving from hotel to hotel, and from apartment to apartment, imploring to be "taken in" on any terms, paying for the carriage gold in lieu of silver, and at last content to mount some hundred steps, grimed, one would suppose with the accumulated filth of centuries, to some dimly-lighted back room, a few feet square, containing little else but an apology for a bed on which some two or three are to take their slumbers at the rate of ten dollars per night. Such is not a rare experience. Others fare worse and pay less. Some are compelled to pass the night in their carriages. Friends of mine paid a dollar each for the use of chairs at a café until morning—a counter to sleep upon was an unexpected luxury—some even are compelled to find quarters in towns ten or twelve miles from Rome.

A Roman shop-keeper or landlord is at all times a stolid, proud character, indifferent whether you buy, and careless whether you are accommodated. The former at times is too lazy to take down his own wares for a purchaser; the latter does better, but both during Holy Week are sublimely elevated above all personal exertions beyond raising their prices, to swell the stream of cash which is sure to flow into them, like their own golden Tiber in a flood. Above all considerations of dirt, punctuality, or even a sufficiency of food, the traveler must take his meals at hotel or café as he can get them. The table laid, there is a rush of the first comers, who soon leave but a few cold fragments for those whose intuition could not tell them that the table-d'hôte of yesterday, at the fixed hour of seven, was to-day at four. The desperate mob at cafés is amusing. All the world being anxious to arrive at some solemn spectacle at the same moment, they all are equally anxious to breakfast in season. Pell-mell they tumble into the cafés demanding coffee and toast in a dozen languages in one breath, carrying one forcibly back to the first breakfast-scene after the polyglot confusion at the Tower of Babel. The waiter slaps on the table an unwiped cup, and a napkin that has seen a week's hard service. After waiting in an agony of impatience, for fear the Pope will bless the faithful and you be found not among them, and no coffee in sight, you angrily



CAVALCADE ON PALM SUNDAY.



THE POPE'S CARRIAGE.

again summon the waiter, who comes when he can. To your emphatic remonstrance he replies, "What would you have, Sir! it is Holy Week:"—the stereotyped answer to every species of annoyance and extortion to which strangers are subjected during this most unholy of periods, and with which they must be comforted, for none other will be vouchsafed.

To all the principal sights of the Church there are reserved seats or positions, for which tickets are issued in the ratio of about five to one as to accommodation. These are given to the several embassadors in proportion to the number of their applications, which of course greatly exceed the number of tickets they receive for distribution. Hence arises another scramble for these permits to witness the sacred mysteries within the privileged limits. Women are required to go in black and veiled; men in a ball dress or uniform. By a strange anomaly, in all Catholic countries, the *sword* has the preference of entry to all temples of the PRINCE of PEACE. To return to the tickets. A hapless week is the Holy Week for the embassador or banker. He is besieged by notes, flattery, interest, and every weapon, feminine and masculine, to furnish the required billets of entry. How to gratify one, and not irritate five whom he can not provide for, is a moral problem our diplomatic Solons, and financial Rothschilds, are not always successful in solving. However, they do their best, and distribute the papal tickets, a different color for each day, as far as they will go.

Palm-Sunday, so called from Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, is the first grand day of the holy series. But preceding this there was formerly a stately cavalcade, when popes and cardinals were better riders than at present; but as it became necessary to tie some of the "eminentissimi," as the cardinals are called, on their steeds, on account of their defective horsemanship, and Pius VII., who succeeded the handsome Pius VI., being an infirm man, the custom was changed. Since then, when the procession passes into the street, the huge papal state-coach is used, in which the Pope follows the man carrying the cross, mounted on a white mule, his Holiness the meanwhile scattering his blessings over the crowd by an incessant twirl of three fingers, reminding one of the favorite Italian game of "morra." This coach, notwithstanding its color, was the special object of hate to the Red Republicans in 1848, who would have destroyed it had they not had more respect for a sacred doll called "the most holy baby," to which it was given for its daily airings.

On Palm-Sunday the cardinals pay homage to his Holiness on his throne, by going according to precedence and bowing three times before the Pope—a bow for each member of the Trinity—and then kissing the border of the cope which covers his right hand. The choir commences with the Hosanna of the children, after which come appropriate prayers and chants. The Gospel finished, the second master of ceremonies gives ar-

tificial palm-branches to the sacristan, deacon, and subdeacon, who, kneeling before the pontiff, hold them up for his blessing. While the sign of the cross is made over them, a prayer is offered that God will bless all those who will carry them with right sentiments.

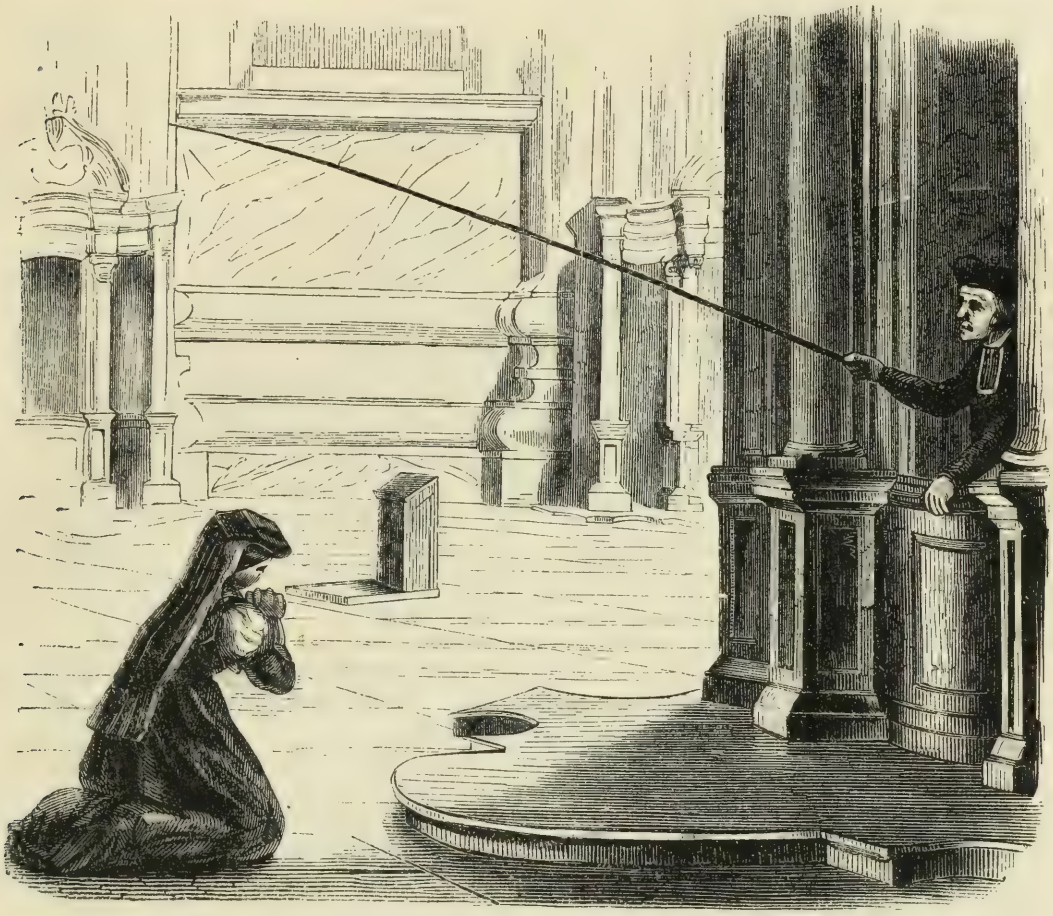
It would be impossible as well as unprofitable to describe all the etiquette accompanying each religious ceremony of the Holy Week. The programme of the procession for Easter Sunday will serve to show the variety and extent of the sacred household, each member of which has not only his appropriate costume but his specific amount of kissing, homage, and genuflexions to perform, or to fulfill some petty duty expressly created to give him something to do. No little time, and not a few learned heads, are constantly employed to regulate the numberless questions of duty and precedence, and all the nonsense of bombastic etiquette that naturally find growth in so prolific a soil of folly and absurdity. Thus the Pope reads in broad daylight, by a lighted candle, some sacred lesson which no one can hear.

The cardinals again pay homage, as each receives a palm from the Pope, by kissing the hand that gives it, the palm itself, and the right knee of the holy father. After them, in the order of the procession, follow the different hierarchal ranks down to the mitred abbots, who, with all that succeed them, kiss simply the pontiff's foot. Last of all come the military and the foreigners of distinction at Rome who are admitted to this honor, each bearing away a palm. This, with the accompanying service, takes up a great deal of time, and is a very tiresome affair. The music of the Pope's choir is the best that Italy can provide, and the procession, seen for the first time in St. Peter's in all its elaborate pageantry, is worth perhaps all the squeezing and wrangling for room which it occasions, to say nothing of the odors arising from an unwashed, uncombed, garlic-fed Roman peasantry. Vast as is St. Peter's—so vast and massive that the same temperature is maintained during summer and winter—the smells arising from foul humanity overpower the fragrant fumes of the numberless censers, and, for days after the great festivals, leave the church in a disagreeable condition.

One of the drollest sights of the Holy Week is to see the Cardinal Grand Penitentiary from his throne dispensing absolution to the crowds that flock to him. He alone can absolve in those cases which the Pope reserves to himself; besides granting dispensation for contravention of civil law, illegitimate births, vows, simony, and every sin or error, which, for cause good or bad, the Church takes upon herself to pardon. That pardon for every crime has its price is no fiction in the annals of Rome; not that the traffic in absolution is openly indulged or always abused, but that it is in some cases openly avowed I know, and sermons preached proclaiming the detestable doctrine, and the price attached to the greatest crimes against the law of God. Such an one was heard by a friend of mine in Spain, in which the tariff was distinctly laid down. Good priests of every persuasion will reprobate this evil; but the Church of Rome, from which it sprung, still permits a practice so fruitful in profit to her treasury. The instances of absolution witnessed by myself bore a very ludicrous aspect. A large crowd sur-



KISSING THE POPE'S FOOT.



GRANTING ABSOLUTION IN ST. PETER'S.

rounded the confessional box in which the cardinal sat. Several valets preserved order, and made the crowd approach and disappear as rapidly as possible Some five or six would kneel at once. He touched in silence their heads lightly, and as rapidly as one could count, with the tip of a long brass rod, and the ceremony for them was over. A woman brought up two daughters of six and four years of age. At first he declined putting the rod to their heads; but the children, who evidently had been taught to consider that some mysterious good was connected with the operation, refused to budge. The cardinal at last impatiently gave the elder the required tap; while the younger, who kept bowing and kneeling, was thrust aside unabsolved to make way for fresh sinners. Perhaps he considered her as "one of the little ones" who need no absolution from man

The interval between Palm-Sunday and Wednesday-eve is not without its catalogue of sights to the profane or pious who are moved to attend. But there are enough grand ceremonies to weary both soul and body, without giving heed to the lesser offices of the Holy Week. The great rush is to hear the three Misereres in the Sistine chapel. The first is on Wednesday. The office is called the *tenebræ*, or darkness; though why, no one knows. At the "epistle side" of the sanctuary there is a large candlestick, surmounted by a triangle, on the ascending sides of which are stuck fourteen yellow candles, with one at the apex. There are various conjectures among the Roman Catholic writers as to what these mourning candles are intended to typify. Some say the Apostles and the Three Maries; others, the patriarchs and prophets; but the plain truth is, that as no one knows any thing about the original meaning of the ceremony, any one has the right to conjecture what he pleases. These lights are gradually put out during the office, and this extinction testifies grief.

The uses of many of the articles that find such conspicuous positions in Roman Catholic worship are an enigma to the most enlightened Papists themselves. They are retained because custom has made them venerable, and they add to the show. But the reasons which ecclesiastical ingenuity invents to justify many palpable absurdities are quite worthy of the era which originated the learned discussion as to how many angels could dance at one time on a needle's point. For instance, the large fans, or *flabelli*, made of peacock's feathers, which were originally nothing but fly-brushes, are now exalted into monitors for the Pope. The brushing away of insects from the altar is considered as typical of the "*endeavor to banish the distractions of idle thoughts from the mind of him who approached to offer the holy sacrifice. Being formed of peacocks' feathers, and even now, when eyes are seen in the plumes, it admonishes the Pontiff that a general observation is fixed upon him, and shows the necessity of circumspection in his own conduct.*"

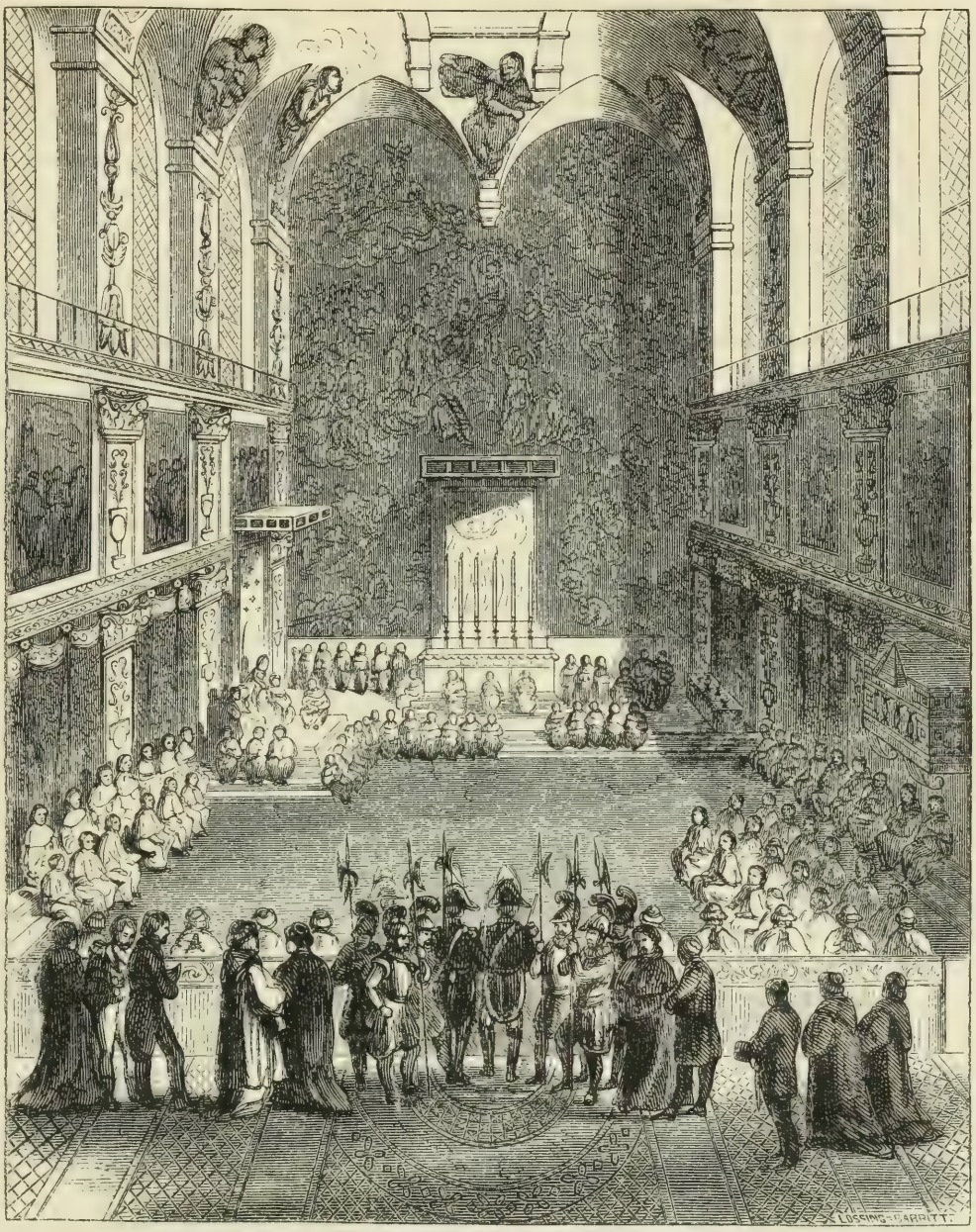
My quotations, when not otherwise mentioned, are from Bishop England's "Explanations of the

Ceremonies of the Holy Week." I consider it necessary to mention this, lest some of my readers in their simplicity should accuse me of satirizing what I can not commend. I go to Rome to view the Papal Church, because it is there, in the city of its choice and power, that we expect to find it in its purest forms. I quote its doctrines from its own historians and clergy, so that my authorities shall be above impeachment. If either fact or faith appear too strange to be true, reader mine, make a pilgrimage of doubt to the Eternal City to relieve, through the medium of your own eyes and ears, a skepticism excusable, it must be confessed, but without foundation.

Hours before the commencement of the "Mattutino delle Tenebre," as the Italians call this impressive service, the royal staircase of the Vatican, which leads toward the Sistine Chapel, is crowded with the impatient multitude of both sexes, who have the right of entry. Until the doors are opened they have no resource but to remain quiet, forming *queue*, as at the French theatres. But the moment the head of the mass finds itself in motion, there commences a rush and scene of confusion frightful to witness and dangerous to experience. If the salvation of each individual depended upon being first within the chapel, greater and more desperate efforts nature could not make to win that goal. It is no vulgar mob that writhes, pushes, pants, and struggles, like a knot of impaled worms, within those sacred walls. There are there the distinguished of all countries—noblemen and noble ladies—the curious traveler and the pious pilgrim—the delicate invalid, who would die despairingly without hearing those more than mortal notes; and the gallant soldier, whose brilliant uniform gives him precedence over the black vails of women and the dress-coats of men—all push forward in one selfish effort to secure the coveted position within those narrow precincts. In the *mêlée*, the stalwart Swiss guards that endeavor to control this living torrent into something like order and respect for the sanctuary, are not unfrequently roughly borne back, and obliged to exert no slight violence to disengage themselves. They are often more rude than necessity requires, and I have heard fierce words exchanged even during the service, between them and visitors whose tempers were not proof against their insolence and roughness. In general, however, they are assiduous to protect the weaker sex, and to keep the two sexes as distinct as possible, for the papal rule, like the Jewish, is, that they shall not mingle during these holy offices. To speak together, whatever may be the necessity, is promptly rebuked by the presiding officers. The ladies are rapidly hustled into their reserved seats. The gentlemen and the superfluous ladies remain standing, wedged firmly together, in the restricted limits below the tribune reserved for royal families and embassadors. I had literally in my arms a lovely English girl, who threatened every moment to faint from the heat and pressure, while, I am quite sure, our double weight was sustained in great part by ladies in our rear. Some do faint, and it is with the greatest difficulty that they are borne out. Dresses are torn and jewels lost as a matter of course. More serious accidents have occurred on these occasions. A gentleman had his leg broken, and a young girl was killed not long since, or rather died from the effects of the injuries she received.

From what I saw, I should say that there is no place equal to the Sistine Chapel for testing what amount of danger, inconvenience, and even rudeness, delicate females will submit to for the gratification of their curiosity. The excitement seems to develop in them a spirit of ferocity toward each other—of course, I refer only to the exceptions to their general amiability—but the curious will observe stout ladies slyly making their way by sticking pins into those in front, and slipping by as they turn to discover the aggressor; others seize hold of gentlemen, or make use of them to aid their progress, as if the idea "delicacy" had become obsolete; while one powerful French girl, who wished the situation of an Italian lady of my acquaintance in front of her, abruptly demanded it. Being respectfully declined, she, by a process well known to schoolboys, knocked the lady's legs from under her by striking her in the hollow of her knees, so that she fell as suddenly as if she had been shot. Before she could recover herself, or her presence of mind, her place was gone.

The first portion of the service is the ordinary chant, a long and drowsy performance, including the Lamentations of Jeremiah, severely trying the patience of the standing spectators. As this proceeds, one by one, the candles are extinguished, except that which typifies the Virgin Mary, who alone of the household of Christ is supposed, in his hour of trial, to have retained her faith unshaken. As the day declines, the gloom of the chapel, unrelieved except by the hidden lights of the choristers and the soft rays of twilight, becomes exceedingly impressive. The faces of those severely-grand Prophets, and the speaking Sybils of Michael Angelo, look down with supernatural force from the lofty ceiling, as if from out of the firmament of heaven; while high up on the distant wall, amidst the shadows of evening, the awe-struck spectator beholds the terrible outline of the avenging Judge, hurling the damned to endless woe. Beneath, amidst the fires of the bottomless pit, grinning devils savagely seize their prey. The Virgin-Mother pleads with the stern Son, whose mercy has now turned to justice. Saints and martyrs, bearing the instruments of their earthly tortures, are arising from their graves, and floating upward to the glory that awaits them. At this hour, and with such music subduing the soul to breathless silence, the Last Judgment stands forth as the greatest triumph of earthly art. Human strength at times faints beneath the emotions produced by the combination of such powerful appeals to the fears and sympathies. The chords of the heart and imagination vibrate in unison, and many vainly struggle to suppress their distress as the Miserere proceeds. After



THE SISTINE CHAPEL DURING MASS.

pauses of silence, which, like utter darkness, seems as if it could be felt, a hundred accordant voices, as one, sue Heaven for pardon to a guilty world, in strains such as human ears might well conceive to arise from penitent spirits; solitary voices of wonderful sweetness and power, in alternate verses, continue the lamentation, all mingling in the last passages, when the full choir again is faintly heard in notes that die away like the expiring wail of lost humanity, but end in one final burst of choral harmony, which sends its thrill through the very soul.

Previous to the Miserere of Allegri, the Pope comes down from his throne, and kneels while two treble voices sing, "Christ was made for us obedient even unto death," and the Lord's Prayer is silently repeated. After the singing, the Pope reads the closing prayer in an inaudible voice, and the service is concluded by the choir's imitating the confusion of nature at the death of the Redeemer, and the fear and grief of the attendant soldiers and spectators. The pathos of music is now exhausted; neither art nor sympathy could bear more.

The effect of this service varies, of course, according to individual temperament. Many do not consider it worthy of the fatigue and exertion it requires. But no one would consider Rome as visited unless he had heard the Miserere, by the Pope's choir in the Sistine Chapel. It can be heard in perfection nowhere else, because there alone are those wonderful associations of art that contribute so greatly to its effect. There is no accompaniment to the voices.

Holy Thursday is the busiest day of the sacred seven. The mass is, if possible, more tedious than usual. There are endless shiftings of vestments, the yellow candles of the altar are changed for white, and the ornaments covered with white instead of purple, as indicating a less degree of mourning. The bells, and even the clocks, are all tied up until Saturday noon, or after the Resurrection, which is then announced by all the uproar they can make. The Pope blesses the

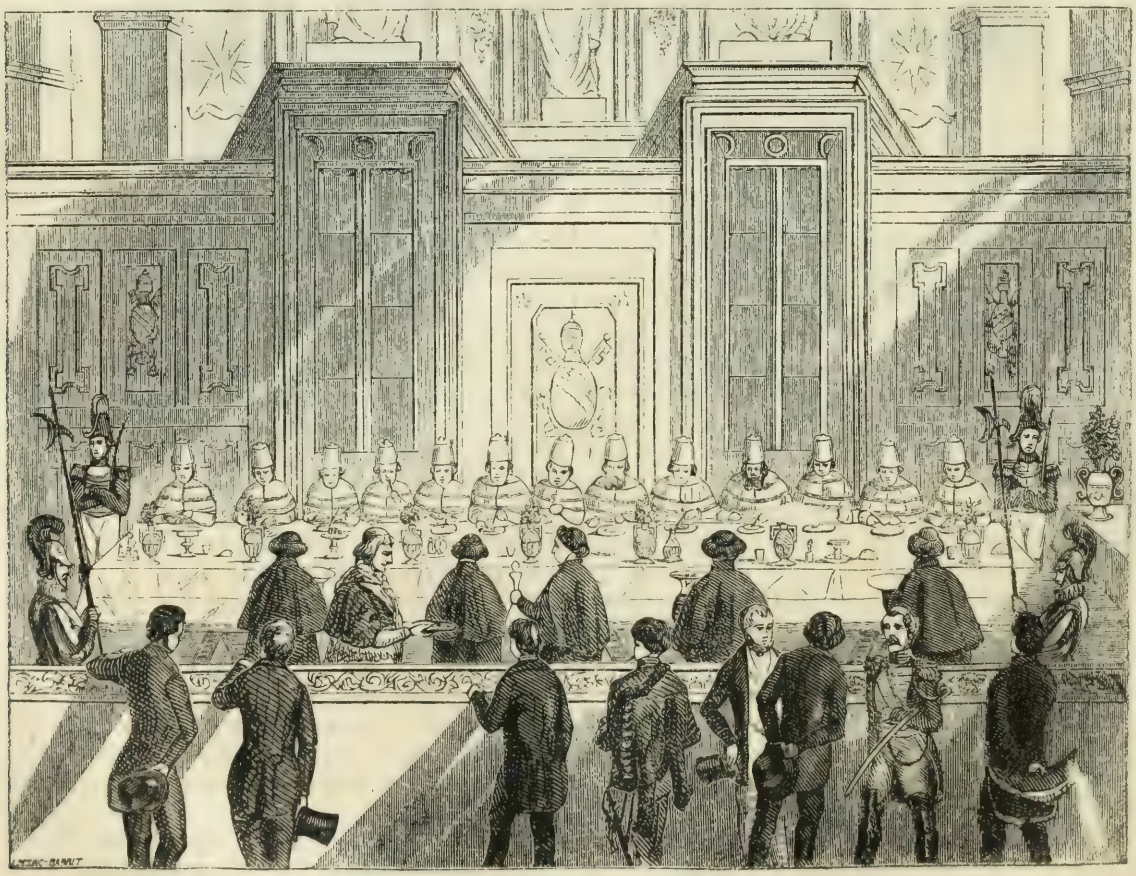
incense which is used to perfume the altar, and then submits to being incensed himself by the senior cardinal priest. This is by no means a pleasant operation, if the incense be very powerful.

The officiating prelates are incensed also in their turn; a rite which strikes one as wholly pagan in its origin and application. The kissing of the robes and toes goes on as usual, but not the kiss of peace, because it is the anniversary of the betrayal of Judas. The Pope in solemn procession, bare-headed, and with incense burning before him, deposits the body of Christ on the altar in the Pauline Chapel, which is brilliantly illuminated, by six hundred wax candles, for the occasion. All kneel as he passes. Why the apparent burial should precede the crucifixion is an anomaly that the Church does not explain, except so far as it gives the faithful an opportunity to worship the Holy Wafer. The devotion now displayed is one of the most impressive features of the Roman Catholic faith No one can enter this beautiful chapel, and behold the multitudes kneeling in silent adoration before the sacrament, without feeling stirred within him the spirit of devotion. It is no graven image that they worship. They believe that before them lies the very flesh and blood of their Saviour. They prostrate themselves before their God. Protestants may wonder that faith can be pushed to such a degree; but can those who thus believe do less? I am not one of those who are surprised that the ignorant Roman Catholics resent the indifference and contempt that Protestants too often show to the Holy Sacrament. They overlook neglect of courtesy toward the Pope, and even disrespect of saints and images; but want of reverence to the body of Christ strikes them as the unpardonable offense against the Holy Ghost. The doctrine of transubstantiation is the widest of all the gulfs between the two creeds. Imagine the horror of the Italian landlord, when called upon for a dish of pigeons by an Englishman, who could make himself understood only by repeating the name given to the dove in religious processions, viz., *Espirito Santo*—literally, "a dish of Holy Ghost."

As the papal benediction on Thursday extends only to the city gates, there is no great crowd to receive it. A portion of the Pope's prayer is as follows: "We ask, through the prayers and merits of the blessed Mary, ever virgin, of the blessed John the Baptist, of all the saints," &c.; after finishing which, he showers down "plenary" indulgences by the handful.

I have met very few who knew what an indulgence was. I find the general idea among Roman Catholics to be, that the indulgence of the nineteenth century means shortening their time so much in purgatory. Upon that principle, heaven becomes simply a matter of bargain with the priesthood; the wealthy realizing, no doubt, with them as much difficulty in opening the door as did the rich man spoken of by our Saviour. But in the latter case it was the cares of the world that stopped his progress; in the former it is the tariff of the Church.

The squeeze to see the washing of the feet and feeding of the pilgrims is equal to that to hear the Miserere. Thirteen priests are the selected recip-



THE PILGRIMS' DINNER.

ients of this act of Papal humility. They are all dressed in loose white gowns, with caps of the same material on their heads. The object of this custom is "to give the pontiff the opportunity of learning and practising a lesson of humility." This lesson of humility is studied in the following manner. A *throne* for the Pope is first placed in the hall, with the usual tokens of sovereign rank. A large retinue of nobles and ecclesiastics assist his Holiness. Two hold the Pope's train; a third bears a towel for washing his hands; while two clerks of the chamber aid him in his own ablutions, after his labors on the pilgrims. The pilgrims, alias priests, are seated on a high bench. The right foot, having been previously made most scrupulously clean, is left bare. The Pope changes his uniform for a less splendid one, and, after being duly incensed, a fine cloth, trimmed with lace, is tied upon him. Attended by his master of ceremonies and deacons, he humbly proceeds to the washing. A sub-deacon lifts the foot; the pontiff kneels, and sprinkles it with water from a silver basin. He then rubs it with the laced cloth, kisses it, and goes on to the next. A nosegay and towel, and a gold and silver medal are given to each pilgrim. This lesson of humility lasts about two minutes.

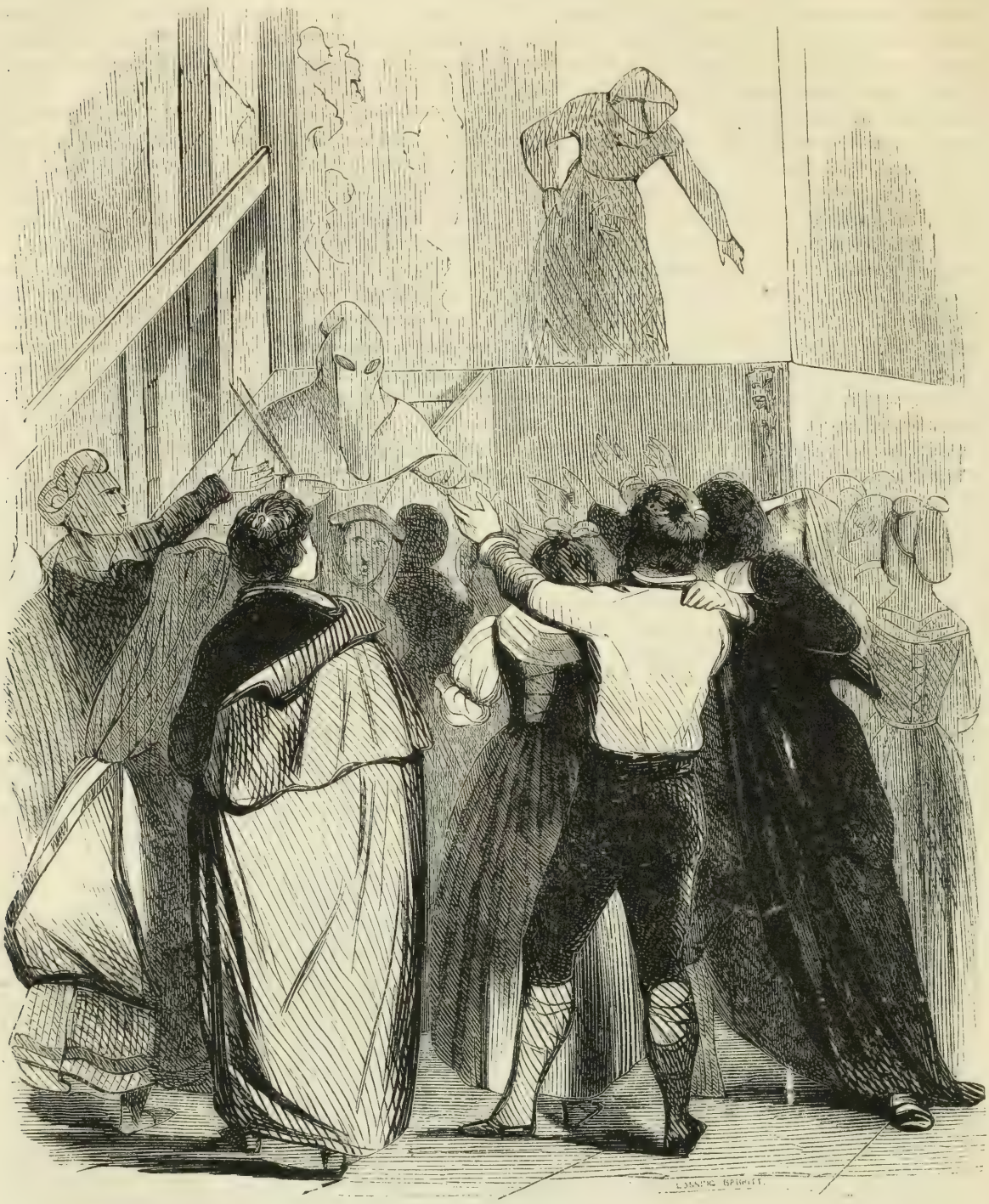
Another rush, and the crowd find themselves within the "*Salla della Tavola*," where the pilgrims are fed. The Pope puts on an apron, pours water on his hands, hurriedly hands the pilgrims a few dishes, which are presented to him by kneeling prelates, blesses them, and retires. Thus ends lesson two of humility. The dinner is a good one, and all that the pilgrims can not eat they carry away. When the Pope does not feel in the mood for the latter ceremony, he delegates it to a substitute.

The exhibition of the Cross of Fire, suspended above the tomb of St. Peter, around which burn night and day two hundred silver lamps, has been discontinued for upward of twenty years, owing to the scandalous scenes which took place among the crowd in the church, after its adoration by the Pope and crowned heads then at Rome.

On Good-Friday the papal chapel presents its deepest tone of grief. It is stripped bare of carpets and ornaments. The cardinals wear purple stockings, and leave their rings behind them. The lessons are appropriate to the day; but the satisfaction which would otherwise arise in the heart at hearing the offices is wholly lost in the tedium and disgust attendant upon the insipid ceremonies which accompany them. Formerly, the clergy came bare-footed; now, only the Pope, and some of the superior clergy and cardinals take off their shoes during the Adoration of the Cross, from which the violet covering is removed. The Pope casts his offering—a purse of red damask trimmed with gold—into a silver basin. Then there is a procession to and from the Pauline Chapel. But the chief attractions on this day are the music and sermons at the several churches, which rival each other in their preparations for the *Tre Ore*—the three hours of agony of Christ upon the Cross, lasting from twelve to



A ROMAN PREACHER.



PENITENTS ON GOOD-FRIDAY.

three. This is a religious drama, and when not exaggerated—by the action and grimaces of the preachers, and the tawdry scenery of the churches to represent Calvary—into a burlesque, is solemn and impressive.

The service of the *Tre Ore* is divided into seven acts, founded upon the seven supposed speeches of Christ upon the Cross, at each one of which the Roman Catholics believe that a dagger entered the heart of his mother. She is called, on that account, "Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows," and painted, as is often seen in churches and shrines, with a bloody heart on her breast, with seven daggers stuck around it.

The preacher I heard was a Jesuit, at the church of that order, the most gaudily decorated and richest in Rome. His sermon was decidedly dramatic, both in language and accessories; but much less so than one might expect from the Roman taste. The style and arguments were admirably calculated to arouse the languid devotion of his flock, who appeared fully impressed with the solemn event they had assembled to commemorate. This immense church was crowded with worshipers.

In the evening I drove to the Hospital of the *Trinitá de Pellegrinc*, to witness the washing of the feet and feeding of pilgrims by the nobles of Rome. This immense building has accommodation for five thousand pilgrims, who are here gratuitously fed and lodged for three days during Holy Week. The washing and feeding here was

no farce, whatever may have been the motives that induced these acts of humility. Roman gentlemen and nobles, in the garb of domestics, washed and waited upon these dirtiest of all mortals with the utmost zeal and apparent cheerfulness—the bounty being, as I was informed, so many days' indulgence to each.

In the female wards, I was told by the ladies that they saw some of the fairest and noblest of Rome's aristocracy on their knees, scrubbing away at feet that had needed ablution for many weeks previous At supper they attended them as humbly as if they had been bred to serve, and even the loveliest among them took the filthy babies from their mothers' arms, and nursed them as tenderly as they would have nursed their own—while their hungry mothers ate.

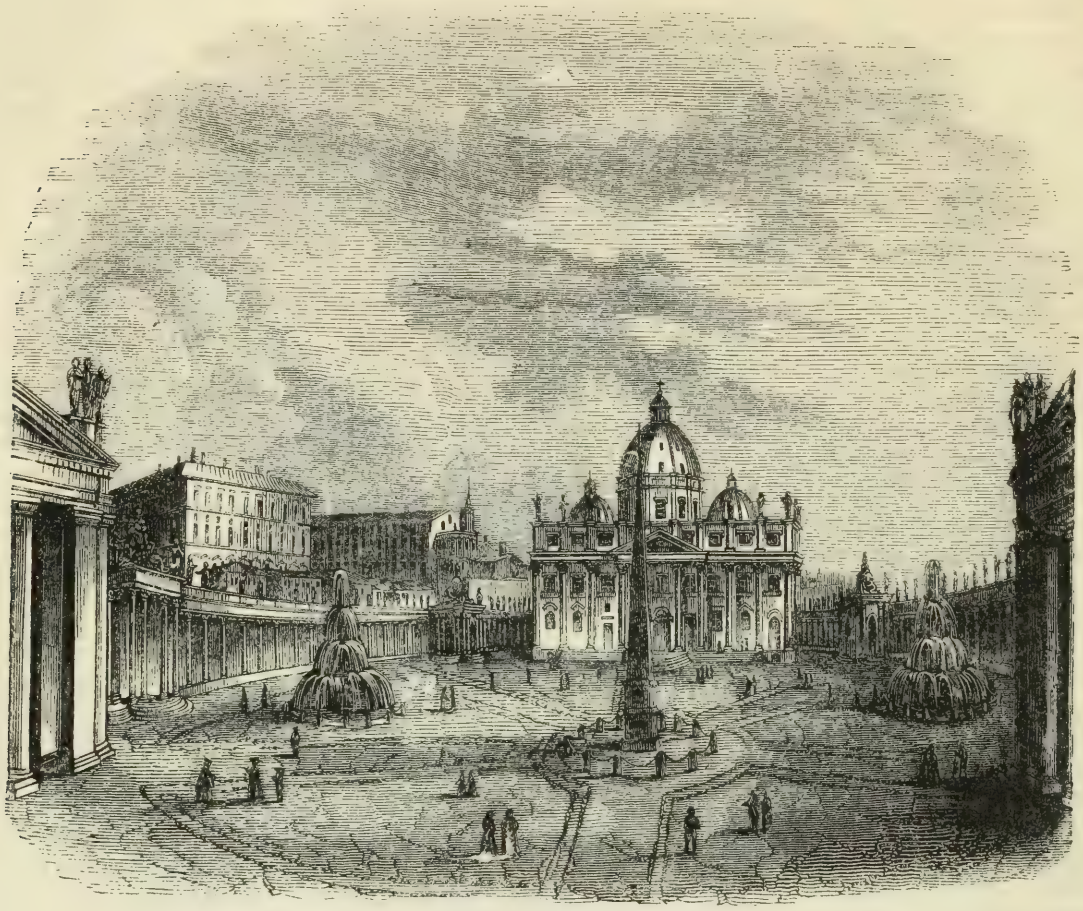
On this evening there is a performance at some of the churches of another manner of mortifying the flesh. This is the self-flagellation of penitents, who are clad in vestments of coarse dark cloth, which completely disguises them, leaving only holes for their eyes. After an exhortation from a friar, the lights are extinguished and scourges distributed. Of course it is impossible to tell how far the ceremony is a farce or penance. At all events the scourging and wailing sound like earnest, while the dismal chanting of the monks does not tend to enliven the scene, which lasts about half an hour, when all depart with the satisfaction of having performed a meritorious action.

The ceremonies of Saturday attract the attention of few besides the actors. They are numerous, however, and, as a matter of curiosity to see how far the Church of Rome carries its typical mysteries, worth noticing. The converted Jews, if any—Turks are considered a greater glory—are baptized early in the morning at St. John in Lateran. After this, an ordination of priests—in which several long hours are occupied in rites sufficiently puerile and wearisome to make one doubt the sanity of the performers. At the Sistine Chapel, we have the blessing of the fire and incense, and the blessing of the paschal candle, by a deacon dressed in white, to represent the angel announcing the resurrection. This candle is of immense size, and pierced with five holes in the form of a cross, to represent the five principal wounds of our Saviour. Five grains of incense are placed in these holes, as emblematic of embalming. At this season, too, there is a general blessing and sprinkling of holy water in private houses by priests, who gratefully receive the current coin of the realm in return for their efficacious benedictions. Even the brutes come in for a share of this pious labor, but this is somewhat later, on the anniversary of their guardian Saint Anthony. After each sprinkling from the sacred brush, the priest repeats in Latin, "By the intercession of the blessed Anthony, these animals are delivered from evil, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen!"

Easter-Sunday is the grandest festival of the year. To celebrate the Resurrection, the Roman Church puts on all her pomp and pageantry. The Pope performs high mass at St. Peter's. This occurs but on two other festivals during the year,



BLESSING ANIMALS.



ST. PETER'S

viz., Christmas, and St. Peter's and St Paul's day. The order and magnitude of the procession I have already given. Those who have seen it, have beheld the accumulated magnificence and solemnity of the Roman Catholic ritual. The courtly splendor of all other earthly sovereigns pales before the dazzling display of the wealth and magnificence of the successor of the poor fisherman of Judea. As soon as the Pope appears, borne upon the shoulders of his throne-carriers, the choristers intone, in Latin, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I build my Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." The deep-toned bells chime in with their welcome. In the church are drawn up the grenadiers, national guards, and soldiers of the capital, whose bands swell the notes of gratulation to the self-styled representative of the Apostle, and Christ's Vicar on Earth. For those who admit the title, this homage is appropriate; but to those whose ideas of religion are based on the humility and spirituality of the true Christian character, and the equality of men before God, this ostentation appears strangely anomalous.

One ceremony occurs during this mass which attests strongly the former depravity and present fears of the Roman court. The greatest caution is used to prevent the Holy Father from being *poisoned while he partakes of the sacrament.* The sacred vessels are carried to a credence-table, called the Pope's, on the gospel side of the altar. During the chanting of the creed, the vessels are taken there and carefully washed. The keeper of the cellar first *drinks* some of the wine and water brought for this ablution. When the Pope goes to the altar to partake of the body and blood of Christ, the sacristan eats in his presence a portion of the bread provided, and tastes the wine, after which the Pope does not hesitate to follow his example. How strange a comment upon the doctrine of transubstantiation, to believe that poison and the actual presence of divinity can coexist in the same substances!

Two junior cardinal deacons stand on each side of the altar, representing the angels who were at the sepulchre. During the service, the *fingers* of the Pope are *purified* with much ceremony, and when the mitre is placed on his head his entire hands are washed. He then goes to the altar and concludes the mass.

No sooner is mass finished than the immense multitude pours out of St. Peter's into the piazza in front, where the military are all drawn up, to witness the ceremony of the benediction. This time it is said to extend over the entire world. On this occasion the whole French garrison were under arms, beside the Roman troops. The two made a fine military show, and to my eye furnished the greater proportion of the spectators. Even the *contadini*, the country subjects of the Pope, who are in general devoted, if not to the Pope, to the ceremonies of the Church, did not appear in their usual numbers. There were English and other foreigners by thousands. All

gazed anxiously up to the balcony, where the Holy Father was to appear. After considerable delay he made his appearance, and in an audible prayer invoked the usual blessing. The soldiers knelt, in obedience to the order of their superiors. What must have been the feelings of those disciplined republicans of skeptical France, thus humiliated before an old man whose very existence in Rome was owing to their arms, it is easy to conceive. I noticed that very few of the Romans knelt, and many seemed careless about uncovering their heads. The ceremony had evidently outlived its spirit, or else Pius IX. was unloved in his own capital.

The illumination of St. Peter's and the fireworks have been too often described to require further allusion. They are the terminating and most agreeable of the spectacles of the Holy Week. St. Peter's shines from out the surrounding darkness a colossal beacon of light; thousands of globes and stars mark its giant outline in vivid brightness, while high above all rises the illuminated cross, piercing with its bright rays the dark shadows of night. Were the heads of the Roman Church thus to illumine the moral darkness of the world, she should remain for all time as conspicuous for her piety as St. Peter's appears from artificial splendor. While thinking thus, as I gazed on the beautiful spectacle a bright star came twinkling out of the cloudy obscurity, and took its place high and serene in the firmament, shedding its soft and lucid light in steady rays through the heavens. This was now, as in the infancy of Christianity, its true emblem. How utterly insignificant the borrowed brilliancy of the church appeared beside this single star! Could we see the nightly beauties of the universe, which Providence has made as free to the eye as air to the lungs, rarely, as man exhibits his counterfeit glories, we should turn in disgust from their puny attractions, to wonder and worship at the greatness and goodness of the Author of so celestial a vision. But we gaze in rapture on our own pigmy efforts, and coldly look upon the marvels of nature as the mere truisms of physics.

I am not at all disposed to find fault with the Roman government for celebrating after this manner—I allude to the fireworks and illumination—the resurrection of our Saviour. A Christian government does wisely to exalt its Author and celebrate his mission with all possible magnificence. It keeps alive the principles of its origin, and periodically recalls to public mind the memory of events unequaled in their consequences by any others in the history of the human race. In this respect, therefore, I think the Roman Church wise; but in most others connected with the Holy Week, I consider her as degrading mankind and violating the very principles to which it falsely appeals for sanction. As yet we are only upon the threshold of her profitless mummeries. I shall barely open the door to a few of the principal falsities with which she deludes the world, and leave my readers who may differ from me in sentiment, to explore further, if they will, for their own edification.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE ABDICATION.

WHILE Napoleon, before the dawn of the dark and lurid morning of the 1st of April, was directing his melancholy steps toward Fontainebleau, his faithful embassador, Caulaincourt, was galloping once more toward Paris. The deep obscurity of the night was partially mitigated by the fires of the bivouacs which glimmered, in a vast semicircle, around the city. The road which Caulaincourt traversed was crowded with officers, soldiers, and fugitives, retiring before the triumphant army of the invaders. He was often recognized, and groups collected around him, inquiring, with the most affectionate anxiety,

"Where is the Emperor? We fought for him till night came on. If he lives, let him but appear. Let us know his wishes. Let him lead us back to Paris. The enemy shall never enter its walls but over the dead body of the last French soldier. If he is dead, let us know it, and lead us against the enemy. We will avenge his fall."

Universal enthusiasm and devotion inspired the troops, who, be it remembered, were the people; for the conscription to which France had been compelled to resort by the unrelenting assaults of its foes, had gathered recruits from all the villages of the Empire. The veterans of Marengo, of Austerlitz, and of Friedland, had perished beneath the snows of Russia, or in the awful carnage of Leipsic. The youthful soldiers who now surrounded Napoleon with deathless affection, were fresh from the work-shops, the farm-houses, and the saloons of France. They were inspired by that love for the Emperor which they had imbibed at the parental hearth. These faithful followers of the people's devoted friend, war-worn and haggard, with shriveled lips, and bleeding wounds, and tattered garments, and shoes worn from their feet, were seated by the roadside, or wading through the mud, eager only to meet once more their beloved Emperor. Whenever Caulaincourt told them that Napoleon was alive, and was waiting for them at Fontainebleau, with hoarse and weakened voices they shouted, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and hastened on to rejoin him. Truly does Colonel Napier say, "the troops idolized Napoleon." Well they might. And to assert that their attachment commenced only when they became soldiers, is to acknowledge that his excellent qualities and greatness of mind turned hatred into devotion the moment he was approached. But Napoleon never was hated by the people of France; he was their own creation, and they loved him so as never monarch was loved before.

As Caulaincourt drew near the city, he found it encircled by the encampments of the Allies. At whatever post he made his appearance he he was sternly repulsed. Orders had been given that no messenger from Napoleon should be permitted to approach the head-quarters of the hos-

tile sovereigns. At length the morning gloomily dawned, and a shout of exultation and joy ascended from the bivouacs of the Allies, which covered all the hills. With the roar of artillery, and with gleaming banners, and clarion peals of martial music, three hundred thousand men, the advance guard of a million of invaders, marched into the humiliated streets of Paris. The masses of the people, dejected, looked on in sullen silence. They saw the Bourbon princes, protected by the bayonets of foreigners, coming to resume their sway. The royalists did every thing in their power to get up some semblance of rejoicing, in view of this spectacle of national humiliation. The emissaries of the ancient nobility shouted lustily, "*Vive le Roi!*" The wives and daughters of the Bourbon partisans rode through the streets in open carriages, scattering smiles on each side of the way, waving white flags, and tossing out to the listless spectators the white cockade of the Bourbons. "Still," says M. Rochefoucauld, "the silence was most dismal." The masses of the people witnessed the degradation of France with rage and despair.

As night approached, these enormous armies of foreign invaders, in numbers apparently numberless, of every variety of language, lineament, and costume, swarmed through all the streets and gardens of the captured metropolis. The Cossacks, in aspect as wild and savage as the wolves which howl through their native wastes, filled the Elysian Fields with their bivouac fires, and danced around them in barbarian orgies.

Alexander, who well knew the exalted character and the lofty purposes of Napoleon, was the only one of these banded kings who manifested any sympathy in his behalf. Though all the rest were ready to crush Napoleon utterly, and to compel the people to receive the Bourbons, he still hesitated. He doubted whether the nation would long submit to rulers thus forced upon them. "But a few days ago," said he, "a column of five or six thousand new French troops suffered themselves to be cut in pieces before my eyes, when a single cry of '*Vive le Roi!*' would have saved them."

"And things will continue just so," the Abbé de Pradt replied, "until Napoleon is put out of the way; even although he has at this moment a halter round his neck." He alluded, in this last sentence, to the fact, that the Bourbonists, protected from the rage of the populace by the sabres of foreigners, had placed ropes around the statue of Napoleon, to drag it from the Place Vendôme. A nation's love had placed it on that magnificent pedestal; a faction tore it down. The nation has replaced it, and there it will now stand forever.

The efforts of the royalist mob to drag the statue of the Emperor from the column were, at this time, unavailing. As they could not throw it down with their ropes, they covered the statue with a white sheet to conceal it from view. When Napoleon was afterward informed of this fact, he simply remarked, "They did well to conceal from me the sight of their baseness." Alexander, to protect the imperial monuments from destruction, issued a decree taking them under his care. "The monument in the Place Vendôme," said he, "is under the especial safeguard of the magnanimity of the Emperor Alexander and his allies. The statue on its summit will not remain there. It will immediately be taken down."

During the whole of the day, while these interminable battalions were taking possession of Paris, Caulaincourt sought refuge in a farm-house in the vicinity of the city. When the evening came, and the uproar of hostile exultation was dying away, he emerged from his retreat, and again resolutely endeavored to penetrate the capital. Every where he was sternly repulsed. In despair he now slowly commenced retracing his steps toward Fontainebleau. But it so happened that, just at this time, he met the carriage of the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor Alexander. The Grand Duke instantly recognized Caulaincourt, who had spent much time as an embassador at St. Petersburg. He immediately took him into his carriage, and informed him frankly that Talleyrand, who had now abandoned the fallen fortunes of Napoleon, and had attached himself to the cause of the Bourbons, had inflexibly closed the cabinet of the Allies against every messenger of the Emperor. But Constantine was moved by the entreaties and the noble grief of Caulaincourt. He enveloped him in his own pelisse, and put on his head a Russian cap. Thus disguised, and surrounded by a guard of Cossacks, Caulaincourt, in the shades of the evening, entered the barriers.

The carriage drove directly to the palace of the Elysée. Constantine, requesting the Duke to keep muffled up in his cap and cloak, alighted, carefully shut the door with his own hands, and gave strict orders to the servants to allow no one to approach the carriage. At this moment a neighboring clock struck ten. The apartments of the palace were thronged and brilliantly lighted. The court-yard blazed with lamps. Carriages were continually arriving and departing. The neighing of the horses, the loud talking and joking of the drivers, the wild hurras of the exultant foe, in the distant streets and gardens, presented a festive scene sadly discordant with the anguish which tortured the bosom of Napoleon's faithful embassador. The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Prince Schwartzenberg, as representative of the Emperor of Austria, with others, were assembled within the palace in conference.

Hour after hour of the night passed away, and still the Grand Duke did not return. From his concealment Caulaincourt witnessed a vast concourse of diplomatists and generals of all nations, incessantly coming and going. Toward morning the Grand Duke again made his appearance. He informed Caulaincourt that, with great difficulty, he had obtained the consent of Alexander to grant him a private audience. Caulaincourt descended from the carriage, and, still en-



CAULAINCOURT AND THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

veloped in his Russian disguise, conducted by the Grand Duke, passed unrecognized through the brilliant saloons, which were crowded with the exultant enemies of his sovereign and friend.

Caulaincourt was a man of imposing figure, and endowed with great dignity and elegance of manners. The unaffected majesty of his presence commanded the deference even of those monarchs who stood upon the highest pinnacles of earthly power. He was received by Alexander with great courtesy and kindness, but with much secrecy, in a private apartment. The Russian emperor had formerly loved Napoleon; he had been forced by his nobles into acts of aggression against him; he had even been so much charmed with Napoleon's political principles as to have been accused of the wish to introduce liberal ideas into Russia. They had called him contemptuously the *liberal emperor*. To sustain his position, he had found it necessary to yield to the pressure, and to join in the crusade against his old friend. In this hour of triumph he alone, of all the confederates, manifested sympathy for their victim. The Emperor of Russia was alone as Caulaincourt entered his cabinet. He was agitated by a strong conflict between the natural magnanimity of his character and his desire to vindicate his own conduct.

Caulaincourt's attachment to Alexander was so strong that Napoleon occasionally had bantered him with it. Caulaincourt considered the pleasantry rather too severe, when Napoleon, evidently himself a little piqued, sometimes, in allusion to these predilections, called the friend whose constancy he could not doubt, *The Russian*.

"My dear Duke," said Alexander, clasping both hands of Caulaincourt warmly in his own, "I feel for you with all my heart. You may rely upon me as upon a brother. But what can I do for you?"

"For me, Sire, nothing," Caulaincourt replied; "but for the Emperor, every thing."

"This is just what I dreaded," resumed Alexander. "I must refuse and afflict you. I can do nothing for Napoleon. I am bound by my engagements with the allied sovereigns."

"But your Majesty's wish," replied Caulaincourt, "must have great weight. And if Austria should also interpose in behalf of France—for surely the Emperor Francis does not wish to dethrone his daughter and his grandson—a peace may still be concluded which shall insure general tranquillity."

"Austria, my dear Duke," Alexander replied, "will second no proposition which leaves Napoleon on the throne of France. Francis will sacrifice all his personal affections for the repose of Europe. The allied sovereigns have resolved, irrevocably resolved, to be forever done with the Emperor Napoleon. Any endeavor to change this decision would be useless."

Caulaincourt was struck, as by a thunderbolt, with this declaration. The idea that the victors would proceed to such an extremity as the dethronement of Napoleon, had not seriously entered his mind. It was a terrible crisis. Not a moment was to be lost. A few hours would settle every thing. After a moment of silence, he said,

"Be it so! but is it just to include the Empress and the King of Rome in this proscription?

The son of Napoleon surely is not an object of fear to the allies. A regency—"

"We have thought of that," Alexander exclaimed, interrupting him. "But what shall we do with Napoleon? He will doubtless yield, for the moment, to necessity. But restless ambition will rouse all the energy of his character, and Europe will be once more in flames."

"I see," said Caulaincourt sadly, "that the Emperor's ruin has been resolved upon."

"Whose fault is it?" eagerly resumed Alexander. "What have I not done to prevent these terrible extremities? In the imprudent sincerity of youth I said to him, 'The Powers, wearied with insults, are forming alliances among themselves against your domination. One signature alone is wanting to the compact, and that is mine.' In reply, he declared war against me. Still, I can not find in my heart any unkind feeling toward him. I wish his fate depended on me alone."

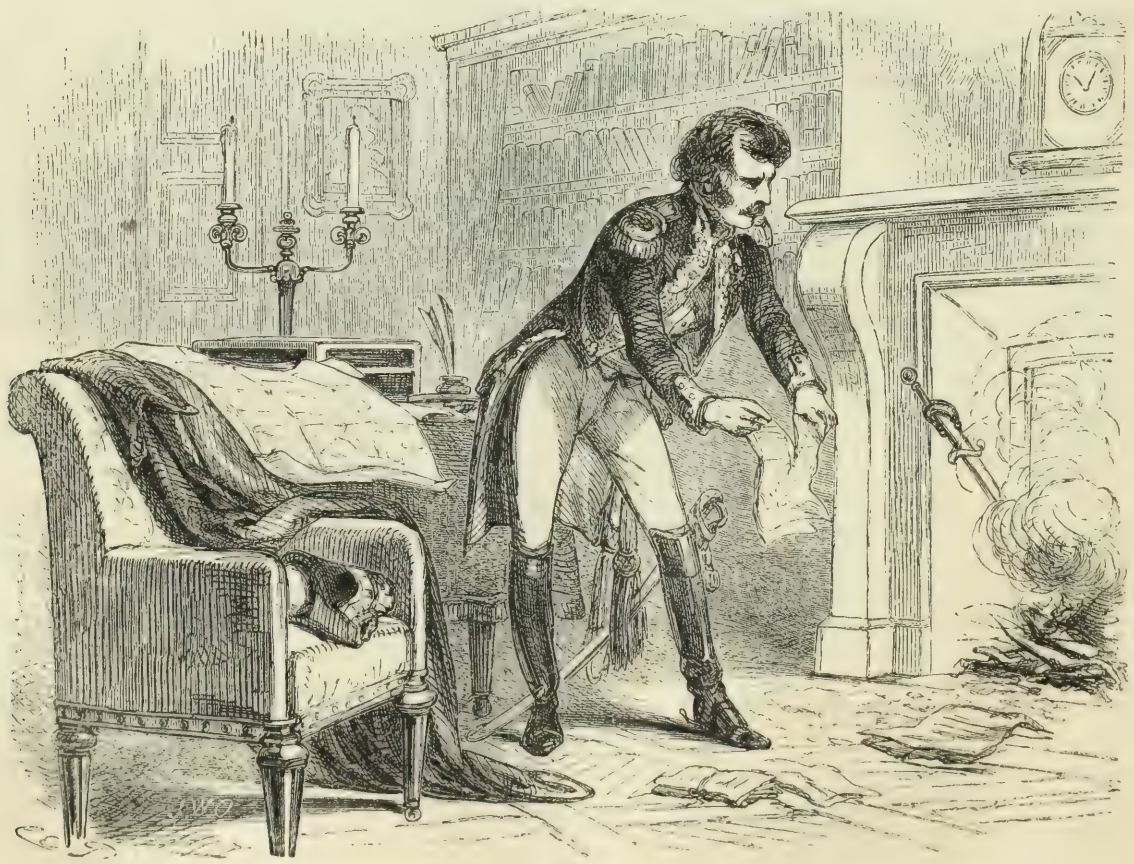
"Noblest of monarchs," said Caulaincourt, "I feel assured that I do not vainly invoke your support for so great a man in adversity. Be his defender, Sire. That noble part is worthy of you."

"I wish to be so," Alexander replied; "on my honor I wish it. But I can not succeed. To restore the Bourbons is the wish of a very influential party here. With that family we should have no fear of a renewal of the war. We have no wish to *impose* the Bourbons on the French people. My declaration secures full liberty for France to choose a sovereign. I am assured that the French nation desires the Bourbons. The public voice recalls them."

"Sire, you are misinformed," Caulaincourt replied. "The Bourbons have nothing in common with France. The people feel no affection for that family. Time has consecrated the revolution. The ungrateful men who now wish to get rid of the Emperor are not the nation. If the Allies respect the rights of France, an appeal to the majority of votes is the only means whereby they can prove that intention. Let registers be opened in all the municipalities. The Allies will then learn whether the Bourbons are preferred to Napoleon."

Alexander seemed impressed by these remarks. For nearly a quarter of an hour he walked to and fro in the room, absorbed in intense thought, during which time not a word was uttered. Then turning to Caulaincourt he remarked,

"My dear Duke, I am struck with what you have said. Perhaps the method you suggest would be the best; but it would be attended with much delay, and circumstances hurry us on. We are urged, driven, tormented, to come to a decision. Moreover, a provisional government is already established. It is a real power around which ambition is rallying. It is long since the schemes for this state of things began to work. The allied sovereigns are constantly surrounded, flattered, pressed and teased to decide in favor of the Bourbons; and they have serious personal injuries to avenge. The absence of the Emperor of Austria is a fatality. Were I to attempt any thing in favor of Napoleon's son, I should be left alone. No one would second me. They have good reason, my dear friend," said he, kindly taking Caulaincourt by the hand, "for making me



CAULAINCOURT IN THE CABINET OF NAPOLEON.

promise not to see you. This warmth of heart, which renders you so distressed, is infectious. You have roused every generous feeling within me. I will try. To-morrow, at the council, I will advert to the regency. Every other proposition is impossible. So do not deceive yourself; and let us hope."

It was now four o'clock in the morning. The room in which this interesting interview took place was the bedchamber of Napoleon when he inhabited the Elysée. A small room opened from it, which the Emperor had used as a study. Alexander conducted Caulaincourt into this cabinet as a safe retreat, and the embassador threw himself upon a sofa, in utter exhaustion. After a few hours of slumber, disturbed by frightful dreams, he awoke. It was eight o'clock in the morning. He heard persons passing in and out of the chamber of the Emperor of Russia. He stepped to a window, and looked through the curtains into the garden. It was filled with hostile troops, as were also the squares of the city. Tormented by the sight, he again threw himself upon the sofa, almost in a state of distraction. The room remained just as it was when the Emperor last left it. The table was covered with maps of Russia, plans, and unfinished writing. Caulaincourt carefully rearranged the books and maps, and tore all the papers and plans into a thousand bits, and buried them in the ashes of the fireplace. "The new occupants of the Elysée," said he, "might there have found matter for jests and for mortifying comparisons."

At eleven o'clock some one knocked at the door, and the Grand Duke Constantine entered. "Duke," said he to Caulaincourt, "the Emperor sends you his compliments. He was unable to see you before leaving the palace. But in the mean time we will breakfast together. I have given orders to have it prepared in Alexander's room. We will shut ourselves up there, and endeavor to pass the time till his return."

After breakfast, Caulaincourt, accompanied by Constantine, returned to the cabinet, where he remained, in close concealment, during the day. At six o'clock in the evening the Emperor of Russia again made his appearance. "My dear Caulaincourt," said he, "for your sake I have acted the diplomatist. I intrenched myself behind certain powerful considerations, which did not permit us to decide rashly on a matter so important as the choice of a sovereign. Finding myself safe on that ground, I then resumed the subject of the regency. Hasten back to the Emperor Napoleon. Give him a faithful account of what has passed here; and return as quickly as possible with Napoleon's abdication in favor of his son."

"Sire," said Caulaincourt, earnestly, "what is to be done with the Emperor Napoleon?"

"I hope that you know me well enough," Alexander replied, "to be certain that I shall never suffer any insult to be offered to him. Whatever may be the decision, Napoleon shall be properly treated. Return to Fontainebleau as rapidly as possible. I have my reasons for urging you."

The shades of night had now darkened the streets. The Grand Duke Constantine descended the stairs to make preparation for Caulaincourt's departure; for it was necessary that he should leave the city, as he entered it, in disguise. He soon returned; and Caulaincourt, wrapped in his cloak, and favored by the gloom of night, followed Constantine, on foot, through the dense grove of the garden of the Elysée into the Elysian Fields, where, at an appointed station, they found a carriage in waiting.

"Prince," said Caulaincourt, as he took leave of the Grand Duke at the door of the carriage, "I carry with me a recollection which neither time nor circumstances can efface. The service you have rendered me is one which must bind a man of honor forever, unto death. In all places, in all circumstances, dispose of me, my fortune, and my life."

"Ill-informed persons," continues the Duke, "who have contracted unjust prejudices against the Russian sovereign, will tax me with partiality for Alexander and his family. But I speak in truth and sincerity, and I fulfill an obligation of honor in rendering them that justice which is their due. The base alone disallow benefactors and benefits. Eighteen leagues separated me from the Emperor, but I performed the journey in five hours. In proportion as I approached Fontainebleau I felt my courage fail. Heavens! what a message had I to bear! In the mission which I had just executed, I had experienced all the anguish which could be endured by pride and self-love. But in the present business my heart bled for the pain I was about to inflict on the Emperor, who rose in my affections in proportion as the clouds of misfortune gathered around him."

It was just midnight when Caulaincourt approached Fontainebleau. The environs were filled with troops who were bivouacking, impatient for battle. The forest of Fontainebleau and the whole surrounding region were illumined with the campfires of fifty thousand men, who, in a state of intense excitement, were clamoring to be led to battle. As Caulaincourt approached the gate of the chateau, he was recognized. He was known as the firm friend of Napoleon, and was greeted with an impassioned shout of "*Vive l'Empereur*," which was echoed and re-echoed from rank to rank through the deep aisles of the forest. He entered the little cabinet where our narrative left Napoleon.

The Emperor was alone, seated at a table, writing. "Ten years seemed to have passed over his noble head," says Caulaincourt, "since last we parted. A slight compression of his lips gave to his countenance an expression of indescribable suffering."

"What has been done?" inquired Napoleon. "Have you seen the Emperor of Russia? What did he say?"

For a moment Caulaincourt, overcome with anguish, was unable to speak. Napoleon took his hand, pressed it convulsively, and said,

"Speak, Caulaincourt, speak. I am prepared for every thing."



CAULAINCOURT RETURNING TO FONTAINEBLEAU.

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, "I have seen the Emperor Alexander. I have passed twenty-four hours concealed in his apartments. He is not your enemy. In him alone your cause has a supporter."

Napoleon shook his head, expressive of doubt, but said,

"What is his wish? What do they intend?"

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, in a voice almost unintelligible through emotion, "your Majesty is required to make great sacrifices—to surrender the crown of France to your son."

There was a moment's pause, and then, in accents "terribly impressive," Napoleon rejoined,

"That is to say, they will not treat with me. They mean to drive me from my throne which I conquered by my sword. They wish to make a Helot of me, an object of derision, destined to serve as an example to those who, by the sole ascendency of genius and superiority of talent, command men, and make legitimate kings tremble on their worm-eaten thrones. And is it you, Caulaincourt, who are charged with such a mission to me?"

For a moment the Emperor paced the floor in great agitation, then threw himself, exhausted, into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. After a brief interval of silence he arose, and, turning to Caulaincourt, continued,

"Have not you courage to go on? Let me hear what it is *your Alexander* has desired you to say."

Caulaincourt, deeply wounded by this unkind reproach, replied, "Sire! your Majesty has no mercy. The stroke which is now felt by you lacerated my heart before it reached yours. For forty-eight hours this torture has rankled in my bosom."

Napoleon was at once vanquished. Pressing his hand upon his burning brow, he exclaimed, in accents of deepest tenderness, "I am to blame, Caulaincourt, I am to blame, my friend. There are moments when I feel my brain beating within my head, so many misfortunes assail me at once. That powerful organization, which so often sustained me amidst battles and perils, sinks under the repeated strokes which overwhelm me. I can not doubt your fidelity, Caulaincourt. Of all about me you, perhaps, are the only one in whom I place implicit faith. It is only among my poor soldiers, it is only in their grief-expressing eyes, that I still find written fidelity and devoted attachment. When happy, I thought I knew men, but I was destined to know them only in misfortune." He paused, fixed his eyes upon the floor, and remained absorbed in silent thought.

Caulaincourt, entirely overcome by exhaustion and mental anguish, was unable to make any reply. At length he said, "Sire, I request permission to take a little rest. I am beyond measure

fatigued. You must be correctly informed of the difficulties of your position before you can decide on the course to be adopted. I feel, in my present state, incapable of giving those detailed explanations which the importance of the subject demands."

"You are right, Caulaincourt," the Emperor replied. Go and take some rest. I have a presentiment of the subject about which we shall have to discourse, and it is necessary for mé to prepare myself for the consequences. Go and repose awhile. I will take care to have you called at ten o'clock."

At ten, Caulaincourt again entered the apartment of the Emperor. Napoleon, in subdued tones, but calm and firm, said, "Take a seat, Caulaincourt, and tell me what they require. What is exacted from us?"

Caulaincourt gave a minute recital of his interview with Alexander. When he spoke of the debate of the Allies respecting the restoration of the Bourbons, Napoleon rose from his chair in extreme agitation, and rapidly pacing up and down the room, exclaimed,

"They are mad! Restore the Bourbons! it will not last for a single year! The Bourbons are the antipathy of the French nation. And the army? What will they do with the army? My soldiers will never consent to be theirs. It is the height of folly to think of melting down the Empire into a government formed out of elements so heterogeneous. Can it ever be forgotten that the Bourbons have lived twenty years on the charity of foreigners, in open war with the principles and the interests of France? Restore the Bourbons! it is not merely madness, but it shows a desire to inflict on the country every species of calamity. Is it true that such an idea is seriously entertained?"

Caulaincourt informed him unreservedly of the machinations which were carried on for the accomplishment of that purpose.

"But," Napoleon observed, "the Senate can never consent to see a Bourbon on the throne. Setting aside the baseness of agreeing to such an arrangement, what place, I should like to know, could be assigned to the Senate in a court from which they, or their fathers, dragged Louis XVI. to the scaffold. As for me, I was a new man, unsullied by the vices of the French revolution. In me there was no motive for revenge. I had every thing to reconstruct. I should never have dared to sit on the vacant throne of France, had not my brow been bound with laurels. The French people elevated me, because I had executed, with them and for them, great and noble works. But the Bourbons, what have they done for France? What proportion of the victories, of the glory, of the prosperity of France belongs to them? What could they do to promote the interests or independence of the people? When restored by foreigners, they will be forced to yield to all their demands, and, in a word, to bend the knee before their masters. Advantage may be taken of the stupor into which foreign occupation has thrown the capital to abuse the power of the strongest, by proscribing me and my family. But to insure tranquillity to the Bourbons in Paris! Never! Bear in mind my prophecy, Caulaincourt."

After a moment's pause, the Emperor, in a more tranquil tone, resumed, "Let us return to the matter in question. My abdication is insisted on. Upon this condition the regency will be given to the Empress, and the crown will descend to my son. I do not know that I have the right to resign the sovereign authority—that I should be justified in taking such a step until all hope was lost. I have fifty thousand men at my disposal. My brave troops still acknowledge me for their sovereign. Full of ardor and devotedness, they call loudly on me to lead them to Paris. The sound of my cannon would electrify the Parisians, and rouse the national spirit, insulted by the presence of foreigners parading in our public places. The inhabitants of Paris are brave; they would support me; and after the victory," he added, in a more animated tone, "after the victory, the nation would choose between me and the Allies, and I would never descend from the throne unless driven from it by the French people. Come with me, Caulaincourt. It is now twelve o'clock. I am going to review the troops."

As the Emperor left the palace, Caulaincourt sadly followed him. The illusions to which the Emperor still clung filled him with anxiety, for he knew that the strength of the Allies was such that all further resistance must be unavailing.

The soldiers were delighted in again seeing the Emperor, and received him with acclamations of unbounded joy. The officers thronged enthusiastically around him, shouting, "To Paris—to Paris! Sire, lead us to Paris!"

"Yes, my friends," replied the Emperor, "we will fly to the succor of Paris. To-morrow we will commence our march."

At these words, tumultuous shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur*," rang through the air. The ardor was so intense and so universal, that even Caulaincourt thought that there were some chances in Napoleon's favor.

As the Emperor returned to the court-yard of the palace, and dismounted from his horse, he said to Caulaincourt, triumphantly, and yet interrogatively, "Well?" as if he would inquire, "What do you think now?"

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, "this is your last step. Your Majesty ought alone to decide."

"You approve of my determination, that is clear," Napoleon added with a smile. Passing silently, but with friendly recognitions, through the groups of officers who thronged the saloons, he retired to his room.

The young generals, full of ardor, and who had their fortunes to make, expressed an intense desire to march upon Paris. The older officers, however, who had already obtained fame and fortune, which they hoped to retain by yielding to a power which they no longer felt able to resist, were silent.

Talleyrand, president of the Senate, now eager to ingratiate himself into the favor of the Allies,



THE LAST REVIEW AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

had influenced that body to pass a decree deposing Napoleon, and organizing a provisional government with Talleyrand at its head. As Napoleon received his office not from the Senate, but from the people, he paid no respect to this act. Still, the abandonment of the Emperor by the Senate bewildered and disheartened the people, inspirited the royalists, and introduced much perplexity into the councils of the army.

At twelve o'clock the next day, Napoleon, struggling against despondency, again reviewed the troops, having previously given orders to have all things prepared for the march upon Paris. Immediately after the review he met in council all the dignitaries, civil and military, who were at Fontainebleau. A conference ensued, which crushed the hopes, and almost broke the heart of the Emperor. His most influential generals presented difficulties, and, finally, remonstrances, declaring that all was hopelessly lost.

"If at this moment," says Baron Fain, "Napoleon had quitted his saloon and entered the hall of the secondary officers, he would have found a host of young men ready to follow wherever he should lead. But a step further, and he would have been greeted by the acclamations of all his troops."

Disheartened, however, by the apathy which he encountered, he yielded, addressing, to his generals, these prophetic words:

"You wish for repose. Take it, then. Alas! you know not how many troubles and dangers will await you on your beds of down. A few years of that ease which you are about to purchase so dearly, will cut off more of you than the most sanguinary war could have done."

The Emperor then, in extreme dejection, retired alone to his cabinet. After the lapse of a few hours of perplexity and anguish, such as mortals have seldom endured, he again sent for Caulaincourt. As the Duke entered the room he found the countenance of the Emperor fearfully altered; but his demeanor was calm and firm. He took from his table a paper, written with his own hand, and presenting it to Caulaincourt, said,

"Here is my abdication. Carry it to Paris." As the Emperor saw the tears gush into the eyes of his noble companion, he was for a moment unmanned himself. "Brave, brave friend!" cried he, with intense emotion. "But those ungrateful men! they will live to regret me." Then throwing himself into the arms of Caulaincourt, he pressed him fervently to his agitated breast,

saying, "Depart, Caulaincourt; depart immediately." The abdication was written in the following words:

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even life itself, for the good of the country; without prejudice, however, to the rights of his son, to those of the regency of the Empress, and to the maintenance of the laws of the Empire."

"Given at our palace at Fontainebleau,
the 4th of April, 1814."

Napoleon requested Macdonald and Ney to accompany Caulaincourt, as commissioners, to Paris. As he confided to them this important document, he said to Macdonald, whom he had in former years mistrusted, but to whom he became fully reconciled on the field of Wagram,

"I have wronged you, Macdonald; do you not remember it?" "No, Sire!" Macdonald responded, "I remember nothing but your confidence in me."

Napoleon affectionately grasped his hand, while tears filled the eyes of both these noble men.

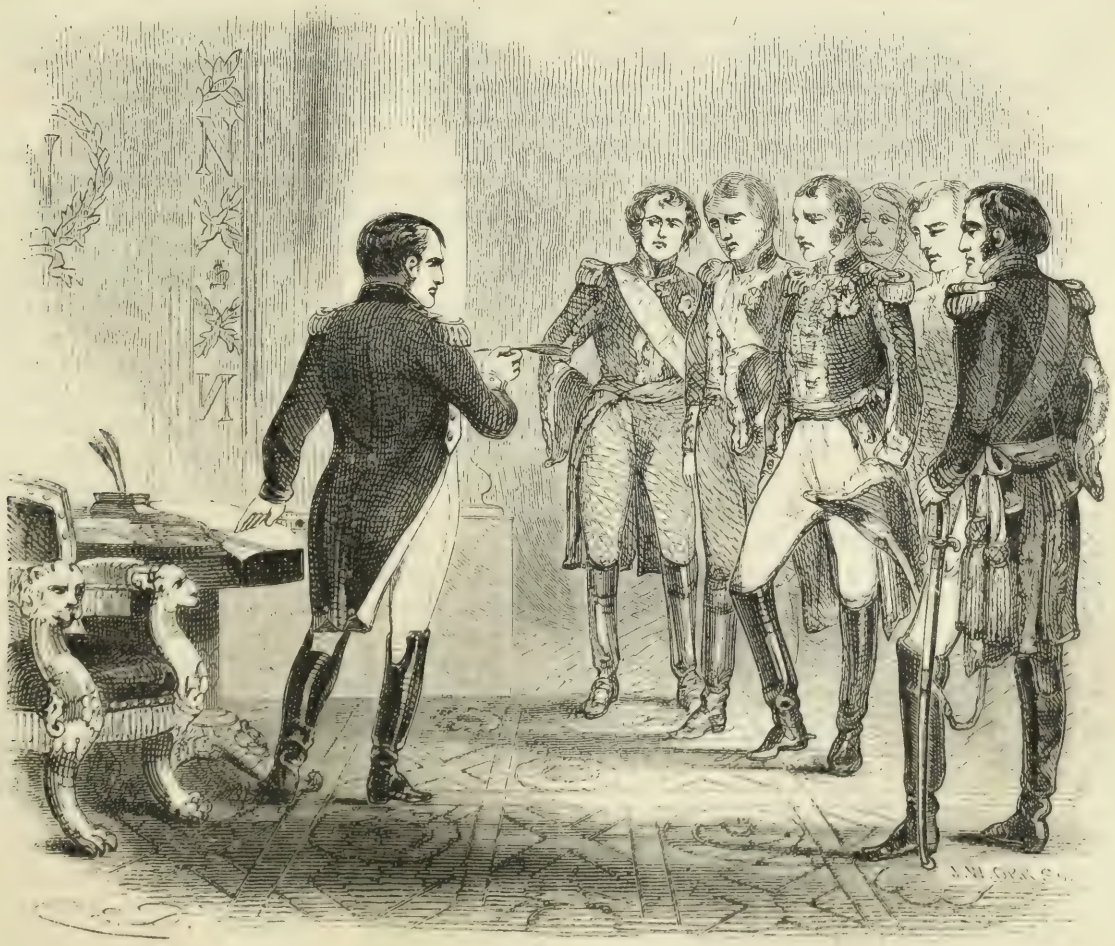
"What conditions," said one of the commissioners, "shall we insist upon, in reference to your Majesty?"

"None whatever," Napoleon promptly replied. "Obtain the best terms you can for France. For myself, I ask nothing.

The commissioners immediately entered a carriage and set out for Paris. Napoleon, overpowered by the events of the day, retired in solitude to his chamber. He immediately sent an officer to Marshal Marmont, who, with twelve thousand men, occupied a very important position at Essonne, a village about half-way between Fontainebleau and Paris. The messenger returned at night with the utmost speed, and communicated the astounding intelligence that Marshal Marmont had abandoned his post and joined the Allies; that he had gone to Paris, and had marched his troops, without their knowledge of the treachery, within the lines of the enemy. Thus Fontainebleau was entirely undefended.

Napoleon at first could not credit the story. He repeated to himself, "It is impossible. Marmont can not be guilty of dishonor. Marmont is my brother-in-arms." But when he could no longer doubt, he sank back in his chair, riveted his eyes upon the wall, pressed his burning brow with his hand, and said, in generous tones of grief, which brought tears into the eyes of those who were present, "He! my pupil! my child! Ungrateful man! Well; he will be more unhappy than I!"

In order to deliver up these soldiers, the subordinate officers, who were devoted to the Emperor, were assembled at midnight, and deceptively informed that the Emperor had decided to move upon Paris, and that they were to march, as an advance-guard, on the road to Versailles. All flew eagerly to arms, with cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* In the darkness of the night this disgrace-



THE ABDICATION.



MARMONT ARRESTING THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS.

ful transaction was consummated. With enthusiasm the soldiers commenced their march. But they were astonished in meeting no enemy. They heard strange noises on either side of them, as of troops in motion, but the darkness of the night concealed all distant objects from their view. The break of day showed them the batteries, battalions, and squadrons of the Russian army, by whom they were now completely encircled. Escape was impossible. A cry of indignation and grief, loud and long-continued, broke from the ranks. The rear-guard, in the early dawn, discovered the snare before it had crossed the bridge of Essonne. It immediately halted and fortified the pass to protect the Emperor, resolving to defend him to the last drop of blood.

The entrapped soldiers, as soon as they recovered from their astonishment, congregated together in groups, almost insane with rage, and commenced loud shouts, in the very camp of the Allies, of *Vive l'Empereur!* Colonel Ordiner called together all the other colonels, who, indignant at the treachery of their generals, immediately conferred upon him the command of their battalions. He accordingly ordered the cavalry to mount, and directed them on Rambouillet, that they might return by that circuitous route to Fontainebleau. The entire force—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—seized their arms, and, in the spirit of desperation, commenced their march, through the ranks of their multitudinous enemies, back to Napoleon. "The roads and woods echoed," says Lamartine, "with fury and acclamations, the expression of their desperate and indomitable fidelity to their vanquished Emperor."

Marmont hearing the tidings, in great alarm mounted one of his fleetest horses, and soon overtook the retiring column. "Stop!" he cried to Colonel Ordiner, "or I will have you court-martialed for usurping the command."

"I defy you," the Colonel replied. "There is no law which compels the troops to obey treachery; and if there were, there is no soldier here so base as to obey it."

The loud altercation caused a halt in the ranks. The soldiers had respected Marmont and admired his courage. He appealed to them; showed his scars, and his still bleeding wounds; assured them that peace was already negotiated, and that the movement they were making was harmless to themselves and to the Emperor. He entreated them to kill him rather than disgrace themselves by abandoning their general. The soldiers, accustomed to obedience, believed him, and shouting "*Vive Marmont!*" bewildered, returned again to their cantonments within the lines of the Allies.*

In the mean time the commissioners, unconscious of this treachery, were rapidly approaching Paris. Just as the evening lamps were lighted,

* Bourrienne, who was associated with Talleyrand in the Provisional Government, says, "The mission of the marshals" (Caulaincourt, Ney, and Macdonald) "had caused the most lively apprehensions among the members of the Provisional Government; but the alarm was equally great on hearing the news of the mutiny of Marmont's troops. During the whole of the day we were in a state of the most cruel anxiety. The insurrectionary spirit, it was feared, might extend to other corps of the army. But the successful gallantry of Marmont saved everything; and it would be impossible to convey an idea of the manner in which he was received by us at Talleyrand's when he related the particulars of what had passed at Versailles."

they entered the gates of the agitated city. Caulaincourt, leaving his companions, immediately obtained a private audience with Alexander. The Emperor, though cordial, seemed not a little embarrassed. He, however, promptly announced to Caulaincourt that the whole aspect of affairs was now changed.

"But, Sire," said Caulaincourt, "I am the bearer of the act of abdication of the Emperor Napoleon in favor of the King of Rome. Marshals Ney and Macdonald accompany me as the plenipotentiaries of his Majesty. All the formalities are prepared. Nothing now remains but the conclusion of the treaty."

"My dear Duke," Alexander replied, "when you departed, the position of the Emperor Napoleon was still imposing. The rallying of troops around Fontainebleau, their devotion to the Emperor, his address and courage, were of a nature to create alarm; but to-day the position of the Emperor is not the same."

"Your Majesty deceives yourself," Caulaincourt replied. "The Emperor has at his command, within the circle of a few leagues, eighty thousand men who demand to be led upon Paris, who will allow themselves, in defense of the Emperor, to be cut in pieces to the last man, and whose example will electrify the capital."

"My dear Duke," Alexander replied, "I am truly sorry to afflict you. But you are in complete ignorance of what is going on. The Senate has declared the forfeiture of Napoleon. The commanders of corps of the army are sending in their adherence from all parts. They disguise, under pretext of submission to the mandates of the Senate, their eagerness to absolve themselves from allegiance to a sovereign who is unfortunate. Such are mankind. At the very moment at which we speak, Fontainebleau is uncovered, and the person of Napoleon is in our power."

"What say you, Sire," cried Caulaincourt, in amazement—"still fresh treasons?"

"The camp of Essonne is raised," Alexander deliberately added. "Marshal Marmont has sent in his adherence and that of his division of the army. The troops which compose it are in full march into the camp of the Allies."

At this intelligence Caulaincourt was struck dumb as by a thunderbolt. After a moment's pause, he bowed his neck to the storm, and sadly said, "I have no hope but in the magnanimity of your Majesty."

"As long as the Emperor Napoleon," Alexander replied, "was supported by an army, he held the councils of his adversaries in check; but now, when the marshals and generals are leading away the soldiers, the question is changed. Fontainebleau is no longer an imposing military position. All the persons of note at Fontainebleau have sent in their submissions. Now judge for yourself, what could I do?"

Caulaincourt raised his hand to his burning brow, so bewildered that he was unable to utter a single word.

"During your absence," Alexander continued, "a discussion arose on the subject of the regency. Talleyrand and others contended against it with all their might. The Abbé de Pradt declared that neither Bonaparte nor his family had any partisans—that all France earnestly demanded the Bourbons. The adherences of the civil and military bodies are pouring in. You thus see the impossibilities which master my good wishes."

"The Emperor Napoleon," exclaimed Caulaincourt, indignantly, "is betrayed, basely abandoned, delivered to the enemy by the very men who ought to have made for him a rampart of their bodies and their swords. This, Sire, is horrible, horrible!"

Alexander, with an expression of bitter disdain, placing his hand confidingly on the arm of Caulaincourt, said,

"And add, Duke, that he is betrayed by men who owe him every thing, every thing—their fame, their fortune. What a lesson for us sovereigns! I verily believe that if we had wished to place Kutusoff upon the throne of France, they would have cried out, *Vive Kutusoff!* But take courage. I will be at the council before you. We will see what can be done."

He then took the act of abdication, read it, and expressed much surprise that it contained no stipulations for Napoleon personally. "But I have been his friend," said Alexander, "and I will still be his advocate. I will insist that he shall retain his imperial title, with the sovereignty of Elba, or some other island."

As Caulaincourt was passing out of the courtyard, exasperated by grief and despair, he met the Abbé de Pradt, who, with the basest sycophancy, was hovering around the court of the Allies. The smiling ecclesiastic, complacently rubbing his hands, advanced to meet the tall, courtly, and dignified Duke, exclaiming,

"I am charmed to see you."

Caulaincourt fixed his eye sternly upon him, and was proudly passing by, refusing to return his salutation, when the Abbé ventured to add, with an insulting smile, "Your affairs are not going on very prosperously, Duke."

Caulaincourt could restrain his indignation no longer. He lost all self-control. Seizing the astonished and gray-headed Abbé by the collar, he exclaimed, "You are a villain, sir!" and after almost shaking his breath out of his body, twirled him around upon his heels like a top. Then, ashamed of such an instinctive ebullition of fury toward one so helpless, he contemptuously left him and went on his way. The Abbé never forgave or forgot this rude pirouette. The Bourbons administered to his wounded pride the balm of many honors.

Caulaincourt immediately sought his companions, Macdonald and Ney, and proceeded to the council. But he had no heart to reveal to them the awful defection of Marmont. They found the council-chamber filled with the highest dignitaries of the various kingdoms allied against France. The Emperor of Russia was earnestly talking with the King of Prussia in the embrasure of a window. In other parts of the room



CAULAINCOURT AND THE ABBE DE PRADT.

were groups of English, Russian, Prussian, Austrian, and Swedish diplomatists, engaged in very animated conversation.

The entrance of the French commissioners interrupted the colloquy. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia approached a long table covered with green cloth, in the centre of the room, and sat down. Each person then took his seat at the table. The Emperor of Austria, perhaps from motives of delicacy, was not present. Lord Castlereagh, the English plenipotentiary, had not yet arrived. Caulaincourt presented, in the name of Napoleon, the act of abdication in favor of the King of Rome and of the regency of Maria Louisa. For a moment there was profound silence. Then Frederick William, the King of Prussia, remarked,

"Events no longer permit the Powers to treat with the Emperor Napoleon. The wishes of France for the return of her ancient sovereigns are manifest on all sides."

Macdonald replied, "The Emperor holds the crown from the French nation. He resigns it for the purpose of obtaining general peace. The Allied Sovereigns having declared that he is the only obstacle to peace, he does not hesitate to sacrifice himself when the interests of his country are concerned. But if they deny him the right of abdicating in favor of his son, great misfortunes may result therefrom. The army, entirely devoted to its chief, is still ready to shed the last drop of its blood in support of the rights of its sovereign."

A smile of disdain, accompanied with whisperings, followed this declaration, as the Allies perceived that Macdonald was unaware how entirely Napoleon's position was uncovered. Just at that moment Marmont entered the room with his head erect and a smile upon his features.

He was received with shaking of hands and congratulations. The discussion was again resumed. Pozzo di Borgo, the aid of Bernadotte, inveighed loudly against the regency. He foolishly hoped to gain for his traitorous master the throne of France.*

"As long," said he, "as the name of Napoleon weighs from the throne upon the imagination of Europe, Europe will not consider itself satisfied or delivered. It will always see in the government of the son the threatening soul of the father. If he is present, nothing will restrain his genius, impatient of action and of adventures. The allied armies will have no sooner returned into their respective countries than ambition will inflame the mind of this man. Again he will

* Pozzo di Borgo was a Corsican. He was a strong partisan of the Bourbons, and joined the English in their attack upon his native island. As Napoleon adopted the cause of popular rights, Borgo became his implacable enemy. He took refuge in London, and joined with intense zeal those who were conspiring against the popular government of France. Though a man of dissolute habits, his elegant manners and his zeal for royalty secured for him the familiarity and esteem of the English and Continental aristocracy. Entering the Russian service, he had been employed by Alexander at the court of Bernadotte. "He knew," says Lamartine, "that he flattered, in secret, the inclinations of his master, the intrigues of M. de Talleyrand, the vengeance of the court of London, and the resentment of the aristocracy of Vienna, in speaking against the half measure of the regency."

summon to the field his country, speedily restored from its disasters, and once more it will be necessary to repeat over him those victories, so dearly purchased by the treasures and the blood of the human race. If banished far from France, his counsels will cross the sea, and his lieutenants and his ministers will seize upon the regency. To allow the Empire to survive the Emperor, this is not to extinguish the incendiary fire of Europe, but to cover it with treacherous ashes, under which will smoulder a new conflagration. Victory made Napoleon. Victory unmade him. Let the Empire fall with the man who made it."

These sentiments were too obviously true to be denied. The government of Napoleon was the government of popular rights. The Allies were deluging Europe in blood to sustain aristocratic privilege. These two hostile principles of government could not live side by side. Even the genius of Napoleon, tasked to its utmost, could not reconcile them. He has drawn upon himself insane abuse, even from the sincere lovers of liberty, for his humane endeavor, by a compromise, to rescue Europe from those bloody wars with which combined despots assailed the dreaded spirit of republicanism.

"There are," said Talleyrand, "but two principles now at issue in the world—legitimacy and chance." By *chance*, he meant the suffrages of the people—popular rights. But it was not prudent to call things by their right names. "Legitimacy," he continued, "is a recovered right. If Europe wishes to escape revolution, she should attach herself to legitimacy. There are but two things possible in this case; either Napoleon or Louis XVIII. The Emperor Napoleon can have no other successor than a legitimate king. He is the first of soldiers. After him, there is not one man in France, or in the world, who could make ten men march in his cause. Every thing that is not Napoleon or Louis XVIII. is an intrigue."

Thus contemptuously was the name of Bernadotte flung aside.

The defection of the camp at Essonne, which was the advance-guard of the army at Fontainebleau, placed Napoleon entirely at the mercy of the Allies. A corps of the Russian army had already been echeloned from Paris to Essonne, and covered all that bank of the Seine. Napoleon was now apparently helpless, and the Allies triumphantly demanded absolute and unconditional abdication. It was clear that Napoleon was ruined, and, even while the discussion was going on, many, anxious to escape from a falling cause, were sending in their adherence to the Allies.

The French commissioners, having received this peremptory demand for the unconditional abdication of Napoleon, now retired in consternation to watch over the personal security of the Emperor, for he was in imminent danger of being taken captive.

"Who," said Caulaincourt, in tones of anguish, "can be the bearer of this fresh blow to the Emperor?"

"You," answered Ney, with tearful eyes. "You are the friend of his heart, and can, better than any other, soften the bitterness of this news. For my part, I have no courage but in the presence of an enemy. I can never, never go and say coldly to him—" His voice choked with emotion, and he could say no more.

There was a moment of profound silence, during which neither of the three could utter one word. Macdonald then taking the hand of Caulaincourt pressed it with affection, and said,

"It is a sorrowful, a most sorrowful mission; but you alone can fulfill it to the Emperor, for you possess his entire confidence."

Caulaincourt departed. He was so entirely absorbed in painful thought that he became quite unconscious of the lapse of time, and was struck with astonishment when the carriage entered the court-yard of Fontainebleau. For a time he was so transfixed with grief and despair, that he could not leave his seat.

"Was I, then," says Caulaincourt, "destined only to approach the Emperor to give him torture? I revolted at the misery of my destiny, which forced upon me the office of inflicting pain on him whom with my blood I would have ransomed from suffering. I sprang from the carriage, and reached the cabinet of the Emperor almost running. I know not how it happened that there was no one there to announce me. I opened the door. 'Sire, it is Caulaincourt,' said I, and I entered."

Napoleon was seated at a window looking out upon the gardens. His pallid countenance and disordered dress indicated that he had passed the night without seeking any repose. Caulaincourt hesitated to commence his dreadful message. The Emperor broke the silence, by saying, with an evident effort to be calm,

"The defection of Essonne has served as an excuse for new pretensions; is it not so? Now that I am abandoned, openly betrayed, there are other conditions. What do they now demand?"

Caulaincourt deliberately narrated the scenes through which he had passed, and the demand of the Allies for an unconditional abdication. The indignation of Napoleon was now roused to the highest pitch. All the gigantic force and energy of his lofty nature burst forth like a volcano. His eyes flashed fire. His face glowed with an almost superhuman expression of intellect and of determination.

"Do these arrogant conquerors suppose," he exclaimed, "that they are masters of France because treason has opened to them the gates of Paris? If a handful of vile conspirators have planned my destruction, the nation has not ratified the infamous deed. I will summon my people around me. Fools! they can not conceive that a man like me only ceases to be formidable when he is laid in the tomb. To-morrow, in one hour, I will shake off the fetters with which they have bound me, and rise, more terrible than ever, at the head of one hundred and thirty thousand warriors.

"Attend to my calculation, Caulaincourt. I have here around me 25,000 men of my guards. Those giants, the terror of the legions of the en-

emy, shall form a nucleus round which I will rally the army of Lyons, 30,000 strong. These, with Grenier's corps of 18,000, just arrived from Italy, Suchet's 15,000, and the 40,000 scattered under the command of Soult, make altogether an army of 130,000 men. I am master of all the strong places in France and Italy, though I know not, as yet, whether they contain aught but felons and traitors. I am again upon my feet," said he, raising his head proudly, "assisted by this same sword which has opened to me every capital in Europe. I am still the chief of the bravest army in the whole world—of those French battalions of which no portion has suffered a defeat. I will exhort them to the defense of their country by the principles and in the name of liberty. Above my eagles shall be inscribed, 'Independence and our country!' and my eagles will again be terrible. If the chiefs of the army, who owe their splendor to my conquests, wish for repose, let them retire. I will find among those who now wear worsted epaulets men fit to be generals and marshals. A road that is closed against couriers will soon open before 50,000 men."

As the Emperor uttered these vehement words he strode rapidly up and down the apartment. Suddenly he stopped, and, turning to Caulaincourt, said,

"Write to Ney and Macdonald to return directly. I renounce all negotiation. The Allies have rejected the personal sacrifice which I imposed upon myself for the sake of purchasing the peace and the repose of France. They have insolently refused my abdication, and I retract it. I will prepare for the conflict. My place is marked out above or below the surface of a field of battle. May the French blood which is again about to flow fall upon the wretches who wish the ruin of their country!"

Caulaincourt, contemplating with pain the intense excitement into which the Emperor was plunged, and conscious of the inutility, at that moment, of attempting a calm and dispassionate discussion, bowed to the Emperor, and asked leave to retire.

"We are one, Caulaincourt," said the Emperor, kindly. "Our misfortunes are great. Go and take some repose. There is, henceforth, none for me. The night will perhaps enlighten me."

In unutterable anguish Caulaincourt retired to his room and threw himself upon his bed. He knew that though the Emperor might prolong the bloody struggle his situation was desperate. Already armies containing six hundred thousand foreigners covered the soil of France. Reserves which would more than double the number were collected on the frontiers, waiting but the signal to pour themselves into the doomed republican empire. Rebellion was in the heart of France. The new government welcomed all who would abandon Napoleon and give in their adhesion. There was now a general rush of the high functionaries to Paris to obtain situations under the new dynasty. Still the Allies stood in terror of Napoleon. They knew that the masses of the people were all in his favor, and they dreaded one of those bold movements which more than once had astonished Europe. Foreign troops now occupied all the avenues around Fontainebleau. Napoleon was inclosed in a vast net. At one signal two hundred thousand men could spring upon the little band which still guarded him. But the formidable name of the Emperor still kept the Allies at a respectful distance.

The next day Caulaincourt again saw the Emperor, and informed him of the fearful peril in which he was placed. He endeavored to dissuade him from any attempt to extricate himself by force, representing the extreme danger of such a step to the country, the army, and himself.

"Dangers!" exclaimed the Emperor; "I do not fear them! A useless life is a heavy burden. I can not long support it. But before involving others I wish to question them as to their opinion respecting this desperate resolve. If my cause, if the cause of my family, is no longer the cause of France, then I can decide. Call around me the marshals and generals who still remain. I will be guided by their opinion."

The generals and the marshals, dejected and embarrassed, were soon assembled. "I have offered my abdication," said Napoleon, "but the Allies now impose upon me the abdication of my family. They wish me to depose my wife, my son, and all who belong to my family. Will you allow it? I have the means of cutting my way through the lines that surround me. I can traverse and arouse the whole of France. I can repair to the Alps, rejoin Augereau, rally Soult, recall Suchet, and, reaching Eugene in Lombardy, pass into Italy, and there found, with you, a new empire, a new throne, and new fortunes for my companions, until the voice of France shall recall us to our country. Will you follow me?"

"I listened," says Caulaincourt, "to the Emperor's noble and dignified appeal to the hearts, to the honor of his ancient lieutenants. But those hearts remained cold. They opposed the interests of France; a useless civil war; and the country ravaged by invasion. But they found no word of sympathy for the frightful misfortune which fell upon the benefactor, the sovereign who during twenty years had been the glory of France."

Caulaincourt, unable to repress his emotions, was about to leave the apartment. As he rose, the Emperor caught his eye and understood the movement. "Stop, Caulaincourt," said he; then, taking his seat at the table, he rapidly wrote,

"April 6, 1814.

"The Allied Sovereigns having declared that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of a general peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the throne of France and Italy; and that there is no personal sacrifice, not even that of life itself, which he is not willing to make for the interests of France."

Having placed this important paper in the hands of Caulaincourt, as the basis of new negotiations, he calmly and proudly turned to his generals, and said, "Gentlemen, I wish to be alone." When all had left but Caulaincourt, he added,

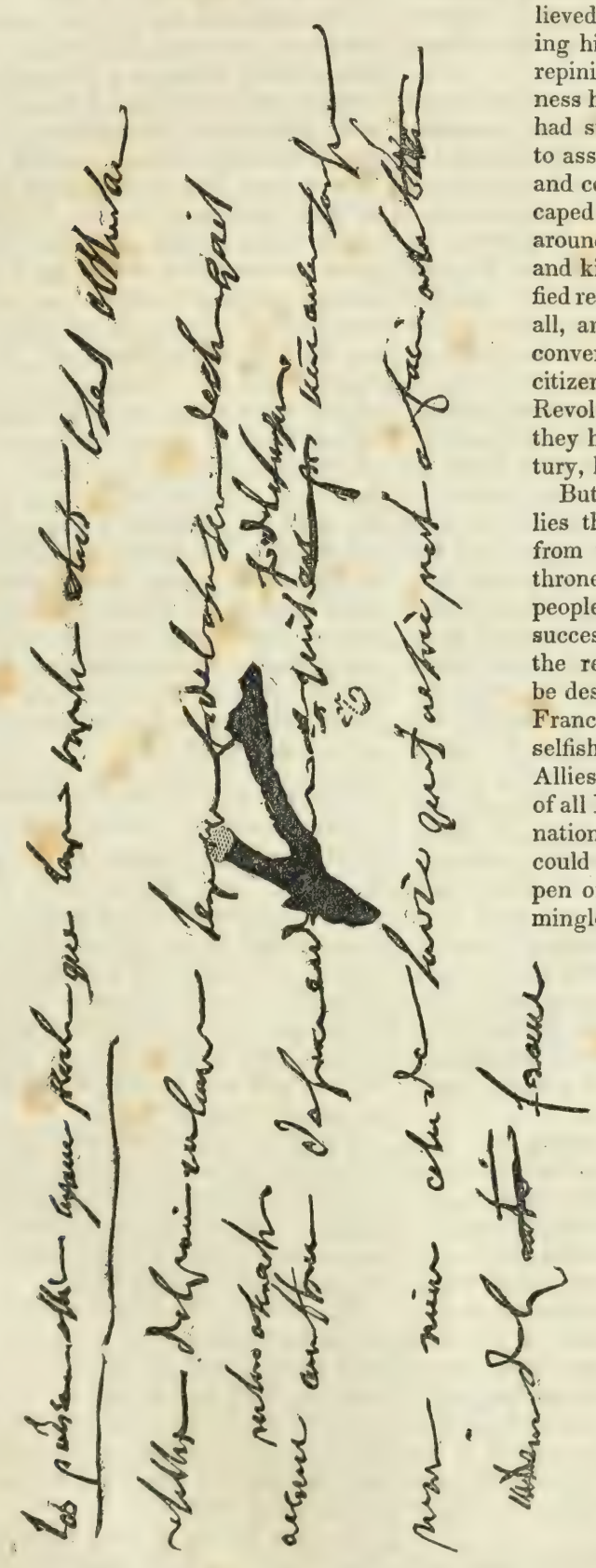
"These men have neither heart nor conscience I am less conquered by fortune than by the egotism and ingratitude of my brothers in arms. This is hideous. Now all is consummated. Leave me, my friend."

"I shall never," says Caulaincourt, "forget these scenes at Fontainebleau. There is nothing in history to be compared with these last convulsions of the French empire, to the torture of its chief, to the agony of its hours, its days. Never did the Emperor appear to me so truly great."

The tortures of suspense being now removed, the heart of Napoleon seemed relieved of an enormous load. Allowing himself to indulge in no useless repinings, with dignity and gracefulness he submitted to his destiny. He had sufficient self-command at least to assume the aspect of cheerfulness and contentment. No reproaches escaped his lips, and he addressed all around him only in tones of benignity and kindness. The noble and dignified resignation he displayed surprised all, and won their admiration. He conversed familiarly, and as a private citizen, respecting the events of the Revolution and of the Empire, as if they had been matters of a past century, having no reference to himself.

But it was not enough for the Allies that they had driven Napoleon from the throne. He was still enthroned in the hearts of the French people. It was essential to the final success of the cause of the Allies that the reputation of Napoleon should be destroyed, and that the people of France should look upon him as a selfish and merciless monster The Allies had now the control of the press of all Europe. They could deluge the nations with libels to which Napoleon could make no possible reply. The pen of Chateaubriand was dipped in mingled venom and gall for the accomplishment of this crime. His world-renowned pamphlet on "Bonaparte and the Bourbons," was the most cold, merciless, infamous assassination of character history has recorded. There is no historian who assails Napoleon with more acrimony than Lamartine; and yet even he speaks of this atrocious work in the following terms:

"M. Chateaubriand, the first writer of the day, did not preserve either his genius or his conscience from the outpouring of insults and calumnies upon a great but a fallen name. He had written a severe pamphlet against the Emperor and in favor of the restoration of the



6 Avril, 1814.
Les puissances alliées ayant proclamé que l'Empereur Napoleon était le seul obstacle au retablissement de la paix en Europe, l'Empereur, fidèle à son serment, declare qu'il renonce pour lui et ses enfans, aux trônes de France et d'Italie, et qu'il n'est aucun sacrifice, même celui de la vie, qu'il ne soit prêt à faire aux intérêts de la France.

Bourbons, in which he dragged his name through the blood and the charnel-houses of time. He himself performed in it the office of hangman to the reign of the Emperor. He had formerly praised him, even by sacred comparisons, with the heroes of the Bible. After the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, the enthusiasm of the writer, which had changed into contempt, had placed him in a secret but cautious opposition. He called himself proscribed and persecuted; yet he never was proscribed, except by imperial favors; nor persecuted, except by the affected contempt of his master.

"However this may have been, he bore about him for several months his unedited pamphlet, as the sword which was to give the last blow to the tyrant. This pamphlet, printed in the night, and delivered in fragments to the journals, inundated Paris in the morning, and very shortly all France, with maledictions against the Emperor and the Empire. Napoleon was there painted in the traits of the modern Attila, and with the features, still more hideous, of a hangman, effecting, with his own hands, the executions in which he delighted. He was represented at Fontainebleau, torturing the conscience of Pius VII., and dragging the pontiff, by his white locks, on the flags of his prison—a martyr at once to his complaisance for, and resistance of, the crowned upstart. M. de Chateaubriand opened all the dungeons to indicate therein to the people, with his finger, the tortures, the gags, the pretended silent assassination of victims. He raked up all the ashes, from that of Pichegru down to the plague-hospital at Jaffa, to drag from out of the long-buried mass accusations, suspicions, and crimes. It was the bitter speech of the public prosecutor of humanity and of liberty, written by the hand of the Furies, against the great culprit of the age. He did not spare his enemy even those vile accusations of sordid avarice and of peculation which penetrate the deepest, and tarnish the most, in the vulgar and venal souls of the multitude. Robbery, cowardice, cruelty, sword, poison, every thing served as a weapon to stab that fame he wished to extinguish. This book, issued leaf by leaf to the public during several days, was the more terrible, inasmuch as it succeeded the long silence of a mute opposition.

"M. de Chateaubriand, in putting forth this character of Napoleon as food for the wickedness of the people, and a homage to the royalist party, was guilty of an action which no political passion can excuse — the annihilation of a reign by poisoned weapons. But this wicked action, praised at the time because the time required it, was repudiated at a later period by the conscience of the age, though it contributed powerfully then to render the Empire unpopular. When M. de Chateaubriand presented himself to Louis XVIII. to receive his reward in the shape of favors from the new monarchy, the Prince said to him, '*Your book has been worth an army to my cause!*'"

Thus far the Allies have had it all their own way. They have been accuser, counsel, jury, judge, and executioner. They have also reported the trial and written the biography. But now, after the silence of thirty years, the spirit of Napoleon emerges from its tomb beneath the dome of the Invalides, and, turning to a new nation of twenty-five millions of freemen, solicits another trial. Calmly, yet firmly, these freemen insist that he shall not be defrauded of that right.

Under the influence of these representations of Chateaubriand, which were universally prevalent thirty years ago, Dr. William Ellery Channing—whose name, as a philosopher, a philanthropist, and a Christian, I can not mention but with affection and admiration—wrote his celebrated comments upon the career of Napoleon. He was fresh from the reading of the reiteration of those sentiments by Sir Walter Scott—of whose "Life of Napoleon" Dr. Channing's eloquent treatise was a review—and assumed that the statements of Chateaubriand and Sir Walter were correct. It was the misfortune of the age, not the fault of the individual. It is currently reported that Dr. Channing's views upon this subject were much modified before his death. Indeed, there is no intelligent man who thinks of Napoleon now as he thought of him thirty years ago. The writer of these pages, in that day, read Dr. Channing's pages with approval and delight. But we are very certain that, with the light of the present time, the candid and generous mind of Dr. Channing, ever appreciating greatness and loving goodness, would have been among the first to acknowledge the magnanimity and the virtues of that great man, who even now stands without a rival in the hearts of the masses of the people in all lands.

STUDIES FOR A PICTURE OF VENICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REVERIES OF A BACHELOR."

I AM living in a garden, in the middle of the water. Old arbors, made from trellised poles, which are blackened with storms and with years, stretch down through the centre of this garden, and are covered over with the interlacing limbs of Lombard grape-vines. At the end of this arbor-walk—not, it is true, very long, but neatly graveled and cleanly kept—is a low pavilion, with an embowed window, which looks out upon the Grand Canal of Venice.

A painting of some Venetian artist, who lived before the garden was planted, hangs upon the wall of the pavilion, and receives a light, on one side subdued by the jutting fragments of a ruined palace, and on the other reflected brightly from the green surface of the water.

The pavilion is built in the angle of those palace walls which inclose the garden, and which were never raised to their full height. They offer, in their broken and half-ruined state, a mournful commentary upon the life of that dissolute republic which ended suddenly a half century ago: since which time no stone has been added to the palace walls.

An iron paling, of flash appearance, swings where the palace doors should have hung. The

windows are filled up with mortar and brick, save the one where my pavilion looks out upon the water. The huge lion heads that stand out here and there along the foundation stones, are grim with the sea-weed which the salt tide feeds; and what should have been the court of the palace is given up to the culture of a few sour grapes of Lombardy, and to the morning strolls of a stranger from a republic beyond the ocean.

From the pavilion window, I can count the old homes of five Doges and of twenty noble Venetian families; but there is no family of either Doge or noble in any of them now. Two of the grandest are turned into lodging-houses for strangers; the upper balcony—a richly-wrought marble balcony—of the palace of the most noble Ducal family of the Justiniani, is now decorated with the black and white sign-board of my late host, Monsieur Marseille, keeper of the *Hôtel de l'Europe!*

Another grand pile, which rises just opposite to me, is filled with the degenerate officials of the mouldering municipality of Venice. I see them day by day sauntering idly at the windows, or strutting with vain importance in the corridors which a century ago echoed the steps of very noble and very corrupt women. Still others bear over the rich sculptured cornices of their doors, among the marble masks and flowers, the painted double-headed eagle of the Emperor Francis; and the men I see moving with a stealthy pace over the marble stairs, are miserable Italian hirelings, who wear the livery, reverence the power, and chant the praises of their Austrian master.

All day long the gondolas glide back and forth over the green water of the canal; so near, that I can distinguish faces under the sombre canopies of the boats, and admire the neatly-gloved hands of ladies, or the martial air of our military rulers. At night, too, when I choose to linger with the blinds unclosed, I can see the lights trailing from far down by the Square of St. Mark, when no sound of the oars is heard; and can watch their growing glimmer, and presently hear the distant ripple, and see the lanterns shining brighter and brighter, and hear the oar dip nearer and nearer, until, with a dash, a blaze, and a shadow of black, they pass.

The bay window of my pavilion, jutting from the palace ruin, has marble steps leading down to the water. At ten o'clock of the morning, if the sun is bright, my gondolier, Guiseppe, is moored at one of the lions' heads, in his black boat. A half hour's easy sail along the path of the Grand Canal, will set me down at the foot of the Rialto.

A score of palaces fling their shadows across the way. I pass over, between the Rialto and the garden court; and a score more, which catch the sun upon their fronts, reflect it dazzlingly. But, apart from the life which the sun and the water lend to them, they have all a dead look. The foundations are swayed and cracked. Gloomy-looking shutters of rough boards close up the window-openings of sculptured marble. Newly-washed linen is hung out to dry upon the palace balconies.

Even the scattered noble families which retain the larger piles of buildings are too poor and powerless to arrest the growing decay, or to keep up any show of state. A black cockade upon the hat of their gondolier, with a faded crimson waistcoat for livery, and a box at the Fenice Theatre, make up the only ostensible signs of a vain rank and of an expiring fortune.

If the whim or the business of the morning lead me in an opposite direction, a few strokes of the oar will carry my gondola under the shadow of those two granite columns which belong to every picture of Venice, and which are crowned with the winged lion of St. Mark, and the patron saint Theodore. Here is the gathering-place of all strangers and loiterers; and one may wander at will under the arcades of the Ducal Palace, or over the billowy floor of the cathedral church.

But there is a tramping of feet in this neighborhood, and an active commerce in flowers and oranges, and a business-like effrontery in lame old men, who serve as *valets-de-place*, that fatigues me, that seems altogether out of keeping with the proper gloom, and mould, and sloth of the dying city.

My more frequent excursions are in another quarter. Traversing the garden arbor of which I have spoken, and passing through the corridor of the house which skirts the garden, I find myself upon the edge of a narrow canal, shaded by crumbling houses, which are inhabited by a ghost-like people, whom you see gliding in and out only in the gray of the morning or at twilight.

The narrow canal has a foot-way by its side, along which passes an occasional bawling fish-merchant, who carries his stock in a small willow crate upon his cap; cold-looking, lean women, with shawls drawn over their heads, and stooping and slip-shod, sometimes shuffle along the path, with cabbages under their arms, and disappear down one of the dark courts which open on the canal.

I think there must be a school in the neighborhood, for not unfrequently a bevy of boys (a very rare sight in Venice) pass along under my window, under the eye of a broad-hatted priest, in a broad black coat. But the boys, I have observed, are sallow-faced; and have a withered, mature look, as if they had grown old before their time. They seem to have inherited a part of the decay which belongs to the desolate city; their laugh, as it comes to my ear, is very hollow and vague, with none of the rollicking glee in it which is bred of green fields and sunshine.

A funeral, on the contrary—when it passes, as it sometimes has done, after twilight, with priests in white capes, and candles flaunting a yellow, sickly light upon the still water of the canal—seems to agree with the place and with the people. The sight does not shock, as it does in cities which are alive with action or with sunshine; but, like a burst of laughter at a feast, the monotonous funeral chant chimes with the mournful

habit of the place, and death seems only to be a louder echo of their life.

A little distance away, there is a bridge which crosses this canal; a narrow alley, I find, at its end, conducts through slumberous houses to a narrow quay and a broad sheet of water. Beyond the water lies the island of Giudeca, between which and the quay I am upon lie moored the greater part of those sea-going craft which supply now all the needs of the port of Venice.

Here are quaint vessels from Chioggia, at the other end of the Lagoon, which have not changed their fashion in a hundred years. They have the same high peak and stern which they had in the days of the Doges; and a painted Virgin at the bow is a constant prayer against peril. Here are clumsy feluccas from Crete and the Ionian islands, with Greek sailors half-clad, who have the same nut-brown faces and lithe limbs you see in old pictures.

To the westward, the canal of the Giudeca stretches, dividing its island from the body of the city, and then losing itself in the wide, lazy sweep of the Lagoon, where you see little isles with tall bell-towers, and scattered lateen-rigged vessels, and square-armed colliers from England, and low-lying fields of rushes—all alike seeming to float on the surface of the water.

When the sun is setting, you can not imagine the witching beauty of this scene: the blue mountains of Treviso rise from the distant edge of the Lagoon in sharp, pyramidal forms; they grow less and less in size as they sweep to the south, till finally, where the smooth water makes the horizon-line, you can see, five miles away, the trees of the last shore, seeming to rise from the sea, and standing with all their lines firmly and darkly drawn against a bright orange sky.

From this quay—a favorite walk of mine—as from a vessel on the ocean, I see the sun dying each night in the water. Add only to what I have said of the view a warm, purple glow to the whole western half of the heavens—the long shadow of a ship in the middle distance, and the sound of a hundred sweet-toned vesper bells ringing from out all the towers of Venice, and floating, and mellowing, and dying along the placid surface of the sea—and you will have some notion of a quiet Venetian evening.

Upon the bridges which spring with a light marble arch across the side canals are grouped the figures of loitering gondoliers. Their shaggy brown coats, with pointed hoods, their tasseled caps, their crimson neck-ties, and their attitudes of a lazy grace, as they lean against the light stone balustrades, are all in happy keeping with the scene. A marching company of priests, two by two, with their broad hats nearly touching, sometimes passes me; and their waving black cloaks stir the air, like the wings of ill-omened birds. A lean beggar, who has been sunning himself throughout the day in the lee of a palace wall, steals out cautiously, as he sees me approach, and doffs his cap, and thrusts forward his hand, with a cringing side-cast of the head, making an inimitable pantomime of entreaty; and a coin so small that I am ashamed to name it brings a melodious *benedetto* on my head.

I have come, indeed, to know every face which makes its appearance along the quay of the Giudeca. A beetle-browed man, with ragged children and a slatternly wife, has lost all my sympathy by his perverse constancy in begging and in asking blessings. A dog in an upper balcony, which barked at me obstreporously on the first week of my appearance, subdued it to a low growl after a fortnight, and now he makes only an inquiring thrust of his nose through the balcony bars, and, having scented an old acquaintance, retires with quiet gravity.

Most of all, I have remarked an old gentleman, whom I scarce ever fail to meet at about the vesper hour, in a long brown overcoat, of an antique fashion, and wearing a hat which must have been the mode at least forty years ago. His constant companion is a young woman, with a very sweet, pale face, who clings timidly to his arm; and who, like her protector, is clad always in a sober-colored dress of an old date. Her features are very delicate, and her hair, like that of all the Venetian women, singularly beautiful. There is no look of likeness between them, or I should have taken them for father and daughter. They seem to talk but little together; and I have sometimes thought that the poor girl might be the victim of one of those savage marriages of Europe, by which beauty and youth is frequently tied, for some reasons of family or property, to decrepitude and age.

Yet the old gentleman has a very firm step, and a proud look of the eye, which he keeps fixed steadfastly before him, scarce deigning to notice any passer-by. The girl, too, or perhaps I should rather say the woman, seems struggling to maintain the same indifference with the old gentleman; and all her side-looks are very furtive and subdued.

They walk rapidly, and always disappear down a narrow court which is by the further bridge of the quay, and which leads into a mouldering quarter of the city. They speak to no one; they do not even salute, so far as I have seen, a single one of the parish priests who glide back and forth upon the walk by the Giudeca. Once only, a gondolier, with a flimsy black cockade, who was loitering at the door of a wine-shop, lifted his hat as they passed in a very respectful manner; but neither man or woman seemed to acknowledge the salutation.

The steadfast look of the old gentleman, and the clinging hold of the young woman upon his arm, have once or twice induced me to believe him blind. But his assured step upon the uneven surface of the stones, and the readiness with which he meets the stairs of the successive bridges, have satisfied me that it can not be.

I am quite sure there is some mystery about the couple—some old family story, perhaps, of wrong or of crime, which, in its small way, might throw a light upon the tyranny or the license which contributed to the wreck of the Venetian State. I have hinted as much to my professor

of languages—who is a wiry little man, with ferret eyes—and who has promised to clear up whatever mystery may lie in the matter.

I shall hardly see him, however, again—being now Christmas time—for a week to come.

The Christmas season drags heavily at Venice. The people may possibly be good Christians, but they are certainly not cheerful ones. The air, indeed, has a Christmas-like cold in its breath; but there is no cheer of blazing fires to quicken one's thankfulness, and to crackle a Christmas prayer for the bounties of the year.

The pinched old women steal through the dim and narrow pass-ways, with little earthen pots of live coals—the only fire which ever blesses their dismal homes. No frost lies along the fields with a silvery white coat, stiffening the grass tips, and making eyes sparkle and cheeks tingle; but the Venetian winter overtakes you adrift; cutting you through with cold winds, that howl among the ancient houses; dampening every blast with the always present water; and bringing cold tokens from the land-winter, in huge ice-cakes, which float wide and drearily down the Lagoon.

There are no Christmas songs, and no Christmas trees. Only the churches light up their chilly vaults with a sickly blaze of candles; and the devout poor ones, finding comfort in the air softened by the burning of incense, kneel down for hours together. The dust rests thickly on the tombs of nobles and of Doges, who lie in the churches; dark pictures of Tintoretto stare at you from behind the altars; the monotone of a chant rises in a distant corner; beggars, with filthy blankets drawn over their heads, thrust their meagre hands at you; and a chill dampness cleaves to you until you go out into the sunlight again.

One bright streak of this sunshine lies all day long upon the *Riva*,* which stretches from the Ducal Palace to the arsenal. Here is always gathered a motley throng of soldiers, of jugglers, of Punch-players, and of the picturesque Turkish and Cretan sailors. Jostling through this crowd, and passing the southern arcade of the Palace, you meet at mid-afternoon of the Christmas season with troops of ladies, who lounge up and down over the square of St. Mark's, in a kind of solemn saunter, that I am sure can be seen no where else. Gone-by fashions of Paris flame upon the heads of pale-cheeked women, and weazen-faced old men struggle through the mass, with anxious and doubting daughters clinging close to their arms.

The officers of the occupying army stride haughtily upon the place, eying with insolence whatever of beauty is to be seen, and showing by every look and gesture that they are the masters, and the others the menials.

I was looking on this strange grouping of people not long ago, upon a festal day of the Christmas season, when my eye fell upon the old gentleman whom I had been accustomed to see upon the quiet *Riva* of the Zattere across the Grand Canal. His pretty meek-faced companion was beside him. They paced up and down with the same calm, dispassionate faces, there in the eye of St. Mark's and of the crowd, which they had worn in the view of the Lagoon and of the silent, solemn sunsets.

It is true they had now gala dresses; but so old, so quaint, that they seemed to belong, as they really did, to an age gone by. The old gentleman wore a bell-shaped hat, such as one sees in the pictures of the close of the last century, and its material was not of the shiny, silky substance of the present day, but of rich beaver. The lady, too, showed a face delicate as before, but set off with a coiffure so long gone by that its very age relieved it from oddity, and made me think I was looking at some sweet picture of a half century ago. The richest of that old Venetian lace, which provokes always the covetousness of traveling ladies, belonged to her costume, and agreed charmingly with her quiet manner, and with the forlorn air which hung a pleasing mystery about the couple.

I could not observe that they seemed nearer to friends or to kin in the middle of the crowd than upon the silent quay of the Zattere, where I had so often seen them before. They appeared to be taking their gala walk in memory of old days, utterly neglectful of all around them, and living, as it were, an interior life, sustained only by association, and which clung to the gaunt shadow of the Campanile, and to the brilliant front of San Marco, with a loving and a pious fondness.

It is not to be wondered at, indeed, that those of old Venetian blood should cherish vain and proud regrets. They are living in the shadows of a great past. An inferior race of creatures occupy the places of the rich and the powerful. The very griffins mock at them from the sculptured walls, and every where what is new is dwarfed by contrast with the old.

I followed the old gentleman after a while into the church of St. Mark. He walked reverently through the vestibule, and put on a religious air that startled me. Passing in at the central door, and slipping softly over the wavy floor of mosaics, he knelt, with his companion, at that little altar of the Virgin upon the left, where the lights are always burning. They both bowed low, and showed a fervor of devotion which is but rarely seen in either Protestant or Popish churches.

I felt sure that a great grief of some kind rested on them, and I hoped with all my heart that the Virgin might heal it. Presently they raised their heads together, as if their prayers had been in concert; they crossed themselves; the old gentleman, as he rose, cast a look of mournful admiration over the golden ceiling, and into the obscure depths of the vaulted temple, beckoned his companion, and turned to pass out.

There was something inexpressibly touching in the manner of both, as they went through the final form of devotion, at the doorway. It seemed to me that they saw, in this temple hallowed by religion, the liveliest traces of the ancient Venetian grandeur; here, indeed, are the only monu-

* A Venetian term for quay.

uments of the past Venetian splendor which are still consecrated to their old service. The Palace has passed into the keeping of strangers, and idle soldiers, talking a new language, saunter under the arcades; the basins of the Arsenal are occupied by a few disabled vessels of foreign build; but in the churches the same God is worshiped, the same prayers are said, and the same saints rule, from among the urns of the fathers, the devotions of the children.

I could not forbear following the old gentleman and his companion, at a respectful distance, through the neighboring alleys. They seemed to glide along before me like some spectral inhabitants of the ancient city, who had gloried in its splendor, and who had come back to mourn over its decay. Without a thought of tracing them to their home, and indeed without any distinctness of intent, save only the chase of a phantom thought, I followed them through alley after alley. The paving stones were damp and dark; the cornices of the houses almost met overhead. The murmur of the voices upon the Square of St. Mark's died away in the distance. The echoes of a few scattered foot-falls alone broke the silence.

Sometimes I lost sight of them at an angle of the narrow street, and presently came again in full view of the old gentleman, resolutely striding on. I can not tell how far it was from St. Mark's, when they stopped at a tall doorway in the Calle Justiniana. I had passed that way before, and had remarked an ancient bronze knocker which hung upon the door, of rich Venetian sculpture. I had even entertained the sacrilegious thought of negotiating with the porter, or whoever might be the owner, for its purchase.

A shrill voice from above responded to the summons of the old gentleman, and with a click the latch flew back and the door stood ajar. I came up in time to catch a glimpse of the little square court within. It was like that of most of the old houses of Venice. A cistern curbing, richly wrought out of a single block of Istrian marble, stood in the centre, set off with grotesque heads of cherubs and of saints. The paving stones were green and mossy, save one narrow pathway, which led over them to the cistern. The stairway, upon one side of the court, was high and steep; the balustrade was adorned with battered figures of lions' heads and of griffins; at the landing-place was an open balcony, from which lofty windows, with the rich, pointed Venetian tops, opened upon the principal suit of the house. But all of these were closed with rough board shutters, here and there slanting from their hinges, and showing broken panes of glass, and the disorder of a neglected apartment. A fragment of a faded fresco still flamed within the balcony between the windows.

Only upon the floor above was there any sign of life. There I caught a glimpse of a white curtain, a cat dozing in a half-opened window, and of a pot of flowers.

I conjectured how it was: proud birth and poverty were joined in the old man. The great halls of the house, which were once festive, were utterly deserted. The sun, which reached only to the upper rooms, brought a little warmth with it. No fire was made to drive away the damps below.

A few pictures, it may be, remained upon the walls of the closed rooms, the work of esteemed artists, showing forth some scene of battle or of state, in which the founders of the house had reaped honors from the Republic. But the richly carved tables and quaint old chairs, had, I did not doubt, slipped away one by one to some Jew furniture-vender living near, who had preyed with fawning and with profit upon the old gentleman's humbled condition.

The daughter, too—if indeed the young woman were his daughter—had, I doubted not, slipped old fragments of Venetian lace into her reticule, on days of bitter cold or of casual illness, to exchange against some little comfort for the old gentleman.

I knew, indeed, that in this way much of the rich cabinet-work, for which the Venetian artisans were so famous two hundred years ago, had gone to supply the modern palaces of Russian nobles by Moscow and Novogorod.

Old time friendships, I knew, too often went to wreck in the midst of such destitution; and there are those of ancient lineage living in Venice very lonely and deserted, only because their pride forbids that a friend should witness the extent of their poverty. Yet even these make some exterior show of dignity; they put black cockades upon the hats of their servants, or, by a little judicious management, they make their solitary fag of all work do duty in a faded livery at the stern of a gondola. They have, moreover, many of them, their little remnants of country property, in the neighborhood of Oderzo or Padua, where they go to economize the summer months, and balance a carnival season at the Fenice, by living upon vegetable diet, and wearing out the faded finery of the winter.

But the old gentleman about whom I now felt myself entertaining a deep concern, seemed to be even more friendless and pitiable than these. He appeared to commune only with the phantoms of the past; and I must say that I admired his noble indifference to the degenerate outcasts around him.

My ferret-eyed Professor made his appearance toward the close of the Christmas week, in a very hilarious humor. He is one of those happily-constituted creatures who never thinks of to-morrow, if only his dinner of to-day is secured. I had contributed to his cheer by inviting him to a quiet lunch (if quiet can be predicated of a bustling Italian Osteria) in the eating-rooms of the Vapore. I had a hope of learning something from him in respect to the old gentleman of the Zattere.

I recalled my former mention of him, and ordered a pint of Covegliano, which is a fiery little wine of a very communicative and cheerful aroma.

"*Benissimo*," said the Professor, but whether

of the wine or of the subject of my inquiry I could not tell.

I related to him what I had seen in the Christmas time upon the Place, and described the parties more fully.

The Professor was on the alert.

I mentioned that I had traced them to a certain tall doorway he might remember in the Calle Justiniana.

"*Lo cognosco*," said the Professor, twinkling his eye. "It is the *Signor Nobile Pesaro:* poor gentleman!" and he touched his temple significantly, as if the old noble had a failing in his mind.

"And the lady?" said I.

"*Sua figluola*," said he, filling his glass, after which he waved his forefinger back and forth in an expressive manner, as much as to say, "poor girl, her fate is hard."

With that he filled his glass again, and told me this story of the Count Pesaro and his daughter.

STORY OF THE COUNT PESARO AND HIS DAUGHTER.

I.

Pesaro was once a very great name in Venice. There was in former times a Doge Pesaro, and there were high ministers of state, and embassadors to foreign courts belonging to the house. In the old church of the Frari, upon the further side of the Grand Canal, is a painting of Titian's, in which a family of Pesaro appears kneeling before the blessed Virgin. A gorgeously-sculptured palace between the Rialto and the Golden House is still known as the Pesaro Palace, but the family which built it, and which dwelt there, has long since lost all claim to its cherubs and griffins; only the crumbling mansion where live the old Count and his daughter now boasts any living remnants of the Pesaro name.

These keep mostly upon the topmost floor of the house, where a little sunshine finds its way, and plays hospitably around the flower-pots which the daughter has arranged upon the ledge of the window. Below, as I had thought, the rooms are dark and dismal. The rich furniture which belonged to them once is gone; only a painting or two, by famous Venetian artists, now hang upon the walls. They are portraits of near relations, and the broken old gentleman, they say, lingers for hours about them in gloomy silence.

So long ago as the middle of the last century the family had become small, and reduced in wealth. The head of the house, however, was an important member of the State, and was suspected (for such things were never *known* in Venice) to have a voice in the terrible Council of Three.

This man, the Count Giovanni Pesaro, whose manner was stern, and whose affections seemed all of them to have become absorbed in the mysteries of the State, was a widower. There were stories that even the Countess in her life-time had fallen under the suspicions of the Council of Inquisition, and that the silent husband either could not or would not guard her from the cruel watch which destroyed her happiness and shortened her days.

She left two sons, Antonio and Enrico. By a rule of the Venetian State not more than one son of a noble family was allowed to marry, except their fortune was great enough to maintain the dignity of a divided household. The loss of Candia and the gaming-tables of the Ridotto had together so far diminished the wealth of the Count Pesaro, that Antonio alone was privileged to choose a bride, and under the advices of a State which exercised a more than fatherly interest in those matters he was very early betrothed to a daughter of the Contarini.

But Antonio wore a careless and dissolute habit of life; he indulged freely in the licentious intrigues of Venice, and showed little respect for the claims which bound him to a noble maiden, whom he had scarce seen.

Enrico, the younger son, destined at one time for the Church, had more caution but far less generosity in his nature, and, covering his dissoluteness under the mask of sanctity, he chafed himself into a bitter jealousy of the brother whose privileges so far exceeded his own. Fra Paolo, his priestly tutor and companion, was a monk of the order of Franciscans, who, like many of the Venetian priesthood in the latter days of the oligarchy, paid little heed to his vows, and used the stole and the mask to conceal the appetites of a debased nature. With his assistance Enrico took a delight in plotting the discomfiture of the secret intrigues of his brother, and in bringing to the ears of the Contarini the scandal attaching to the affianced lover of their noble daughter.

Affairs stood in this wise in the ancient house of Pesaro when (it was in the latter part of the eighteenth century) one of the last royal embassadors of France established himself in a palace near to the church of San Zaccaria, and separated only by a narrow canal from that occupied by the Count Pesaro.

The life of foreign embassadors, and most of all the embassadors of France, was always jealously watched in Venice, and many a householder who was so unfortunate as to live in the neighborhood of an embassador's residence received secret orders to quit his abode, and only found a cause in its speedy occupation by those masked spies of the Republic who passed secretly in and out of the Ducal Palace.

The Inquisition, however, had its own reasons for leaving the Pesaro family undisturbed. Perhaps it was the design of the mysterious powers of the State to embroil the house of Pesaro in criminal correspondence with the envoy of France; perhaps Fra Paolo, who had free access to the Pesaro Palace, was a spy of St. Mark's; or perhaps (men whispered it in trembling) the stern Count Pesaro himself held a place in the awful Council of Three.

The side-canals of Venice are not wide, and looking across, where the jealous Venetian blinds do not forbid the view, one can easily observe the movements of an opposite neighbor. Most of the rooms of the palace of the embassador were carefully screened, but yet the water-door, the grand hall of entrance, and the marble stairway were

fully exposed, and the quick eyes of Antonio and Enrico did not fail to notice a lithe figure, which from day to day glided over the marble steps, or threw its shadow across the marble hall.

Blanche was the only daughter of the embassador, and besides her there remained to him no family. She had just reached that age when the romance of life is strongest; and the music stealing over the water from floating canopies, the masked figures passing like phantoms under the shadow of palaces, and all the license and silence of Venice, created for her a wild, strange charm, both mysterious and dangerous. The very secrecy of Venetian intrigues contrasted favorably to her romantic thought with the brilliant profligacy of the court of Versailles.

Nor were her face or figure such as to pass unnoticed even among the most attractive of the Venetian beauties. The brothers Pesaro, wearied of their jealous strife among the masked *intriguantes* who frequented the tables of the Ridotto, were kindled into wholly new endeavor by a sight of the blooming face of the Western stranger.

The difficulties which hedged all approach, served here (as they always serve) to quicken ingenuity and to multiply resources. The State was jealous of all communication with the families of embassadors; marriage with an alien, on the part of a member of a noble family, was scrupulously forbidden. Antonio was already betrothed to the daughter of a noble house which never failed of means to avenge its wrongs. Enrico, the younger, was in the eye of the State sworn to celibacy and to the service of the Church.

But the bright eyes of Blanche, and the piquancy of her girlish, open look, were stronger than the ties of a forced betrothal, or the mockery of monastic bonds.

Music from unseen musicians stole at night through the narrowed canal where rose the palace of the Pesaro. Flowers from unseen hands were floated at morning upon the marble steps upon which the balconies of the Pesaro Palace looked down; and always the eager and girlish Blanche kept strict watch through the kindly Venetian blinds for the figures which stole by night over the surface of the water, and for the lights which glimmered in the patrician house that stood over against the palace of her father.

A French lady, moreover, brought with her from her own court more liberty for the revels of of the Ducal Palace, and for the sight of the halls of the Ridotto, than belonged to the noble maidens of Venice. It was not strange that the Pesaro brothers followed her thither, or that the gondoliers who attended at the doors of the embassador were accessible to the gold of the Venetian gallants.

In all his other schemes Enrico had sought merely to defeat the intrigues of Antonio, and to gratify by daring and successful gallantries the pride of an offended brother, and of an offcast of the State. But in the pursuit of Blanche there was a new and a livelier impulse. His heart was stirred to a depth that had never before been reached, and to a jealousy of Antonio was now added a defiance of the State, which had shorn him of privilege, and virtually condemned him to an aimless life.

But if Enrico was the more cautious and discreet, Antonio was the more bold and daring. There never was a lady, young or old, French or Venetian, who did not prefer boldness to watchfulness, and audacity to caution. And therefore it was that Enrico, kindled into a new passion which consumed all the old designs of his life, lost ground in contention with the more adventurous approaches of Antonio.

Blanche, with the quick eye of a woman, and from the near windows of the palace of the embassador, saw the admiration of the heirs of the Pesaro house, and looked with the greater favor upon the bolder adventures of Antonio. The watchful looks of Enrico and of the masked Fra Paolo, in the gatherings of the Ducal hall or in the saloons of the Ridotto, were not slow to observe the new and the dangerous favor which the senior heir of the Pesaro name was winning from the stranger lady.

"It is well," said Enrico, as he sat closeted with his saintly adviser in a chamber of the Pesaro Palace, "the State will never permit an heir of a noble house to wed with the daughter of an alien; the Contarini will never admit this stain upon their honor. Let the favor which Blanche of France shows to Antonio be known to the State, and Antonio is—"

"A banished man," said Fra Paolo, softening the danger to the assumed fears of the brother.

"And what then?" pursued Enrico, doubtfully.

"And then the discreet Enrico attains to the rights and privileges of his name."

"And Blanche?"

"You know the law of the State, my son."

"A base law!"

"Not so loud," said the cautious priest; "the law has its exceptions. The embassador is reputed rich. If his wealth could be transferred to the State of Venice all would be well."

"It is worth the trial," said Enrico; and he pressed a purse of gold into the hand of the devout Fra Paolo.

II.

The three Inquisitors of State were met in their chamber of the Ducal Palace. Its floor was of alternate squares of black and white marble, and its walls tapestried with dark hangings set off with silver fringe. They were examining, with their masks thrown aside, the accusations which a servitor had brought in from the Lion's Mouth, which opened in the wall at the head of the second stairway.

Two of the inquisitors were dressed in black, and the third, who sat between the others—a tall, stern man—was robed in crimson. The face of the last grew troubled as his eye fell upon a strange accusation, affecting his honor, and perhaps his own safety. For even this terrible council-chamber had its own law among its members, and its own punishment for indiscretion. More than once a patrician of Venice had disappeared

suddenly from the eyes of men, and a mysterious message came to the Great Council that a seat was vacant in the chamber of the Inquisition.

The accusation which now startled the member of the Council was this :

"Let the State beware ; the palace of Pesaro is very near to the palace of France !

"One of the Contarini."

The Count Pesaro (for the inquisitor was none other) in a moment collected his thoughts. He had remarked the beautiful daughter of the embassador ; he knew of the gallantries which filled the life of his son Antonio ; he recognized the jealousy of the Contarini.

But in the members of the fearful court of Venice no tie was recognized but the tie which bound them to the mysterious authority of the State. The Count Pesaro knew well that the discovery of any secret intercourse with the palace of the embassador would be followed by the grave punishment of his son ; he knew that any conspiracy with that son to shield him from the State would bring the forfeit of his life. Yet the Inquisitor said, "Let the spies be doubled!"

And the spies were doubled ; but the father, more watchful and wakeful than all, discovered that it was not one son only, but both, who held guilty communication with the servitors of the embassador's palace. There was little hope that it would long escape the knowledge of the Council. But the Count anticipated their action, by sacrificing the younger to the elder ; the gondolier of Enrico was seized and brought to the chamber of torture.

The father could not stay the judgment which pronounced the exile of the son, and at night Enrico was arraigned before the three inquisitors : the masks concealed his judges ; and the father penned the order by which he was conveyed, upon a galley of the State, to perpetual exile upon the island of Corfu.

The rigor of the watch was now relaxed, and Antonio, fired by the secret and almost hopeless passion which he had reason to believe was returned with equal fervor, renewed his communications in the proscribed quarter. A double danger, however, awaited him. The old and constant jealousy of France which existed in the Venetian councils had gained new force ; all intercourse with her embassador was narrowly watched.

Enrico, moreover, distracted by the failure of a forged accusation which had reacted to his own disadvantage, had found means to communicate with the scheming Fra Paolo. The suspicions of the Contarini family were secretly directed against the neglectful Antonio. His steps were dogged by the spies of a powerful and revengeful house. Accusations again found their way into the Lion's Mouth. Proofs were too plain and palpable to be rejected. The son of Pesaro had offended by disregarding engagements authorized and advised by the State. He had offended in projecting alliance with an alien ; he had offended in holding secret communication with the household of a foreign embassador.

The offense was great, and the punishment imminent. An inquisitor who alleged excuses for the crimes of a relative was exposed to the charge of complicity. He who wore the crimson robe in the Council of the Inquisition was therefore silent. The mask, no less than the long and studied control which every member of the secret council exerted over his milder nature, concealed the struggle going on in the bosom of the old Count Pesaro. The fellow-councilors had already seen the sacrifice of one son ; they could not doubt his consent to that of the second. But the offense was now greater, and the punishment would be weightier.

Antonio was the last scion of the noble house of which the inquisitor was chief, and the father triumphed at length over the minister of State ; yet none in the secret Council could perceive the triumph. None knew better than a participant in that mysterious power which ruled Venice by terror, how difficult would be any escape from its condemnation.

III.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lights had gone out along the palace-windows of Venice. The Count Pesaro had come back from the chamber of the Council ; but there were ears that caught the fall of his step as he landed at his palace door and passed to his apartment. Fra Paolo had spread the accusations which endangered the life of Antonio, and, still an inmate of the palace, he brooded over his schemes.

He knew the step of the Count ; his quick ear traced it to the accustomed door. Again the step seemed to him to retrace the corridor stealthily, and to turn toward the apartment of Antonio. The watchful priest rose and stole after him. The corridor was dark ; but a glimmer of the moon, reflected from the canal, showed him the tall figure of the Count entering the door of his son.

Paternal tenderness had not been characteristic of the father, and the unusual visit excited the priestly curiosity. Gliding after, he placed himself by the door, and overheard—what few ever heard in those days in Venice—the great Inquisitor of State sink to the level of a man and of a father.

"My son," said the Count, after the first surprise of the sleeper was over, "you have offended against the State ;" and he enumerated the charges which had come before the Inquisition."

"It is true," said Antonio.

"The State never forgets or forgives," said the Count.

"Never, when they have detected," said Antonio.

"They know all," said the father.

"Who know all?" asked Antonio earnestly.

"The Council of Three."

"You know it?"

The Count stooped to whisper in his ear.

Antonio started with terror : he knew of the popular rumor which attributed to his father great influence in the State, but never until then did the truth come home to him, that he was living

under the very eye of one of that mysterious Council, whose orders made even the Doge tremble.

"Already," pursued the Count, "they determine your punishment; it will be severe; how severe I can not tell: perhaps—"

"Banishment?"

"It may be worse, my son;" and the Count was again the father of his child, folding to his heart, perhaps for the last time, what was dearer to him now than the honor or the safety of the State.

But it was not for tearful sympathy only that the Count had made this midnight visit. There remained a last hope of escape. The arrest of Antonio might follow in a day, or in two. Meantime the barges of the State were subject to orders penned by either member of the Council.

It was arranged that a State barge should be sent to receive Antonio upon the following night to convey him a captive to the Ducal Palace. As if to avoid observation, the barge should be ordered to pass by an unfrequented part of the city. The *sbirri* of the quarter should receive counter-orders to permit no boat to pass the canals. In the delay and altercation Antonio should make his way to a given place of refuge, where a swift gondola (he would know it by a crimson pennant at the bow) should await him, to transport the fugitive beyond the Lagoon.

His own prudence would command horses upon the Padua shore, and escape might be secured. Further intercourse with the Count would be dangerous, and open to suspicion; and father and son bade adieu—it might be forever.

The priest slipped to his lair, in his corner of the wide Pesaro Palace; and the Count also went to such repose as belongs to those on whom rest the cares and the crimes of empire.

A day more only in Venice, for a young patrician whose gay life had made thirty years glide fast, was very short. There were many he feared to leave; and there was one he dared not leave. The passion, that grew with its pains, for the fair Blanche, had ripened into a tempest of love. The young stranger had yielded to its sway; and there lay already that bond between them which even Venetian honor scorned to undo.

In hurried words, but with the fever of his feelings spent on the letter, he wrote to Blanche. He told her of his danger, of the hopelessness of his stay, of the punishment that threatened. He claimed that sacrifice of her home which she had already made of her heart. Her oarsmen were her slaves. The Lagoon was not so wide as the distance which a day might place between them forever. He prayed her as she loved him, and by the oaths already plighted upon the Venetian waters, to meet him upon the further shore toward Padua. He asked the old token, from the window of the palace opposite, which had given him promise in days gone.

The keen eyes even of Fra Paolo did not detect the little crimson signal which hung on the following day from a window of the palace of the embassador; but the wily priest was not inactive. He plotted the seizure and ruin of Antonio, and the return of his protector Enrico. An accusation was drawn that day from the Lion's Mouth without the chamber of the Inquisition, which carried fear into the midst of the Council.

"Let the Three beware!" said the accusation; "true men are banished from Venice, and the guilty escape. Enrico Pesaro languishes in Corfu; and Antonio (if traitorous counsels avail him) escapes this night.

"Let the Council look well to the gondola with the crimson pennant, which at midnight crosses to the Padua shores!"

The inquisitors wore their masks; but there was doubt and distrust concealed under them.

"If treason be among us, it should be stayed speedily," said one.

And the rest said, "Amen!"

Suspicion fell naturally upon the councilor who wore the crimson robe; the doors were cautiously guarded; orders were given that none should pass or repass, were it the Doge himself, without a joint order of the *Three*. A State barge was dispatched to keep watch upon the Lagoon; and the official of the Inquisition bore a special commission. The person of the offender was of little importance, provided it could be known through what channel he had been warned of the secret action of the Great Council. It was felt that if their secrecy were once gone, their mysterious power would be at an end. The Count saw his danger, and trembled.

The lights (save one in the chamber where Fra Paolo watched) had gone out in the Pesaro Palace. The orders of the father were faithfully observed. The refuge was gained; and in the gondola with the crimson pennant, with oarsmen who pressed lustily toward the Padua shore, Antonio breathed freely. Venice was left behind; but the signal of the opposite palace had not been unnoted, and Blanche would meet him and cheer his exile.

Half the Lagoon was passed, and the towers of St. Mark were sinking upon the level sea, when a bright light blazed up in their wake. It came nearer and nearer. Antonio grew fearful.

He bade the men pull lustily. Still, the strange boat drew nearer; and presently the fiery signal of St. Mark flamed upon the bow. It was a barge of the State. The oarsmen were palsied with terror.

A moment more and the barge was beside them; a masked figure, bearing the symbols of that dreadful power which none might resist and live, had entered the gondola. The commission he bore was such as none might refuse to obey.

The fugitive listened to the masked figure.

"To Antonio Pesaro—accused justly of secret dealings with the embassador of France, forgetful of his oaths and of his duty to the State, and condemned therefore to die—be it known, that the only hope of escape from a power which has an eye and ear in every corner of the Republic, rests now in revealing the name of that one, be

he great or small, who has warned him of his danger and made known a secret resolve of the State."

Antonio hesitated; to refuse was death, and perhaps a torture which might compel his secret. On the other hand, the Count his father was high in power; it seemed scarce possible that harm could come nigh to one holding place in the Great Council itself. Blanche, too, had deserted her home, and periled life and character upon the chance of his escape. His death, or even his return, would make sure her ruin.

The masked figure presented to him a tablet, upon which he wrote, with a faltering hand, the name of his informant, "the Count Pesaro."

But the Great Council was as cautious in those days, as it was cruel. Antonio possessed a secret which was safe nowhere in Europe. His oarsmen were bound. The barge of State was turned toward Venice. The gondola trailed after; but Antonio was no longer within! The plash of a falling body, and a low cry of agony, were deadened by the brush of the oars, as the boat of St. Mark swept down toward the silent city.

Three days thereafter, the Doge and his privy council received a verbal message that a chair in the chamber of Inquisition was vacant, and there was needed a new wearer for the crimson robe.

But not for weeks did the patricians of Venice miss the stately Count Pesaro from his haunts at the Broglio and the tables of the Ridotto. And when they knew at length, from the closed windows of his palace, and his houseless servitors, that he was gone, they shook their heads mysteriously, but said never a word.

The wretched Fra Paolo, in urging his claim for the absent Enrico, gave token that he knew of the sin and shame of the Count of Pesaro. Such knowledge no private man might keep in the Venetian State and live. The poor priest was buried where no inscription might be written, and no friend might mourn.

IV.

In those feeble days of Venice which went before the triumphant entry of Napoleon, when the Council of Three had themselves learned to tremble, and the Lion of St. Mark was humble, there came to Venice, from the island of Corfu, a palsied old man whose name was Enrico Pesaro, bringing with him an only son who was called Antonio.

The old man sought to gather such remnants of the ancient Pesaro estate as could be saved from the greedy hands of the government; and he purchased rich masses for the rest of the souls of the murdered father and brother.

He died when Venice died; leaving as a legacy to his son a broken estate, and the bruised heart with which he had mourned the wrong done to his kindred. The boy Antonio had only mournful memories of the old Venice, where his family—once a family of honor, and of great deeds—was cut down; and the new Venice was a conquered city.

In the train of the triumphant Army of Italy there came, after a few years, many whose families had been in times past banished and forgotten. An old love for the great city, whose banner had floated proudly in all seas, drew them to the shrine in the water, where the ashes of their fathers mouldered.

Others came, seeking vestiges of old inheritance; or, it might be, traces of brothers, or of friends, long parted from them.

Among those there came, under the guardianship of a great French general, a pensive girl from Avignon on the Rhone. She seemed French in tongue, yet she spoke well the language of Italy, and her name was that of a house which was once great in Venice. She sought both friends and inheritance.

Her story was a singular one. Her grandfather was once royal embassador to the State of Venice. Her mother had fled at night from his house, to meet upon the shores of the Lagoon a Venetian lover, who was of a noble family, but a culprit of the State.

As she approached the rendezvous, upon the fatal night, she found in the distance a flaming barge of St. Mark; and presently after, heard the cry and the struggles of some victim of State, cast into the Lagoon.

Her gondola came up in time to save Antonio Pesaro!

The government put no vigor in its search for drowned men: and the fugitives, made man and wife, journeyed safely across Piedmont. The arm of St. Mark was very strong for vengeance, even in distant countries; and the fugitive ones counted it safer to wear another name, until years should have made safe again the title of Pesaro.

The wife had also to contend with the opposition of a father whose abhorrence of the Venetian name would permit no reconciliation, and no royal sanction of the marriage. Thus they lived, outcasts from Venice, and outlawed in France, in the valley town of Avignon. With the death of Pesaro, the royal embassador relented; but kindness came too late. The daughter sought him only to bequeath to his care her child.

But Blanche Pesaro, child as she was, could not love a parent who had not loved her mother; and the royal embassador, who could steel his heart toward a suffering daughter, could spend little sympathy upon her Italian child.

Therefore Blanche was glad, under the protection of a republican general of Provence, to seek what friends or kindred might yet be found in the island city, where her father had lived, and her mother had loved. She found there a young Count (for the title had been revived) Antonio Pesaro—her own father's name; and her heart warmed toward him, as to her nearest of kin. And the young Count Antonio Pesaro, when he met this new cousin from the West, felt his heart warming toward one whose story seemed to lift a crime from off the memory of his father. There was no question of inheritance; for the two parties joined their claim, and Blanche became Countess of Pesaro.

But the pensive face which had bloomed among

the olives by Avignon, drooped under the harsh winds that whistle among the leaning houses of Venice. And the Count, who had inherited sadness, found other and stronger grief in the wasting away, and the death of Blanche, his wife.

She died on a November day, in the tall, dismal house where the widowed Count now lives. And there the daughter Blanche left him arranges flowers on the ledge of the topmost windows, where a little of the sunshine finds its way.

The broken gentleman lingers for hours beside the portraits of the old Count, who was Inquisitor, and of Antonio, who had such wonderful escape; and they say that he has inherited the deep self-reproaches which his father nourished; and that with stern and silent mourning for the sins and the weaknesses which had stained his family name, he strides, with his vacant air, through the ways of the ancient city, expecting no friend but death.

Such was the story which my garrulous little Professor, warmed with the lively Italian wine, told to me in the *Locanda del Vapore*.

And, judging as well as I can from the air of the old gentleman and his daughter, whom I first saw upon the Quay of the Zattere, and from what I can learn through books of the ancient government of Venice, I think the story may be true.

My lively little Professor says it is *verissimo;* which means, that it is as true as any thing (in Italian) can be.

THE HAPPY FAILURE.

A STORY OF THE RIVER HUDSON.

THE appointment was that I should meet my elderly uncle at the river-side, precisely at nine in the morning. The skiff was to be ready, and the apparatus to be brought down by his grizzled old black man. As yet, the nature of the wonderful experiment remained a mystery to all but the projector.

I was first on the spot. The village was high up the river, and the inland summer sun was already oppressively warm. Presently I saw my uncle advancing beneath the trees, hat off, and wiping his brow; while far behind staggered poor old Yorpy, with what seemed one of the gates of Gaza on his back.

"Come, hurrah, stump along, Yorpy!" cried my uncle, impatiently turning round every now and then.

Upon the black's staggering up to the skiff, I perceived that the great gate of Gaza was transformed into a huge, shabby, oblong box, hermetically sealed. The sphinx-like blankness of the box quadrupled the mystery in my mind.

"Is *this* the wonderful apparatus?" said I, in amazement. "Why, it's nothing but a battered old dry-goods box, nailed up. And is *this* the thing, uncle, that is to make you a million of dollars ere the year be out? What a forlorn-looking, lack-lustre, old ash-box it is."

"Put it into the skiff!" roared my uncle to Yorpy, without heeding my boyish disdain. "Put it in, you grizzled-headed cherub—put it in carefully, carefully! If that box bursts, my everlasting fortune collapses."

"Bursts?—collapses?" cried I, in alarm. "It ain't full of combustibles? Quick! let me go to the further end of the boat!"

"Sit still, you simpleton!" cried my uncle again. "Jump in, Yorpy, and hold on to the box like grim death while I shove off. Carefully! carefully! you dunderheaded black! Mind t'other side of the box, I say! Do you mean to destroy the box?"

"Duyvel take te pox!" muttered old Yorpy, who was a sort of Dutch African. "De pox has been my cuss for de ten long 'ear."

"Now, then, we're off—take an oar, youngster; you, Yorpy, clinch the box fast. Here we go now. Carefully! carefully! You, Yorpy, stop shaking the box! Easy! easy! there's a big snag. Pull now. Hurrah! deep water at last! Now give way, youngster, and away to the island."

"The island!" said I. "There's no island hereabouts."

"There is ten miles above the bridge, though," said my uncle, determinately.

"Ten miles off! Pull that old dry-goods box ten miles up the river in this blazing sun!"

"All that I have to say," said my uncle, firmly, "is that we are bound to Quash Island."

"Mercy, uncle! if I had known of this great long pull of ten mortal miles in this fiery sun, you wouldn't have juggled *me* into the skiff so easy. What's *in* that box?—paving-stones? See how the skiff settles down under it. I won't help pull a box of paving-stones ten miles. What's the use of pulling 'em?"

"Look you, simpleton," quoth my uncle, pausing upon his suspended oar. "Stop rowing, will ye! Now then, if you don't want to share in the glory of my experiment; if you are wholly indifferent to halving its immortal renown; I say, sir, if you care not to be present at the first trial of my Great Hydraulic-Hydrostatic Apparatus for draining swamps and marshes, and converting them, at the rate of one acre the hour, into fields more fertile than those of the Genessee; if you care not, I repeat, to have this proud thing to tell—in far future days, when poor old I shall have been long dead and gone, boy—to your children, and your children's children; in that case, sir, you are free to land forthwith."

"Oh, uncle! I did not mean—"

"No words, sir! Yorpy, take his oar, and help pull him ashore."

"But, my dear uncle; I declare to you that—"

"Not a syllable, sir: you have cast open scorn upon the Great Hydraulic-Hydrostatic Apparatus. Yorpy, put him ashore, Yorpy. It's shallow here again. Jump out, Yorpy, and wade with him ashore."

"Now, my dear, good, kind uncle, do but pardon me this one time, and I will say just nothing about the apparatus."

"Say nothing about it! when it is my express end and aim it shall be famous! Put him ashore, Yorpy."

"Nay uncle, I *will* not give up my oar. I have an oar in this matter, and I mean to keep it. You shall not cheat me out of my share of your glory."

"Ah, now there—that's sensible. You may stay, youngster. Pull again now."

We were all silent for a time, steadily plying our way. At last I ventured to break water once more.

"I am glad, dear uncle, you have revealed to me at last the nature and end of your great experiment. It is the effectual draining of swamps; an attempt, dear uncle, in which, if you do but succeed (as I know you will), you will earn the glory denied to a Roman emperor. He tried to drain the Pontine marsh, but failed."

"The world has shot ahead the length of its own diameter since then," quoth my uncle, proudly. "If that Roman emperor were here, *I'd* show him what can be done in the present enlightened age."

Seeing my good uncle so far mollified now as to be quite self-complacent, I ventured another remark.

"This is a rather severe, hot pull, dear uncle."

"Glory is not to be gained, youngster, without pulling hard for it—against the stream, too, as we do now. The natural tendency of man, in the mass, is to go down with the universal current into oblivion."

"But why pull so far, dear uncle, upon the present occasion? Why pull ten miles for it? You do but propose, as I understand it, to put to the actual test this admirable invention of yours. And could it not be tested almost any where?"

"Simple boy," quoth my uncle, "would you have some malignant spy steal from me the fruits of ten long years of high-hearted, persevering endeavor? Solitary in my scheme, I go to a solitary place to test it. If I fail—for all things are possible—no one out of the family will know it. If I succeed, secure in the secrecy of my invention, I can boldly demand any price for its publication."

"Pardon me, dear uncle; you are wiser than I."

"One would think years and gray hairs should bring wisdom, boy."

"Yorpy there, dear uncle; think you his grizzled locks thatch a brain improved by long life?"

"Am I Yorpy, boy? Keep to your oar!"

Thus padlocked again, I said no further word till the skiff grounded on the shallows, some twenty yards from the deep-wooded isle.

"Hush!" whispered my uncle, intensely; "not a word now!" and he sat perfectly still, slowly sweeping with his glance the whole country around, even to both banks of the here wide-expanded stream.

"Wait till that horseman, yonder, passes!" he whispered again, pointing to a speck moving along a lofty, river-side road, which perilously wound on midway up a long line of broken bluffs and cliffs. "There—he's out of sight now, behind the copse. Quick! Yorpy! Carefully, though! Jump overboard, and shoulder the box, and—Hold!"

We were all mute and motionless again.

"Ain't that a boy, sitting like Zaccheus in yonder tree of the orchard on the other bank? Look, youngster—young eyes are better than old—don't you see him?"

"Dear uncle, I see the orchard, but I can't see any boy."

"He's a spy—I know he is," suddenly said my uncle, disregardful of my answer, and intently gazing, shading his eyes with his flattened hand. "Don't touch the box, Yorpy. Crouch! crouch down, all of ye!"

"Why, uncle—there—see—the boy is only a withered white bough. I see it very plainly now."

"You don't see the tree I mean," quoth my uncle, with a decided air of relief, "but never mind; I defy the boy. Yorpy, jump out, and shoulder the box. And now then, youngster, off with your shoes and stockings, roll up your trowsers legs, and follow me. Carefully, Yorpy, carefully. That's more precious than a box of gold, mind."

"Heavy as de gelt anyhow," growled Yorpy, staggering and splashing in the shallows beneath it.

"There, stop under the bushes there—in among the flags—so—gently, gently—there, put it down just there. Now, youngster, are you ready? Follow—tiptoes, tiptoes!"

"I can't wade in this mud and water on my tiptoes, uncle; and I don't see the need of it either."

"Go ashore, sir—instantly!"

"Why, uncle, I *am* ashore."

"Peace! follow me, and no more."

Crouching in the water in complete secrecy, beneath the bushes and among the tall flags, my uncle now stealthily produced a hammer and wrench from one of his enormous pockets, and presently tapped the box. But the sound alarmed him.

"Yorpy," he whispered, "go you off to the right, behind the bushes, and keep watch. If you see any one coming, whistle softly. Youngster, you do the same to the left."

We obeyed; and presently, after considerable hammering and supplemental tinkering, my uncle's voice was heard in the utter solitude, loudly commanding our return.

Again we obeyed, and now found the cover of the box removed. All eagerness, I peeped in, and saw a surprising multiplicity of convoluted metal pipes and syringes of all sorts and varieties, all sizes and calibres, inextricably interwreathed together in one gigantic coil. It looked like a huge nest of anacondas and adders.

"Now then, Yorpy," said my uncle, all animation, and flushed with the foretaste of glory, "do you stand this side, and be ready to tip when I give the word. And do you, youngster, stand ready to do as much for the other side. Mind, don't budge it the fraction of a barley-corn till I say the word. All depends on a proper adjustment."

"No fear, uncle. I will be careful as a lady's tweezers."

"I s'ant lift de heavy pox," growled old Yorpy, "till de wort pe given; no fear o' dat."

"Oh boy," said my uncle now, upturning his face devotionally, while a really noble gleam irradiated his gray eyes, locks, and wrinkles; "oh boy! this, *this* is the hour which for ten long years has, in the prospect, sustained me through all my pains-taking obscurity. Fame will be the sweeter because it comes at the last; the truer, because it comes to an old man like me, not to a boy like you. Sustainer! I glorify Thee."

He bowed over his venerable head, and—as I live—something like a shower-drop somehow fell from my face into the shallows.

"Tip!"

We tipped.

"A little more!"

We tipped a little more.

"A *leetle* more!"

We tipped a *leetle* more.

"Just a *leetle*, very *leetle* bit more."

With great difficulty we tipped just a *leetle*, very *leetle* more.

All this time my uncle was diligently stooping over, and striving to peep in, up, and under the box where the coiled anacondas and adders lay; but the machine being now fairly immersed, the attempt was wholly vain.

He rose erect, and waded slowly all round the box; his countenance firm and reliant, but not a little troubled and vexed.

It was plain something or other was going wrong. But as I was left in utter ignorance as to the mystery of the contrivance, I could not tell where the difficulty lay, or what was the proper remedy.

Once more, still more slowly, still more vexedly, my uncle waded round the box, the dissatisfaction gradually deepening, but still controlled, and still with hope at the bottom of it.

Nothing could be more sure than that some anticipated effect had, as yet, failed to develop itself. Certain I was, too, that the water-line did not lower about my legs.

"Tip it a *leetle* bit—very *leetle* now."

"Dear uncle, it is tipped already as far as it can be. Don't you see it rests now square on its bottom?"

"You, Yorpy, take your black hoof from under the box!"

This gust of passion on the part of my uncle made the matter seem still more dubious and dark. It was a bad symptom, I thought.

"Surely you *can* tip it just a *leetle* more!"

"Not a hair, uncle."

"Blast and blister the cursed box then!" roared my uncle, in a terrific voice, sudden as a squall. Running at the box, he dashed his bare foot into it, and with astonishing power all but crushed in the side. Then seizing the whole box, he disemboweled it of all its anacondas and adders, and, tearing and wrenching them, flung them right and left over the water.

"Hold, hold, my dear, dear uncle!—do for heaven's sake desist. Don't destroy so, in one frantic moment, all your long calm years of devotion to one darling scheme. Hold, I conjure!"

Moved by my vehement voice and uncontrollable tears, he paused in his work of destruction, and stood steadfastly eying me, or rather blankly staring at me, like one demented.

"It is not yet wholly ruined, dear uncle; come put it together now. You have hammer and wrench; put it together again, and try it once more. While there is life there is hope."

"While there is life hereafter there is *despair*," he howled.

"Do, do now, dear uncle—here, here, put these pieces together; or, if that can't be done without more tools, try a *section* of it—that will do just as well. Try it once; try, uncle."

My persistent persuasiveness told upon him. The stubborn stump of hope, plowed at and uprooted in vain, put forth one last miraculous green sprout.

Steadily and carefully culling out of the wreck some of the more curious-looking fragments, he mysteriously involved them together, and then, clearing out the box, slowly inserted them there, and ranging Yorpy and me as before, bade us tip the box once again.

We did so; and as no perceptible effect yet followed, I was each moment looking for the previous command to tip the box over yet more, when, glancing into my uncle's face, I started aghast. It seemed pinched, shriveled into mouldy whiteness, like a mildewed grape. I dropped the box, and sprang toward him just in time to prevent his fall.

Leaving the woeful box where we had dropped it, Yorpy and I helped the old man into the skiff, and silently pulled from Quash Isle.

How swiftly the current now swept us down! How hardly before had we striven to stem it! I thought of my poor uncle's saying, not an hour gone by, about the universal drift of the mass of humanity toward utter oblivion.

"Boy!" said my uncle at last, lifting his head.

I looked at him earnestly, and was gladdened to see that the terrible blight of his face had almost departed.

"Boy, there's not much left in an old world for an old man to invent."

I said nothing.

"Boy, take my advice, and never try to invent any thing but—happiness."

I said nothing.

"Boy, about ship, and pull back for the box."

"Dear uncle!"

"It will make a good wood-box, boy. And faithful old Yorpy can sell the old iron for tobacco-money."

"Dear massa! dear old massa! dat be very fust time in de ten long 'ear yoo hab mention kindly old Yorpy. I tank yoo, dear old massa; I tank yoo so kindly. Yoo is yourself agin in de ten long 'ear."

"Ay, long ears enough," sighed my uncle; "Esopian ears. But it's all over now. Boy, I'm glad I've failed. I say, boy, failure has made

a good old man of me. It was horrible at first, but I'm glad I've failed. Praise be to God for the failure!"

His face kindled with a strange, rapt earnestness. I have never forgotten that look. If the event made my uncle a good old man, as he called it, it made me a wise young one. Example did for me the work of experience.

When some years had gone by, and my dear old uncle began to fail, and, after peaceful days of autumnal content, was gathered gently to his fathers—faithful old Yorpy closing his eyes—as I took my last look at his venerable face, the pale resigned lips seemed to move. I seemed to hear again his deep, fervent cry—"Praise be to God for the failure!"

WOLF NURSES IN INDIA.

STORIES of wild animals that have acted the part of nurses toward infants accidentally or purposely exposed, are to be met with in every part of the world, and among races of the most widely distinct character. It was a favorite legendary origin for a great hero, the founder of a nation or of an empire. The stag, the bear, the dog, and many others figure in these traditions; but, of all, the wolf is the most remarkable and the most frequently to be met with. What truth there may be in the old story of Romulus we shall not attempt to decide. *Some* reality, however, underlies the wildest fictions; and we have at this moment before us a very interesting account of observations made in Northern India, which may be worth the consideration of some future Niebuhr or Arnold. They were conducted by a distinguished Indian officer, who has possessed unusual opportunities for obtaining information from the wilder and less known parts of the country. He has published a pamphlet, giving an account of his investigations. In the following notice we shall use this pamphlet largely and without scruple, since it has scarcely attracted the notice its very curious subject deserves.

The wolf in India is looked upon, as it formerly was in Northern Europe, as a sacred animal. Almost all Hindoos have a superstitious dread of destroying or even of injuring it; and the village community within the boundary of whose lands a drop of wolf's blood has fallen, believes itself doomed to destruction. The natural consequence is, that in the districts least frequented by Europeans, these animals are very numerous and destructive, and great numbers of children are constantly carried off by them. Only one class of the population, the very lowest, leading a vagrant life, and bivouacking in the jungles, will attempt to kill or catch them. Even these, however, although they have no superstitious fear of the wolf, and are always found to be well acquainted with its usual dens and haunts, very seldom attempt its capture—in all probability from the profit they make of the gold and silver bracelets and necklaces worn by children whom the wolves have carried to their dens, and whose remains are left at the entrance. In all parts of India, it appears, numbers of children are daily murdered for the sake of these dangerous ornaments.

The wolf, however, is sometimes kinder than man. In the neighborhood of Sultanpoor, and among the ravines that intersect the banks of the Goomtee river, this animal abounds; and our first instance of a "wolf nurse" occurs in that district. A trooper, passing along the river bank near Chandour, saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all-fours, apparently on the best possible terms with his fierce companions, and the wolf protected him with as much care as if he had been one of her own whelps. All went down to the river and drank, without noticing the trooper, who, as they were about to turn back, pushed on in order to cut off and secure the boy. But the ground was uneven, and his horse could not overtake them. All re-entered the den; and the trooper then assembled some people from Chandour, with pickaxes, who dug into the den for about six or eight feet, when the old wolf bolted, followed by her three cubs and the boy. The trooper, accompanied by the fleetest young men of the party, mounted and pursued; and having at last headed them, he turned the whelps and boy (who ran quite as fast) back upon the men on foot. They secured the boy and allowed the others to escape

The boy thus taken was apparently about nine or ten years old, and had all the habits of a wild animal. On his way to Chandour he struggled hard to rush into every hole or den he passed. The sight of a grown-up person alarmed him, and he tried to steal away; but he rushed at a child with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. Cooked meat he would not eat, but he seized raw food with eagerness, putting it on the ground under his hands, and devouring it with evident pleasure. He growled angrily if any one approached him while eating, but made no objection to a dog's coming near and sharing his food. The trooper left him in charge of the Rajah of Husunpoor, who saw the boy immediately after he was taken. Very soon afterward he was sent, by the Rajah's order, to Captain Nicholett's, at Sultanpoor; for although his parents are said to have recognized him when first captured, they abandoned him on finding that he displayed more of the wolf's than of human nature.

He lived in the charge of Captain Nicholett's servants nearly three years; very inoffensive, except when teased, but still a complete animal. He could never be induced to keep on any kind of clothing, even in the coldest weather; and on one occasion tore to pieces a quilt, stuffed with cotton, and ate a portion of it, cotton and all, every day with his bread. When his food was placed at a distance from him, he ran to it on all-fours, like a wolf; and it was only on rare occasions that he walked upright. Human beings he always shunned, and never willingly remained near them. On the other hand, he seemed fond of dogs and of jackals, and indeed all ani-

mals, and readily allowed them to feed with him. He was never known to laugh or smile, and was never heard to speak till within a few minutes of his death, when he put his hands to his head, and said it ached, and asked for water, which he drank, and died. Possibly, had this boy lived, he might gradually have been brought to exhibit more intellect and intelligence; but almost every instance seems to prove how completely the human nature is supplanted by the brutal.

The next is still from the neighborhood of the Goomtee. In March, 1843, a cultivator who lived at Chupra, about twenty miles east of Sultanpoor, went to cut his crop of wheat and pulse, taking with him his wife, and a son about three years old, who had only lately recovered from a severe scald on the left knee. As the father was reaping, a wolf suddenly rushed upon the boy, caught him up, and made off with him toward the ravines. The people of the village ran to the aid of the parents, but they soon lost sight of the wolf and his prey.

About six years afterward, as two Sipahees from Singramow, about ten miles from Chupra, were watching for hogs, on the border of the jungle, which extended down to the Khobae rivulet, they saw three wolf cubs and a boy come out from the jungle, and go down to drink at the stream; all four then ran toward a den in the ravines. The Sipahees followed, but the cubs had already entered, and the boy was half way in, when one of the men caught him by the hind leg, and drew him back. He was very angry and savage, bit at the men, and seizing in his teeth the barrel of one of their guns, shook it fiercely. The Sipahees, however, secured him, brought him home, and kept him for twenty days, during which he would eat nothing but raw flesh, and was fed accordingly with hares and birds. His captors then found it difficult to provide him with sufficient food, and took him to the bazaar, in the village of Koeleepoor, to be supported by the charitable people of the place, till he might be recognized and claimed by his parents. One market day, a man from the village of Chupra happened to see him in the bazaar, and on his return described him to his neighbors. The cultivator, the father of the boy, was dead, but his widow, asking for a minute description of the boy, found that he had the mark of a scald on the left knee, and three marks of the teeth of an animal on each side of his loins. Fully believing him to be her lost child, she went forthwith to the Koelee bazaar, and, in addition to these two marks, discovered a third on his thigh, with which her boy was born.

She took him home to her village, where he still remains, but, as in the former case, his human intellect seems to have all but disappeared. The front of his knees and elbows had become hardened from his going on all-fours with the wolves, and although he wanders about the village during the day, he always steals back to the jungle at nightfall. He is unable to speak, nor can he articulate any sound distinctly. In drinking, he dips his face into the water, but does not lap it up like a wolf. He still prefers raw flesh, and when a bullock dies and the skin is removed, he attacks and eats the body, in company with the village dogs.

Passing by a number of similar stories, we come to one which is in many respects the most remarkable. About seven years since, a trooper, in attendance upon Rajah Hurdut Singh, of Bondee, on the left bank of the Ghagra river, in the district of Bahraetch, in passing near a small stream, saw there two wolf cubs and a boy, drinking. He managed to seize the boy, who seemed to be about ten years old, but was so wild and fierce that he tore the trooper's clothes and bit him severely in several places. The Rajah at first had him tied up in his artillery gun-shed, and fed him with raw meat, but he was afterward allowed to wander freely about the Bondee bazaar. He there one day ran off with a joint of meat from a butcher's shop, and another of the bazaar keepers let fly an arrow at him, which penetrated his thigh. A lad, named Janoo, servant of a Cashmere merchant, then at Bondee, took compassion on the poor boy, extracted the arrow from his thigh, and prepared a bed for him under a mango-tree, where he himself lodged. Here he kept him fastened to a tent-pin. Up to this time he would eat nothing but raw flesh, but Janoo gradually brought him to eat balls of rice and pulse.

In about six weeks after he had been tied up under the tree, after much rubbing of his joints with oil, he was made to stand and walk upright. Hitherto he had gone on all-fours. In about four months he began to understand and obey signs. In this manner he was taught to prepare the hookah, put lighted charcoal on the tobacco, and bring it to Janoo, or to whomsoever he pointed out. He was never heard, however, to utter more than one articulate sound. This was "Aboodeea," the name of the little daughter of a Cashmere mimic, or player, who had once treated him with kindness. The odor from his body was very offensive; and Janoo had him rubbed with mustard-seed soaked in water, in the hope of removing it. This was done for some months, during which he was still fed on rice and flour; but the odor did not leave him.

One night, while the boy was lying under the mango-tree, Janoo saw two wolves creep stealthily toward him; and after smelling him, they touched him, and he got up. Instead, however, of being frightened, the boy put his hands upon their heads, and they began to play with him, capering about him, while he threw straw and leaves at them. Janoo tried to drive them off, but could not; and becoming much alarmed, he called to the sentry over the guns, and told him that the wolves were going to eat the boy. He replied, "Come away and leave him, or they will eat you also;" but when Janoo saw them begin to play together, his fears subsided, and he continued to watch them quietly. At last he succeeded in driving them off; but the following night three wolves came—and a few nights after, four—which returned several times. Janoo

thought that the two which first came must have been the cubs with which the boy was found, and that they would have seized him had they not recognized him by the smell. They licked his face with their tongues as he put his hands on their heads.

When Janoo's master returned to Lucknow, he was, after some difficulty, persuaded to allow Janoo to take the boy with him. Accordingly, Janoo led him along by a string tied to his arm, and put a bundle of clothes on his head. Whenever they passed a jungle, the boy would throw down his bundle, and make desperate attempts to escape. When beaten, he raised his hands in supplication, took up his bundle, and went on; but the sight of the next jungle produced the same excitement. A short time after his return to Lucknow, Janoo was sent away by his master for a day or two, and found on his return that the boy had disappeared. He could never be found again.

About two months after the boy had gone, a woman of the weaver caste came to Lucknow, with a letter from the Rajah of Bondee, stating that her son, when four years old, had, five or six years before, been carried off by a wolf; and from the description given of the boy whom Janoo had taken away with him, she thought he must be the same. She described marks corresponding with those on Janoo's boy; but although she remained some considerable time at Lucknow, no traces could be found of the boy; and at last she returned to Bondee. All these circumstances were procured by the writer of the pamphlet from Sanaollah, Janoo's master, and from Janoo himself, both of whom declared them to be strictly true. The boy must have been with the wolf six or seven years, during which she must have had several litters of whelps.

It is remarkable that no well-authenticated instance has been found of a full-grown man who had been nurtured in a wolf's den. The writer of the pamphlet mentions an old man at Lucknow, who was found when a lad in the Oude Tarae, by the hut of an old hermit who had died there. He is supposed to have been taken from wolves by this hermit, and is still called the "wild man of the woods." "He was one day," says the writer, "sent to me at my request, and I talked with him. His features indicate him to be of the Tharoo tribe, who are found only in this forest. I asked him whether he had any recollection of ever having been with wolves? He said, 'The wolf died long before the old hermit.' I do not feel at all sure, however, that he ever lived with wolves." In another instance, a lad came into the town of Hasanpoor, "who had evidently been brought up by wolves." He was apparently about twelve years old, was very dark, and had, at first, short hair all over his body, which gradually disappeared as he became accustomed to eat salt with his food. He never spoke, but was made to understand signs well. It is not known what eventually became of him.

These are doubtful cases; but in the former instances there seems no room for questioning the facts. Our readers, however, must judge for themselves. At all events, the subject appeared to us so curious and so full of interesting suggestions, that we hardly think they will quarrel with us for bringing it thus briefly under their notice.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH THE NEWCOME BROTHERS ONCE MORE MEET TOGETHER IN UNITY.

THIS narrative, as the judicious reader no doubt is aware, is written maturely and at ease, long after the voyage is over, whereof it recounts the adventures and perils; the winds adverse and favorable; the storms, shoals, shipwrecks, islands, and so forth, which Clive Newcome met in his early journey in life. In such a history, events follow each other without necessarily having a connection with one another. One ship crosses another ship, and after a visit from one captain to his comrade, they sail away each on his course. The Clive Newcome meets a vessel which makes signals that she is short of bread and water; and after supplying her, our captain leaves her to see her no more. One or two of the vessels with which we commenced the voyage together, part company in a gale and founder miserably; others, after being woefully battered in the tempest, make port, or are cast upon surprising islands, where all sorts of unlooked-for prosperity await the lucky crew. Also, no doubt, the writer of the book, into whose hands Clive Newcome's logs have been put, and who is charged with the duty of making two octavo volumes out of his friend's story, dresses up the narrative in his own way; utters his own remarks in place of Newcome's; makes fanciful descriptions of individuals and incidents with which he never could have been personally acquainted; and commits blunders, which the critics will dis-

* Continued from the June Number.

cover. A great number of the descriptions in "Cook's Voyages," for instance, were notoriously invented by Dr. Hawkesworth, who "did" the book: so, in the present volumes, where dialogues are written down, which the reporter could by no possibility have heard, and where motives are detected which the persons actuated by them certainly never confided to the writer, the public must once for all be warned that the author's individual fancy very likely supplies much of the narrative; and that he forms it as best he may, out of stray papers, conversations reported to him, and his knowledge, right or wrong, of the characters of the persons engaged. And, as is the case with the most orthodox histories, the writer's own guesses or conjectures are printed in exactly the same type as the most ascertained patent facts. I fancy, for my part, that the speeches attributed to Clive, the Colonel, and the rest, are as authentic as the orations in Sallust or Livy, and only implore the truth-loving public to believe that incidents here told, and which passed very probably without witnesses, were either confided to me subsequently as compiler of this biography, or are of such a nature that they must have happened from what we know happened after. For example, when you read such words as QVE ROMANVS on a battered Roman stone, your profound antiquarian knowledge enables you to assert that SENATVS POPVLVS was also inscribed there at some time or other. You take a mutilated statue of Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or Virorum, and you pop him on a wanting hand, an absent foot, or a nose, which time or barbarians have defaced. You tell your tales as you can, and state the facts as you think they must have been. In this manner, Mr. James (historiographer to her Majesty), Titus Livius, Professor Alison, Robinson Crusoe, and all historians proceeded. Blunders there must be in the best of these narratives, and more asserted than they can possibly know or vouch for.

To recur to our own affairs, and the subject at present in hand. I am obliged here to supply from conjecture a few points of the history which I could not know from actual experience or hearsay. Clive, let us say, is Romanus, and we must add Senatus Populusque to his inscription. After Mrs. Mackenzie and her pretty daughter had been for a few months in London, which they did not think of quitting, although Mr. Binnie's wounded little leg was now as well and as brisk as ever it had been, a redintegration of love began to take place between the Colonel and his relatives in Park Lane. How should we know that there had ever been a quarrel, or at any rate a coolness? Thomas Newcome was not a man to talk at length of any such matter; though a word or two occasionally dropped in conversation by the simple gentleman might lead persons who chose to interest themselves about his family affairs to form their own opinions concerning them. After that visit of the Colonel and his son to Newcome, Ethel was constantly away with her grandmother. The Colonel went to see his pretty little favorite at Brighton, and once, twice, thrice, Lady Kew's door was denied to him. The knocker of that door could not be more fierce than the old lady's countenance when Newcome met her in her chariot driving on the cliff. Once, forming the loveliest of a charming Amazonian squadron, led by Mr. Whiskin, the riding-master, when the Colonel encountered his pretty Ethel, she greeted him affectionately it is true; there was still the sweet look of candor and love in her eyes; but when he rode up to her she looked so constrained, when he talked about Clive so reserved, when he left her, so sad, that he could not but feel pain and commiseration. Back he went to London, having in a week only caught this single glance of his darling.

This event occurred while Clive was painting his picture of the battle of Assaye, before mentioned, during the struggles incident on which composition he was not thinking much about



Miss Ethel, or his papa, or any other subject but his great work. While Assaye was still in progress, Thomas Newcome must have had an explanation with his sister-in-law, Lady Ann, to whom he frankly owned the hopes which he had entertained for Clive, and who must as frankly have told the Colonel that Ethel's family had very different views for that young lady to those which the simple Colonel had formed. A generous early attachment, the Colonel thought, is the safeguard of a young man. To love a noble girl, to wait a while and struggle, and haply do some little achievement in order to win her, the best task to which his boy could set himself. If two young people, so loving each other, were to marry on rather narrow means, what then? A happy home was better than the finest house in May Fair; a generous young fellow, such as, please God, his son was—loyal, upright, and a gentleman—might pretend surely to his kinswoman's hand without derogation; and the affection he bore Ethel himself was so great, and the sweet regard with which she returned it, that the simple father thought his kindly project was favored by Heaven, and prayed for its fulfillment, and pleased himself to think, when his campaigns were over, and his sword hung on the wall, what a beloved daughter he might have to soothe and cheer his old age. With such a wife for his son, and child for himself, he thought the happiness of his last years might repay him for friendless boyhood, lonely manhood, and cheerless exile; and he imparted his simple scheme to Ethel's mother, who no doubt was touched as he told his story; for she always professed regard and respect for him, and in the differences which afterward occurred in the family, and the quarrels which divided the brothers, still remained faithful to the good Colonel.

But Barnes Newcome, Esquire, was the head of the house, and the governor of his father and all Sir Brian's affairs, and Barnes Newcome, Esquire, hated his cousin Clive, and spoke of him as a beggarly painter, an impudent snob, an infernal young puppy, and so forth; and Barnes, with his usual freedom of language, imparted his opinions to his Uncle Hodson at the bank, and Uncle Hodson carried them home to Mrs. Newcome in Bryanstone Square; and Mrs. Newcome took an early opportunity of telling the Colonel her opinion on the subject, and of bewailing that love for aristocracy which she saw actuated some folks; and the Colonel was brought to see that Barnes was his boy's enemy, and words very likely passed between them, for Thomas Newcome took a new banker at this time, and, as Clive informed me, was in very great dudgeon, because Hodson Brothers wrote to him to say that he had overdrawn his account. "I am sure there is some screw loose," the sagacious youth remarked to me; "and the Colonel and the people in Park Lane are at variance, because he goes there very little now; and he promised to go to Court when Ethel was presented, and he didn't go."

Some months after the arrival of Mr. Binnie's niece and sister in Fitzroy Square, the fraternal quarrel between the Newcomes must have come to an end—for that time at least—and was followed by a rather ostentatious reconciliation. And pretty little Rosey Mackenzie was the innocent and unconscious cause of this amiable change in the minds of the three brethren, as I gathered from a little conversation with Mrs. Newcome, who did me the honor to invite me to her table. As she had not vouchsafed this hospitality to me for a couple of years previously, and perfectly stifled me with affability when we met—as her invitation came quite at the end of the season, when almost every body was out of town, and a dinner to a man is no compliment—I was at first for declining this invitation, and spoke of it with great scorn when Mr. Newcome orally delivered it to me at Bays's Club.

"What," said I, turning round to an old man of the world, who happened to be in the room at the time, "what do these people mean by asking a fellow to dinner in August, and taking me up after dropping me for two years?"

"My good fellow," says my friend—it was my kind old Uncle Major Pendennis indeed—"I have lived long enough about town never to ask myself questions of that sort. In the world people drop you and take you up every day. You know Lady Cheddar by sight? I have known her husband for forty years. I have stayed with them in the country for weeks at a time. She knows me as well as she knows King Charles at Charing Cross, and a doosid deal better, and yet for a whole season she will drop me—pass me by, as if there was no such person in the world. Well, sir, what do I do? I never see her. I give you my word, I am never conscious of her existence; and if I meet her at dinner, I'm no more aware of her than the fellows in the play are of Banquo. What's the end of it? She comes round—only last Tuesday she came round—and said Lord Cheddar wanted me to go down to Wiltshire. I asked after the family (you know Henry Churningham is engaged to Miss Rennet?—a doosid good match for the Cheddars). We shook hands and are as good friends as ever. I don't suppose she'll cry when I die, you know (said the worthy old gentleman with a grin). Nor shall I go into *very* deep mourning if any thing happens to her. You were quite right to say to Newcome that you did not know whether you were free or not, and would look at your engagements when you got home, and give him an answer. A fellow of that rank *has* no right to give himself airs. But they will, sir. Some of those bankers are as high and mighty as the oldest families. They marry noblemen's daughters, by Jove, and think nothing is too good for 'em. But I should go, if I were you, Arthur. I dined there a couple of months ago; and the bankeress said something about you; that you and her nephew were much together, that you were sad wild dogs, I think—something of that sort. 'Gad, ma'am,' says I, 'boys will be boys.' 'And they grow to be men!' says she, nodding her head.

Queer little woman, devilish pompous. Dinner confoundedly long, stoopid, scientific."

The old gentleman was on this day inclined to be talkative and confidential, and I set down some more remarks which he made concerning my friends. "Your Indian Colonel," says he, "seems a worthy man." The Major quite forgot having been in India himself, unless he was in company with some very great personage. "He don't seem to know much of the world, and we are not very intimate. Fitzroy Square is a dev'lish long way off for a fellow to go for a dinner, and, *entre nous*, the dinner is rather queer, and the company still more so. It's right for you who are a literary man to see all sorts of people; but I'm different, you know, so Newcome and I are not very thick together. They say he wanted to marry your friend to Lady Ann's daughter, an exceedingly fine girl; one of the prettiest girls come out this season. I hear the young men say so. And that shows how monstrous ignorant of the world Colonel Newcome is. His son could no more get that girl than he could marry one of the royal princesses. Mark my words, they intend Miss Newcome for Lord Kew. Those banker-fellows are wild after grand marriages. Kew will sow his wild oats, and they'll marry her to him; or, if not to him, to some man of high rank. His father Walham was a weak young man; but his grandmother, old Lady Kew, is a monstrous clever old woman, too severe with her children, one of whom ran away and married a poor devil without a shilling. Nothing could show a more deplorable ignorance of the world than poor Newcome supposing his son could make such a match as that with his cousin. Is it true that he is going to make his son an artist? I don't know what the dooce the world is coming to. An artist! By gad, in my time a fellow would as soon have thought of making his son a hair-dresser, or a pastry-cook, by gad." And the worthy Major gives his nephew two fingers, and trots off to the next club in St. James's Street, of which he is a member.

The virtuous hostess of Bryanstone Square was quite civil and good-humored when Mr. Pendennis appeared at her house; and my surprise was not inconsiderable when I found the whole party from Saint Pancras there assembled. Mr. Binnie, the Colonel and his son, Mrs. Mackenzie, looking uncommonly handsome and perfectly well-dressed, and Miss Rosey, in pink crape, with pearly shoulders and blushing cheeks, and beautiful fair ringlets—as fresh and comely a sight as it was possible to witness. Scarcely had we made our bows, and shaken our hands, and imparted our observations about the fineness of the weather, when, behold! as we look from the drawing-room windows into the cheerful square of Bryanstone, a great family coach arrives, driven by a family coachman in a family wig, and we recognize Lady Ann Newcome's carriage, and see her ladyship, her mother, her daughter, and her husband, Sir Brian, descend from the vehicle. "It is quite a family party," whispers the happy Mrs. Newcome to the happy writer conversing with her in the niche of the window. "Knowing your intimacy with our brother, Colonel Newcome, we thought it would please him to meet you here. Will you be so kind as to take Miss Newcome to dinner?"

Every body was bent upon being happy and gracious. It was "My dear brother, how do you do?" from Sir Brian. "My dear Colonel, how glad we are to see you! how well you look!" from Lady Ann. Miss Newcome ran up to him with both hands out, and put her beautiful face so close to his that I thought, upon my conscience, she was going to kiss him. And Lady Kew, advancing in the frankest manner, with a smile, I must own, rather awful playing round her many wrinkles, round her ladyship's hooked nose, and displaying her ladyship's teeth (a new and exceedingly handsome set), held out her hand to Colonel Newcome, and said briskly, "Colonel, it is an age since we met." She turns to Clive with equal graciousness and good humor, and says, "Mr. Clive, let me shake hands with you; I have heard all sorts of good of you, that you have been painting the most beautiful things, that you are going to be quite famous." Nothing can exceed the grace and kindness of Lady Ann Newcome toward Mrs. Mackenzie: the pretty widow blushes with pleasure at this greeting; and now Lady Ann must be introduced to Mrs. Mackenzie's charming daughter, and whispers in the delighted mother's ear, "She is lovely!" Rosey comes up looking rosy indeed, and executes a pretty courtesy with a great deal of blushing grace.

Ethel has been so happy to see her dear uncle, that as yet she has had no eyes for any one else, until Clive advancing, those bright eyes become brighter still with surprise and pleasure as she beholds him. For being absent with his family in Italy now, and not likely to see this biography for many, many months, I may say that he is a much handsomer fellow than our designer has represented; and if that wayward artist should take this very scene for the purpose of illustration, he is requested to bear in mind that the hero of this story will wish to have justice done to his person. There exists in Mr. Newcome's possession a charming little pencil drawing of Clive at this age, and which Colonel Newcome took with him when he went—whither he is about to go in a very few pages—and brought back with him to this country. A florid apparel becomes some men, as simple raiment suits others; and Clive in his youth was of the ornamental class of mankind—a customer to tailors, a wearer of handsome rings, shirt-studs, mustaches, long hair, and the like; nor could he help, in his costume or his nature, being picturesque and generous and splendid. He was always greatly delighted with that Scotch man-at-arms in "Quentin Durward," who twists off an inch or two of his gold chain to treat a friend and pay for a bottle. He would give a comrade a ring or a fine-jeweled pin, if he had no money. Silver dressing-cases, and brocade morning-gowns were in him a sort of propriety at this season of his youth.



It was a pleasure to persons of colder temperament to sun themselves in the warmth of his bright looks and generous humor. His laughter cheered one like wine. I do not know that he was very witty; but he was pleasant. He was prone to blush; the history of a generous trait moistened his eyes instantly. He was instinctively fond of children, and of the other sex from one year old to eighty. Coming from the Derby once—a merry party—and stopped on the road from Epsom in a lock of carriages, during which the people in the carriage ahead saluted us with many vituperative epithets, and seized the heads of our leaders—Clive in a twinkling jumped off the box, and the next minute we saw him engaged with a half-dozen of the enemy: his hat gone, his fair hair flying off his face, his blue eyes flashing fire, his lips and nostrils quivering with wrath, his right and left hand hitting out, *que c' étoit un plaisir à voir.* His father sat back in the carriage, looking with delight and wonder—indeed it was a great sight. Policeman X separated the warriors. Clive ascended the box again with a dreadful wound in the coat, which was gashed from the waist to the shoulder. I hardly ever saw the elder Newcome in such a state of triumph. The post-boys quite stared at the gratuity he gave them, and wished they might drive his lordship to the Oaks.

All the time we have been making this sketch Ethel is standing, looking at Clive; and the blushing youth casts down his eyes before hers. Her face assumes a look of arch humor. She passes a slim hand over the prettiest lips, and a chin with the most lovely of dimples, thereby indicating her admiration of Mr. Clive's mustaches and imperial. They are of a warm yellowish chestnut color, and have not yet known the razor. He wears a low cravat; a shirt-front of the finest lawn, with ruby buttons. His hair, of a lighter color, waves almost to "his manly shoulders broad." "Upon my word, my dear Colonel," says Lady Kew, after looking at him, and nodding her head shrewdly, "I think we were right."

"No doubt right in every thing your ladyship does, but in what particularly?" asks the Colonel.

"Right to keep him out of the way. Ethel has been disposed of these ten years. Did not

Ann tell you? How foolish of her! But all mothers like to have young men dying for their daughters. Your son is really the handsomest boy in London. Who is that conceited-looking young man in the window? Mr. Pen— what? Has your son really been very wicked? I was told he was a sad scapegrace."

"I never knew him do, and I don't believe he ever thought any thing that was untrue, or unkind, or ungenerous," says the Colonel. "If any one has belied my boy to you, and I think I know who his enemy has been—"

"The young lady is very pretty," remarks Lady Kew, stopping the Colonel's further outbreak. "How very young her mother looks! Ethel, my dear! Colonel Newcome must present us to Mrs. Mackenzie and Miss Mackenzie;" and Ethel, giving a nod to Clive, with whom she has talked for a minute or two, again puts her hand in her uncle's, and walks toward Mrs. Mackenzie and her daughter.

And now let the artist, if he has succeeded in drawing Clive to his liking, cut a fresh pencil, and give us a likeness of Ethel. She is seventeen years old; rather taller than the majority of women; of a countenance somewhat grave and haughty, but on occasion brightening with humor or beaming with kindliness and affection. Too quick to detect affectation or insincerity in others, too impatient of dullness or pomposity, she is more sarcastic now than she became when after-years of suffering had softened her nature; truth looks out of her bright eyes, and rises up armed, and flashes scorn or denial perhaps too readily, when she encounters flattery, or meanness, or imposture. After her first appearance in the world, if the truth must be told, this young lady was popular neither with many men, nor with most women. The innocent dancing youth who pressed round her, attracted by her beauty, were rather afraid, after a while, of engaging her. This one felt dimly that she despised him; another, that his simpering commonplaces (delights of how many well-bred maidens!) only occasioned Miss Newcome's laughter. Young Lord Crœsus, whom all maidens and matrons were eager to secure, was astounded to find that he was utterly indifferent to her, and that she would refuse him twice or thrice in an evening, and dance as many times with poor Tom Spring, who was his father's ninth son, and only at home till he could get a ship and go to sea again. The young women were frightened at her sarcasm. She seemed to know what *fadaises* they whispered to their partners as they paused in the waltzes; and Fanny, who was luring Lord Crœsus toward her with her blue eyes, dropped them guiltily to the floor when Ethel's turned toward her; and Cecilia sang more out of time than usual; and Clara, who was holding Freddy, and Charley, and Tommy round her enchanted by her bright conversation and witty mischief, became dumb and disturbed when Ethel passed her with her cold face; and old Lady Hookham, who was playing off her little Minnie now at young Jack Gorget of the Guards, now at the eager and simple Bob Bateson, of the Coldstreams, would slink off when Ethel made her appearance on the ground; whose presence seemed to frighten away the fish and the angler. No wonder that the other Mayfair nymphs were afraid of this severe Diana, whose looks were so cold and whose arrows were so keen.

But those who had no cause to heed Diana's shot or coldness might admire her beauty; nor could the famous Parisian marble which Clive said she resembled, be more perfect in form than this young lady. Her hair and eyebrows were jet black (these latter may have been too thick according to some physiognomists, giving rather a stern expression to the eyes, and hence causing those guilty ones to tremble who came under her lash), but her complexion was as dazzlingly fair and her cheeks as red as Miss Rosey's own, who had a right to those beauties, being a blonde by nature. In Miss Ethel's black hair there was a slight natural ripple, as when a fresh breeze blows over the *melan hudor*—a ripple such as Roman ladies nineteen hundred years ago, and our own beauties a short time since, endeavored to imitate by art, paper, and I believe crumpling irons. Her eyes were gray: her mouth rather large; her teeth as regular and bright as Lady Kew's own; her voice low and sweet; and her smile, when it lighted up her face and eyes, as beautiful as spring sunshine; also they could lighten and flash often, and sometimes, though rarely, rain. As for her figure—but as this tall, slender form is concealed in a simple white muslin robe (of the sort which I believe is called *demie-toilette*), in which her fair arms are enveloped; and which is confined at her slim waist by an azure ribbon, and descends to her feet—let us make a respectful bow to that fair image of Youth, Health, and Modesty, and fancy it as pretty as we will. Miss Ethel made a very stately courtesy to Mrs. Mackenzie, surveying that widow calmly; so that the elder lady looked up and fluttered; but toward Rosey she held out her hand, and smiled with the utmost kindness, and the smile was returned by the other; and the blushes with which Miss Mackenzie was always ready, at this time became her very much. As for Mrs. Mackenzie—the very largest curve that shall not be a caricature, and actually disfigure the widow's countenance—a smile so wide and steady—so exceedingly rident, indeed, as almost to be ridiculous, may be drawn upon her buxom face, if the artist chooses to attempt it as it appeared during the whole of this summer evening—before dinner came (when people ordinarily look very grave), when she was introduced to the company, when she was made known to our friends Julia and Maria, the darling child! lovely little dears! how like their papa and mamma! when Sir Brian Newcome gave her his arm down-stairs to the dining-room; when any body spoke to her; when John offered her meat, or the gentleman in the white waistcoat, wine; when she accepted or when she refused these refreshments; when Mr. Newcome told her a dreadfully stupid story: when the Colonel called cheerily from his end of the table, "My dear Mrs. Mackenzie, you don't

take any wine to-day: may I not have the honor of drinking a glass of Champagne with you?" when the new boy from the country upset some sauce upon her shoulder: when Mrs. Newcome made the signal for departure; and I have no doubt in the drawing-room, when the ladies retired thither. "Mrs. Mack is perfectly awful," Clive told me afterward, "since that dinner in Bryanstone Square. Lady Kew and Lady Ann are never out of her mouth; she has had white muslin dresses made just like Ethel's for herself and her daughter. She has bought a peerage, and knows the pedigree of the whole Kew family. She won't go out in a cab now without the boy on the box; and in the plate for the cards which she has established in the drawing-room, you know, Lady Kew's pasteboard always will come up to the top, though I poke it down whenever I go into the room. As for poor Lady Trotter, the Governess of St. Kitt's, you know, and the Bishop of Tobago, they are quite bowled out: Mrs. Mack has not mentioned them for a week."

During the dinner it seemed to me that the lovely young lady by whom I sat cast many glances toward Mrs. Mackenzie, which did not betoken particular pleasure. Miss Ethel asked me several questions regarding Clive, and also respecting Miss Mackenzie: perhaps her questions were rather downright and imperious, and she patronized me in a manner that would not have given all gentlemen pleasure. I was Clive's friend, his schoolfellow? had seen him a great deal? know him very well—very well, indeed? Was it true that he had been very thoughtless? very wild? Who told her so? That was not her question (with a blush). It was not true, and I ought to know? He was not spoiled? He was very good-natured, generous, told the truth? He loved his profession very much, and had great talent? indeed she was very glad. Why do they sneer at his profession? It seemed to her quite as good as her father's and brother's. Were artists not very dissipated? Not more so, nor often so much as other young men. Was Mr. Binnie rich, and was he going to leave all his money to his niece? How long have you known them? Is Miss Mackenzie as good-natured as she looks? Not very clever, I suppose. Mrs. Mackenzie looks very— No thank you, no more. Grandmamma (she is very deaf, and can not hear) scolded me for reading the book you wrote; and took the book away. I got it afterward, and read it all. I don't think there was any harm in it. Why do you give such bad characters of women? Don't you know any good ones? Yes, two as good as any in the world. They are unselfish: they are pious; they are always doing good; they live in the country? Why don't you put them into a book? Why don't you put my uncle into a book? He is so good, that nobody could make him good enough. Before I came out, I heard a young lady (Lady Clavering's daughter, Miss Amory), sing a song of yours. I have never spoken to an author before. I saw Mr. Lyon at Lady Popinjoy's, and heard him speak. He said it was very hot, and he looked so, I am sure. Who is the greatest author now alive? You will tell me when you come up stairs after dinner: and the young lady sails away, following the matrons, who rise and ascend to the drawing-room. Miss Newcome has been watching the behavior of the author, by whom she sat; curious to know what such a person's habits are; whether he speaks and acts like other people; and in what respect authors are different from persons "in society."

When we had sufficiently enjoyed claret and politics below stairs, the gentlemen went to the drawing-room to partake of coffee and the ladies' delightful conversation. We had heard previously the tinkling of the piano above, and the well-known sound of a couple of Miss Rosey's five songs. The two young ladies were engaged over an album at a side table, when the males of the party arrived. The book contained a number of Clive's drawings made in the time of his very early youth for the amusement of his little cousins. Miss Ethel seemed to be very much pleased with these performances, which Miss Mackenzie likewise examined with great good nature and satisfaction. So she did the views of Rome, Naples, Marble Hill, in the county of Sussex, &c., in the same collection: so she did the Berlin cockatoo and spaniel which Mrs. Newcome was working in idle moments: so she did the Books of Beauty, Flowers of Loveliness, and so forth. She thought the prints very sweet and pretty: she thought the poetry very pretty and sweet. Which did she like best, Mr. Niminy's "Lines to a bunch of violets," or Miss Piminy's "Stanzas to a wreath of roses?" Miss Mackenzie was quite puzzled to say which of these masterpieces she preferred; she found them alike so pretty. She appealed, as in most cases, to Mamma. "How, my darling love, can I pretend to know?" Mamma says. "I have been a soldier's wife, battling about the world. I have not had your advantages. I had no drawing-masters, nor music-masters, as you have. You, dearest child, must instruct *me* in these things." This poses Rosey: who prefers to have her opinions dealt out to her like her frocks, bonnets, handkerchiefs, her shoes and gloves, and the order thereof; the lumps of sugar for her tea, the proper quantity of raspberry jam for breakfast; who trusts for all supplies corporeal and spiritual to her mother. For her own part, Rosey is pleased with every thing in nature. Does she love music? O, yes. Bellini and Donizetti? O, yes. Dancing? they had no dancing at Grandmamma's, but she adores dancing, and Mr. Clive dances very well, indeed. (A smile from Miss Ethel at this admission). Does she like the country? O, she is so happy in the country! London? London is delightful, and so is the sea-side. She does not know really which she likes best, London or the country, for mamma is not near her to decide, being engaged listening to Sir Brian, who is laying down the law to her, and smiling, smiling with all her might. In fact, Mr. Newcome says to Mr. Pendennis in his droll, humorous way, "That woman grins like a Cheshire cat." Who

was the naturalist who first discovered that peculiarity of the cats in Cheshire?

In regard to Miss Mackenzie's opinions, then, it is not easy to discover that they are decided, or profound, or original; but it seems pretty clear that she has a good temper, and a happy contented disposition. And the smile which her pretty countenance wears shows off to great advantage the two dimples on her pink cheeks. Her teeth are even and white, her hair of a beautiful color, and no snow can be whiter than her fair round neck and polished shoulders. She talks very kindly and good-naturedly with Julia and Maria (Mrs. Hodson's precious ones) until she is bewildered by the statements which those young ladies make regarding astronomy, botany, and chemistry, all of which they are studying. "My dears, I don't know a single word about any of these abstruse subjects; I wish I did," she says. And Ethel Newcome laughs. She too is ignorant upon all these subjects. "I am glad there is some one else," says Rosey, with naïveté, "who is as ignorant as I am." And the younger children with a solemn air say they will ask Mamma leave to teach her. So every body, somehow, great or small, seems to protect her; and the humble, simple, gentle little thing wins a certain degree of good-will from the world, which is touched by her humility and her pretty sweet looks. The servants in Fitzroy Square waited upon her much more kindly than upon her smiling bustling mother. Uncle James is especially fond of his little Rosey. Her presence in his study never discomposes him; whereas his sister fatigues him with the exceeding activity of her gratitude, and her energy in pleasing. As I was going away, I thought I heard Sir Brian Newcome say, "It—(but what 'it' was of course I can not conjecture)—it will do very well. The mother seems a superior woman."



CHAPTER XXV.

IS PASSED IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE

I HAD no more conversation with Miss Newcome that night, who had forgotten her curiosity about the habits of authors. When she had ended her talk with Miss Mackenzie, she devoted the rest of the evening to her uncle, Colonel Newcome: and concluded by saying, "And now you will come and ride with me to-morrow, Uncle, won't you?" which the Colonel faithfully promised to do. And she shook hands with Clive very kindly: and with Rosey very frankly, but as I thought with rather a patronizing air: and she made a very stately bow to Mrs. Mackenzie, and so departed with her father and mother. Lady Kew had gone away earlier. Mrs. Mackenzie informed us afterward that the Countess had gone to sleep after her dinner. If it was at Mrs. Mack's story about the Governor's ball at Tobago, and the quarrel for precedence between the Lord Bishop's lady, Mrs. Rochet, and the Chief Justice's wife, Lady Barwise, I should not be at all surprised.

A handsome fly carried off the ladies to Fitzroy Square, and the two worthy Indian gentlemen in their company; Clive and I walking with the usual Havana to light us home. And Clive remarked that he supposed there had been some difference between his father and the bankers: for they had not met for ever so many months before, and the Colonel always had looked very gloomy when his brothers were mentioned. "And I can't help thinking," says the astute youth, "that they fancied I was in love with Ethel (I know the Colonel would have liked me to make up to her) and that may have occasioned the row. Now, I suppose, they think I am engaged to Rosey. What the deuce are they in such a hurry to marry me for?"

Clive's companion remarked, "that marriage was a laudable institution: and an honest attachment an excellent conservator of youthful morals." On which Clive replied, "Why don't you marry yourself?"

This it was justly suggested was no argument, but a merely personal allusion foreign to the question, which was, that marriage was laudable, &c.

Mr. Clive laughed. "Rosey is as good a little creature as can be," he said. "She is never out of temper, though I fancy Mrs. Mackenzie tries her. I don't think she is very wise: but she is uncommonly pretty, and her beauty grows on you. As for Ethel, any thing so high and mighty I have never seen, since I saw the French giantess. Going to court, and about to parties every night, where a parcel of young fools flatter her, has perfectly spoiled her. By Jove, how handsome she is! How she turns with her long neck, and looks at you from under those black eye-brows! If I painted her hair, I think I should paint it almost blue, and then glaze over with lake. It *is* blue. And how finely her head is joined on to her shoulders!" And he waves in the air an imaginary line with his cigar. "She would do for Judith, wouldn't she? Or how grand she would look as Herodias's daughter sweeping down a stair—in a great dress of cloth of gold like Paul Veronese—holding a charger before her with white arms you know—with the muscles accented like that glorious Diana at Paris—a savage

smile on her face and a ghastly solemn gory head on the dish—I see the picture, Sir, I see the picture!" and he fell to curling his mustaches—just like his brave old father.

I could not help laughing at the resemblance, and mentioning it to my friend. He broke, as was his wont, into a fond eulogium of his sire, wished he could be like him—worked himself up into another state of excitement, in which he averred, "that if his father wanted him to marry, he would marry that instant. And why not Rosey? She is a dear little thing. Or why not that splendid Miss Sherrick? What a head! a regular Titian! I was looking at the difference of their color at Uncle Honeyman's that day of the *déjeûner*. The shadows in Rosey's face, Sir, are all pearly tinted. You ought to paint her in milk, Sir!" cries the enthusiast. "Have you ever remarked the gray round her eyes, and the sort of purple bloom of her cheek? Rubens could have done the color; but I don't somehow like to think of a young lady and that sensuous old Peter Paul in company. I look at her like a little wild flower in a field—like a little child at play, Sir. Pretty little tender nursling! If I see her passing in the street, I feel as if I would like some fellow to be rude to her, that I might have the pleasure of knocking him down. She is like a little song-bird, Sir—a tremulous, fluttering little linnet that you would take into your hand, *pavidam quærentem matrem*, and smooth its little plumes, and let it perch on your finger and sing. The Sherrick creates quite a different sentiment—the Sherrick is splendid, stately, sleepy. . . ."

"Stupid," hints Clive's companion.

"Stupid! Why not? Some women ought to be stupid. What you call dullness I call repose. Give me a calm woman, a slow woman—a lazy, majestic woman. Show me a gracious virgin bearing a lily; not a leering giggler frisking a rattle. A lively woman would be the death of me. Look at Mrs. Mack, perpetually nodding, winking, grinning, throwing out signals which you are to be at the trouble to answer! I thought her delightful for three days, I declare I was in love with her—that is, as much as I can be after—but never mind that, I feel I shall never be really in love again. Why shouldn't the Sherrick be stupid, I say? About great beauty there should always reign a silence. As you look at the great stars, the great ocean, any great scene of nature: you hush, Sir. You laugh at a pantomime, but you are still in a temple. When I saw the great Venus of the Louvre I thought, wert thou alive, O goddess, thou shouldst never open those lovely lips but to speak lowly, slowly: thou shouldst never descend from that pedestal but to walk stately to some near couch, and assume another attitude of beautiful calm. To be beautiful is enough. If a woman can do that well, who shall demand more from her? You don't want a rose to sing. And I think wit is out of place where there's great beauty; as I wouldn't have a Queen to cut jokes on her throne. I say, Pendennis,"—here broke off the enthusiastic youth—"have you got another cigar? Shall we go in to Finch's, and have a game at billiards? Just one—it's quite early yet. Or shall we go in to the Haunt? It's Wednesday night you know, when all the boys go." We tap at a door in an old, old street in Soho: an old maid with a kind, comical face opens the door, and nods friendly, and says, "How do, Sir? ain't seen you this ever so long. How do, Mr. Noocom?" "Who's here?" "Most every body's here." We pass by a little snug bar, in which a trim elderly lady is seated by a great fire, on which boils an enormous kettle; while two gentlemen are attacking a cold saddle of mutton and West India pickles: hard by Mrs. Nokes, the landlady's elbow—with mutual bows—we recognize Hickson, the sculptor, and Morgan, intrepid Irish chieftain, chief of the reporters of the Morning Press newspaper. We pass through a passage into a back room, and are received with a roar of welcome from a crowd of men, almost invisible in the smoke.

"I am right glad to see thee, boy!" cries a cheery voice (that will never troll a chorus more). "We spake anon of thy misfortune, gentle youth! and that thy warriors of Assaye have charged the Academy in vain. Mayhap thou frightenedst the courtly school with barbarous visages of grisly war. Pendennis, thou dost wear a thirsty look! Resplendent swell! untwine thy choker white, and I will either stand a glass of grog, or thou shalt pay the like for me, my lad, and tell us of the fashionable world." Thus spake the brave old Tom Sarjent—also one of the Press, one of the old boys: a good old scholar with a good old library of books, who had taken his seat any time these forty years by the chimney fire in this old Haunt: where painters, sculptors, men of letters, actors, used to congregate, passing pleasant hours in rough kindly communion, and many a day seeing the sunrise lighting the rosy street ere they parted, and Betsy put the useless lamp out, and closed the hospitable gates of the Haunt.

The time is not very long since; though to-day is so changed. As we think of it, the kind, familiar faces rise up, and we hear the pleasant voices and singing. There are they met, the honest hearty companions. In the days when the Haunt *was* a haunt, stage coaches were not yet quite over. Casinos were not invented: clubs were rather rare luxuries: there were sanded floors, triangular sawdust-boxes, pipes, and tavern parlors. Young Smith and Brown, from the Temple, did not go from chambers to dine at the Polyanthus, or the Megatherium, off potage à la Bisque, turbot au gratin, cotelettes à la Whatdyoucallem, and a pint of St. Emilion; but ordered their beef-steak and pint of port from the "plump head-waiter at the Cock:" did not disdain the pit of the theatre; and for a supper a homely refection at the tavern. How delightful are the suppers in Charles Lamb to read of even now?—The cards—the punch—the candles to be snuffed—the social oysters—the modest cheer! Who ever snuffs a candle now? What

man has a domestic supper whose dinner-hour is eight o'clock? Those little meetings, in the memory of many of us yet, are gone quite away into the past. Five-and-twenty years ago is a hundred years off—so much has our social life changed in those five lustres. James Boswell himself, were he to revisit London, would scarce venture to enter a tavern. He would find scarce a respectable companion to enter its doors with him. It is an institution as extinct as a hackney-coach. Many a grown man who peruses this historic page has never seen such a vehicle, and only heard of rum-punch as a drink which his ancestors used to tipple.

Cheery old Tom Sarjent is surrounded at the Haunt by a dozen of kind boon companions. They toil all day at their avocations of art, or letters, or law, and here meet for a harmless night's recreation and converse. They talk of literature, or politics, or pictures, or plays; socially banter one another over their cheap cups: sing brave old songs sometimes when they are especially jolly; kindly ballads in praise of love; and wine-famous maritime ditties in honor of old England. I fancy I hear Jack Brent's noble voice rolling out the sad generous *refrain* of "The Deserter," "Then for that reason and for a season we will be merry before we go," or Michael Percy's clear tenor caroling the Irish chorus of "What's that to any one, whether or no?" or Mark Wilder shouting his bottle song of "Garryowen na gloria." These songs were regarded with affection by the brave old frequenters of the Haunt. A gentleman's property in a song was considered sacred. It was respectfully asked for: it was heard with the more pleasure for being old. Honest Tom Sarjent! how the times have changed since we saw thee! I believe the present chief of the reporters of the —— newspaper (which responsible office Tom filled) goes to parliament in his brougham, and dines with the ministers of the crown.

Around Tom are seated grave Royal Academicians, rising gay Associates; writers of other Journals besides the *Pall Mall Gazette;* a barrister maybe, whose name will be famous some day; a hewer of marble perhaps; a surgeon whose patients have not come yet; and one or two men about town, who like this queer assembly better than haunts much more splendid. Captain Shandon has been here, and his jokes are preserved in the tradition of the place. Owlet, the philosopher, came once and tried, as his wont is, to lecture; but his metaphysics were beaten down by a storm of banter. Slatter, who gave himself such airs because he wrote in the —— Review, tried to air himself at the Haunt, but was choked by the smoke, and silenced by the unanimous poohpoohing of the assembly. Dick Walker, who rebelled secretly at Sarjent's authority, once thought to give himself consequence by bringing a young lord from the Blue Posts; but he was so unmercifully "chaffed" by Tom, that even the young lord laughed at him. His lordship had been heard to say he had been taken to a monsus queeah place, queeah set of folks, in a tap somewhere, though he went away quite delighted with Tom's affability; but he never came again. He could not find the place probably. You might pass the Haunt in the daytime and not know it in the least. "I believe," said Charley Ormond (A. R. A., he was then), "I believe in the day there's no such place at all; and when Betsy turns the gas off at the door-lamp, as we go away, the whole thing vanishes—the door, the house, the bar, the Haunt, Betsy, the beer-boy, Mrs. Nokes and all." It has vanished: it is to be found no more: neither by night nor by day—unless the ghosts of good fellows still haunt it.

As the genial talk and glass go round, and after Clive and his friend have modestly answered the various queries put to them by good old Tom Sarjent, the acknowledged Præses of the assembly and Sachem of this venerable wigwam, the door opens, and another well-known figure is recognized with shouts as it emerges through the smoke. "Bayham, all hail!" says Tom. "Frederick, I am right glad to see thee!"

Bayham says he is disturbed in spirit, and calls for a pint of beer to console him.

"Hast thou flown far, thou restless bird of night?" asks Father Tom, who loves speaking in blank verses.

"I have come from Cursitor Street," says Bayham, in a low groan. "I have just been to see a poor devil in quod there. Is that you, Pendennis? You know the man—Charles Honeyman."

"What!" cries Clive, starting up.

"O my prophetic soul," my uncle!" growls Bayham. "I did not see the young one; but 'tis true."

The reader is aware that more than three years have elapsed, of which time the preceding pages contain the harmless chronicle; and while Thomas Newcome's leave has been running out and Clive's mustaches growing, the fate of other persons connected with our story has also had its development, and their fortune has experienced its natural progress, its increase or decay. Our tale, such as it has hitherto been arranged, has passed in leisurely scenes wherein the present tense is perforce adopted; the writer acting as chorus to the drama, and occasionally explaining by hints or more open statements, what has occurred during the intervals of the acts; and how it happens that the performers are in such or such a posture. In the modern theatre, as the play-going critic knows, the explanatory personage is usually of quite a third-rate order. He is the two walking gentlemen, friends of Sir Harry Courtly, who welcome the young baronet to London, and discourse about the niggardliness of Harry's old uncle, the Nabob; and the depth of Courtly's passion for Lady Annabel, the *première amoureuse*. He is the confidant in white linen to the heroine in white satin. He is, "Tom, you rascal," the valet or tiger, more or less impudent and acute—that well-known menial in top-boots and a livery frock with red cuffs and collar, whom Sir Harry always retains in his service, addresses

with scurrilous familiarity, and pays so irregularly: or he is Lucetta, Lady Annabel's waiting maid, who carries the *billets-doux* and peeps into them, knows all about the family affairs; pops the lover under the sofa; and sings a comic song between the scenes. Our business now is to enter into Charles Honeyman's privacy, to peer into the secrets of that reverend gentleman, and to tell what has happened to him during the past months, in which he has made fitful though graceful appearances on our scene.

While his nephew's whiskers have been budding, and his brother-in-law has been spending his money and leave, Mr. Honeyman's hopes have been withering, his sermons growing stale, his once blooming popularity drooping and running to seed. Many causes have contributed to bring him to his present melancholy strait. When you go to Lady Whittlesea's chapel now, it is by no means crowded. Gaps are in the pews, there is not the least difficulty in getting a snug place near the pulpit, whence the preacher can look over his pocket handkerchief and see Lord Dosely no more—his lordship has long gone to sleep elsewhere; and a host of the fashionable faithful have migrated too. The incumbent can no more cast his fine eyes upon the French bonnets of the female aristocracy, and see some of the loveliest faces in Mayfair regarding his with expressions of admiration. Actual dowdy tradesmen of the neighborhood are seated with their families in the aisles: Ridley and his wife and son have one of the very best seats. To be sure Ridley looks like a nobleman with his large waistcoat, bald head, and gilt-book: J. J. has a fine head, but Mrs. Ridley! cook and housekeeper is written on her round face. The music is by no means of its former good quality. That rebellious and ill-conditioned basso has seceded, and seduced the four best singing-boys, who now perform glees at the Cave of Harmony. Honeyman has a right to speak of persecution, and to compare himself to a hermit, in so far that he preaches in a desert. Once, like another hermit, St. Hierome, he used to be visited by lions. None such come to him now. Such lions as frequent the clergy are gone off to lick the feet of other ecclesiastics. They are weary of poor Honeyman's old sermons.

Rivals have sprung up in the course of these three years—have sprung up round about Honeyman and carried his flock into their folds. We know how such simple animals will leap one after another, and that it is the sheepish way. Perhaps a new pastor has come to the church of St. Jacob's hard by—bold, resolute, bright, clear, a scholar and no pedant: his manly voice is thrilling in their ears, he speaks of life and conduct, of practice as well as faith; and crowds of the most polite and most intelligent, and best informed, and best dressed, and most selfish people in the world come and hear him twice at least. There are so many well-informed and well-dressed &c. &c. people in the world, that the succession of them keeps St. Jacob's full for a year or more. Then, it may be, a bawling quack, who has neither knowledge, nor scholarship, nor charity, but who frightens the public with denunciations, and rouses them with the energy of his wrath, succeeds in bringing them together for a while till they tire of his din and curses. Meanwhile the good, quiet old churches round about ring their accustomed bell, open their Sabbath gates, receive their tranquil congregations, and sober priest, who has been busy all the week, at schools and sick-beds, with watchful teaching, gentle counsel, and silent alms.

Though we saw Honeyman but seldom, for his company was not altogether amusing, and his affectation, when one became acquainted with it, very tiresome to witness, Fred Bayham, from his garret at Mrs. Ridley's, kept constant watch over the curate, and told us of his proceedings from time to time. When we heard the melancholy news first announced, of course the intelligence damped the gayety of Clive and his companion; and F. B., who conducted all the affairs of life with great gravity, telling Tom Sarjent that he had news of importance for our private ear, Tom with still more gravity than F. B.'s said, "Go, my children, you had best discuss this topic in a separate room apart from the din and fun of a convivial assembly;" and ringing the bell, he bade Betsy bring him another glass of rum and water, and one for Mr. Desborough, to be charged to him.

We adjourned to another parlor then, where gas was lighted up; and F. B., over a pint of beer, narrated poor Honeyman's mishap. "Saving your presence, Clive," said Bayham, "and with every regard for the youthful bloom of your young heart's affections, your uncle, Charles Honeyman, Sir, is a bad lot. I have known him these twenty years, when I was at his father's as a private tutor. Old Miss Honeyman is one of those cards which we call trumps—so was old Honeyman a trump; but Charles and his sister—."

I stamped on F. B.'s feet under the table. He seemed to have forgotten that he was about to speak of Clive's mother.

"Hem! of your poor mother. I—hem—I may say *vidi tantum*. I scarcely knew her. She married very young: as I was when she left Borhambury; but Charles exhibited his character at a very early age—and it was not a charming one—no, by no means a model of virtue. He always had a genius for running into debt. He borrowed from every one of the pupils—I don't know how he spent it except in hardbake and elecempane—and even from old Nosey's groom, pardon me, we used to call your grandfather by that playful epithet (boys will be boys, you know), even from the doctor's groom he took money, and I recollect thrashing Charles Honeyman for that disgraceful action.

"At college, without any particular show, he was always in debt and difficulties. Take warning by him, dear youth! By him and by me, if you like. See me—me, F. Bayham, descended from the ancient kings that long the Tuscan sceptre swayed, dodge down a street to get out

of sight of a boot shop, and my colossal frame tremble if a chap puts his hand on my shoulder, as you did, Pendennis, the other day in the Strand, when I thought a straw might have knocked me down! I have had my errors, Clive. I know 'em. I'll take another pint of beer, if you please. Betsy, has Mrs. Nokes any cold meat in the bar? and an accustomed pickle? Ha! Give her my compliments, and say F. B. is hungry. I resume my tale. Faults F. B. has, and knows it. Humbug he may have been sometimes; but I'm not such a complete humbug as Honeyman."

Clive did not know how to look at this character of his relative, but Clive's companion burst into a fit of laughter, at which F. B. nodded gravely, and resumed his narrative. "I don't know how much money he has had from your governor; but this I can say, the half of it would make F. B. a happy man. I don't know out of how much the reverend party has nobbled his poor old sister at Brighton. He has mortgaged his chapel to Sherrick, I suppose you know, who is master of it, and could turn him out any day. I don't think Sherrick is a bad fellow. I think he's a good fellow; I have known him do many a good turn to a chap in misfortune. He wants to get into society: what more natural? That was why you were asked to meet him the other day—and why he asked you to dinner. I hope you had a good one. I wish he'd ask me.

"Then Moss has got his bills, and Moss's brother-in-law in Cursitor Street has taken possession of his revered person. He's very welcome. One Jew has the chapel, another Hebrew has the clergyman. It's singular, ain't it? Sherrick might turn Lady Whittlesea into a synagogue, and have the Chief Rabbi into the pulpit, where my uncle the Bishop has given out the text.

"The shares of that concern ain't at a premium. I have had immense fun with Sherrick about it. I like the Hebrew, Sir. He maddens with rage when F. B. goes and asks him whether any more pews are let overhead. Honeyman begged and borrowed in order to buy out the last man. I remember when the speculation was famous, when all the boxes (I mean the pews) were taken for the season, and you couldn't get a place, come ever so early. Then Honeyman was spoiled, and gave his sermons over and over again. People got sick of seeing the old humbug cry, the old crocodile. Then we tried the musical dodge. F. B. came forward, Sir, there. That was a coup; I did it, Sir. Bellew wouldn't have sung for any man but me; and for two-and-twenty months I kept him as sober as Father Matthew Then Honeyman didn't pay him: there was a row in the sacred building, and Bellew retired. Then Sherrick must meddle in it. And having heard a chap out Hampstead way, who Sherrick thought would do, Honeyman was forced to engage him, regardless of expense. You recollect the fellow, Sir. The Reverend Simon Rawkins, the lowest of the Low Church, Sir, a red-haired, dumpy man, who gasped at his h's, and spoke with a Lancashire twang—he'd no more do for Mayfair than Grimaldi for Macbeth. He and Honeyman used to fight like cat and dog in the vestry; and he drove away a third part of the congregation. He was an honest man and an able man, too, though not a sound Churchman (F. B. said this with a very edifying gravity): I told Sherrick this the very day I heard him. And if he had spoken to me on the subject, I might have saved him a pretty penny—a precious deal more than the paltry sum which he and I had a quarrel about at that time. A matter of business, Sir—a pecuniary difference about a small three-months' thing which caused a temporary estrangement between us. As for Honeyman, he used to cry about it. Your uncle is great in the lachrymatory line, Clive Newcome. He used to go with tears in his eyes to Sherrick, and implore him not to have Rawkins, but he would. And I must say for poor Charles, that the failure of Lady Whittlesea's has not been altogether Charles's fault; and that Sherrick has kicked down that property.

"Well then, Sir, poor Charles thought to make it all right by marrying Mrs. Brumby; and she was very fond of him, and the thing was all but done, in spite of her sons, who were in a rage, as you may fancy. But Charley, Sir, has such a propensity for humbug that he will tell lies when there is no earthly good in lying. He represented his chapel at twelve hundred a year, his private means as so and so; and when he came to book up with Briggs the lawyer, Mrs. Brumby's brother, it was found that he lied and prevaricated so that the widow in actual disgust would have nothing more to do with him. She was a good woman of business, and managed the hat shop for nine years while poor Brumby was at Doctor Tokely's. A first-rate shop it was too. I introduced Charles to it. My uncle, the Bishop, had his shovels there, and they used for a considerable period to cover *this* humble roof with tiles," said F. B., tapping his capacious forehead. "I am sure he might have had Brumby," he added, in his melancholy tones, "but for those unlucky lies. She didn't want money: she had plenty. She longed to get into society, and was bent on marrying a gentleman.

"But what I can't pardon in Honeyman is the way in which he has done poor old Ridley and his wife. I took him there, you know, thinking they would send their bills in once a month; that he was doing a good business; in fact, that I had put 'em into a good thing. And the fellow has told me a score of times that he and the Ridleys were all right. But he has not only not paid his lodgings, but he has had money of them. he has given dinners: he has made Ridley pay for wine. He has kept paying lodgers out of the house, and he tells me all this with a burst of tears when he sent for me to Lazarus's to-night; and I went to him, Sir, because he was in distress—went into the lion's den, Sir!" says F. B., looking round nobly. "I don't know how much he owes them, because of course you know the sum he mentions ain't the right one. He never *does* tell the truth—does Charles. But think of

the pluck of those good Ridleys never saying a single word to F. B. about the debt! 'We are poor, but we have saved some money and can lie out of it. And we think Mr. Honeyman will pay us,' says Mrs. Ridley to me this very evening. And she thrilled my heart-strings, Sir; and I took her in my arms, and kissed the old woman," says Bayham, "and I rather astonished little Miss Cann and young J. J., who came in with a picture under his arm. But she said she had kissed Master Frederick long before J. J. was born—and so she had, that good and faithful servant—and my emotion in embracing her was manly, Sir, manly."

Here old Betsy came in to say that the supper was a-waitin' for Mr. Bayham, and it was a-getting very late; and we left F. B. to his meal, and bidding adieu to Mrs. Nokes, Clive and I went each to our habitation.



CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH COLONEL NEWCOME'S HORSES ARE SOLD.

At an early hour the next morning I was not surprised to see Colonel Newcome at my chambers, to whom Clive had communicated Bayham's important news of the night before. The Colonel's object—as any one who knew him need scarcely be told—was to rescue his brother-in-law; and being ignorant of lawyers, sheriffs' officers, and their proceedings, he bethought him that he would apply to Lamb Court for information, and in so far showed some prudence; for at least I knew more of the world and its ways than my simple client, and was enabled to make better terms for the unfortunate prisoner, or rather for Colonel Newcome, who was the real sufferer, than Honeyman's creditors might otherwise have been disposed to give.

I thought it would be more prudent that our good Samaritan should not see the victim of rogues whom he was about to succor; and left him to entertain himself with Mr. Warrington in Lamb Court, while I sped to the lock-up-house, where the May Fair pet was confined. A sickly smile played over his countenance as he beheld me when I was ushered to his private room. The reverend gentleman was not shaved; he had partaken of breakfast. I saw a glass which had once contained brandy on the dirty tray whereon his meal was placed: a greasy novel from a Chancery Lane library lay on the table, but he was at present occupied in writing. One or more of those great long letters, those laborious, ornate, eloquent statements, those documents so profusely underlined, in which the *machinations of villains* are laid bare with italic fervor; the coldness, to use no *harsher* phrase, of friends on whom reliance *might have been placed;* the outrageous conduct of Solomons; the astonishing failure of Smith to pay a sum of money on which he had counted as *on the Bank of England;* finally, the *infallible certainty* of repaying (with what heartfelt thanks need not be said) the loan of so many pounds *next Saturday week at furthest.* All this, which some readers in the course of their experience have read no doubt in many handwritings, was duly set forth by poor Honeyman. There was a wafer in a wine-glass on the table, and the bearer no doubt below to carry the missive. They always send these letters by a messenger, who is introduced in the postscript: he is always sitting in the hall when you get the letter, and is "a young man waiting for an answer, please."

No one can suppose that Honeyman laid a complete statement of his affairs before the negotiator, who was charged to look into them. No creditor does confess all his debts, but breaks them gradually to his man of business, factor, or benefactor, leading him on from surprise to surprise; and when he is in possession of the tailor's little account, introducing him to the boot-maker. Honeyman's schedule I felt perfectly certain was not correct. The detainers against him were trifling. "Moss of Wardour Street, one hundred and twenty—I believe I have paid him thousands in this very transaction," ejaculates Honeyman. "A heartless West End tradesman hearing of my misfortune—these people are all linked together, my dear Pendennis, and rush like vultures upon their prey! Waddilove, the tailor, has another writ out for ninety-eight pounds—a man whom I have made by my recommendations! Tobbins the boot-maker, his neighbor in Jermyn Street, forty-one pounds more, and that is all—I give you my word, all. In a few months, when my pew-rents will be coming in, I should have settled with those cormorants; otherwise, my total and irretrievable ruin, and the disgrace and humiliation of a prison attends me. I know it; I can bear it; I have been wretchedly weak, Pendennis: I can say, *mea culpa, mea maxima culpa,* and I can—bear—my —penalty." In his finest moments he was never more pathetic. He turned his head away, and concealed it in a handkerchief not so white as those which vailed his emotions at Lady Whittlesea's.

How by degrees this slippery penitent was induced to make other confessions; how we got

an idea of Mrs. Ridley's account from him, of his dealings with Mr. Sherrick, need not be mentioned here. The conclusion to which Colonel Newcome's embassador came was, that to help such a man would be quite useless; and that the Fleet Frison would be a most wholesome retreat for this most reckless divine. Ere the day was out Messrs. Waddilove and Tobbins had conferred with their neighbor in St. James's, Mr. Brace; and there came a detainer from that haberdasher for gloves, cravats, and pocket handkerchiefs, that might have done credit to the most dandified young Guardsman. Mr. Warrington was on Mr. Pendennis's side, and urged that the law should take its course. "Why help a man," said he, "who will not help himself? Let the law sponge out the fellow's debts; set him going again with twenty pounds when he quits the prison, and get him a chaplaincy in the Isle of Man."



I saw by the Colonel's grave kind face that these hard opinions did not suit him. At all events, Sir, promise us, we said, that you will pay nothing yourself—that *you* won't see Honeyman's creditors, and let people, who know the world better, deal with him. "Know the world, young man!" cries Newcome; "I should think if I don't know the world at my age, I never shall." And if he had lived to be as old as Jahaleel a boy could still have cheated him.

"I do not scruple to tell you," he said, after a pause, during which a plenty of smoke was delivered from the council of three, "that I have—a fund—which I had set aside for mere purposes of pleasure, I give you my word, and a part of which I shall think it my duty to devote to poor Honeyman's distresses. The fund is not large. The money was intended in fact — however, there it is. If Pendennis will go round to these tradesmen, and make some composition with them, as their prices have been no doubt enormously exaggerated, I see no harm. Besides the tradesfolk there is good Mrs. Ridley and Mr. Sherrick—we must see them; and, if we can, set this luckless Charles again on his legs. We have read of other prodigals who were kindly treated; and we may have debts of our own to forgive, boys."

Into Mr. Sherrick's account we had no need to enter. That gentleman had acted with perfect fairness by Honeyman. He laughingly said to us, "You don't imagine I would lend that chap a shilling without security? I will give him fifty or a hundred. Here's one of his notes, with what-do-you-call-'em's—that rum fellow Bayham's—name as drawer. A nice pair, ain't they? Pooh! *I* shall never touch 'em. I lent some money on the shop overhead," says Sherrick, pointing to the ceiling (we were in his counting-house in the cellar of Lady Whittlesea's chapel), "because I thought it was a good speculation. And so it was at first. The people liked Honeyman. All the nobs came to hear him. Now the speculation ain't so good. He's used up. A chap can't be expected to last forever. When I first engaged Mademoiselle Bravura at my theatre, you couldn't get a place for three weeks together. The next year she didn't draw twenty pounds a week. So it was with Pottle, and the regular drama humbug. At first it was all very well. Good business, good houses, our immortal bard, and that sort of game. They engaged the tigers and the French riding people over the way; and there was Pottle bellowing away in my place to the orchestra and the orders. It's all a speculation. I've speculated in about pretty much every thing that's going: in theatres, in joint-stock jobs, in building ground, in bills, in gas and insurance companies, and in this chapel. Poor old Honeyman! *I* won't hurt him. About that other chap, I put in to do the first business—that red-haired chap, Rawkins — I think I was wrong. I think he injured the property. But I don't know every thing, you know. I wasn't bred to know about parsons—quite the reverse. I thought, when I heard Rawkins at Hampstead, he was just the thing. I used to go about, sir, just as I did to the provinces, when I had the theatre—Camberwell, Islington, Kennington, Clapton, all about, and hear the young chaps. Have a glass of sherry; and here's better luck to Honeyman. As for that Colonel, he's a trump, sir! I never see such a man. I have to deal with such a precious lot of rogues: in the city and out of it, among the swells and all, you know, that to see such a fellow refreshes me; and I'd do any thing for him. You've made a good thing of that *Pall Mall Gazette!* I tried papers too; but mine didn't do. I don't know why I

tried a Tory one, moderate Liberal, and out-and-out uncompromising Radical. I say, what d'ye think of a religious paper, the *Catechism*, or some such name? Would Honeyman do as editor? I'm afraid it's all up with the poor cove at the chapel." And I parted with Mr. Sherrick, not a little edified by his talk, and greatly relieved as to Honeyman's fate. The tradesmen of Honeyman's body were appeased; and as for Mr. Moss, when he found that the curate had no effects, and must go before the Insolvent Court, unless Moss chose to take the composition which we were empowered to offer him, he too was brought to hear reason, and parted with the stamped paper on which was poor Honeyman's signature. Our negotiation had like to have come to an end by Clive's untimely indignation, who offered at one stage of the proceedings to pitch young Moss out of the window; but nothing came of this most ungentlebadlike beayviour on Noocob's part, further than remonstrance and delay in the proceedings; and Honeyman preached a lovely sermon at Lady Whittlesea's the very next Sunday. He had made himself much liked in the sponging-house, and Mr. Lazarus said, "If he hadn't a got out time enough, I'd a let him out for Sunday, and sent one of my men with him to show him the way ome, you know; for when a gentleman behaves as a gentleman to me, I behave as a gentleman to him."

Mrs. Ridley's account, and it was a long one, was paid without a single question, or the deduction of a farthing; but the Colonel rather sickened of Honeyman's expressions of rapturous gratitude, and received his professions of mingled contrition and delight very coolly. "My boy," says the father to Clive, "you see to what straits debt brings a man, to tamper with truth, to have to cheat the poor. Think of flying before a washerwoman, or humbling yourself to a tailor, or eating a poor man's children's bread!" Clive blushed, I thought, and looked rather confused.

"O, father," says he, "I—I'm afraid I owe some money too—not much; but about forty pound, five-and-twenty for cigars, and fifteen I borrowed of Pendennis, and—and—I've been devilish annoyed about it all this time."

"You stupid boy," says the father, "I knew about the cigars bill, and paid it last week Any thing I have is yours, you know. As long as there is a guinea there is half for you. See that every shilling we owe is paid before—before a week is over. And go down and ask Binnie if I can see him in his study. I want to have some conversation with him." When Clive was gone away, he said to me in a very sweet voice, "In God's name, keep my boy out of debt when I am gone, Arthur. I shall return to India very soon."

"Very soon, Sir! You have another year's leave," said I.

"Yes, but no allowances, you know; and this affair of Honeyman's has pretty nearly emptied the little purse I had set aside for European expenses. They have been very much heavier than I expected. As it is, I overdrew my account at my brother's, and have been obliged to draw money from my agents in Calcutta. A year sooner or later (unless two of our senior officers had died, when I should have got my promotion and full colonel's pay with it, and proposed to remain in this country)—a year sooner or later, what does it matter? Clive will go away and work at his art, and see the great schools of painting while I am absent. I thought at one time how pleasant it would be to accompany him. But *l'homme propose*, Pendennis. I fancy now a lad is not the better for being always tied to his parent's apron-string. You young fellows are too clever for me. I haven't learned your ideas or read your books. I feel myself very often an old damper in your company. I will go back, Sir, where I have some friends, and where I am somebody still. I know an honest face or two, white and brown, that will lighten up in the old regiment when they see Tom Newcome again. God bless you, Arthur. You young fellows in this country have such cold ways that we old ones hardly know how to like you at first. James Binnie and I, when we first came home, used to talk you over, and think you laughed at us. But you didn't, I know. God Almighty bless you, and send you a good wife, and make a good man of you. I have bought a watch, which I would like you to wear in remembrance of me and my boy, to whom you were so kind when you were boys together in the old Gray Friars." I took his hand, and uttered some incoherent words of affection and respect. Did not Thomas Newcome merit both from all who knew him?

His resolution being taken, our good Colonel began to make silent but effectual preparations for his coming departure. He was pleased during these last days of his stay to give me even more of his confidence than I had previously enjoyed, and was kind enough to say that he regarded me almost as a son of his own, and hoped I would act as elder brother and guardian to Clive. Ah! who is to guard the guardian? The younger brother had many nobler qualities than belonged to the elder. The world had not hardened Clive, nor even succeeded in spoiling him. I perceive I am diverging from his history into that of another person, and will return to the subject proper of the book.

Colonel Newcome expressed himself as being particularly touched and pleased with his friend Binnie's conduct, now that the Colonel's departure was determined. "James is one of the most generous of men, Pendennis, and I am proud to be put under an obligation to him, and to tell it too. I hired this house, as you are aware, of our speculative friend Mr. Sherrick, and am answerable for the payment of the rent till the expiry of the lease. James has taken the matter off my hands entirely. The place is greatly too large for him, but he says that he likes it, and intends to stay, and that his sister and niece shall be his housekeepers. Clive—(here, perhaps, the speaker's voice drops a little)—Clive will be the son of the house still, honest James says, and God bless him. James is richer than I thought by near a lakh of rupees—and here's a hint for you, Master

Arthur. Mr. Binnie has declared to me in confidence that if his niece, Miss Rosey, shall marry a person of whom he approves, he will leave her a considerable part of his fortune."

The Colonel's confidant here said that his own arrangements were made in another quarter, to which statement the Colonel replied knowingly, "I thought so. A little bird has whispered to me the name of a certain Miss A. I knew her grandfather, an accommodating old gentleman, and I borrowed some money from him when I was a subaltern at Calcutta. I tell you in strict confidence, my dear young friend, that I hope and trust a certain young gentleman of your acquaintance may be induced to think how good and pretty and sweet-tempered a girl Miss Mackenzie is, and that she may be brought to like him. If you young men would marry in good time good and virtuous women—as I am sure —ahem!—Miss Amory is—half the temptations of your youth would be avoided. You would neither be dissolute, as many of you seem to me, or cold and selfish, which are worse vices still. And my prayer is, that my Clive may cast anchor early out of the reach of temptation, and mate with some such kind girl as Binnie's niece. When I first came home I formed other plans for him, which could not be brought to a successful issue; and knowing his ardent disposition, and having kept an eye on the young rogue's conduct, I tremble lest some mischance with a woman should befall him, and long to have him out of danger."

So the kind scheme of the two elders was, that their young ones should marry and be happy ever after, like the Prince and Princess of the Fairy Tale: and dear Mrs. Mackenzie, have I said that at the commencement of her visit to her brother she made almost open love to the Colonel? dear Mrs. Mack was content to forego her own chances so that her darling Rosey might be happy. We used to laugh and say, that as soon as Clive's father was gone Josey would be sent for to join Rosey. But little Josey being under her grandmother's sole influence, took a most gratifying and serious turn; wrote letters, in which she



questioned the morality of operas, Towers of London, and wax-works, and, before a year was out, married Elder Bogie, of Mr. M'Craw's church.

Presently was to be read in the "Morning Post" an advertisement of the sale of three horses (the description and pedigree following), "the property of an officer returning to India. Apply to the groom, at the stables, 150 Fitzroy Square."

The Court of Directors invited Lieutenant-Colonel Newcome to an entertainment given to Major-General Sir Ralph Spurrier, K.C.B., appointed Commander-in-Chief at Madras. Clive was asked to this dinner too, "and the governor's health was drunk, Sir," Clive said, "after dinner, and the dear old fellow made such a good speech, in returning thanks!"

He, Clive and I made a pilgrimage to Grey Friars, and had the Green to ourselves, it being the Bartlemytide vacation, and the boys all away. One of the good old Poor Brothers, whom we both recollected, accompanied us round the place; and we sate for a while in Captain Scarsdale's little room (he had been a peninsular officer, who had sold out, and was fain in his old age to retire into this calm retreat). And we talked, as old schoolmates and lovers talk, about subjects interesting to schoolmates and lovers only.

One by one the Colonel took leave of his friends, young and old; ran down to Newcome, and gave Mrs. Mason a parting benediction; slept a night at Tom Smith's, and passed a day with Jack Brown; went to all the boys' and girls' schools where his little protégés were, so as to be able to take the very last and most authentic account of the young folks to their parents in India. Spent a week at Marble Hill, and shot partridges there, but for which entertainment, Clive said, the place would have been intolerable; and thence proceeded to Brighton, to pass a little time with good Miss Honeyman. As for Sir Brian's family, when parliament broke up of course they did not stay in town. Barnes, of course, had part of a moor in Scotland, whither his uncle and cousin did not follow him. The rest went abroad. Sir Brian wanted the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle; the brothers parted very good friends; Lady Ann, and all the young people, heartily wished him farewell. I believe Sir Brian even accompanied the Colonel down stairs from the drawing-room, in Park Lane, and actually came out and saw his brother into his cab (just as he would accompany old Lady Bagges when she came to look at her account at the bank, from the parlor to her carriage). But as for Ethel, *she* was not going to be put off with this sort of parting: and the next morning a cab dashed up to Fitzroy Square, and a vailed lady came out thence, and was closeted with Colonel Newcome for five minutes, and when he led her back to the carriage there were tears in his eyes.

Mrs. Mackenzie joked about the transaction (having watched it from the dining-room windows), and asked the Colonel who his sweetheart was? Newcome replied very sternly, that he hoped no one would ever speak lightly of that young lady, whom he loved as his own daughter; and I thought Rosey looked vexed at the praises thus bestowed. This was the day before we all went down to Brighton. Miss Honeyman's lodgings were taken for Mr. Binnie and his ladies. Clive and her dearest Colonel had apartments next door. Charles Honeyman came down and preached one of his very best sermons. Fred Bayham was there, and looked particularly grand and noble on the pier and the cliff. I am inclined to think he had had some explanation with Thomas Newcome, which had placed F. B. in a state of at least temporary prosperity. Whom did he not benefit whom he knew, and what eye that saw him did not bless him? F. B. was greatly affected at Charles's sermon, of which our party of course could see the allusions. Tears actually rolled down his brown cheeks; for Fred was a man very easily moved, and as it were a softened sinner. Little Rosey and her mother sobbed audibly, greatly to the surprise of stout old Miss Honeyman, who had no idea of such watery exhibitions, and to the discomfiture of poor Newcome, who was annoyed to have his praises even hinted in that sacred edifice. Good Mr. James Binnie came for once to church; and, however variously their feelings might be exhibited or repressed, I think there was not one of the little circle there assembled who did not bring to the place a humble prayer and a gentle heart. It was the last Sabbath-bell our dear friend was to hear for many a day on his native shore. The great sea washed the beach as we came out, blue with the reflection of the skies, and its innumerable waves crested with sunshine. I see the good man and his boy yet clinging to him as they pace together by the shore.

The Colonel was very much pleased by a visit from Mr. Ridley, and the communication which he made (my Lord Todmorden has a mansion and park in Sussex, whence Mr. Ridley came to pay his duty to Colonel Newcome). He said he "never could forget the kindness with which the Colonel had treated him. His lordship have taken a young man, which Mr. Ridley had brought him up under his own eye, and can answer for him, Mr. R. says, with impunity; and which he is to be his lordship's own man for the future. And his lordship have appointed me his steward, and having, as he always hev been, been most liberal in point of sellary. And me and Mrs. Ridley was thinking, Sir, most respectfully, with regard to our son, Mr. John James Ridley—as good and honest a young man, which I am proud to say it, that if Mr. Clive goes abroad we shall be most proud and happy if John James went with him. And the money which you have paid us so handsome, Colonel, he shall have it; which it was the excellent ideer of Miss Cann; and my lord have ordered a pictur of John James in the most libral manner, and have asked my son to dinner, Sir, at his lordship's own table, which I have faithfully served him five-and-thirty years." Ridley's voice fairly broke down at this part of his speech, which evidently was a studied composition, and he uttered no more of it, for the Colonel cordially shook

him by the hand, and Clive jumped up clapping his, and saying that it was the greatest wish of his heart that J. J. and he should be companions in France and Italy. "But I did not like to ask my dear old father," he said, "who has had so many calls on his purse, and besides, I knew that J. J. was too independent to come as my follower."

The Colonel's berth has been duly secured ere now. This time he makes the overland journey; and his passage is to Alexandria, taken in one of the noble ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. His kit is as simple as a subaltern's; I believe, but for Clive's friendly compulsion, he would have carried back no other than the old uniform which has served him for so many years. Clive and his father traveled to Southampton together by themselves. F. B. and I took the Southampton coach: we had asked leave to see the last of him, and say a "God bless you" to our dear old friend. So the day came when the vessel was to sail. We saw his cabin, and witnessed all the bustle and stir on board the good ship on a day of departure. Our thoughts, however, were fixed but on one person—the case, no doubt, with hundreds more on such a day. There was many a group of friends closing wistfully together on the sunny deck, and saying the last words of blessing and farewell. The bustle of the ship passes dimly round about them; the hurrying noise of crew and officers running on their duty; the tramp and song of the men at the capstan bars; the bells ringing, as the hour for departure comes nearer and nearer, as mother and son, father and daughter, husband and wife, hold hands yet for a little while. We saw Clive and his father talking together by the wheel. Then they went below; and a passenger, her husband, asked me to give my arm to an almost fainting lady, and to lead her off the ship. Bayham followed us, carrying their two children in his arms, as the husband turned away, and walked aft. The last bell was ringing, and they were crying, "Now for the shore." The whole ship had begun to throb ere this, and its great wheels to beat the water, and the chimnies had flung out their black signals for sailing. We were as yet close on the dock, and we saw Clive coming up from below, looking very pale; the plank was drawn after him as he stepped on land.

Then, with three great cheers from the dock, and from the crew in the bows, and from the passengers on the quarter-deck, the noble ship strikes the first stroke of her destined race, and swims away toward the ocean. "There he is, there he is," shouts Fred Bayham, waving his hat. "God bless him, God bless him!" I scarce perceived, at the ship's side, beckoning an adieu, our dear old friend, when the lady, whose husband had bidden me to lead her away from the ship, fainted in my arms. Poor soul! Her, too, has fate stricken. Ah, pangs of hearts torn asunder, passionate regrets, cruel, cruel partings! Shall you not end one day, ere many years; when the tears shall be wiped from all eyes, and there shall be neither sorrow nor pain?

DOCTOR PABLO.

A YOUNG ship-surgeon who had made several voyages, set out about thirty-five years ago, on board a rotten old three-master, commanded by a worn-out captain. The ship was named Le Cultivateur, and the young surgeon was named Paul de la Gironière. He came of Breton race; feared nothing, and loved adventure.

After touching in sundry ports, the old three-master reached the Philippine Islands, and anchored near the little town of Cavita, in the bay of Manilla. There, the young doctor obtained leave to live ashore until the vessel sailed again; and having found lodgings in the town, he began to amuse himself in the open air with his gun. He mixed with the natives, and picked up what he could of their language, increasing at the same time his knowledge of Spanish.

At the end of four months—in September, eighteen hundred and twenty—cholera broke out at Manilla, and soon spread over the island. Mortality was terrible among the Indians; and, as often happens with Indians, and used to happen often among Europeans when people were more ignorant than they are now, the belief arose that somebody was poisoning the wells. No suspicion fell upon the Spanish masters of the island, who were dying with the rest; but there were several French ships in the harbor, and it was therefore settled that the wells were poisoned by the French.

On the ninth of October a horrible massacre began at Manilla and Cavita. The old captain of the Cultivateur was one of the first victims. Almost all the French residents in Manilla were assassinated, and their houses pillaged and destroyed.

Monsieur Paul the doctor, who was known on shore as Doctor Pablo, contrived to escape in good time to his ship. As soon as he was on board, his services were wanted by the mate of an American vessel, who had received a poniard wound. That having been dressed, the doctor next heard from several French captains that one of their number, Captain Drouant, from Marseilles, was still on shore. There remained but an hour of twilight; he might possibly be saved. The bold young Breton therefore went ashore again in a canoe, and, when he landed, bade the sailors abide by the boat until he or Captain Drouant should come to them. He then began his search; and, at a little place called Puesta Baga, perceived a group of three or four hundred Indians. Among them they had the unlucky captain, pale as a ghost; whom a wild Indian, with a kris in his hand, held by the shoulder. Down rushed Doctor Pablo on the group, thrust the wild Indian to the right and Captain Drouant to the left, and pointing out where the boat was, bade the captain run and save himself. The captain ran, and the Indians were too much surprised at the presumption of his rescuer to take immediate heed of the departure of their victim; so the captain reached the boat, and pulled away from shore.

But how was Doctor Pablo to escape? The Indian whom he had thrust aside, ran at him with

uplifted arm; him the young surgeon met by a blow on the head with a little cane. The man ran back to his companions, amazed and wrathful. Knives were drawn on all sides, and a circle was formed about the mad white man; one would not strike alone, but a score or two would strike together. The circle was closing, when an Indian soldier, armed with a musket, jumped into the midst. Holding his musket by the muzzle, he swung it violently round at arm's length, and the revolving but-end soon cleared a wide space. "Fly, sir!" the soldier said; "nobody will touch a hair of you while I am here."

In truth a way was opened, by which the young man was quietly permitted to depart; as he went, the soldier cried after him, "You cared for my wife when she was ill, and refused money; now you are paid."

Captain Drouant having taken the canoe, Monsieur Paul had no course left him but to go to his old home in Cavita. On the way he met a crowd of workers from the arsenal, who had set out with hatchets to attack the ships. Among these, too, there was a friend, who pinned him to a wall, concealed his person until his companions were gone by, and then urged him to promise that he would not go on board the ships, but hide on shore.

The Doctor's case was little improved when he reached home. There came a knocking at the door, and a whispering outside, of "Doctor Pablo." It was the friendly voice of a Chinese storekeeper.

"What have you to say, Yang-Po?"

"Doctor Pablo, save yourself. The Indians intend attacking you this night."

Doctor Pablo would not save himself by flight; he thought it best to barricade his doors with furniture, to load his pistols, and to abide the issue.

Wearied by a day of anxiety, excitement, and severe physical labor, the beleaguered Frenchman found it difficult to keep awake and watchful, through the first hours of the night. At eleven o'clock there came again a knocking, hurriedly repeated.

"Who is there?"

"We are friends. The Indians are behind us. Escape through the roof at the back, and you will find us in the street of the Campanario."

He took this good advice, and had not long escaped before the house was searched and pillaged. His new friends sheltered him for the night, and were about to convey him to his ship on the succeeding morning, when one of them brought him a letter signed by all the captains in harbor, saying that being in momentary fear of attack, they had determined to heave anchor, and stand out to sea; but that two of them, Drouant and Perroux, would have to leave on land part of their provisions, their sails, and their water, unless he would send those stores off by means of a canoe which was sent with the letter, and was subject to his orders.

"The safety of two ships," said the young surgeon, "depends on sending off this water and these stores."

"Your own safety," his friends replied, "depends on getting off yourself, and that immediately."

"I am resolved to see after the stores."

"Then go alone, for we will not escort you to destruction."

Doctor Pablo did go alone, and found upon the shore a crowd of Indians watching the ships. He believed that by not fearing them he would remove nearly all cause for fear, and therefore went boldly up to them, saying, "Which of you would like to earn some money? I will give any man a piastre for a day's work." There was a silence. Presently one said, "You do not seem to be afraid of us?" "Why, no," he replied, drawing his two pistols; "you see I stake only one life against two." The men were at his service in a minute; two hundred were chosen; a note was penciled and sent off by the canoe to summon all the ship's boats to convey the stores. A quantity of money belonging to Captain Drouant was taken to the beach secretly by the pocketful, and deposited in a corner of one of the boats. All went well; there was only one unlucky accident. When Captain Perroux's sails were being repaired, one of the men engaged in the work had died of cholera, and the rest, fearing infection, had wrapped him up hurriedly in a small sail and run away. The Indians, in moving the sail-cloths, uncovered the body, and were at once in an uproar. This was, they said, a French plot for poisoning the air and spreading the infection. "Nonsense, men!" said Pablo. "Afraid of a poor devil dead of cholera? So be it. I'll soon relieve you of him." Then, with a great display of coolness which he did not altogether feel, he wrapped the body again in a piece of the sail-cloth, and, lifting it up in his arms, he carried it down to the shore. He caused a hole to be dug, and laid the body in the grave himself. When it was covered up, he erected a rude cross over the spot. After that, the loading went on without further hindrance.

Having paid the Indians, and given them a cask of brandy, Doctor Pablo went to the ship with the last cargo of water, and there—as he had taken little or no refreshment during the last twenty-four hours—his work being now done, he began to feel exhausted. He was exhausted in more senses than one, for he was near the end of his worldly as well as of his bodily resources. All his goods and the small hoards that he had made, were either destroyed or stolen; he owned nothing but what he had upon him—a check shirt, canvas trowsers, and a calico waistcoat, with a small fortune of thirty-two piastres in his pockets. When he had recovered from his faintness and had taken a little food, he bethought him of an English captain in the Bay who owed him a hundred piastres; as the vessels were all on the point of departure, he must set off in a small boat at once to get them. Now this captain, one of the perfidious sons of Albion I am sorry to say, replied to the young doctor's demand that he owed him nothing, and threatened to throw him overboard. So, in sooth, he

was obliged to tumble back into his boat, and return to the Cultivateur as he could. But then, how could he?—for the night was become pitch dark, and a violent contrary wind had arisen.

The night was spent in idly tossing on the waves; but, when morning came, and he got on board his ship, other difficulties disappeared. The Spanish authorities had quelled the riots, and the priests in the suburbs of Civita had threatened excommunication against any one who attempted Doctor Pablo's life; for, as a son of Æsculapius, his life was to be particularly cherished. The French ships remained at anchor; and when, soon afterward, an Indian came on board the Cultivateur to invite the doctor to his home near the mountains of Marigondon, ten leagues off, he had leisure to go, and went.

For three weeks, he lived happily as this Indian's guest, and then an express messenger came with a letter from the mate of his ship, who had commanded it since the death of the old captain, informing him that the Cultivateur was about to sail for France, and that he must make haste to come on board. The letter had been some days written, and when Doctor Pablo reached Manilla, there was his vessel to be seen, with its outspread sails, almost a speck on the horizon! His first thought was to give chase in a canoe, the Indians saying that if the breeze did not freshen they might overtake the ship. But they demanded twelve piastres on the spot, and only twenty-five were then lying in the doctor's pockets. What was to be done? If they failed to overtake the vessel, what figure was he to make in a town where he knew nobody, with nothing but a check shirt, canvas trowsers, calico waistcoat, and thirteen piastres? Suddenly, he resolved to let the Cultivateur go, and keep what money he had, to set himself up as a practitioner of physic in Manilla.

But Manilla, as the world knows, is a gay place, in which there is much display of wealth and carriages, and of Spanish colonial frippery and fashion. How should he begin? His stars provided for him in the first instance. Before he left the shore on his way back into Manilla, he met a young European, with whom he exchanged confidences. This young European was another ship-doctor, who had himself thought of settling in the Philippines, but was called home by family affairs; he confirmed Monsieur de la Gironière in his purpose. There was a difficulty about his dress; it was not quite the costume in which to pay physician's visits. "Never mind that, my dear fellow," said his friend. "I can furnish you with all you want: a new suit of clothes and six magnificent lancets. You shall have them at cost price." The bargain was settled; the departing doctor turned back to his inn, out of which Doctor Pablo presently issued fully equipped. He had a most respectable and professional set of clothes; only they were too long for him in every respect, and every where too wide. He had six lancets in his pocket, and his little calico waistcoat packed up in his hat. He had paid for his equipment twenty-four piastres, so he came out into the streets of Manilla with just one piastre in his hand, and the whole world of the Philippines before him.

A triumphant idea presently occurred to him. There was a Spanish captain, Juan Porras, known to be almost blind. He would go and offer him his services. Where did he live? A hundred people in the streets were asked in vain. At last an Indian shopkeeper observed, "If señor Don Juan is a captain, he will be known at any guard-house." To a guard-house Doctor Pablo went, and thence was at once conducted by a soldier to the captain's dwelling. Night was then closing.

Don Juan Porras was an Andalusian, and a jolly fellow. He was in the act of covering his eyes with enormous poultices.

"Señor captain," said the young Breton, "I am a doctor and a learned oculist. I am come to take care of you, and I am sure that I know how to cure you."

"Quite enough," he replied; "every physician in Manilla is an ape."

"That is just my opinion," said Doctor Pablo; "and for that reason I have resolved to come myself and practice in the Philippines."

"What countryman are you?"

"I am from France."

"A French physician! I am at your service. Take my eyes; do what you will with them."

"Your eyes, señor capitan, are very bad. If they are to be healed soon, they ought not to be left a minute."

"Would you mind making a short stay with me?"

"I consent, on condition that you let me pay you for my board and lodging."

"Do as you will," replied Don Juan; "the thing is settled at once. Send for your luggage."

Doctor Pablo's canvas trowsers had been thrown aside as too ragged to be worth preserving, and his whole luggage was the little white waistcoat packed up in his hat, and his hat was all the box he had. He adopted the straightforward course, which is at all times the sensible and right course; he told the captain the plain truth about himself, and that his lodging could be paid for only out of his earnings, say from month to month. The captain was on his part delighted. "If you are poor," he said, "it will be the making of you to cure me. You are sure to do your best."

Doctor Pablo and the captain got on very well together. An examination of the eyes next morning showed that the right eye was not only lost, but enveloped in a mass of cancerous disease that would ere long have destroyed his patient's life. Of the other eye there was still hope. "Your right eye," the doctor said, "and all this growth about it has to be removed by an operation, or you must die." The operation was undergone. The wounds healed, the flesh became sound, and, after about six weeks, the use of the left eye was recovered. During this time Doctor Pablo met with a few other patients; so,

at the end of the first month, he was able to pay punctually for his board and lodging.

The captain was cured, but nobody knew that, for he still refused to stir out of doors. "I won't go out," he said, "to be called Captain One-eye. You must get me a glass eye from France before I'll stir abroad."

"But that will make a delay of eighteen months."

"You must wait eighteen months, then, before you get the credit of my cure. Worry me, and I'll keep my shutters closed, and make people believe that I can't bear the light, and am as bad as ever."

If Captain Juan Porras would but show himself, then Doctor Pablo's fortune would be made. Was Doctor Pablo to wait eighteen months, until a false eye could be received from France? Certainly not. He would turn mechanician, and get up an eye at Manilla under his own superintendence. He did so, and the captain (though it did not feel as if it were a clever fit) found it not unsatisfactory. He put on spectacles, looked at himself in the glass, and consented to go out.

But what, somebody may ask, is all this story about? Is it true? I only know that it is all seriously vouched for by the person chiefly concerned: to wit, the doctor himself. Monsieur Alexandre Dumas having included the adventures of Monsieur de la Gironière in a romance of "A Thousand and One Phantoms," Monsieur de la Gironière considered that it was time for him to tell the naked truth concerning himself and his adventures. This he now does in a little book called Twenty Years in the Philippines; of which an English translation has just been published by Harper and Brothers.

The return of Don Juan caused a great sensation in Manilla. Every one talked of señor Don Pablo, the great French physician. Patients came from all parts; and, young as he was, he leaped from indigence to opulence. He kept a carriage and four, but still lodged in the captain's house.

At that time it happened that a young American friend pointed out to him a lady dressed in deep mourning, who was occasionally to be seen upon the promenades—one of the most beautiful women in the town. She was the Marchioness of Salinas, eighteen or nineteen years old, and already a widow. Doctor Pablo fell in love.

Vain attempts were made to meet this charming señora in private circles; but she was not to be seen within doors any where. One morning an Indian came to fetch the French physician to a boy, his master. He drove to the house indicated—one of the best in the suburb of Santa Cruz—saw the patient, and was writing the prescription in the sick room, when he heard the rustle of a dress behind him, turned his head, and saw the lady of his dreams. He dropped his pen and began talking incoherently; she smiled, asked what he thought of her nephew, and went away. This made Doctor Pablo very diligent in his attendance on the boy; and six months afterward Madame de las Salinas—Anna—was his wife. She had a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, expected daily in galleons from Mexico.

One evening while they were at tea, news came that the galleons were in the offing. Husband and wife had agreed that when this money came, they would retire to France. Don Pablo had then a splendid practice at Manilla, and held several official situations, kept two carriages and eight horses; also a fine table, at which all Europeans were welcome guests. It was not ruin, therefore, when the tidings came next day that his wife's money was lost! It had been seized on its way through Mexico by Colonel Yturbide, and paid to the credit of the independent cause, in a civil war then and there in progress. The only difference to Doctor Pablo was, that he could not quit the Philippines.

Among other situations, Doctor Pablo held the post of surgeon-major to the first light battalion of the line, and was a warm friend to its captain, Novales. Novales one night revolted, the regiment began an insurrection, and the surgeon-major rushed out at three o'clock in the morning, not exactly knowing what to do. Tumult and cannonading followed. Pablo did not return to his wife for twenty-one hours; he had given his service to the Spaniards, and returned safe. He found his wife upon her knees; she rose to receive him, but her wits were gone. The terror she had suffered cost her an illness that deprived her, for a time, of reason. He watched over her, and she recovered. A month afterward, she relapsed, and it soon appeared that she was subject to monthly relapses of insanity.

He took her in search of health to the Tierra Alta, a district much infested by bandits; but he did not mind bandits. He had sundry adventures with them, and the result of them all was, that these people thought Doctor Pablo a fine fellow, and liked him. With much care, Anna's health was at last perfectly restored.

Then the young couple, devoted to each other, returned into Manilla, where, soon afterward, Doctor Pablo considered that he had been insulted by the governor, who had refused to discharge a soldier on account of ill-health on his recommendation. Pablo suddenly resigned every office that he held under the state, and asked his wife how she would like to go and live at Iala-Iala? Any where, she replied, with Doctor Pablo. He bought therefore with his savings, the peninsula of Iala-Iala; and, although the governor behaved courteously, refused his resignation, and appeased his wrath, he held to his purpose firmly, and set out to inspect his new theatre of action.

It proved to be a peninsula divided by a chain of mountains which subsided in a series of hills toward the lake. It was covered with forests and thick grassy pasturage, and was full of game; Doctor Pablo held himself to be a mighty hunter, great in the chace of the pheasant or the buffalo. There were no animals on the domain more noxious than civet cats and monkeys—men except-

ed. The peninsula was a noted haunt of pirates and bandits. Doctor Pablo went to the cabin of the person who was pointed out to him as the most desperate pirate, a fellow who would do his half-a-dozen murders in a day, and said to him, "Mabutin-Tajo"—that was his name—"you are a great villain. I am the lord of Iala-Iala; I wish you to change your mode of life. If you refuse, I'll punish you. I want a guard; give me your word of honor that you'll be an honest man, and I will make you my lieutenant." The man, after a pause, vowed that he would be faithful to the death, and showed the way to the house of another desperado who would be his sergeant. From these, and with these, the doctor went to others of their stamp, raised a little army, and by evening had, in cavalry and infantry, a force of ten men, which was as large as he required. He was captain, Mabutin-Tajo was lieutenant, and the business of the men was thenceforward not to break order, but to keep it. He got the people of the place together, caused them to consent to assemble in a village, marked the line of a street, planned sites for a church and for his own mansion, set the people at work, and masons and master workmen to help them, from Manilla.

The people of Manilla thought the great French physician had gone mad, but his faithful wife heartily entered into his scheme; and, after eight months of constant passing to and fro, he at last informed her that her castle at Iala was erected, and conveyed her to her domain.

Doctor Pablo begged from the governor the post which we should call in London, that of Police Magistrate of the Province of the Lagune. This made him the supreme judge on his own domain, and secured more perfectly his influence over the people. From the Archbishop Hilarion, he begged Father Miguel de San Francisco as a curate. This priest was denied to him, as a person with whom no one could live in peace. Doctor Pablo persisted and obtained his wish. Father Miguel came. He was a fiery, energetic man, a Malay, who got on very well with his new patron, and was appreciated by his flock; not the less because he labored much among them as a teacher and in other ways, and preached only once a year, and then it was always the same sermon —a short one in two parts—half Spanish for the gentlefolks, half Tagaloc for the Indians.

In this way, Monsieur Paul de la Gironière settled at Iala. There he lived many years. He reformed the natives, taught them, and humanized them. Without a cannon-shot, he put an end to piracy. He cleared woods, and covered the soil with plantations of indigo and sugar-cane, rice, and coffee. The end of his history was that he left Iala-Iala when its church contained the graves of his dear wife and of his two infant children, of a favorite brother who had quitted France to dwell with him, of his wife's sister, and of other friends. Doctor Pablo went back, a lonely man, to his old mother, in France, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, after having passed twenty years in the Philippines.

WHAT IS A CONGREVE ROCKET?

WHOEVER has stood upon a fortification near a cannon when fired, will have noticed the recoil, or backward movement of the piece on its wheels. More feelingly the force of the recoil will manifest itself to the rook-shooter, who, firing skyward many times in succession, often gets punished for his wanton destruction of corvine-life, by a bruised shoulder, or occasionally even a broken collar-bone.

Now, in all ordinary cases, it is the object of the gunmaker—understanding the term gun in its generic sense, including cannon as well as small-arms—to deaden or diminish this force of recoil. As concerns small fire-arms, more especially rifles and pistols, any considerable recoil is most injurious, as it throws the barrel out of the due line of aim; and this is the chief reason why so great a weight of metal is put into such barrels. In the case of pieces of ordinance, it will be found that the force of recoil, when it goes beyond a certain extent, not only disarranges the aim, but renders the piece unmanageable, more especially on board ship.

Let us suppose now, that the cannon on the fortification is charged—is discharged—and recoils. The explosion, however, being instantaneous, the recoil soon comes to an end. If the explosion were susceptible of prolongation, and if the mouth of the cannon could be maintained by some device in its original position, then the best way of attacking an enemy, supposing the expense of a cannon to be no object, would be to turn the breech of the gun toward him, and allowing it to take flight through the air like any other projectile. This notion may cause a smile; but we do not know in what manner the general theory of rockets could be rendered so intelligible, as by commencing where we have commenced—with the recoil of a gun. A rocket, in point of fact, may be described as a gun charged with a slow-burning combustible, so that when discharged, or rather ignited, it recoils, first a little, then a little more, and so more and more, until the force of recoil imparts to the mass a power proportionate to its weight multiplied by its velocity. Most people have seen a sky-rocket; many have examined it, perhaps; still more have traced the fiery course of the beautiful pyrotechnic ornament as it mounted aloft with arrow-like velocity, then watched its graceful bend and final distribution of variegated stars. Lastly, most persons are cognizant, we presume, of the fact, that each rocket is furnished with a stick, serving the purpose of a rudder, or a tail. Now, the sky-rocket is propelled in consequence of its own recoil. Were we to retain the idea with which we commenced our description, we should say *re*pelled, in consequence of this recoil; but inasmuch as recoil becomes in the rocket the primary or chief force, we had better, from this period to the end of the paper, turn our ideas of recoil upside down. As for the stick-tail, or rudder—the reader may denominate it as he pleases —its use is to keep the mouth or aperture of the

rocket, from which the flame escapes, continually downward. It is tied laterally to the rocket. If it admitted of being affixed centrally, then the flight of the rocket would be more direct, instead of having a general tendency to lateral flight. Considering the rocket as an ornamental firework, this directness of flight would be rather prejudicial than otherwise, its curvilinear path being exceedingly beautiful. Were it desired, however, to metamorphose the sky-rocket into a warlike projectile, then, in proportion to its directness of flight, would be its advantages.

Step by step, we are now approaching the construction of a Congreve or war rocket, which, as at present made, chiefly differs from a sky-rocket in the two particulars, of having a sheet-iron instead of a paper cone, and of being supplied with a central instead of a lateral stick. The first Congreve rockets did not possess the latter advantage. They had sticks laterally attached, like those of ordinary sky-rockets. Of this kind were the rockets employed by the British troops at the battle of Leipsic; and so desolating were their effects, that some French troops against which they were fired immediately laid down their arms. The war-rocket is so intimately associated with the name of Sir William Congreve, that by over-zealous advocates he is assumed to be their inventor, although he himself disclaims the honor. In his book on the rocket-practice, he states that rockets, considered as projectile weapons, were of great antiquity in India and China, and claims to be only the improver of the weapon. Indeed, we have met with undoubted testimony, that the projectile force of the rocket used as a military weapon was known in Europe before the latter part of the sixteenth century: in the year 1598 appeared the collection of *Traites Militaires*, by Hanzelet, in which book there exists not only a full description of the manner of using rockets as military weapons, but a rude wood-cut, showing the method of firing them.

Some years ago, we remember to have seen in the London Adelaide Gallery certain Chinese war-rockets. They were captured by our troops at the siege of Amoy, and brought to the British metropolis. To all intents and purposes they were sky-rockets, with the sole addition to each of a barbed arrow-head affixed laterally in the line of the stick, and projecting beyond the head of the rocket. Compared with even the smallest Congreve rockets employed in our service, they were insignificant affairs. Their flight would be altogether irregular, their power of penetrating comparatively weak. Nevertheless, one of them would undoubtedly have killed a man at the distance of 200 yards: consequently, these Chinese weapons admit of being regarded as a variety of small fire-arms; while even the smallest Congreve rocket may be compared with artillery. So much, then, concerning the history of the war-rocket up to the time of Congreve. He was the first who employed an iron instead of a paper case. He was also the first who applied the central stick; and succeeded in making rockets of one denomination so equal in weight, that the elements of the flight of one being known, data were afforded for the discharge of others.

The war-rocket is a very terrible instrument of destruction, possessing certain advantages which other projectiles do not. Thus, for example, the discharge of rockets, as a consequence of their very nature, is attended with no recoil against a solid body. That which corresponds with recoil in an ordinary gun, is, as we have seen, the propulsive force of the rocket, and the counterpart of this propulsive force is exerted against the air. Owing to this absence of practical recoil, rockets may be fired from boats just large enough to carry them; whereas shells of equal weight, if employed in naval warfare, can be fired only from very strong ships. Rockets carrying within themselves their own propulsive power, require neither guns nor mortars to project them; consequently, they may be fired from places altogether inaccessible to artillery, and they may be constructed of much larger dimensions than any available shot or shell. Gun-founders are now pretty well agreed, that no piece of ordnance can be cast without flaws if much larger than a 13-inch mortar; and the weight of the latter is five tons, although the charged 13-inch shell scarcely weighs 200 pounds. The French tried the experiment of increasing the size of a mortar preparatory to the siege of Antwerp. The experiment was unsuccessful, their monster-mortar bursting after having been only a few times discharged. "The rocket," to use the words of Congreve, "brings into operation the power of artillery every where, and is nowhere embarrassed by the circumstances limiting the application of artillery." It imparts to infantry and cavalry the force of artillery, in addition to the power of their own respective arms. Thus, a foot-soldier might, on particular occasions, carry several 12-pound rockets, each having the propulsive and penetrating effect of a 12-pound cannon-shot, without the embarrassment of the 12-pounder gun. The rocket, as we shall hereafter discover, may be discharged on many occasions without the aid of any apparatus; but even the corresponding rocket-tube, by means of which its accuracy of flight is promoted, weighs only 20 pounds, whereas the weight of a 12-pounder gun is no less than 18 hundredweights. In addition to this advantage, the flight of a rocket is visible, whereas the flight of ordinary warlike projectiles is invisible; and superadded to the power of penetration, the rocket has that of scattering the devastation of fire. These properties of the war-rocket being considered, the reader will be at no loss to understand some of the advantages possessed by the missile.

Nevertheless, the employment of the war-rocket is not attended with those universal advantages over shot and shell claimed for it by Congreve. Amidst its good qualities there lurks the very bad one of irregularity of flight, its accuracy of trajectory curve not being comparable with that of a cannon-ball or shell. Rockets can be advantageously fired neither against a wind

nor across the direction of a wind, and for reasons which a little consideration will render obvious. The long wooden stick affords a powerful lever for the wind to act upon, the iron rocket itself being at the same time unequally affected; hence ultimate deflection takes place. The striking of a casual object in the course of a rocket's flight is another ordinary cause of deflection; and to such an extent is deflection occasionally produced from this cause, that rockets have sometimes come back, like boomerangs, to the spot whence they were fired. Something of this kind once occurred at Woolwich during a military exhibition got up for the gratification of Marshal Soult. The veteran, among other displays, was shown what our war-rockets could accomplish; when one of these erratic missiles striking against a stone or something of that sort, immediately departed from its normal course, bounded high aloft, and finally rushing down, plunged deep into a bank near where the Marshal was posted. It was on account of this erratic propensity to which rockets are somewhat given, that they were never great favorites with the Duke of Wellington. Some of the newly-invented projectiles having been forwarded to the Peninsula, the Duke took an early opportunity of trying their range and effects. The British outposts were on one side of a marsh; the enemy's outposts on the other. The distance was convenient: the rockets were pointed, lighted, and discharged. The result was any thing but satisfactory. Either because the wind was unfavorable, or because the rockets had not been long enough in the field to know friend from foe, or for some other reason, they with common consent turned tail to the enemy, and came back to their friends! The Duke entertained a prejudice against them from that day forth. Nevertheless, they are acknowledged to have saved a brigade of Guards during the passage of the Adour; and subsequently, at Waterloo, they made sad havoc among the enemy.

The original ideas of Sir William Congreve, relative to the best manner of arming troops with the war-rocket have never been carried out. He advocated the distribution of the missile to every branch of the service—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. He objected to the formation of a special rocket service: however, in this matter, his opinions have been overruled. Congreve suggested three methods of firing his rockets: 1. From a tube, and singly; 2. In a volley from many tubes, mounted on one carriage; 3. In a volley from the ground. Two only of these methods are now retained—namely, the first and the third. The rocket tube is a pipe or cylinder of metal, corresponding in size with the diameter of the rocket intended to pass through it, and its business, to give a correct line of flight. In the earlier days of Congreve-rocket practice, there were no tubes, deeply grooved surfaces being used instead. The rocket tube is so contrived that it can be placed at any angle of elevation, and be thus pointed in the manner of a gun. The proper line of aim having been secured, the rocket is thrust into the tube, and ignited, when, after deliberating for an instant, it rushes through and pursues its destructive course. Having thus made evident the construction and use of a rocket tube, the reader will readily understand the intention of a compound-tube arrangement. Let him imagine twenty or thirty of such tubes mounted on one carriage, each tube discharging its own rocket, and a correct notion of what is understood by the tube-volley will be acquired. This apparatus is no longer retained in the service, the ground-volley of rockets being employed instead. In the ground-volley, the rockets are merely placed on the ground (which must be moderately smooth), with their heads toward the enemy, when they are ignited, and speed away. For the first hundred yards, they ordinarily pursue a course of considerable regularity, seldom rising above the height of a man's head; ultimately, however, their flight becomes exceedingly irregular, darting about in all directions. This, in certain cases, is not disadvantageous, but the reverse. So impossible is it to predict where one of these rockets run wild will go, that it is in vain for any body to think of getting out of its way.

A great many endeavors have been made to avoid the necessity of employing a rocket-stick. Congreve never could succeed in this attempt, but Mr. Hale has been more fortunate. We do not exactly know the principle on which his rockets are made, but we believe he causes them to assume a rotatory or rifled motion, and thus provides for their regularity of flight. Mr. Hale has, moreover, introduced other improvements in the manufacture of rockets. He does not fill them by ramming in the composition, but by the more equable force of hydrostatic pressure, by which means a larger amount of composition is introduced than can be effected by the ordinary method. Nor must we forget to mention the very ingenious device of this gentleman for restraining the rocket during the first moments of its propulsive endeavors. Although the power of a rocket, when in full flight, is tremendous, yet its initial effort is very trifling; so much so, that one of considerable dimensions may be held back by a very small restraining force. Now it happens that, in the ordinary course of firing, a Congreve rocket is apt to droop as it first leaves the tube, thus losing much of the accuracy of flight it would otherwise have possessed. This drooping is in consequence of the paucity of the force it has as yet acquired; for rockets, in point of fact, like young people, go astray sometimes from the circumstance of beginning their career too soon: so it occurred to Mr. Hale, that he would hold back his projectiles—not by the tail, for they are devoid of that ornament—but hold them back by a sort of spring, from which they can not free themselves until they have acquired a certain definite initial pressure.

We will now conclude these remarks on Congreve rockets, by stating the chief occasions on which they have been employed. The first was in October, 1806, when rockets of very large calibre were brought into requisition for the bombardment of Boulogne. In less than half an

hour after the first commencement of attack, the town was observed to be on fire in many places, and the damage effected was doubtless very great, although its exact extent was never known, the French taking such effectual means to guard the secret, that the British embassador, Lord Lauderdale, while passing through Boulogne shortly after the attack, was vigilantly watched, lest he might observe the extent of the ravage. In 1807, Copenhagen was bombarded with very heavy rockets; and again, with great effect, they were subsequently used against Acre. These are the chief occasions in which Congreve rockets have been used at sea. In the land-service, their employment dates from the battle of Leipsic, where they were employed with terrible effect. Their history during the Peninsular war has already been given—also at Waterloo. The Congreve rocket is no longer a secret. Various Continental nations now make and employ them very effectually. The Austrian rockets are said to be particularly good. One of the most curious applications of the Congreve rocket was in the slaughter of spermaceti whales. We have now lying before us a six-pounder whaling rocket, precisely similar to the military prototype in every respect, save that of being furnished with a harpoon-head. The idea of using the Congreve rocket for this purpose was ingenious enough. The inventor intended that the missile, when discharged, should penetrate into the very centre of the whale; then bursting, fill the huge animal with such an amount of gas, that swim he must, whether he chose to do so or not—all very pretty in theory, no doubt, but entirely false in practice. Congreve whaling-rockets did not come into general use; nevertheless, they must have been made in very large numbers. We remember, on one occasion, to have seen a stock of many thousands lying idle in the store-rooms of a large whaling establishment. And now, in conclusion, let us state, that the largest Congreve rockets ever made weigh about 300 pounds, are eight or ten feet high, and have sticks in proportion. Very pretty visitors these to come hissing into the midst of a town!

THE LAST MOMENTS OF BEETHOVEN.

HE had but one happy moment in his life, and that moment killed him.

He lived in poverty, driven into solitude by the contempt of the world, and by the natural bent of a disposition rendered harsh, almost savage, by the injustice of his contemporaries. But he wrote the sublimest music that ever man or angel dreamed. He spoke to mankind in his divine language, and they disdained to listen to him. He spoke to them as Nature speaks in the celestial harmony of the winds, the waves, the singing of the birds amidst the woods. Beethoven was a prophet, and his utterance was from God.

And yet was his talent so disregarded, that he was destined more than once to suffer the bitterest agony of the poet, the artist, the musician. He doubted his own genius.

Haydn himself could find for him no better praise than in saying, "He is a clever pianist."

Thus was it said of Géricault, "He blends his colors well;" and thus of Goëthe, "He has a tolerable style, and he commits no faults in orthography."

Beethoven had but one friend, and that friend was Hummel. But poverty and injustice had irritated him, and he was sometimes unjust himself. He quarreled with Hummel, and for a long time they ceased to meet. To crown his misfortunes, he became completely deaf.

Then Beethoven retired to Baden, where he lived, isolated and sad, in a small house that scarcely sufficed for his necessities. There his only pleasure was in wandering amidst the green alleys of a beautiful forest in the neighborhood of the town. Alone with the birds and the wild flowers, he would then suffer himself to give scope to his genius, to compose his marvelous symphonies, to approach the gates of heaven with melodious accents, and to speak aloud to angels that language which was too beautiful for human ears, and which human ears had failed to comprehend.

But in the midst of his solitary dreaming, a letter arrived which brought him back, despite himself, to the affairs of the world, where new griefs awaited him.

A nephew whom he had brought up, and to whom he was attached by the good offices which he had himself performed for the youth, wrote to implore his uncle's presence at Vienna. He had become implicated in some disastrous business, from which his elder relative alone could release him.

Beethoven set off upon his journey, and, compelled by the necessity of economy, accomplished part of the distance on foot. One evening he stopped before the gate of a small, mean-looking house, and solicited shelter. He had already several leagues to traverse before reaching Vienna, and his strength would not enable him to continue any longer on the road.

They received him with hospitality; he partook of their supper, and then was installed in the master's chair by the fireside.

When the table was cleared, the father of the family arose and opened an old clavecin. The three sons took each a violin, and the mother and daughter occupied themselves in some domestic work.

The father gave the key-note, and all four began playing with that unity and precision, that innate genius, which is peculiar only to the people of Germany. It seemed that they were deeply interested in what they played, for their whole souls were in the instruments. The two women desisted from their occupation to listen, and their gentle countenances expressed the emotions of their hearts.

To observe all this was the only share that Beethoven could take in what was passing, for he did not hear a single note. He could only judge of their performance from the movements of the executants, and the fire that animated their features.

When they had finished, they shook each oth-

er's hands warmly, as if to congratulate themselves on a community of happiness, and the young girl threw herself weeping into her mother's arms. Then they appeared to consult together; they resumed their instruments; they commenced again. This time their enthusiasm reached its height; their eyes were filled with tears, and the color mounted to their cheeks.

"My friends," said Beethoven, "I am very unhappy that I can take no part in the delight which you experience, for I also love music; but, as you see, I am so deaf that I can not hear any sound. Let me read this music which produces in you such sweet and lively emotions."

He took the paper in his hand, his eyes grew dim, his breath came short and fast; then he dropped the music, and burst into tears.

These peasants had been playing the allegretto of Beethoven's symphony in A.

The whole family surrounded him, with signs of curiosity and surprise.

For some moments his convulsive sobs impeded his utterance; then he raised his head, and said, "I am Beethoven."

And they uncovered their heads, and bent before him in respectful silence. Beethoven extended his hands to them, and they pressed them, kissed, wept over them; for they knew that they had among them a man who was greater than a king.

Beethoven held out his arms and embraced them all—the father, the mother, the young girl, and her three brothers.

All at once he rose up, and sitting down to the clavecin, signed to the young men to take up their violins, and himself performed the piano part of this *chef-d'œuvre*. The performers were alike inspired; never was music more divine or better executed. Half the night passed away thus, and the peasants listened. Those were the last accents of the swan.

The father compelled him to accept his own bed; but during the night Beethoven was restless and fevered. He rose; he needed air; he went forth with naked feet into the country. All nature was exhaling a majestic harmony: the winds sighed through the branches of the trees, and moaned along the avenues and glades of the wood. He remained some hours wandering thus amidst the cool dews of the early morning; but when he returned to the house, he was seized with an icy chill. They sent to Vienna for a physician; dropsy on the chest was found to have declared itself, and in two days, despite every care and skill, the doctor said that Beethoven must die.

And, in truth, life was every instant ebbing fast from him.

As he lay upon his bed, pale and suffering, a man entered. It was Hummel—Hummel, his old and only friend. He had heard of the illness of Beethoven, and he came to him with succor and money. But it was too late: Beethoven was speechless; and a grateful smile was all that he had to bestow upon his friend.

Hummel bent toward him, and, by the aid of an acoustic instrument, enabled Beethoven to hear a few words of his compassion and regret.

Beethoven seemed reanimated, his eyes shone, he struggled for utterance, and gasped, "*Is it not true, Hummel, that I have some talent after all?*"

These were his last words. His eyes grew fixed; his mouth fell open, and his spirit passed away.

They buried him in the little cemetery of Dobling.

WOMAN'S WRONGS—A LEAF FROM ENGLISH LAW.

THE prayers were made, the benediction given, the bells rang out their lusty epithalamium, and by the law of the Church and law of the land, Charlotte and Robert Desborough were henceforth one—one in interests, one in life. No chill rights or selfish individuality to sow disunion between them; no unnatural laws to weaken her devotion by offering a traitorous asylum against him; but, united by bonds none could break—their two lives welded together, one and indivisible forever—they set their names to that form of marriage, which so many have signed in hope, to read over for a long lifetime of bitterness and despair. Yet what can be more beautiful than the ideal of an English marriage! This strict union of interests—although it does mean the absorption of the woman's whole life in that of the man's—although it does mean the entire annihilation of all her rights, individuality, legal existence, and his sole recognition by the law—yet how beautiful it is in the ideal! She, as the weaker, lying safe in the shadow of his strength, upheld by his hand, cherished by his love, losing herself in the larger being of her husband; while he, in the vanguard of life, protects her from all evil, and shields her against danger, and takes on himself alone the strife and the weary toil, the danger, and the struggle. What a delightful picture of unselfishness and chivalry, of devotedness and manly protection; and what sacrilege to erase so much poetry from the dry code of our laws!

Like all newly-married women, this woman would have looked with horror on any proposition for the revision of the legal poem. Liberty would have been desolation to her, and the protection of the laws she would have repudiated as implying a doubt of her husband's faith. She had been taught to believe in men, and to honor them; and she did not wish to unlearn her lesson. The profound conviction of their superiority formed one of the cardinal points of her social creed; and young hearts are not eager to escape from their anchorage of trust. She was a willing slave because she was a faithful worshiper; and it seemed to her but fit, and right, and natural, that the lower should be subservient to the will of the higher. For the first few weeks all went according to the brightness of her belief. The newly bound epic was written in letters of gold, and blazoned in the brightest colors of youth, and hope, and love; and she believed that

the unread leaves would continue the story of those already turned over, and that the glories of the future would be like to the glories of the past. She believed as others, ardent and loving, have believed; and she awoke, like them, when the bitter fruit of knowledge was between her lips, and the dead leaves of her young hopes strewed the ground at her feet.

The gold of the blazoned book was soon tarnished. Its turned leaves told of love certainly; but of a love whose passion, when it was burnt out, left no friendship nor mental sympathy to keep alive the pale ashes. On the contrary, quarrels soon took the place of fading caresses, and bitter words echoed the lost sounds of fond phrases; no real heart-union wove fresh ties in place of the fragile bands which burnt like flax in their own fire; but with the honeymoon died out the affection which ought to have lived through the hard probation of time, and suffering, and distress. It had been a love-match, but it was an ill-assorted match as well; and want of sympathy soon deepened into bitterness, and thence fell backward into hatred and disgust. The husband was a man of violent temper, and held supreme views on marital privileges. His wife, young, impassioned, beautiful, and clever, was none the less his chattel; and he treated her as such. By bitter personal experience, he taught her that the law which gave him all but uncontrolled power over her as his property, was not always the duty of the strong to protect the weak, but might sometimes—even in the hands of English gentlemen—be translated into the right of the tyrant to oppress the helpless. From high words the transition to rough deeds was easy and natural. Matters grew gradually worse; quarrels became more bitter and more frequent, and personal violences increased. More than once she was in mortal fear, with marks of fingers on her throat, and cuts and bruises on her head; more than once relations interposed to save her from further violence. In these quarrels perhaps she was not wholly blameless. The rash passion of a high-spirited girl was not the temper best suited to such a husband's wife. Less imaginative and less feeling, she might have better borne the peculiar mode of showing displeasure to which he resorted; and had she been of a lower organization, she might have gained more power over a man who did not appreciate her intellect, or the beauty of her rich nature. As it was—he, too violent to control his temper on the one side: she, too rash and eager to conceal her pain and disgust on the other—their unhappiness became public, and by its very publicity seemed to gain in strength. Friends interfered, many thronging about her; some, to advise patience; some resolution; some, to appeal to her wifely love, and others to her woman's dignity; and she, halting between the two, now consented to endure, and now resolved to resist. So things went on in a sad unhinged manner; outbreaks continually occurring, followed by promises of reformation and renewed acts of forgiveness; but no solid peace established, and no real wish to amend. Once she left the house, after a long and angry scene, during which he struck her, and that with no gentle hand either; and she would not return until heart-broken petitions and solemn engagements touched her woman's pity, and changed her anger into sorrow. She thought, too, of her own misdeeds; magnified the petty tempers and girlish impertinences which had been punished so severely; took herself to task, while the tears streamed from her dark eyes and steeped the black hair hanging on her neck, until at last imagination and repentance weighed down the balance of evil on her own side. And then he was her husband!—the father of her children, and once her lover so beloved! We all have faults, and we all need pardon, she thought; and so she forgave him, as she had done before, and returned submissively to his house. This was what the Ecclesiastical law calls condonation. And by this act of love and mercy she deprived herself of even the small amount of protection afforded by the law to English wives of the nineteenth century.

They had now three children, who made up the sole summer time of her heart. Only those who know what sunshine the love of young and innocent children creates in the misty darkness of an unhappy life, can appreciate her love for hers—three bright, noble boys. How she loved them! How passionately and how tenderly! Their lisping voices charmed away her griefs, and their young bright eyes and eager love made her forget that she had ever cause for regret or fear. For their sakes she endeavored to be patient. Her love for them was too strong to be sacrificed even to her outraged womanhood; and that she might remain near them, and caress them, and educate them, she bore her trials, now coming fast and thick upon her, with forbearance, if not with silence.

But matters came at last to a climax, though sooner and on different grounds than might have been expected. She and her husband parted on a trivial question of itself, but with grave results: a mere dispute as to whether the children should accompany their mother on a visit to one of her brothers, who was avowedly (very extraordinary that he should be so, after the married life she had led!) unfriendly to her husband. It was at last decided that they should not go, and after a bitter struggle. Far more was involved in this question than appears on the surface; her right to the management of her sons, even in the most trifling matters, was the real point of contention; the mother was obliged to yield, and she went alone; the children remaining at home with the father. The day after she left, she received a message from one of the servants to tell her that something was wrong at home; for the children had been taken away, with all their clothes and toys, no one knew where. In a storm of terror and agony she gave herself up to the trace, and at last found out their hiding-place; but without any good result. The woman who had received them, under the sanction of the father, refused to deliver them up to her,

and met her prayers and remonstrances with insults and sarcasms. She was obliged to return, widowed and childless, to her sister's home in the country; like a wounded panther tearing at the lance in his side, a fearful mixture of love and beauty, and rage and despair. It was well that she did return to her sister's house instead of her own home, for her husband, enraged at her persistence in visiting her brother against his consent, had ordered the servants to refuse her admittance should she present herself, and "to open the house door only with the chain across."

After balancing between reconciliation and prosecution, a divorce suit was decided on by her husband; expressly undertaken "because his wife would not return to him." By this suit, he attempted to prove that an old friend and patron, to whom he owed his present position and his former fortune, was the seducer of his wife. But the case broke down; and the jury, without leaving their box, gave a verdict in favor of the defendant—a gentleman of known honor and established reputation. The crowded court rang with cheers, such as it had rarely echoed to before, as the verdict was pronounced; friends in every degree of life, old friends and friends hitherto strangers, supported her with their warmest sympathy; and if the readiness of the world in general to be kindly honest, and to set right a proved wrong, could have acted directly upon the law, or could have essentially served her without its aid, she would have had ample redress. But it is the peculiar hardship of such a case that no aid but the aid of the law itself, remote and aloof, can give redress. The feelings may be soothed, but the wrongs remain.

And now began the most painful part of the sad epic, whose initiatory hymns had glided into a dirge: a dirge for ruined hopes and wasted youth, for a heart made desolate, and a home destroyed; a dirge for the shattered household gods and the fleetings of the fond visions of her heart.

The suit was ended, and the law had pronounced the accused wife innocent. But the law also pronounced the innocent mother without a claim to her own children. They were the father's property; absolutely and entirely. He placed them with his sister, a lady who shared his propensity for corporeal punishment; and who flogged the eldest child, a sensitive and delicate boy of six years old, for receiving and reading a letter from his mother. "To impress on his memory," she said, "that he was not to receive letters from her!" The yet younger was stripped naked and chastised with a riding-whip. Yet the law held back these children from their mother's love, and gave them to the charge of those who thought their education fitly carried on by such means. Time passed, and still the quarrel and the separation continued. By a small alteration in this same law of ours—this idol made by our hands, then deified and worshiped—she was at length permitted to see her boys. But only at stated times, and at certain hours, and in the coldest manner. It was her husband's privilege to deny her all maternal intercourse with her sons, and he stretched his privilege to the utmost. No touch of pity dissolved the iron bars of the law, and no breath of mercy warmed the breast of the husband and master. Against the decree of the law, what was the protesting cry of nature? A hollow whistling among the reeds of a sandy waste, which no man heeded—which no voice answered.

Years trailed wearily on. Long years of taming down her proud heart, laden almost beyond its strength; long years of battle with the wild sorrow of her childless life; long years, when the mother's soul stood in the dark valley of death, where no light and no hope were. But the criminal law swept on the beaten track, and no one stopped to ask over whose heart this great car of our Juggernaut passed. The mother—she to whom God has delegated the care of her young—she on whom lie shame and dishonor if she neglect this duty for any self-advantage whatsoever; she—a man's wife, and a man's lawful chattel—had no right to those who had lain beneath her heart, and drunk of her life. The law in this respect is now changed; mainly, because this sufferer labored hard to show its cruelty. The misery inflicted upon her maternal love will be endured by no other English mother.

Pecuniary matters came in next, as further entanglement of this miserable web. By the marriage settlements a certain sum of money had been secured to the children; the principal of which, neither the husband nor his creditors could touch. It belonged to the children and the mother, emphatically and exclusively. After many years of separation, the husband applied to his wife for her consent to his raising a loan on this trust-fund for the improvement of his estate. She promised that consent, if he, on his part, would execute a deed of separation, and make her a certain allowance for life. Hitherto she had mainly supported herself by authorship. After the demur of reducing the allowance she proposed, the agreement was entered into; and she then gave her consent that a loan should be raised on the trust-fund for her husband's sole advantage. She received in exchange a deed drawn up and signed by a lawyer and her husband, securing her the stipulated five hundred pounds a year for life. Three years after, her mother died, and the husband inherited the life-interest of his wife's portion from the father. At the same time a legacy of almost five hundred a year, carefully secured from her husband by every legal hindrance possible, fell to her also from her mother. When her husband knew of this legacy, he wrote to her, telling her that he would not now continue his former allowance, which had been secured, as she believed, by solemn legal agreement. She objected to this novel manner of benefiting by a legacy; and refused to entertain the proposition of a reduction. Her husband quietly told her that she must either consent to his terms, or receive nothing; when

she urged the agreement, he answered her with the legal poetic fiction "that, by law, man and wife were one, and therefore could not contract with each other." The deed for which she had exchanged her power over the trust-fund was a mere worthless piece of paper.

This shameful breach of contract was followed by another law-suit, where judgment was given in open court, to the effect not only that the agreement in her behalf, signed by her husband and a legal witness, was valueless according to that stanza of the marriage idyl which proclaims that man and wife are one—not only that she had no claim on the allowance of five hundred a year; but that her husband could also seize every farthing of her earnings, and demand as his own the copyrights of her works and the sums paid for them. No deed of separation had been executed between them, and no divorce could be sued for by *her*; for she had once condoned or pardoned her husband, and had so shut herself out from the protection of the laws.

And all this is in the laws; the laws which throw a woman helplessly on the mercy of her husband, make no ways of escape and build no cities of refuge for her, and deliberately justify her being cheated and entrapped. All these are doings protected and allowed by our laws—and men stand by and say, "It is useless to complain. The laws must be obeyed. It is dangerous to meddle with the laws!"

This is a true story; those who run may read it—have read it more than once, perhaps, before now. As an exemplification of some of the gravest wrongs of women, and as a proof how much they sometimes need protection even against those whose sworn office it is to cherish and support them, it is very noteworthy, indeed, in this country of Great Britain. Surely there is work waiting to be done in the marital code of England! Surely there are wrongs to be redressed and reforms to be made that have gone too long unmade! Surely we have here a righteous quarrel with the laws—more righteous than many that have excited louder cries.

Justice to women. No fanciful rights, no unreal advantages, no preposterous escape from womanly duty, for the restless, loud, and vain; no mingling of women with the broils of political life, nor opening to them of careers which Nature herself has pronounced them incapable of following; no high-flown assertion of equality in kind; but simple justice. The recognition of their individuality as wives, the recognition of their natural rights as mothers, the permission to them to live by their own honorable industry, untaxed by the legal Right and moral Wrong of any man to claim as his own that for which he has not wrought—reaping where he has not sown, and gathering where he has not strewed. Justice to women. This is what the phrase means; this is where the thing is truly wanted; here is an example of the great Injustice done to them, and of their maltreatment under the eyes of a whole nation, by the Law.

STORM AND REST.

A LEADEN cloud hung like a heavy canopy over the broad sky—so heavy and so dense, that even the great wind which was bowing the strongest trees, and lashing the sea into boiling hills of foam, could not stir it; but still threatening, scowling, of this same unchangeable leaden hue, it spread immovable, as far as the eye could reach. It was an October day, bleak and chill, with not even the last saddest lingerings of summer—the fallen yellow leaves—remaining; for the wild wind seemed to have swept them up in its arms, leaving the bare country even unnaturally bare, and desolate, and cold.

Through the narrow streets of a seaport town, on the east coast, round sharp corners, and in at opened doors, the wind was sweeping, driving in its headlong course all things before it, dashing away the heavy rain which poured in dull torrents from those dark clouds, or catching it upward for an instant only to fling it back again with greater force upon the swimming pavements. Even in the town, on such a day, few would venture out: in the country round it would seem almost like madness to attempt it, for wind and rain were plowing the earth together, and over the whole extent of cultivated hill ground, spreading for miles along the coast, the mad hurricane was raging.

Yet there was one, and she but a young girl, who, defying rain and storm, heedless of the wild blast, insensible to the bitter cold, had set out alone upon this dreary morning from her cottage on the hill. And what is it that takes Annie Morton out on such a day as this? What is it that has thus blanched Annie Morton's cheek, and dulled her light, elastic step, and stolen the lustre of her bright blue eye, changing its merry laughter into this wild look of fear?

"Mother, the thought haunts me like a dream! Oh, mother, let me go down to the harbor, for I can't rest for thinking of him!" and half an hour ago, poor Annie had started suddenly up from her seat in the cottage window, and half sobbing out these words, had flung herself upon her bed-rid mother's neck, and burst into hysteric tears.

"You foolish child, you've been sitting looking out at that window till all sorts of fancies have come into your head," Mrs. Morton answered her, stroking the girl's brown curls softly, and speaking in the half-caressing, half-soothing tone one uses to a child. "Hush, dear, hush! Why, Annie, Harry will never come to-day."

"He will, mother! He said he'd come—he said the *Valentine* would be sure to sail last night. Oh, mother, I must go! If he should come, and any thing happen to him, with me not there—"

"Annie, Annie, you're a foolish woman! You're a greater coward than I ever was. Why, what kind of a sailor's wife do you think you'll make if you go on this way before you're ever married at all! I'd be ashamed that Harry should see your pale, frightened face now!" she said, laughing to cover her own anxiety.

A faint wintery smile passed across Annie's lips, too, but it vanished in a moment.

"Oh, mother, isn't it natural to be frightened?" she said, "when we haven't met these two months and more; and to think of him coming home in such a storm as this? I don't know what's the matter with me," she exclaimed hurriedly; "I feel so strange, as if something—Oh, mother, hark!—there's nine o'clock striking—I must go. It'll be an hour till I get to the tower, and surely there'll be some news of the boat before then. Mother, dear," and she bent down over the sick woman again. "Mother, dear, you won't cross me?"

"I won't, dear; take your own way—though it's a wild day for man or woman to be out—but we're all willful enough when we're in love, Annie. So God bless you, dear, and send you back with good news, and a lightened heart."

"Please God," poor Annie murmured; then kissing the pale face tenderly, she went.

It was a wild day, indeed, for a woman to be out, but Annie never paused or hesitated. Wrapped closely in her woolen cloak, with its hood drawn round her face, she left the cottage on the hill-side, and set boldly to breast the stormy wind, which, beating in her face, disputed with her every step she took. On she went, scarcely feeling the dashing rain around her, heeding so little on her own account the fury of the storm. On she went, straining her eyes in vain to catch the outline of a sail upon the great, wide, misty, foaming sea beneath her. So long each minute appeared—so slow the progress that she made: each step that she advanced her heart seemed to beat higher—to grow more sick beneath its fear and hope.

But at length a sobbing cry of agony burst from her; for suddenly, breaking from the mist, she saw a vessel making for the pier—making for it with terrible difficulty, for each wave on whose crest it rose, instead of bearing it forward, seemed only to crush it further back: yet still it bore on, hidden one moment, but rising again and again, still fighting desperately, unflinchingly, for the battle was for life or death.

Breathless, Annie rushed along the slippery, streaming roads—her cloak no longer wrapped around her, but flying open to the wind; her hands convulsively stretched out; her cheek as pale as death; her tearless eyes fixed where she knew, though now as she came nearer to the town she could no longer see it, that the sea lay; for a passionate fear that she could not conquer had taken hold upon her—a sudden spasm of terror—a wild, fearful conviction that the vessel struggling to gain the port was her lover's ship.

Wild as her figure was when she rushed upon the quay, no one heeded her, for there were figures as wild, and hearts as despairing gathered there before her; and even the cry which burst from her as she sprang into the crowd, scarcely caused an eye to turn upon her, for the air around was being rent with women's cries. The vessel *had* gained the pier, and had struck upon it, and gone down with her crew. One man was struggling in the water still—struggling and crying out for help; the voice rose even above the raging of the sea, and there was no help there. They stood and gazed upon him till he sank, like people frozen with horror.

A convulsive grasp was laid upon an officer's arm who stood among the crowd, looking anxiously through his glass out to sea, and a stifled voice asked,

"Was *that* the *Valentine?*"

The tone was so full of agony that, attracted by it, he turned round, and looking in the speaker's face answered kindly,

"The *Valentine!* No, my girl; there are no tidings of the *Valentine* yet."

Her hand still held his arm: he *felt* the thrill that ran through her whole frame as he spoke.

"*Not* the *Valentine?*—not come yet!—Oh, my God!" she cried.

Her voice rang through the air, sounding so strangely in its hysterical joy, amidst the bitter cries of sorrow that were rising all around, that even the mourners turned, with half-reproachful looks, to gaze on her.

"My poor girl, you had better go and take shelter somewhere," the same officer said again, good-naturedly. "The *Valentine* mayn't be in for hours yet—not until the storm's over, perhaps?"

"But she is due, Sir?" Annie exclaimed.

"Due?—why, yes—but in weather such as this we can't expect a vessel to be in at her ordinary time. Come, come, my girl, don't be putting a sad face upon it again; go away home, and keep up a good heart," and he turned from her, and readjusted his glass.

With her head bowed down upon her bosom, Annie turned too, and deaf to the voices of distress around her, like one walking in a dream, she threaded her way through the anxious crowd. No one noticed her, no one spoke to her; all eyes were stretched across the sea, all hearts were full, watching for those who might never come to them again. And still, wilder and wilder, the storm raged, higher and higher the frantic sea foamed up; still heavier and darker hung the leaden clouds; still thicker grew the misty vail that lay upon the water.

Where no human voices reached her, away from the harbor, on the bleak cold shore, Annie sat down to wait. The wind blew roughly over her, the heavy rain beat on her face, but she wrapped her cloak around her, and did not heed them; she heeded nothing but the boiling waves that were dashing at her feet, their spray sometimes leaping over her: covering her face then, as their thunder burst upon her, she would break into bitter sobs, wringing her hands, and calling out aloud in her distress. But no voice came to answer her, save the relentless, cruel, tempest-voice, which shrieked wilder and still wilder round her as the weary minutes passed.

Hour after hour, and no single speck on the misty ocean any where to tell her that there still was hope; no sign of sail or ship as far as the eye could see. Her heart was sick within her; her strength was failing, her faith was gone:

she lay down upon the cold, wet beach, too wretched even to weep—too feeble even to pray. She lay shivering; for the damp, penetrating cold was creeping like ice, nearer and nearer to her heart, seeming to deaden every feeling in her—wrapping her in a misty dreaminess—leaving her only the dull, intuitive consciousness alone that she was utterly desolate and miserable.

What sound is that which breaks the sea's great roar—low, heavy, booming, deep, slow rolling over sea and land? Up, Annie, and look out!

Starting as if by magic from her trance, she springs up from the ground—her cheek on fire—her arms flung upward in the air, crying aloud, as though *her* feeble voice's answer could be heard—her eyes far straining seaward—but in vain—in vain!—upon the shrouded water still no vessel can be seen. Again that sound, deep wailing with the wild wind's roar—low-moaning on the white sea-crests; again and again still, at measured intervals, throughout a long, long hour.

And she stands through it all immovable, in an agony that words can not speak—a life-suspense in which the brain beats almost to bursting.

But it is broken at last. Suddenly, rolling back like a white curtain, the mist clears from the sea, and shows her the thing she seeks—a mastless ship, tossing upon the waters helplessly, like a toy in a great giant's grasp.

She gives one cry that rends the air; then back along the shore she rushes with frantic speed, as though *her* efforts were to save the ship—back to the harbor where the other boat had sunk. The quay was alive again with people—with pale-faced men and women, some rushing wildly up and down, calling each one to save their husbands, brothers, fathers; some standing, silent, and still; their blanched lips pressed together—their hands clasped tightly, watching as though fascinated, each movement of the doomed ship; some weeping loudly; some looking idly on; some few calm and self-possessed, taking counsel together what was to be done.

"They can't get men enough to man the life-boat," some one near Annie said. "Well, it's no wonder—*I* wouldn't go out in a quieter sea than this."

"No boat could reach her," another answered; "it would be throwing life away to try it."

"Ay, I think so. She must shift for herself—ten to one she'll strike upon the pier like the *Minerva*, this morning," the first man said again.

"But the *Valentine's* a tighter-built boat than ever the *Minerva* was," the other returned; "she'll stand a stouter shock than what sent the *Minerva* down."

"Not she, man; why, she's more than half a wreck already," was the half-careless, half-contemptuous answer. "If she takes the pier, she'll be at the bottom in five minutes' time afterward—trust my word for that."

Standing by their side, Annie heard the words. No one to man the life-boat! no one to make one effort to save the crew!—no one, among all who stood there! She gazed wildly round her; the same officer who had spoken kindly to her in the morning, was standing with a group of gentlemen near. She was beside him in a moment, her hand grasping his arm again.

"The life-boat!—the life-boat!" she cried. "Will no one save them? Oh, go to them—go to them!—will nothing be done? Look! look!—they are sinking! Oh, God forgive you!" and she fell on her knees, covering her face.

"No, no, she's not sinking. Come, cheer up, my girl; it may all be well yet: whatever's possible will be done; but we can't launch the life-boat. In such a sea it would be mere madness to attempt it."

"Then what are they to do?" she cried, despairingly; but the only answer was a quick, "Be quiet, now, my good girl," as he shook her hand off, and turned away.

She was quiet, pressing her hands upon her bosom to still the terrible beating of her heart. No word, nor cry, nor sob fell from her; she stood motionless, entranced, like one turned into stone; her lips apart, her wild eyes fastened on the ship, her face livid like death.

Buffeted wildly to and fro, the boat yet came on, dashed forward on the crest of each swelling wave—onward and onward toward the great tongue pier that stretched a hundred feet out into the sea. All eyes were watching her: all hearts were standing still: many a voice as well as Annie's was hushed in this great moment of suspense. On, on, still!—another second now! Not yet—she is driven back—a retreating wave has caught her—her decks are under water; she is rising once more—a great sea lifts her up—it bears her forward—it flings her on the pier—she has struck—she has separated—she is sinking! A cry like the cry of one voice breaks from the whole assembled crowd—a wild shriek that spreads far even over the raging sea—a shriek from wives who are made widows—from fathers and mothers who are made childless—from hearts which are made desolate. Who can save them—who can save them, struggling in those surging waters? A cry for help is rising there—a cry as wild, as full of agony as that which burst upon the shore, and has broken now into innumerable sounds of woe. But what avails it?—who can save them? They are going down—the waves are wrapping them in their strong, cruel arms—their cries are coming up suffocating from amidst the raging waters.

One woman has broken from the crowd and rushed upon the pier. They try to hold her back, but, laughing wildly, she bursts from them: the wind is madly helping her on—on, on, she can not return: forward through the spray of the breaking waves—forward to the wreck of the *Valentine*. Wildly she rushes on—one name alone, repeated like a cry, upon her lips—one name, rising ringing on the wind, echoing amidst the waves' deep thunder, calling for an answer, with wrung hands—with pale, despairing eyes piercing the troubled sea.

Hark! Not in vain—oh, Annie, not in vain—thy prayer is heard—listen!—look down!

Faint, like an echo of her cry—feeble, like a

failing breath, the answer comes; from the worn battler's dying lips, with passionate death tenderness, her name has broken, and upward-stretching arms are calling to her. She sees—ah, hears: a shout of maniac laughter, wildly joyous—then a low sob—a moaning, trembling cry, and then a spring, and she is with him. Together they go down—together, locked in one another's arms they sink, and the water closes over them: the dark water wraps them in its arms for evermore.

The leaden storm-clouds break in the far west—one single cleft, through which a flood of crimson light shoots forth across the sea. The white foam sparkles up like silver, the tumultuous waves are glittering like hills of gold: there, where the lovers sank, the heaving sea appears to be on fire. Deep, intense, beautiful, the radiance falls around, playing like golden lightning on the water. They lie below, cold and dead, locked in that long, last, passionate embrace; but, as that crimson glory fades away, perhaps upon its wing it bears their spirits to enter with it through the golden gates.

Low watcher in the cottage on the hill, thou too didst see that sudden flood of light, and as it fell across thy bed, did no voice come to tell thee that it marked the moment of thy daughter's death? Watch no more; the night is coming on, she never can return. Beneath the wild waves now she sleeps with him she loved; yet think not of her lying there; think rather, when the golden sunlight streams upon thee, that she is looking down on thee through it.

THE GREEN RING AND THE GOLD RING.

THE story I have to tell, occurred less than eighty years ago, in the days of powder and pomade; of high heads and high heels; when beaux in pea-green coats lined with rose-color, attended on belles who steadied their dainty steps with jewel-headed canes; and when lettres-de-cachet lay like sachets-à-gants on toilet-tables among patches and rouge. Less than eighty years ago, when the fair Queen of France and her ladies of honor wielded these same lettres-de-cachet with much of the ease with which they fluttered their fans. Less than eighty years ago, when the iron old Marquis de Mirabeau was writing to his brother the Commandeur de Malte those fearful letters, wherein the reader of the present day may trace, as in a map, the despotic powers then exercised by the seigneurs of France over their sons and daughters, as well as over their tenants and vassals. Hard, short-sighted, Marquis de Mirabeau! Little did he reckon when he wrote those letters, or when he consigned his son, in the flush of youth, and hope, and love, to a prison-cell and to exile, that the family name was to be indebted to the fame of that vituperated son for its salvation from obscurity, or that the arbitrary powers he used so vilely were soon to be swept away forever.

Less than eighty years ago, then, before the Revolution was dreamed of in that part of France, there stood, in a long, straggling, picturesque village of one of the southern provinces, a stone-and-mud cottage, less dirty and uninviting than those by which it was surrounded. There was no dirt-heap under the solitary window, no puddle before the door; which, unlike every other house in the village, possessed the luxury of an unfractured door-step. No tidy cottage-gardens gave cheerful evidence of the leisure or taste of the inmates; for in those days the laboring population of France were too thoroughly beaten down by arbitrary exactions to have spare hours to devote to their own pursuits; but round the window of this particular cottage a nasturtium had been trained by strings; and, through its yellow and orange flowers one could, now and then, catch a glimpse of a pair of lustrous eyes.

The superior cleanliness of this little dwelling, the flowers, the decency of the family, were the work of one pair of hands belonging to a young girl named Alix Laroux, whose industry was the support of a younger brother and sister, and of a blear-eyed grandmother.

Now, Alix was a pretty, as well as a hard-working girl, yet it was neither to her beauty nor to her industry that she was indebted for becoming the heroine of our tale, although her success in finding work, when others could find none, had made envious tongues gossip about her. Village scandal is very like town scandal; as like as a silken masquerade costume is to its linsey-woolsey original; the form is the same, the texture alone is different; and at the well of Beauregard, from which water was fetched and where the salad for supper was washed, it was whispered that Alix was a coquette, and that the remote cause of her prosperity was the influence which her bright eyes had obtained over the strong heart of the Bailiff of Beauregard. Every one wished that good might come of it, but—

But, in the mean while, good did come of it; for, thanks to the large black eyes that looked so frankly into his, and to the merry smile of the village beauty, Monsieur Reboul had come to the knowledge of Alix's cheerful steady activity; and a feeling of respect had mingled with his early admiration when he discovered that, while no one was more particular in the payment of lawful dues than the hard-working girl, no one resisted more strenuously any illegal exactions. At length the stricken bailiff—who, by-the-by, was double Alix's age—testified the sincerity of his feelings toward her by taking her brother Jean into the household at the castle, and even offered to have Alix herself admitted among the personal attendants of one of the young ladies of Beauregard, whose marriage had lately been celebrated with great magnificence in Paris.

But Alix shook her pretty head, and said, "No, she thanked him all the same," with a smile that showed her pearly teeth; and what man in love—though a bailiff—could resent a denial so sweetly accompanied? Monsieur Reboul was, indeed, for a moment, cast down, but his spirits were soon revived by some of those wonderful explanations which men in his predicament generally have at their command; so he

left the cottage with a friendly adieu to the smiling girl, and without a suspicion that Alix had any private reasons for her dislike to leave the village, or that the daily greeting of François the stone-cutter was a matter of more moment to her than the prettiest compliments of the Bailiff of Beauregard.

The next day was market-day at Maillot, a town about two leagues distant from the village, whither, for four years, Alix had been accustomed to go once a week with poultry and eggs; her great resource for the rent of her grand-dame's hut. It was a matter of rivalry among the young women of the neighborhood to be first at market; and Alix, who greatly enjoyed supremacy in every thing, had endeavored in this, as in all else, to surpass her companions. This, however, was not very easy, for others could rise betimes as she did herself. A few months before, an accidental discovery of her brother Jean had at length secured for her the envied privilege. Jean, like other idle lads of his class, was necessarily a poacher, and, on one of his secret expeditions into the forest which lay between Beauregard and Maillot, had chanced to fall upon a path by which the distance between the two places was shortened by at least a third. This discovery he confided to Alix; and ever since, under his guidance and escort, she had availed herself of it to reach Maillot earlier and with less fatigue than her companions. She had found the walk very pleasant when Jean was with her to carry her basket, and with his boyish sallies to prevent her from dwelling on the superstitious terrors with which tradition had invested the forest; but now that she must tread its tangled paths alone, she hesitated, and was half tempted to relinquish the daring project. Still she felt unwilling to yield the honor of being first without a struggle. Besides, her companions had always given her a reputation for courage, and although she had a secret conviction that she owed it solely to her young brother's reflected bravery, it is a reputation which young girls prize so highly, that, rather than forfeit it, they will rush recklessly into real dangers, from which, if they escape, it is by their good fortune, and not by their boasted courage.

Alix could not endure to allow to others that she was afraid. No, no, she must not permit that to be said, nor must she expose herself to the jeers and laughter of those who would delight to hear that she was not first at market. She must go by the wood-path, and must go early. And so thinking, she laid her down to rest.

The part of France in which Alix was born and brought up is full of historical remains, and therefore abounds with traditions, the more mystical and terrible from the dash of paganism with which they are mixed up. Not a forest, ruin, or grotto, is without some picturesque legend, which the young listen to from the lips of the aged with shuddering delight; and all that Alix had ever heard of the forest of Beauregard, or of any other haunted wood in the province, rose with disagreeable tenacity to her memory on this particular night. She remembered the darkness and gloom of the old trees, the thickness of the brushwood, and shuddered as she thought of the possibility of meeting the Couleuvre-Fée—the Melusina of Provence—or the Chèvre d'Or, who confides the secret resting-place of hidden treasures to the wandering traveler, only to afflict him with incurable melancholy if he proved himself unworthy of riches. As the dread of these supernatural creatures increased upon her with the silence and darkness of night, she hid her head beneath the counterpane, and wisely resolved to dare all that human beings could do to vex her, rather than encounter the tricks and temptations of those unearthly ones—and then she slept.

Light to see, however, is nearly allied to courage to dare; and when Alix arose at early dawn, her perturbations and tremblings had vanished, and her midnight decision was overturned by the impulse of the morning. She dressed herself, quickly, but carefully, in her most becoming attire; and a very fine specimen of the women of the province she looked—noted though they are for the regal style of their beauty—when equipped in her plaited petticoat; her bright fichu, not pinned tightly down, but crossing the bosom in graceful folds, and fastened in a knot at the back; her thick glossy bands of black hair contrasting well with the rich glow of her cheek, and with the Madras silk handkerchief which covered, without concealing the luxuriance of her long hair. Holding in her hand her large market-basket, not unlike in shape to a coal-scuttle or a gipsey bonnet, with a majestic rather than a tripping step, Alix began her walk; looking more like one of the Roman matrons from whom tradition tells that her race was descended than a poor peasant girl.

As she reached the turn from the high-road to the wood, she quickened her steps, and resolutely took the forest path; while, as if determined to prove to herself that she was not afraid, she ever and anon gave forth a snatch of song, in a voice as clear and shrill as that of the birds twittering in the branches overhead, to join the common hymn of praise with which the denizens of earth and sky salute the new-born day.

The morning was unusually sultry and oppressive, although the sun was but newly risen. Alix felt herself overcome with fatigue when scarcely half-way through the forest. She was so fatigued that she found it necessary to sit down; but just as she had selected a seat in a quiet shady nook, which promised to be a pleasant resting-place, she discovered that it abutted closely on the opening to one of the grottoes that tradition had marked out as the former habitation of hermits or saints whose spirits were still believed to haunt their old dwelling-places. She no sooner became aware of the grotto's vicinity than she rose hastily, and, snatching up her basket, set off down one of the alleys of the forest, without taking time to consider where she was going; when forced to pause to recover her breath, she found herself in a spot she had never seen before, but one so lovely that she looked around with surprise and admiration.

It was a little glade, in form almost an amphitheatre, carpeted with turf as soft and elastic as velvet; its bright green enameled with flowers; and on each petal, each tiny blade of grass, dewdrops were sparkling like tears of happiness, in welcome to the sun's returning rays. Around this little circle, mighty old trees, gnarled and rugged, the fathers of the forest, were so regularly arranged as to seem the work of art rather than of nature, and this impression was strengthened by the avenue-like alley that spread from it toward the north. Immediately opposite to this opening, on the southern side of the amphitheatre, rose a rampart of gray rocks, marbled with golden veins, from whose hoary sides sprang forth the rock-rose or pink cystus, and under whose moist shade the blue aster, one of the fairest of earth's stars, flourished luxuriantly. As Alix's eye fell on the trees, and grass, and flowers, she set her basket down carefully at the foot of a fine old oak, and, forgetting fatigue, heat, and superstitious terrors, busied herself in gathering the dew-gemmed flowers, until her apron was quite full.

Then, seating herself under the oak, she began with pretty fastidiousness to choose the most perfect of her treasures to arrange into a bouquet for her bosom, and one for her hair. While thus engaged she half-chanted, half-recited her Salve Regina:

> Hail to the Queen who reigns above,
> Mother of Clemency and Love!
> We, from this wretched world of tears,
> Send sighs and groans unto thine ears.
> Oh, thou sweet advocate, bestow
> One pitying look on us below!

The hymn and toilet were concluded together; and then, but not till then, Alix remembered that there was a market at Maillot, at which she must be present, instead of spending the day in such joyous idleness. She sighed and wished she were a lady—the young lady of Beauregard, of whose marriage Monsieur Reboul had told her such fine things—and, as she thought thus, association of ideas awoke the recollection that this day was the twenty-third of June, the vigil of St. John; a season said to be very fatal to the females of the house of Beauregard. She shuddered as the terrors of that tradition recurred to her memory, and wished she were not alone in the haunted forest on so unlucky a day. Many and strange were the superstitions she had heard regarding St. John's Eve, and many the observances of which she had been the terrified witness; but that which had always affected her imagination the most was the ancient belief that any one who has courage to hold a lonely vigil in a church on St. John's Eve, beholds passing in procession all those who are fated to die within the year. It was with this superstition that the legend of Beauregard was associated; for it was said that in old times a certain lady of the family had, for reasons of her own—bad reasons of course—held such a vigil, had seen her own spirit among the doomed, and had indeed died that year. Tradition further averred, that since then, the twenty-third of June had been always more or less fatal to the females of her house; and as Alix remembered this, she was content to be only Alix Leroux, who, though possessed neither of chateaux nor forests, and forced to work hard and attend weekly markets, had no ancestral doom hanging over her, but could look forward to a bright future, as the beloved mistress of a certain stone-cutter's comfortable home; of which stone-cutter's existence Monsieur Reboul was quite unconscious.

Her thoughts of François, her young warm-hearted lover, and of the two strong arms ready at a word from her to do unheard-of miracles, dimpled her cheeks with smiles, and entirely banished the uncomfortable cogitations which had preceded them; taking up her basket, she arose, and, looking around her, began to consider which path she ought to follow, to find the most direct road to Maillot.

She was still undecided, when a whole herd of deer dashed down the north alley toward her, and broke forcibly through the thick covert beyond, as if driven forward by intense fear. She was startled by the sudden apparition, for a moment's consideration convinced her that what had terrified them might terrify her also, and that the part of the forest from which they had been driven was that which she must cross to reach Maillot. Timid as a deer herself, at this thought she strained her eyes in the direction whence they had come, but could see nothing. She listened; all was still again, not a leaf stirred—and yet, was it fancy, or was it her sense of hearing excited by fear to a painful degree of acuteness, that made her imagine that she heard, at an immense distance, a muffled sound of wheels and of the tramp of horses' feet? She wrung her hands in terror; for, satisfied that no earthly carriage could force its way through the tangled forest paths, she could only suppose that something supernatural and terrible was about to blast her sight; still, as if fascinated, she gazed in the direction of the gradually increasing sounds. Not a wink of her eyes distracted her sight as she peered through the intervening branches. Presently, a huge body, preceded by something which caught and reflected the straggling rays of sunshine that penetrated between the trees, was seen crushing through the brushwood. Nearer and nearer it came with a curiously undulating movement, and accompanied by the same strange, dull, inexplicable sound, until, as it paused at a few hundred paces from her place of concealment, she perceived, to her intense relief, that the object of her terror was nothing more than an earthly vehicle of wood and iron, in the form of one of the unwieldy coaches of the day, drawn by a team of strong Flanders horses; and that the strange muffled sound which had accompanied it, arose solely from the elasticity of the turf over which it rolled having deadened the noise of the wheels and the horses' hoofs. The relief from supernatural terrors, however, rendered Alix only the more exposed to earthly fears; and, when a second glance at the carriage

showed her that the glistening objects which had caught her eye at a distance were the polished barrels of mousquetons, or heavy carbines, carried by two men who occupied the driving seat, she slipped from her hiding-place behind the large oak tree, and carefully ensconced herself among the thick bushes that overshadowed the rocks.

Scarcely had she done this, before one of the armed men got down from the box, and walked round the circular glade, scanning it with a curious and penetrating glance. For a moment, he paused before the old oak, as if attracted by some flowers Alix had dropped; but, another quick-searching look seeming to satisfy him, he returned to the carriage and stood by the door, as if in conference with some one inside.

"Thank Heaven!" thought Alix, "he sees that the carriage can not pass further in this direction; I shall not, therefore, be kept here long;" and her curiosity as to what was next to be done gaining predominance over her fears, she again peered eagerly between the branches. A gentleman got out of the carriage, and examined the little glade as carefully as his servant had done.

"What a handsome man!" thought Alix. "What a grand dress he has; all silk and velvet!" She fixed an admiring glance on the tall, noble-looking figure that stood for a moment, silent and still, in the centre of the amphitheatre.

"It will do, Pierre," he said at length, as he turned on his steps: "begin your work."

Pierre bowed, and, without speaking, pointed to a little plot of ground, of peculiarly bright green, with a dark ring round it—a fairy-ring, in short, so named in all countries—which lay almost directly opposite to Alix's hiding-place.

"Yes," was the brief answer. "Call Joseph to help; we are at least an hour too late."

The strong rigidity of the speaker's countenance caused Alix to tremble, although she did not know why, unless it were in her dread of falling into his hands as a spy of his secret actions, whatever they might be; for he was evidently not a man to be trifled with.

Pierre went back to the carriage, from which the other man had already descended, and together they took, from the hind boot, a couple of pickaxes and spades, with which they speedily began to cut away the turf of the green-ring, for a space of some six or eight feet in length, and as many in breadth.

She could distinctly see Pierre's face, and perceived that it was not one she had ever seen before. That of Joseph was concealed from her, as he worked with his back toward her; but there was something about his dress and appearance which seemed familiar to her, and which was very different from that of Pierre. But what strange kind of hole was that they were digging?

"Holy Mother of mercy, it is a grave!"

As this idea occurred to her, her blood ran cold; but the sudden thought underwent as sudden a change, when, the second man turning his face toward her, she recognized, to her amazement, the countenance of her admirer, the old bailiff.

The sight of his familiar face dissipated her gloomy suspicions, and she speedily persuaded herself that instead of a grave to hide some dreadful deed, they were digging for some of the concealed treasures which every body knew were buried in the forest. Monsieur Reboul had often told her that he had heard of them from his grandmother, so it was natural enough he should be ready to seek them. How she would torment him with the secret thus strangely acquired!

From her merry speculations she was roused at length by the reappearance of the tall man, carrying in his arms something wrapped in a horseman's cloak, and followed by another and younger figure, bearing, like himself, all the outward signs belonging to the highest class of the nobility, though on his features was stamped an expression of cruelty and harshness.

"Going to bury a treasure rather than seek one," thought Alix. "Very well, Monsieur Reboul, I have you still!"

The tall man, meanwhile, had placed his burden on the ground. Removing the cloak that covered it, he now displayed to Alix's astonished eyes a young and very lovely lady. For a moment, the fair creature stood motionless where she was placed, as if dazzled by the sudden light; but it was for a moment only, and then she flung herself on the ground at the feet of the elder man, beseeching him to have mercy upon her, to remember that she was young, and that life, any life, was dear to her!

The man moved not a muscle, uttered not a word save these—"I have sworn it."

The girl—for she looked little more than sixteen—pressed her hands on her bosom, as if to still the suffocating beating of her heart, and was silent. Such silence! Such anguish! Alix trembled as if she herself were under the sentence of that cold, cruel man. But now the grave was finished; for grave it seemed to be, and one, too, destined to inclose that living, panting, beautiful creature. The old man laid his hand upon her arm and drew her forcibly to the edge of the gaping hole.

With sudden strength she wrenched herself from his grasp; and, with a wild and thrilling shriek, rushed to the young man, clung to him, kissed his hands, his feet, raised her wild, tearless eyes to his, and implored for mercy, with such an agony of terror in her hoarse, broken voice, that the young man's powerful frame shook as if struck by ague. Involuntarily, unconsciously he clasped her in his arms. What he might have said or done, God knows, had the old man allowed him time; but already he was upon them, and snatched the girl from his embrace. The young man turned away with a look so terrible that Alix never recalled it, never spoke of it afterward, without an invocation to Heaven.

"Kill me first!" shrieked the poor girl, as her executioner dragged her a second time to that living grave. "Not alive, not alive! Oh my father, not alive!"

"I have no child, you no father!" was the stern reply. The young man hid his face in his hands, and Alix saw them thrust their victim into the grave; but she saw no more, for, with a cry almost as startling as that which the murdered lady had uttered, she fled from her concealment back to the village. Panting, she rushed on without pause, without hesitation, through unknown paths; her short quick cries for "Help! help! help!" showing the one idea that possessed her; but she met no one until she stopped exhausted and breathless at the first house in the village, that of the curé.

"Come, come at once; they will have killed her!" she exclaimed.

"What is the matter, my poor girl?" he asked in amazement, as, pushing back his spectacles, he raised his head from his breviary.

"Oh come, sir! I will tell you as we go. Where is François! He would help me! Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? Come, do come!"

There was no mistaking the look of agitation in her face: the curé yielded to her entreaties and followed her. As they quitted the house, they met some laborers with spades in their hands, going to their daily work.

"Make these men come with us," Alix said, "and bring their spades!"

The curé did so, and in an incredibly short space of time the little party reached the green ring. The spot was vacant now, as formerly—carriage, horses, servants, executioners, and victim, all had disappeared as if by magic; and, in the quiet sylvan solitude, not a trace save the newly-turned soil was perceptible of the tragedy enacted there so lately. But Alix staid not to glance around her; going directly up to the fatal spot, she gasped out, "Dig, dig!"

No one knew why the order was given, nor what they were expected to find; but her eagerness had extended itself to the whole party, and they at once set to work, while she herself, prostrate on the ground, tried to aid them by tearing up the sods with her hands. At length the turf was removed, and a universal cry of horror was heard when the body of the unhappy girl was discovered.

"Take her out; she is not dead! Monsieur le Curé, save her; tell us how to save her!"

The laborers gently raised the body, and placed it in Alix's arms, as she still sat on the ground. They chafed the cold hands, loosened the rich dress—the poor girl's only shroud—but she gave no sign of life.

"Water, water!" cried Alix.

No fountain was near, but the rough men gathered the dead leaves strewed around, and sprinkled the pale face with the dew they still held. For a second they all hoped; the eyelids quivered slightly, and a faint pulsation of the heart was clearly perceptible.

But that was all. They had come too late.

The curé bent over the dead, and repeated the solemn "De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine," and then all joined in the hymn of death, "Dies iræ, dies illa!" as they gently bore the corpse from the place of its savage sepulture, to holy ground. For several days the body was exposed in an open coffin in the little village church of Beauregard, and every effort was made to track the perpetrators of the dreadful deed. But in vain; no trace of them could be found. An innate dread of some personal misfortune sealed Alix's lips with respect to her recognition of the bailiff, and all inquiries as to the passing of a carriage such as she had described, between Maillot and Novelle, were made unsuccessfully.

The dress of the young lady was carefully examined, in hopes of the discovery of her name by means of ciphers or initials on her linen; but there were none. The satin robe, the jewels she had worn on her neck and arms, and the delicate flowers twined in her hair, gave evidence that she had been carried away from some gay fête. From the ring on her marriage finger they augured she was a wife; but there all conjecture ended. After her burial in holy ground her gold ring and other ornaments were hung up in the church, in the hope that some day a claimant might arise who could unravel the strange mystery; and close by them was suspended an ex voto offering by Alix, in gratitude for her own escape.

The story was never cleared up. Monsieur Reboul was never seen again, and Alix had so lost her boasted courage that she never afterward dared to take a solitary walk, especially near the fatal green ring in the forest. Perhaps it was this dread of being alone, or perhaps the mysterious disappearance of Monsieur Reboul, which tempted her soon afterward to follow the advice of her neighbors, and become the wife of François, the stone-cutter. The marriage was a happy one, and a time came when the remembrance of that fatal eve of St. John was recalled more as a strange legend to be told to her children and grandchildren than as a fearful drama in which she had herself taken part.

In the revolutionary struggles which followed, the ornaments of the murdered girl were, with other relics of the old régime, lost or removed from the little village church. Yet the story lingers there still, and, like many another strange story, it is a true one.

PICTURE OF A GREEK GIRL.

SHE is a baggy damsel with a quaint, sly face, and her principal occupation is that of a maid of all work.

But she is dressed to-day; it is St. Somebody's feast, and every body is idling away their time in consequence. It was St. Whatshisname's day the day before yesterday, and it will be St. Whoist's day the day after to-morrow. Though our balloon-clad young acquaintance is idling, it is with a busy idleness; for she has been occupied ever since eight o'clock this morning in carrying about fruit, jellies, and sweetmeats, with strong raw spirits in gilded glasses, and little cups of unstrained coffee. A very singular and amusing picture she makes, as she stands bolt upright, tray in hand, before her father's guests. She is

pretty. Yes, there is no doubt of that; but she has done almost every thing possible to disfigure herself. Though certainly not seventeen, with the rich, clear complexion of the Greeks, she is rouged up to the very eyes. Where she is not rouged, she is whitened. Her eyebrows are painted, and she has even found means to introduce some black abomination under her eyelids to make the eyes look larger. Her hair would be almost a marvel if left to itself; but she has twisted it, and plaited it, woven gold coins into it, and tied it up with dirty handkerchiefs, and gummed and honeyed it, till every tress has grown distorted and angry. Her ears are in themselves as sly and coquettish a pair of ears as need be; and they peep out beneath her tortured locks as if they would rather like to have a game at bo-peep than otherwise: but they are literally torn half an inch longer than they should be by an enormous pair of Mosaic ear-rings bought of a peddler. Her hands might have been nice once, for they are still small; but they are as tough as horn and as red as chaps can make them, with sheer hard work, scrubbing and washing about the house. All Greek women, I think, have been mere housewives since the time of Andromache. Her figure is, if possible, more generally baggy than her trowsers. It bulges out in the most extraordinary bumps and fullness. A short jacket—as much too small for her as the brigand attire of the stage—does not make this general plumpness less remarkable; and she has a superfluity of clothes, which reminds one of the late King Christophe's idea of full dress. Numerous, however, as are the articles of wearing apparel she has put on, they all terminate with the trowsers, which are looped up just below the knee. The rest of the leg and feet are bare, and hard, and plump, and purple, and chapped almost beyond belief, even in the fine piercing cold of a Greek February.

Her mind is a mere blank. Her idea of life is love-making, cleaning the house, serving coffee, and rouging herself on festival days. She can not read or write, or play the piano; but she can sing and dance. She can talk too, though never before company, No diplomatist can touch her in intrigue or invention. Not even Captain Absolute's groom could tell a falsehood with more composure. She does not know what it is to speak the truth; and, to use a Greek saying, she is literally kneaded up with tricks. The Greek girl has no heart, no affections. She is a mere lump of flesh and calculation. Her marriage is quite an affair of buying and selling. It is arranged by her friends. They offer to give a house (that is indispensable), and so much to whoever will take her off their hands. By-and-by, somebody comes to do so; the priests are called, there is a quaint strange ceremony, and he is bound, by fine, to perform his promise. This fine is usually ten per cent. on the fortune which was offered him with the lady.

I have said she can talk, but she can only talk of and to her neighbors; and she spends her evenings chiefly in sitting singing in the doorway, and watching them. This she does herself; but she has a little ally (a chit of a girl about seven years old, and looking forty, that you meet in the houses of all the islanders), who is on the look-out all day. No one ever enters a Greek house but the neighborhood knows it. All down the street, and in the next, and every where, those little girls are watching and flitting about on cunning errands as stealthily and swift as cats. Her father and mother will tell you that her own cousins never saw her alone or spoke a dozen consecutive words to her; but I rather fancy she has some acquaintance of her own; and she is generally on terms of rather startling friendship with the young man servant, who forms almost part of the family in all Greek houses. On summer nights too, when good people should be asleep, you will see closely-hooded figures flitting about noiselessly, like black ghosts. They are Greek girls. What they are about nobody knows. Perhaps, looking for the moon, which will not rise for some hours. At every dark corner of a wall, also, you will see young gentlemen sitting in the deep shadow with wonderful perseverance. If you go very near and they do not see you, you may hear them singing songs, but low as the humming of a bee: so low, that they do not disturb even the timid owl who sits cooing amid the ruins of the last fire over the way. The Greek girl knows an amazing quantity of songs, and all of the same kind. They are about equal in point of composition to the worst of our street ballads: full of the same coarse wit and low trickery. They are sung to dreary, monotonous airs; and always through the nose. Never had the national songs of a people so little charm or distinctive character. You seek the strong, sweet language of the heart in vain among them. They have neither grace nor fancy.

With all this, the Greek girl is pious. She would not break any of the severe fasts of her church, even for money, though they condemn her to dry bread and olives for six weeks at a time: nor would she neglect going to church on certain days upon any account. She has a faith in ceremonies, and in charms, relics, and saints, almost touching; but there her belief ends. She would not trust the word of her own father or the archbishop. She can not suppose it possible that any one would speak the truth, unless he was obliged; and she judges correctly, according to her own experience. She herself would promise, and take an unmixed delight in deceiving her own mother on a question about a pin's head, but she would scrupulously avoid doing any thing she had promised; and the only way even to prevent her accepting a husband, would be to make her say she would have him beforehand. From that moment her fertile wits would toil night and day to find means of escape. And find them she would, to change her mind the day after she was free.

She has one hope dearer than all the rest. It is that she may one day wear Frank clothes, and see the Greeks at Constantinople. This is no exaggeration; the wrongs of the rayah have

eaten into all classes of society in Turkey, until even women lisp, and the children prattle vengeance. It is so strong that it has made the Greeks hate one of the prettiest remaining costumes in the world, as a symbol of their most bitter and cruel servitude.

By-and-by, the Greek girl will grow old. From a household servant, she will then sink into a drudge, and her head will be always bound up as if she had a chronic toothache. You will see her carrying water on washing days, or groaning and squabbling upon others as she cleans the herbs for dinner. She will have become so old even at thirty, that it is impossible to recognize her. Rouge and whitening will have so corroded her face, that it looks like a sleepy apple or a withered medlar. Her eyes are shriveled into nothing. Her teeth will have been eaten away by rough wine, and noxious tooth-powders. She will be bald when she does not wear a towering wig, that only comes out on St. Everybody's days. The plump figure and all its bumps will have shriveled into a mere heap of aching old bones, and her only pleasures in this life will be scandal and curiosity.

You will find her croaking about, watching her neighbors at the most unseasonable times. She has wonderful perseverance in ferreting out a secret. She will thus know many more things than are true, and tell them with singular readiness and vivacity. She will be the terror of her neighborhood, and there is no conciliating her. Kindness, good humor, even money—which she prizes as much as she did when a girl, and grasps at it as eagerly—will have no effect on her. She must speak evil and hatch troubles, or she would die. The instinct of self-preservation is strong; so she will go upon her old course, come what may. She will be a terror even to her own daughter.

She has been reduced to this state by having been a thing of bargain and sale so long, that she has learned to consider money as the chief good. She has been subject to insult; to be beaten; to be carried away into the harem of a man she has never seen, and whose whole kind she despises; and has lost all natural feeling. All grace, tenderness, and affection, have been burnt out of her as with a brand. She has been looked upon as a mere tame animal until she has become little better. She has been doubted until deception has become her glory. She has been imprisoned and secluded until trickery has become her master passion. She has been kept from healthy knowledge and graceful accomplishments, from all softening influences and ennobling thoughts, until her mind has festered. When she is young, she is shut up until she becomes uncomfortable from fat; when she is old, she is worked until she becomes a skeleton. None have any respect or love for her, nor would she be now worthy of it, if they had.

But I drop the pen in weariness, only saying, that if a Greek girl be such as I have described her, what must a Greek boy be.

THE DURAND PROPERTY.

THE register of any lawyer in ordinary practice contains more records of the emotions and passions which sway human nature than any other sort of volume ever written or printed. To the eye of a stranger, indeed, these lines present only the abbreviated notes of ordinary office occurrences, or the condensed history of the progress of suits at law or in equity. But to the eye of the man who has made or directed the entries from day to day, a glance over the pages recalls a hundred strange and startling, and as many sad and sickening histories. It is no pleasant retrospect for a lawyer to review this book; and I believe it is seldom done except when absolutely required for business purposes. The private histories of many families—stories that men and women would give fortunes to have blotted out of their own and all other persons' memories—are in these pages; and when the possessor dies, the record becomes unintelligible, except as a memorandum that on such and such days such papers were filed or served, and such motions or decrees made.

For example, I open to one of the briefest pages in my old register, and find on it not more than a half dozen entries. The title of the cause is as follows: New York Supreme Court. John E. Durand vs. Stephen Halliday. We were plaintiff's attorneys.

The first entry is "March 18th. Ret'd by plff. in person."

He was a very old man. He came into the office with a feeble step, and with a humility that was painful. It is exceedingly unpleasant to see an old man so broken down as to speak with an appearance of inferiority to mere boys; and yet he did so, and asked the clerks in the office if he was intruding, in a tone so meek and quiet, that I was shocked, and called out from my inner room to bid him walk in.

He was a very tall man, bowed down by his age, but with an eye that spoke a commingling of gentleness and of confidence which won you to him irresistibly. His story was brief. He desired to bring an action against a man named Halliday, to recover the value of a large estate, placed in his hands as trustee, but which he had disposed of. The circumstances, as I afterward learned them, were these:

Mr. Durand was a man of large wealth, but of small financial ability. He had lived a peaceful and quiet life not far from the city; but when his family persuaded him to remove into New York, he had fallen into the speculating temptations of the city. A year or two passed, and he had made two or three very fortunate operations in stock and in real estate, which, like all gambling successes, whetted his appetite for other and bolder schemes. He formed new acquaintances, made many new alliances, and among them all attached himself with special confidence to one man, a real estate broker named Halliday, who so far ingratiated himself into the old man's favor as to win his complete confidence. Durand had made several purchases, in expectation of

rapid sales at large advances, and had exhausted all his available means; and, without having become insolvent, he found himself in the very common position of speculators, with immense liabilities, and immense assets, but no ability to turn his assets into available funds. The usual consequence followed. His paper must be dishonored and his contracts unfulfilled. The immediate result would be disgrace in the business world, and he could not bear that. With the impetuosity of inexperience, he hastened to his friend Halliday, and besought his advice and help. Halliday held his paper to a larger amount than any other creditor, and recommended him to place his entire property in his hands, and permit him to settle up his affairs. The infatuated and frightened man assented to any thing that looked like getting him out of the personal difficulty of settling his own complicated affairs, and readily consented. His lands were conveyed by deeds, and his securities of every sort were made over to the broker, absolutely, and not a scrap of paper taken back for any of it.

A year of quiet passed, during which he had several suits at law commenced against him, but Halliday had agreed to take care of them all, and he was not annoyed. But one day, on calling at the office of the broker, he learned that he was out of town, and the next day he received the same answer. "He would not be back in a week, perhaps not in two." Two, three, and four weeks passed, and the truth began to dawn on the old man's mind, that his broker friend had left the country with the proceeds of his villainy. The old man shook under the blow. He was left destitute and penniless, with heavy judgments hanging over him, which Halliday had allowed to accumulate, and the terrible nature of his position entirely broke down his constitution. For two years he lay sick and helpless. His creditors were merciful, and finding that he was unable to pay a cent in the dollar, fully released him from all claims. His wife had a small income of a few hundred dollars, on which they lived with their only grandchild, the daughter of a son who had died some years before, and ten years passed slowly away, and Mr. Durand had grown very old. During this time they lost two other children, who had married merchants in the city, and who died leaving no children; so that their hearth was desolate but for the bright-eyed girl that played around it and gladdened it, and grew up to young and beautiful womanhood in their lowly home.

At the time that Mr. Durand visited my office, Mr. Halliday had returned to the city; not secretly, but openly, and with a bold face—thereby indicating his determination to resist any claim that might be made on him for the property. In fact, it was a very doubtful case. There was not a particle of evidence that the sales to Halliday were not *bona fide* sales for full value. It was evident that Halliday had large claims against Mr. Durand, and several creditors stated that he had bought Mr. Durand's protested notes from them a few days before the day of the transfer of property. It had, therefore, a dark look on the face of it for the old man, and I was obliged to state as much to him frankly. He was prepared for that, however; and begged me to think the matter over, promising to call within a week and converse further on the subject. As he walked feebly toward the door of the office, I followed him with a melancholy gaze that he caught as he turned to bow his good-morning, and he answered it with a hopeful smile, which did more to give me confidence in him and in his hopes than a good witness to the facts would have done; but the next instant, when he was gone, I saw that his case was perfectly hopeless, and so dismissed it from my mind.

It was nearly a fortnight later that I found a lady in my room waiting my return from Court. She was young, and had a face of remarkable beauty and interest. Her features were perfectly regular, and her complexion white and pure. Her forehead was of medium height, her eyes blue, her chin small and admirably moulded; while her hair was plainly parted, showing a gleam of the white temple through the dark masses that were drawn back, but which refused to obey the comb. She was of the medium size, her form fully rounded and of exquisite proportions, and her hands and feet small and beautiful. Her air was graceful, yet somewhat constrained in a place where she was far from being at home, and I enjoyed for a moment the hesitation and embarrassment, which lent piquancy to her expressive countenance.

She was Mary Durand, and had come at her grandfather's request to see me. He was not well, and had desired her to call on me, and state some particulars of a conversation which she had overheard between her grandfather and Mr. Halliday.

It was the previous evening, and Mr. Halliday had called and asked for her grandfather, who was in his bedroom. The broker was admitted at Mr. Durand's request, and shown to his bedside; while the mother and granddaughter retired, the former to another part of the house, and the latter to the next room, which was their usual sitting-room. Indeed it had once been part of the same room, but a thin partition had been put up, dividing it; but this was in fact only boards and paper, and the conversation in one room could be readily heard in the other.

The old man had lain silent when his former friend entered, and the latter appeared for a moment deeply moved at the situation in which he found his former client; but recovering himself, after a few phrases of condolence he led the conversation along into the ordinary channels, and carefully avoided any allusion to the past. But a chance remark on the state of the money market gave Mr. Durand the opportunity to recall the past, and he went into it with a suddenness and a calm severity that startled his visitor.

"Halliday, I am a very old man. I am nearly eighty years old. I am weak, feeble, sick, and, I believe, I am dying. I was rich, and am poor. I was honored, and am despised. I was respect-

ed, loved; and for ten years past I have walked with my head bowed down to the ground, afraid to meet the gaze of my fellow-men—a poor, miserable, broken-hearted old man, tottering to the grave. And how happened this? Tell me, Stephen Halliday, how happened it?"

"How should I know, Mr. Durand? When I left the country you were in an unfortunate position; but I certainly supposed that you would extricate yourself without difficulty. Did not your creditors release you?"

"Yes, all of them—to a man—except you. I have no release or receipt from you, although I owed you a hundred thousand dollars."

"But I was paid."

"And how? Did I pay you, or did you pay yourself?"

"Why, both. You transferred property to me to pay your debts, and I paid myself first of all; certainly you designed that I should do so, did you not?"

"Yes, first, but not last."

"Why, there was hardly enough to pay myself."

"Was there not the Brooklyn property, and the up-town lots, and the store in Pearl Street, and the twenty houses on Chambers, Warren, and Murray Streets, and the old homestead farm?"

"Yes, all these."

"And what amount of stocks and bonds?"

"Some fifty thousand dollars worth."

"And these were hardly enough to pay your claim! You surely do not mean here, in my room, to claim that there was any other consideration for the conveyance of all that property to you, except solely the agreement you made to relieve me of the trouble of settling my own complicated affairs?"

"No, I do not deny that. But I say again, the property was hardly sufficient to pay my claim. It was all poor property, and I had to force it off from my hands immediately, or it would have sunk me. I did as well as I could, and I realized only enough to pay myself, and the small balance which my clerk paid over to you after I left."

"He paid no balance to me."

"He did not! I am astonished. The scoundrel wrote to me that he had done so. It shall be paid immediately. It was a thousand and some odd dollars. I will call to-morrow evening and pay it to you. It will perhaps be a convenience to you. Believe me, Durand, I did the best I could for you. I will convince you of it, if you still doubt me, by showing you all the accounts of my sales. I left in haste, but I directed that clerk Johnson to exhibit every thing to you. I suspected him of cheating me, but not of cheating you, when he made me his final account."

This closed the conversation, and had well nigh convinced the feeble old man of his old adviser's honesty. He had slept with somewhat more calmness than usual, and woke in the morning with a great fear that the lawyer he had consulted might take some step against Halliday, whom he was now ready to forgive; and he had sent his granddaughter to relate this conversation to me, and to request me to take no further proceedings in the matter.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Durand; but do you concur in your grandfather's views of this matter?"

"I am not accustomed to judge of such subjects, sir."

"But you must have an opinion; have you not?"

"Mr. Leggett thought that Mr. Halliday's voice was not sincere."

"Who is Mr. Leggett?"

"A friend of my grandfather, who was with me in the sitting-room during this conversation. I should not have remained to listen, but that I had company, and we were forced to hear it all."

"Was any other person present?"

"Mr. Harrison also was with us."

"Who is he?"

"A friend of mine, a merchant in the city."

I smiled at the distinction she had made between the two gentlemen—one of whom was her grandfather's friend, and the other her own. But I certainly took a different view of Mr. Halliday's character and intentions from that of her grandfather, and I saw very clearly a design on Halliday's part to effect a complete and final settlement by paying Mr. Durand some sum of money and obtaining his receipt in full on account of these old transactions.

The more I reflected on the matter the clearer it became to me, and I resolved on a decided course of action. I cautioned Miss Durand to explain my ideas to her grandfather, and prepare him for the evening interview; and I also took the liberty of requesting Mr. Leggett and Mr. Harrison to call on me immediately, if convenient, and if not so, to let me see them at their respective places of business.

They were both in my office within a half hour, and I was glad to find them clear-headed, intelligent men. I could not conceal from myself the belief that they were both of them suitors of Miss Durand, yet there was no ill-feeling between them. They were evidently surprised at meeting, and still more so when I requested them to sit down and write out separate accounts of the conversation they had overheard the evening previous at the residence of Mr. Durand.

I was entirely satisfied with the exactness with which these accounts agreed with each other, and with Miss Durand's statements, and then I took the liberty of asking them to pass the evening with the same lady. They hesitated a little; but on my assuring them that they might be of great service to her, they consented, and I parted from them to meet them at my client's house.

It was a small house in a retired street, where he had gone to avoid the gaze of those who used to meet him in more fashionable parts of the city. There was a painful poverty in the appearance of the little door, the dark knocker, the small entry, and the simple furniture of the room into which I was shown, and where I found the gen-

tlemen already arrived. I had a brief interview with Mr. Durand, whom I found fully equal to the plan I proposed acting on; and when Mr. Halliday called, he was shown into the small room by another door, while I retired into the front sitting-room. The absorbing nature of his plan must have prevented the broker, on the previous evening, from knowing that he could be overheard; for every word he uttered was as plainly heard in our room as where he sat. He was in great haste to finish his business, and regretted if his old friend had suffered for want of the small sum he now brought, with the interest for ten years. It was altogether something like two thousand dollars, being the balance of moneys realized from the sale of the lands and securities which he had received from Mr. Durand wherewith to pay debts. The amount being barely sufficient to cover his own debt, he had thought it best to return the small balance, rather than pay it away on any large claim. Mr. Durand questioned him in a general way, and when Halliday expressed his haste there was a moment's silence, as if the old man were counting over his own old promissory notes and the money, or looking over the memoranda of sales that Halliday submitted to him. The latter then spoke:

"By-the-by, you may as well give me a little memorandum of this, and I will give you a full receipt for all claims. I will write it: I see you are too feeble. This scrap of paper will answer. No, no—don't trouble yourself about ink: my pencil will do. Something of this sort: 'Received of S. Halliday, two thousand one hundred and three, seventy-five one hundredths dollars, in full of his account as trustee for me in the sale of my lands and stocks, and payment of my debts, in the year ——, the same being balance in my favor, after paying his demands against me, and this being a full discharge therefor.' There, just sign that. Perhaps I had better ask your daughter to step in and witness it."

"Let us see first that it is all right, Mr. Halliday," said I, walking into the room, and taking the pencil memorandum from old Mr. Durand's hands.

Halliday started to his feet. He was keen enough to see the trap into which he had fallen, and he turned fiercely to the old man and uttered one furious oath, and then turned to the door.

I stopped him with my hand on his shoulder. "One moment, sir, if you please."

"Who are you, sir?"

"Just at present that does not matter much. You doubtless perceive the position in which you stand. Mr. Durand has abundant proof that you were but his trustee in these affairs; that his conveyance to you was for the purpose of paying his debts. It is not a difficult matter to show that the property was worth ten times what you have here represented. I suppose you are aware that Mr. Durand can recover from you the entire value of the property."

"Perhaps you will sue?"

"Perhaps I will."

"But you will have to get something after you sue."

"Yes, I shall."

"I hope you may find it!" and a brutal laugh indicated the entire confidence which he had that his property was effectually concealed from the most searching sheriff's deputy. He again attempted to go out, and I again stopped him.

"Frankly then, sir, I tell you that you are liable to arrest on this suit, and your person will be made responsible for the recovery. I have already a sufficient amount of information to assure me that I shall not throw away time in pursuing you. You have your choice. Proceed with me to such place as you may name, now, without delay, and pay over to me the entire value of the property you misappropriated, or abide the consequences of the refusal. I am ready to go with you."

"Go to the devil!" said he, with another brutal laugh, and he stalked out of the door and into the street. I hastened to the front window, but not soon enough to see the transaction which occurred as he left the door-step. As he set foot on the pavement, a deputy sheriff laid his hand on his shoulder. "You are wanted," said he.

Halliday furiously demanded who he was. The accomplished officer muttered his reply: "Durand versus Halliday. Warrant against Halliday: go with me, down to the Park. Bail to-morrow."

Halliday saw that he was caught; but in an instant he threw his foot out, and gave the deputy a side blow that might have felled an ox; but he was an old hand, and knew that trip too well. He stood firm, and with a blow that seemed like a mere pat of his hand, but which was evidently the stunning force of the slung shot, he laid Halliday on the pavement, with the blood streaming from his face. All this had passed before we reached the window, and I saw him beckon to a hackman, who assisted him in lifting his capture into the carriage, and they drove off, while I turned back to the bedside of Mr. Durand.

The excitement of the whole scene had been too great for him, and I was startled at the paleness which had come over his features.

His eyes wandered painfully around the little room, and when we all gathered around his bed it was manifest that death was rapidly approaching.

There is something sublime and stately in the approach of a good old man to the world of spirits. The journey of life ended, the labor of life over, the sorrows of life assuaged; the doubts, fears, and difficulties of life about to be solved: there is something majestic in the tread of the old man as he solemnly approaches the unseen, and takes his leave of us, who remain to know the same trials from which he has gone. The death-bed of Mr. Durand had none of the accessories of luxurious splendor to rob death of its simple sublimity. There were no carved ceilings, no rich tapestries, no shaded lights, no heavy curtains. He lay on a low couch, his head supported on a pillow that was scarcely

whiter than his cheek, and the little room was lit by the single lamp that stood on the stand, surrounded by notes and bills which Halliday in his haste had left lying there. It was a strange contrast, that heap of money and that dying old man. He turned his feeble eyes at length toward his wife, and seemed to be endeavoring to recall some old memory. Then he smiled, and spoke to her, in a voice that was strangely musical and soft:

"I was thinking of an old house, up in the country, and two large trees, and a seat between them—a bench, reaching from tree to tree. Ah, Mary! it was there I loved you first, long years ago. It was there I asked you to be my wife. Strange that it should come across me so vividly at this moment. Do you remember it, dear wife?"

"Right well, John! and the old well, and the creaking pole, and the gate at the foot of the garden, where we parted in the evenings."

"My wife, I have thought that I should like to be buried in the old graveyard by my father, if you will be buried there too. What do you think of it?"

"Let us not speak of it now, John."

"Yes, we must; for I am not long for this world. The end is coming. I have lived long enough, but not well enough; and I am going now."

"Oh no, my husband. You are but weary: let us leave you now to sleep."

"No, Mary: the next sleep will be forever. I am growing cold. I see the earth passing away. Human love seems to be failing me, and even your love, Mary, that has been so faithful for nearly fourscore years, is not strong enough to hold me near you. God keep you, my wife, and my darling little child!"

By this time all of us were convinced that a change was coming over the old man; and though under ordinary circumstances we should have retired, yet a death-bed seems to be a place which even strangers have a right to approach, and from which no man may be barred who chooses to stand and look on the parting of the earthly and the immortal. Only Mr. Harrison, after waiting a few moments, excused himself, and left the house; while Leggett remained, and with most assiduous care endeavored to recall the wandering mind of the dying old man.

For nearly an hour we observed little change, and I began to think I might as well leave him, when a sudden noise at the door announced a visitor. At this late hour of night it was certainly surprising; and as the family were all occupied around the old man's couch, I went to the door, which a servant had opened, and saw with astonishment Stephen Halliday, in company with the officer who had arrested him.

"Let me see John Durand," said Halliday, in a quick, stern voice; but instantly changing his tone to one of abject entreaty, he begged me to permit him to see his old friend one moment alone.

"It is impossible, Mr. Halliday. The effect of your violence this evening has already been terrible, and it is not probable that Mr. Durand will live until morning."

"Then I must see him. For Heaven's sake, I beg you let me see him. Dying! dying! It will be my destruction. I must have one word with him—let me pass, sir."

I winked to the officer, who laid his hand on Halliday's shoulder. The man seemed to be positively crazed, but shrank from that touch as from the sting of a scorpion. At the same instant I heard Mr. Durand say, "That Mr. Halliday? Let me see him."

"There! he calls me. Let me pass. He wishes to see me. Did you not hear him?"

It was not unusual for a man under arrest to be exceedingly anxious for an interview with the plaintiff at whose suit he was incarcerated; but this would not account for the insane conduct of this man, and I followed him into the room with some degree of curiosity.

"Ah! Stephen Halliday, I am glad to see you too once more before I die. Look at me well. Look at this room—this bed—this floor without a carpet—this thin covering for my cold old limbs. You have done all this. But I forgive you. I remember my old home, and I forgive you. I remember my wealth, and I forgive you. I remember my children, and I forgive you."

"But I want more than forgiveness, Durand: I want liberty. Release me from this scoundrel's hands."

"I have a word to say about that, Mr. Halliday. Mr. Durand's duty to his wife and child utterly forbid his releasing you."

"But I must leave for Philadelphia in the morning. It is absolutely necessary that I be in Philadelphia by the next day."

"I am perfectly aware of all that, sir; but I have taken the liberty to write to Philadelphia, stating why you are not there."

"But the negotiations will fall through."

"Doubtless."

"And my character will be ruined, so that it will be utterly impossible to renew them."

"Just so."

"You are an infernal wretch to place me in such a position as this, sir. By Heaven I will make you suffer for it, if —"

"Mr. Halliday," said I, taking him by the arm, "what sort of a wretch is he that has brought that old man to such a position as he is in? Sir, you are a child to threaten a lawyer who has dealt with villains like yourself long enough to know how to manage them. Why, man, but for my suggestion the sheriff would not have had the weapon that so effectually silenced you out yonder an hour ago. Take him back to the prison, Mr. Sheriff, and see you take no bail till I know who they are. This is no place for such as he."

He looked at me with the malignity of a devil at first, but his face suddenly fell, and he began to beg like a child. The old man was silent, and I cool and steady. The scene was evidently fast wearing out the remaining strength of Mr. Du-

rand, and it became awfully painful to the wife and granddaughter, who were anxiously watching the feeble spark of life kindling and fading in his old eyes. I motioned toward the door, and the sheriff again laid his hands on the prisoner. Then he began to make offers, a thousand, ten thousand dollars to be let off that night. I had learned before obtaining the warrant that he had important reasons for being in Philadelphia; but I had no idea they were so important as it was now evident that they were. It appeared afterward that he was the secret agent of heavy operators in Europe, in closing certain large transactions, which were of a confidential nature, and which would be utterly exploded if he were known to be under arrest for fraud. His importunity increased, and my coolness in proportion. At length he asked me abruptly what my demand would be to release him that night. My answer was unhesitating.

"Mr. Durand's claim is over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with interest. Give me fifty thousand dollars in cash, and you are free to go where you please. I will look after the balance as the suit progresses."

"But you demand an impossibility. Where can I get the money you wish at this hour?"

"Your check was good at the close of banking hours to-day for something over fifty thousand in the New York bank. I will take your check."

"You seem well informed on the subject."

"Thoroughly. I have no fear whatever of losing a farthing of the amount which Mr. Durand claims."

He thought for a moment, looked furiously into my face, and then said fiercely: "Give me pen and ink!" I led him to the other room, and he drew a check for the amount I demanded; and at a word from me the deputy-sheriff bowed to his prisoner and walked out of the door. Halliday turned to me, and, with a look of intense anger, opened his lips as if to speak, but before the first of the volley of curses which he was ready to discharge was uttered, a cry of distress from the other room startled us, and we advanced to the door together.

The good old man was dead. He lay in precisely the same attitude in which we had left him. His eyes had continued to wander about the room for a few moments, and then he had closed them as if to sleep. They remained silent, but the granddaughter, who was intently watching his countenance, observed a shadow pass over it, and then a gleam of light, as if the radiance of the other world had for a moment flashed on it, and then a calm and stedfast smile, which was so heavenly and holy that she sprang toward him, and bent over him; but his breath had ceased, and she knew that he was no longer one of the toiling people of a weary world.

Stephen Halliday gazed at the face of the dead old man with a long, anxious, painful gaze. For a while it seemed as if repentance had come at this late hour, but he turned abruptly away and left the house.

I find that the next few entries in my register which follow the first one already quoted, are dated within the two weeks next succeeding the death of Mr. Durand. The suit was served in the name of his executrix, and a large amount of property was attached. The mention of the name of Halliday's clerk led me to examine the Register's Office early on the morning after his arrest, and I ascertained that the pretended sales of the Durand property had actually been made to this clerk, and by him re-sold to Halliday after a lapse of some five years. Of course I commenced a suit to recover the land itself, guessing at the fraudulent nature of the clerk's title. Within a year I had the satisfaction of placing in the hands of Miss Durand a large fortune, which Halliday paid over as a compromise; and within a few months after that I attended her wedding.

THE CANKERED ROSE OF TIVOLI.

ALLANDALE and other places are celebrated for their roses. Who has not heard of a rose with violet eyes, or a lily breast, or teeth of pearl, or even taper fingers? In musical botany such flowers are frequently described; there is no doubt about them. I speak here of a rose belonging to a sister art, a rose belonging to the botany of painters. This flower has a sickly odor, strongly impregnated with the fumes of wine, is of a dark brown color, tall, and has a coarse, bold handsomeness of feature. It is not a lovely woman, but an ugly man: at least a man morally ugly—Philip Roos—who, being a German or a Dutchman, settled at Tivoli, and, naturalized among the people of the sunny south, had his name converted into soft Italian, and was and is commonly known as the Rose of Tivoli. A century or two ago he was a cheery fellow, and he still lives in his pictures.

The Dutchmen claim him, and may have him if they like; so at least I should say if I were a German; for it is so much a worse thing to be a bad man than it is a good thing to be a good animal painter, that I should like better to repudiate than claim a share in the Roos blood. If he were Dutch by race he was a German by birth, for he was born at Frankfort-on-Maine in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-five. Because his life is a story I propose to tell it, and without departure by a hair's breadth from the truth. Should this meet the eye of any person who has a humiliating consciousness that he could never paint a cow fit for posterity to look at, let such a person be at ease, and sit contented in his easy-chair, uncared-for by Europe. For his large contentment let him read this story of the Rose of Tivoli.

The old Rose, Henry, Philip's father, was a painter who had lived at Frankfort, and been very careful of his gains. Miserly fathers commonly make spendthrift sons. Old Roos one night being burnt out of his house, rushed back into the flames to save some of his treasures. He collected what he could, and took especial care to secure a costly gold-lipped vase of porcelain. On his way out he stumbled. The vase dropped from his hand. The porcelain was broken, but the miser stooped to gather up the gold. Smoke

covered him, and he did not rise again. He died for the gold lips of his vase, as younger gentlemen are frequently said to have died for ruby lips on vessels of more precious clay.

That I may not begin my tale too soon, let me add that Philip Roos of Tivoli had not only a father, but also a brother, and that he too was a remarkably odd man. He was not miserly, he was not cheery, but he was magnificent. His name was Nicolas, and he too was a painter. He lived at Frankfort in an enormous house, though he was as poor as any church mouse that inhabits a cathedral. He had an immense train of miserable servants—a set of ragged creatures—who moved to and fro like a large colony of ghosts by whom the edifice was garrisoned. That was the state of Nicolas; he had grand furniture as well as a great mansion; the only vexation was that he and his people generally wanted victuals. When he had sold a picture for a good price, and received the money, he would come home snuffing the air. His hungry servants knew then, by the height of his nose, how much he had with him, and there was instantly a running to and fro with the most eager preparation for festivity. Fire was kindled on the cold hearths, lamps were lighted, the artist's wife wore sumptuous attire, and Nicolas enjoyed the luxury of princely pomp until the money was all gone. His establishment then starved, or lived upon their credit, and the ghostly garrison of lacqueys held the fortress against all assaults from the besieging duns. If the siege became too hot, the painter worked with zeal and finished a new picture. "The poor creature," says Weyerman, "took up and put down his brush as often as a suitor puts his hat off and on in the ante-chamber of a prince." Sometimes when matters went very ill with him, the distracted magnifico ordered all doors to be shut, and immured himself and his men alive in the house as in a mausoleum.

The brother of this Nicolas was Philip Roos—the Rose of Tivoli. In his youth he had been encouraged and protected by a liberal and kindly patron, the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, who attached him to his court, encouraged him, and developed rapidly his talent. Further to assist in his development, he placed in the young painter's hands a considerable sum of money, and bade him go and become perfect in his art by studying in Italy.

One day when Philip, then aged about thirty, was in the Champagna of Rome, sketching from nature, there drove by an elegant carriage, in which was a prosperous old gentleman, with white hairs, a painter who enjoyed great fame and a thriving business, Hyacinth Brandi. The old gentleman stopped his horses and alighted to examine Philip's canvas. That was the first meeting of the Hyacinth with the Rose. Great masters of painting in those days in Rome and Florence habitually spoke to the pupils whom they found sketching about the country, assumed a sociable, paternal tone, corrected errors, gave advice, even made alterations on the canvas, and sometimes presented aid in money to such students as were poor. Italy was a studio in which the painters lived together upon terms that became men who were of one liberal profession—members, as it were, of the same household. Hyacinth Brandi liked Roos's goats so much, and was so much surprised at his rapidity of touch, that, as he wanted somebody to paint good animals into some pictures of his own, he hospitably bade the young man to his house.

Philip went willingly. Brandi had commissions by the dozen on his hands, and he had also a charming daughter. Of the charming daughter, and Italian beauty, Philip had a passing glimpse on his first visit, and for her sake, when he went up to Brandi's painting room, he so recklessly praised every thing that he saw as to obtain at once free invitation to the old man's intimacy. He took pains to find out in the course of a few days that Hyacinth's daughter inhabited a wing of the house abutting on an inner garden. One day, therefore, calling when Hyacinth was busy, he said that he would wait his leisure in the garden; and having marched thither, lay under a tree to look out for the windows of the lady. When he had found out which they were, he stationed himself under them, and as soon as Miss Brandi appeared at her casement made her a courteous bow. She was surprised; but, as she saw that it was a handsome young man who bowed, she smiled as she shut the window and departed. From that point the Rose proceeded in due time to conversations, and to the winning of the lady's heart. She had agreed to marry him. A cruel father then discovered these proceedings, forbade Philip admission to his house, and shut up his daughter in a nunnery. In his anger he repeated twenty times a day that "she was not reared for a painter of beasts."

Philip Roos was a German and a Protestant; but as he was not at all particular about his religion, it occurred to him that he could do nothing better than renounce his errors, and throwing himself upon the bosom of the Church, Miss Brandi's mother, ask of the mother what the father had denied him—the young lady's hand in marriage. He went, therefore, one morning, to the house of the cardinal-vicar, and represented himself as a man awakened to a sense of his own heresy; the prelate was charmed, and, claiming him for his own convert, gave him instruction, and enjoyed the honor of presenting him as his own gift to the holy Church. Then the painter told the cardinal the story of his love, and asked for help. On the day following, the cardinal called on the Pope, the Pope asked who was the father of the young lady.

"Brandi the painter."

"Very well," he said; "then they are both painters. There is no disparity of condition; I can see no obstacle."

Hyacinth was sent for to the Vatican; it was no matter to the Pope whether Roos painted men or beasts or stones, the young convert deserved his reward, and Brandi, compelled to restrain his pride, gave up his daughter.

On the day after the wedding, Philip Roos

sent back to the old man all the girl's clothes, even to her shoes and stockings, saying that the painter of beasts wanted none of his frippery, and that her beauty was his wife's sufficient ornament. Brandi, who was a very rich man, thereupon disinherited his daughter, and left her entirely to her husband's care.

He had taken her to a strange dwelling near Tivoli, at some distance from Rome. The house was formed out of the ruins of an ancient monument, and was situated in a sort of zoological garden, that was full of birds and beasts instead of flowers. Inside and outside it was peopled with pet rats and mice, dogs and cats, oxen and asses, goats, vultures, owls, and other such company. These were the painter's models that he kept about him, and it was no pleasant discovery for the poor wife to make during her honeymoon, when it appeared that her husband was not a whit less brutal than his oxen and his goats. He never stayed long with her, for he was a cheery fellow who had both his business and his tavern friends at Rome. The beautiful young wife soon found herself left by the week together in the old ruin, which was much more picturesque than comfortable, bewildered by the incessant concert made out of the crowing of cocks, clucking of hens, grunting of pigs, barking of dogs, mewing of cats, bleating of goats, screeching of owls, lowing of oxen, all occasionally enriched by the fine tenor notes of the ass, who had the best voice in the company. Weyerman says that any traveler coming upon the young Roman girl, living there all alone with such companions, might have taken her for a Circe surrounded by the victims of her enchantment. The creatures seemed to be all besieging her with cries for restoration to their pristine shapes. Poor girl, the only victim to her charms was herself.

Roos and his servant used to quit her, and set out for Rome, where the master spent rollicking days in taverns, and when money failed dashed off a picture, which the man sold to the first purchaser who would give for it enough to keep the merry game alive. His pictures were in this way made so cheap that they lost all respectability, and formed but a poor source of subsistence to their author. Yet his genius had no rival then upon the spot, and he might have easily become a wealthy man.

The society of painters from the Netherlands at Rome—a society that called itself the Bent—styled Roos Mercury for his rapidity, a quality in which he was equaled by no artist of his time. Count Martenitz, an Austrian embassador, and General Roos, a Swede, famous for dueling propensities, once disputed on the subject of the speed of hand that characterized Philip Roos the painter. The Count betted a number of gold pieces that Philip would begin and complete a picture while they played a certain game of cards, that usually occupied about thirty minutes; as we might now say, while they played a rubber. The bet was taken, and the painter readily enough submitted to the trial. Easel and brushes were brought into the drawing-room, and a canvas of the size usually employed for the sketching of a head—*a tela di testa*—was laid upon the easel to be filled. The gentlemen sat down to their cards, and Roos began to paint. Before the game was over he informed them that his work was done. He had covered the canvas with a shepherd and two or three sheep and goats placed in the middle of a landscape. The General paid his lost bet, of which some of the gold pieces went into the hands of the artist, who, within a few hours, managed to transfer them to the pocket of a tavern-keeper.

The same painter once having aspired to execute a grand piece, took a canvas forty feet square. In sixteen days he filled it, having put upon it in that time six hundred figures of animals. In the foreground were horses and oxen of the size of life: others were in the distance, and they were all so well designed and grouped, and placed in so complete a landscape, that nothing but the united testimony of many people would induce belief that he had not spent many months in the production of the piece; for, notwithstanding his rapidity, his work was good: of course his best pictures were those that he composed with care and much deliberation, but in his most rapid painting he was always accurate in outline, harmonious in color, and above all remarkable for skill in grouping, and for the variety of effect that he had at his command. His backgrounds were all different. He never repeated himself, and he drew animals of any kind, not being addicted specially to dogs or cows or goats or sheep.

These were the talents that he wasted. They scarcely paid his tavern bills, and ill maintained his wife. That ill-fated woman lived as she could, hungrily at Tivoli, not only wanting proper maintenance herself, but unable to provide properly for the animals that constantly distracted her with hungry cries. When her husband came to her sometimes for a few days, and brought with him a very little money, he was deaf to all her pleadings. Then she fell into a melancholy silence, and he found her dull, so that he traveled back the sooner to his jolly company.

The painter's servant took advantage of his master's folly. That shrewd follower had saved a little money, and he borrowed more. Then when the Rose of Tivoli got caught in a tavern, he painted a picture whereby to effect his escape, and sent off his man to sell it "to the first dealer he found, who was not too much of a thief;" the man carried it to a room of his own, locked it up, and brought back out of his own money, as if from the dealers, whatever price he supposed would be enough to satisfy his master. In that way he not only accumulated a great number of Roos's works, but at the same time withheld them from the market, and enhanced their money value. When Roos died he sold off his collection, and acquired a little fortune.

Of Philip, as of his brother Nicolas, it was easy to see at a glance whether he had or had not money in his pocket. His contemporaries have recorded that whenever he had an empty pocket he sneaked along the house-walls with a

bowed head and a contrite look, and dived into an alley if he saw any one of his acquaintances upon his path. When he had dollars in his pocket he held up his head, poked out his chest, rested a hand upon a hip and snuffed the air. He charged down then upon any comrade whom he saw, shook hands with him, and dragged him off whether he would or not, to treat him at a tavern. All this time his wife pined in the old ruin at Tivoli, ceasing to think of him, and mourning for her father who was dead, and had cursed her in his dying hour.

The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, who had sent Philip Roos to Rome, not hearing from him or receiving any pictures, supposed that he was dead too, and coming afterward by chance to Rome himself, about the year sixteen hundred and ninety-eight, was vexed to find how ill his patronage had been rewarded. Roos for a time avoided meeting him; but was at last urged to present himself and honestly confess his errors. The Landgrave received him kindly, and asked for a picture, which the painter vowed that he should have. But, rapid artist as he was, and great as were his obligations to the Landgrave, both for social aid and for hard money given to him, he did not spend ten minutes in a picture for him. He sent nothing, and again kept out of his way.

While he was thus wasting his opportunities and powers, Philip Roos on one occasion went to Tivoli, and was met with more than the ordinary clamor from his birds and beasts, who surrounded his house with the urgent, painful cries of creatures that for many hours had not been fed. He ran to his wife's chamber, and found her white and still upon her bed, her fatal beauty marred with the few lines that had been left there by a long despair. In her cold right hand there was a piece of paper firmly grasped; it was the last letter written to her by her father; she had died thinking of him, and not of Philip.

The husband was not capable of worthy grief. He plunged into fresh excesses, became prematurely haggard, staggered about the streets enveloped in the odors of the wine shop, and died, at fifty, of decrepitude. The Italians, embarrassed by his German name, called this great painter the Rose of Tivoli. A great painter, but a little man.

After all, perhaps, the immortality of genius, taken alone, is not worth envying. He is both a great man and a happy man who knows how to be as respectable as he is clever; but sever the two qualities, and who would not rather be the honest man of Hackney than such an ever-blooming Rose as that which has been here depicted?

A NIGHT AMONG THE CLOUDS.

THE sun was setting on a certain Sunday in August, some years ago, at Manheim; and the pleasure-gardens which surround the town were rapidly becoming silent and deserted. In one, however, the crowd still remained—the cottage-garden, then famous for its entertainments, its fireworks, and its balloon ascents.

These latter had long been so popular as to attract great crowds, perhaps the more so as the aerial voyages were as little dangerous as they were short. The balloons were strongly attached to the ground by ropes, which could be lengthened or shortened at pleasure, the ascent never exceeding the tops of the trees, even among the bravest of the adventurers.

The crowd were now leaving the balloon for the fireworks, on another terrace, when a young girl, leaning on the arm of a man about forty years of age, appeared at the end of the avenue. They were walking slowly, and appeared preoccupied by some serious matter. After a silence, the man said, energetically—

"No, sister; as long as I live I can never forgive that Christian Loffmann for disputing my inheriting Loerrach, my cousin's property; for Heaven knows it was not left to me as a gift, but as my right for what he owed me."

"He should have said so in his will, Michael," answered the young girl.

"And just because he did *not*, I am despoiled of my due! Because a dying man did not explain all his reasons and circumstances, I am accused of interested and almost fraudulent designs by this Loffman!"

"Alas! he does not know us, brother," said the girl, gently. "They have filled him with prejudices against us, and he has believed them, because it was his interest to do so."

"And so," replied Michael, bitterly, "the land *I* have cultivated for twenty years, and *earned* by my unceasing labors, is to be taken away from me by a foreigner, simply because he happens to be born a fifteenth cousin!"

"The judgment has not been given," interrupted Florence.

"Ah! but I have little to hope from it," answered Michael. "This Loffmann is young and active; he has friends, too; perhaps already the decree has been pronounced—"

He stopped on hearing his sister sigh.

"Well, well; here I am talking of it all again, when I have brought you here on purpose to make us both forget it. I wish something wonderful would happen to divert us—"

As he said these words, they turned a corner of the path, and came suddenly upon the open glade, where the balloon was floating a few feet above their heads, sustaining a light, pretty car, which seemed to be swimming over the grass.

Florence could not restrain a cry of surprise and admiration. It was the first time she had ever seen a balloon closely. She drew nearer.

"Two more places!" cried the man who held the cords.

One man was sitting in the car, in the dress of a traveler, with one of the iron-spiked walking-sticks used on mountain excursions.

"Two places! Who will go for a ride in the air?" repeated the man.

"Is there no danger?" asked the girl.

"None in the least," answered the man; "more than ten thousand souls have taken these little rides."

"And can one descend when one likes?"

"You need only ring the little hand-bell."

"Let us go!" cried Michael. And so saying he lifted Florence into the car. The man loosed the ropes, and in another moment the balloon slowly began to ascend. The young girl turned pale. The stranger saw it, and moving toward the hand-bell said, smiling—"Shall we stop?"

"A thousand thanks!" said Florence. "I shall soon be used to it;" and her color returned. They rose above the trees, and the girl forgot her fears in the newness of the sight. The Black Forest and the Rhine appeared on either hand, and the Necker meandered among rich meadows dotted with villages toward the horizon.

"Happy country," said the stranger, as if speaking to himself, "of fertile fields and wooded mountains!"

Michael sighed, and said in a low voice:

"Happy, indeed, if one is not under the ban of persecutions and calumnies!"

The stranger turned to him.

"Ah, sir!" said he, "no one knows that better than myself."

"Are you, then, also condemned to defend your just rights?"

"Yes, and from an adversary who neglects no means of annoying me."

"Like mine," returned Michael. "If he gains his cause, I lose every thing I have gained in my whole life."

"And I, all I have been looking to in the future."

"The fruits of my labors will go to enrich an avaricious man!"

"And all my hopes will be destroyed to profit a hypocrite!"

"Ah, I see," cried Michael, "our positions are alike; you plead against some Christian Loffmann, like me."

"Christian Loffmann!" cried the stranger. "Why that is my name! And my adversary is Michael Ritter!"

"Why that is mine!"

And the two men exchanged glances of surprise, passion, and hatred. Florence looked frightened. She laid a hand on her brother's arm. "Let us descend!" said she. But he would not listen.

"What Mr. Loffmann said of *his* adversary is a calumny!" exclaimed he, with glittering eyes.

"And what Mr. Ritter said of *his* is false!" replied the young man forcibly.

"Oh, heavens! let us descend!" cried the girl, trembling.

"Yes," said Michael; "explanations will be more satisfactory on the ground."

"And I hope they will be decisive," added Loffmann, in a significant voice.

He rang the bell; but the balloon remained stationary; again, a second and third time, with as little effect. They looked over the side of the car.

"Gracious Heavens!" cried Michael, "there is an *emeute* in the gardens! They are tearing down the railings, and making a bonfire of the seats, and breaking the lamps!"

"There! they are now under the balloon!"

"What are they doing?"

"By Jove, they are cutting the cords!"

The three travelers shrieked aloud—but in vain: believing the car empty, the students had cut the cords, and in another moment the balloon darted up high into air, and disappeared from their eyes in the gathering clouds of night.

The unfortunate prisoners in the air wasted some breath in useless cries and exclamations; but despair soon succeeded, and they remained silent and quiet, believing themselves doomed to a speedy but inevitable death. Florence hid her terrified face on her brother's shoulder, but he had no words of consolation to give her.

Loffmann sat at the other end of the car, seeming somewhat less disturbed, and now and then casting a look of pity on Ritter and his sister; but the recollection of their enmity and their reciprocal insults so lately uttered, kept them from communication even in their common danger.

Meanwhile, the balloon, at the mercy of the night winds, floated through the sky with the rapidity of a swallow returning to its nest, while its inmates could but just perceive the glimmer of some town or city over which they were passing. But, by degrees, even this failed them: the balloon mounted higher, and the cold became oppressive. Dull rumblings came in their ears—sharp tinglings in their extremities—and stiffness in their limbs. Florence at last glided down from her seat, unable to support herself any longer. "I am sleepy," she murmured.

"Oh, waken up! waken up!" cried Michael; "sleep here is death! Get up, Florence! get up!"

But she did not move.

"Florence! Oh, my God! she does not hear me! and I have nothing to—"

"Take this cloak."

He turned and saw Loffmann stripping himself of his coat, which was lined with fur.

"But you yourself?" hesitated Ritter, touched and surprised.

"I am stronger," he answered, briefly.

Both stooped to wrap it round the girl, and their hands met. Michael seized his adversary's—

"Let this wipe out the past. I am sorry I said so much to wound you!"

"Regret nothing," answered Loffmann. "I was most in the wrong!"

"Let us each forgive the other, then," answered Michael; "we shall all three soon be before the judgment-seat of God. Let us throw away our anger before that!"

"I have none left," cried Christian. "Here is my hand, Ritter, and it is indeed a friend's hand!"

"I accept it as such. Loffmann, we have both been deceived, each believing the other to be ill-intentioned, because our interests were opposed; and we had no means of learning the contrary by acquaintance. Let us thank God that in our last hour He has brought us together, that we

may appear before Him without rancor in our hearts."

"Amen!" answered Loffmann; "and may God forgive us as we forgive each other!"

Then, looking up, they perceived a pale light on one side: it was the dawn.

The wind appeared to change and sink; the balloon began to descend slowly; and a little hope re-animated their hearts. The sun rose, and the country began to reappear. It seemed like a resurrection to them. The earth existed still, and for them; and the balloon continued to descend. They soon distinguished the villages and fields. Suddenly Ritter joyfully exclaimed:

"It is Loerrach!" and Florence, revived and thankful, recognized their old house and meadows.

But at this moment the balloon seemed beginning to reascend on a fresh wind. Florence clasped her hands.

"Is there no means of stopping it?" she cried, imploringly.

"There is one," said Loffmann, "but it is a dangerous one."

"Oh, let us try it!" cried Ritter; "nothing can be worse than last night!"

Loffmann stepped cautiously on the edge of the car, and hanging on by the cords, thrust the spike of his walking-staff through the silk of the balloon. The gas rushed out with a roar; the balloon sank with frightful rapidity, and the travelers shut their eyes in terror. A violent *bump* came, and they found themselves entangled in the branches of a pine-tree, with the car but a few feet from the ground.

Toward the close of the same day, Loffmann and Ritter were leaning out of the window of the old house—the disputed property—to which Michael had conducted his two companions after their common deliverance. Their mutual congratulations had at first quite occupied their minds; but now that the first feelings of relief had passed away, Ritter began to feel his menaced interests reawakening within him.

He was still leaning silently on the wooden balcony, when Christian, who had been looking out intently all over the country, suddenly asked,

"How far does your demesne extend?"

Michael started, as if his conscience told him his guest had divined his secret thoughts.

"Ah! you want to know how much your cause will gain for you?" he answered, bitterly.

"Upon my word I was not thinking of it!" replied Loffmann, but he looked disconcerted.

"You need not blush about it," said Ritter; "we each have confidence in our own rights, naturally. I will show you the demesne."

And he pointed out woods and fields, one after another, far and near.

"It seems a wonderfully well-cultivated property," observed Christian.

"I have given every thought and hour I possessed to it," replied Michael. "I had hoped to continue my improvements; but who can tell how many or how few days it may perhaps still be mine? Perhaps, already—"

As he said these words, Florence entered; she seemed troubled as she advanced, holding a letter in her hand.

"Is that from M. Litoff?" asked Michael, and he turned pale.

"Yes," answered the girl.

"Then the judgment is pronounced, and we shall soon know—"

He stretched out his hand for the letter, but the hand trembled. Florence took it between hers; and looking timidly at Loffmann, said gently—

"Whatever happens, do not let us forget that we have forgiven each other!"

"The letter! the letter!" cried Michael, impatiently. The girl drew back a step.

"Promise to submit quietly, and not angrily, to the decision," she said. And pointing to the hill, where the pine-tree which had entangled them was still visible, she added, solemnly—

"Have you so soon forgotten our night in the clouds?"

Ritter and Loffmann looked at each other. For a moment they each hesitated, and then held out their hands both together.

"Ah," cried Michael, "it shall not be said that in danger alone our hearts were disposed to mercy! Saved by the goodness of God, let us prove our gratitude by our submission. We have left our enmity in the clouds—do not let us return to it on earth. Whatever this letter may announce, I declare that I will accept my fate with peace and calmness."

"And for myself, I shall thank Heaven for having gained a friend," answered Christian, "even if it tells me of the ruin of all my hopes."

Florence gave the letter to her brother. He opened it with a firm hand, and turned slightly pale.

"You are in your own house, Loffmann," said he, turning to the young man.

"In my favor!" cried Loffmann, joyfully.

"You are master of all that belonged to your cousin; his demesne is yours—"

"A demesne is not worth as much as the happiness of a friend," interrupted Loffmann, and he tore the letter in pieces.

Ritter beheld him with astonishment: Florence clasped her hands.

"Yes," continued the young man; "I came in here as a guest, and I will not remain as an enemy. He who has received me so kindly shall himself be the arbiter of our rights."

"Me!" cried Ritter. "Ah! if I *could* choose!"

Loffmann turned a look full of tenderness on Florence, who cast down her eyes; then taking Michael's hand—

"It is for her who began our friendship to tie the knot which shall bind us to each other, and render our division of rights more easy," said he.

"How?" asked Michael, astonished.

"By enabling friends to become brothers."

Ritter smiled, as Florence hid her blushing face in his bosom, and held out her hand to Loffmann.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE final passage of the bill organizing governments in the new Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, has been the event of leading interest during the past month. Our last Record mentioned that, on reaching the House from the Senate, the bill, on motion of Mr. Cutting of New York, had been referred to the Committee of the Whole. On the 8th of May, Mr. Richardson, Chairman of the Committee by which it had been reported, moved that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole, on the state of the Union, declaring his purpose, if the motion should pass, to propose to lay aside all business which had precedence of the Nebraska Bill on the calendar. Mr. Richardson's motion was carried—Yeas, 109; Nays, 88. Eighteen bills were then taken up in succession, and laid aside by vote of the Committee. The Nebraska Bill was then taken up. Mr. Richardson offered a substitute for the bill as it came from the Senate—the only difference being, that the clause confining the right of suffrage in the Territories to citizens of the United States was omitted in the substitute. The subject was then discussed, under the rule permitting speeches of an hour, until Friday the 12th, when Mr. Richardson offered a resolution to terminate debate on the bill the next day at noon. He said the Pacific Railroad Bill was a special order for Tuesday the 16th, and it was desirable to dispose of this matter as speedily as possible. He moved the previous question on his resolution. The opponents of the bill resisted taking a vote on this proposition, by motions to adjourn, to lay on the table, to excuse members from voting, &c., on each of which they called the Yeas and Nays, until Friday evening, when by general consent the House adjourned. On Saturday, Mr. Richardson having modified his resolution so as to close debate on the Nebraska Bill in five minutes after the House should again go into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, after some slight debate the House adjourned. On Monday the 15th, Mr. Richardson withdrew his resolution, and offered one to extend the debate on the bill until Friday the 19th at noon, and on that he demanded the previous question. He afterward moved a suspension of the rules to enable him to offer a resolution terminating debate on the Nebraska Bill on Saturday the 20th at noon, and postponing the consideration of the Pacific Railroad Bill until the 24th. The motion was carried—Ayes, 137; Nays, 66; and Mr. Richardson moved the previous question on his resolution. After a good deal of confused debate, mainly personal, the demand for the previous question was seconded. The first branch of Mr. Richardson's resolution, terminating debate, was then passed—Ayes, 114; Nays, 50; and the second, postponing the Pacific Railroad Bill, was also passed by a vote of 123 to 53. On Tuesday the 16th, the House went into Committee on the Nebraska Bill, which was debated by various members until Saturday, when the bill came up for final action. Mr. Edgerton, after the first section had been read, moved to substitute the bill passed by the House at its last session. Mr. Walley, of Massachusetts, moved an amendment, that the Territorial government shall not be created during the present year. This was rejected by a vote of 103 to 77. Mr. Peckham, of New York, moved to have but one Territorial government instead of two—Rejected, 100 to 83. Mr. Mace, of Indiana, moved an amendment, that the Territorial Legislature shall not have power to admit or exclude slavery at any time by law. This was rejected, 94 to 76. Mr. Parker, of Indiana, offered an amendment proposing bounties to emigrants to Nebraska—Lost, 85 to 66. Mr. Hague, of New York, offered an amendment, that the bill shall not take effect until the Indian title shall be extinguished—Lost, 84 to 63. Mr. Fuller, of Maine, offered an amendment, that the Legislature shall have power to exclude or establish slavery as it may see proper. This was rejected, 91 to 71. Mr. Eliot, of Massachusetts, offered an amendment, that the States that may be formed out of the Territory shall be admitted without slavery. This was rejected, and the House adjourned. On Monday the 22d, on motion of Mr. Richardson, the House voted to go into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, Ayes 105, to 70 Nays—Mr. Olds, of Ohio, taking the Chair. The question was then stated to be on the substitute offered by Mr. Edgerton for the one submitted by Mr. Richardson in place of the bill as it came from the Senate. Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, moved to strike out the enacting clause of the bill—saying that his object was to cut off all amendments, and secure a vote upon the bill. By the 119th rule of the House a motion to strike out the enacting clause has precedence of a motion to amend, and, if carried, was equivalent to the rejection of the bill. If, therefore, the Committee would agree to his motion and strike out the enacting clause, that action could be reported to the House—the House could then disagree to the report—Mr. Richardson could offer his substitute, and in that way all amendments could be shut out, and a vote had on the bill. Several points of order were made against the motion, which afterward passed by a vote of Yeas, 103; Nays, 22. Mr. Richardson then moved that the Committee rise and report this action to the House—the vote reported on this motion was, Ayes, 101; Noes, 2. The Chairman (Mr. Olds) then reported to the House that the Committee of the Whole had struck out the enacting clause. Mr. Richardson demanded the previous question on this report. Several motions to adjourn were made and lost. Mr. Goodrich, of Massachusetts, asked to be excused from voting. Mr. Clingman raised the point of order, that the motion could not be entertained, as the previous question had been demanded. The Speaker decided Mr. Goodrich's motion to be in order. Mr. Clingman appealed, and the House, by a vote of Yeas, 82; Nays, 100, refused to sustain the Speaker's decision. By a vote of 98 to 87, the House also reversed the Speaker's decision, that a motion to adjourn was in order. After several other motions had been disposed of, Mr. Richardson's demand for the previous question was seconded, Ayes, 117; Nays, 94—the report of the Committee of the Whole to strike out the enacting clause was disagreed to, Yeas, 97; Nays, 117—and Mr. Richardson moved to substitute for the bill as reported, the same bill, with the clause excluding aliens from voting omitted. On this motion he demanded the previous question, which was seconded, and the main question ordered to be put—Yeas, 116; Nays, 90. The substitute offered by Mr. Richardson was then agreed to, Yeas, 115; Nays, 96. The bill was

then ordered to be engrossed for a third reading—Yeas, 112; Nays, 99. The question then being on the final passage of the bill, Mr. Richardson demanded the previous question, which was seconded, and the bill was passed by the following vote:

YEAS.—Messrs. *Abercrombie*, Aiken, Jas. C. Allen, Willis Allen, Ashe, David J. Bailey, T. H. Bayly, Barksdale, Barry, Bell, Bocock, Boyce, Breckinridge, Bridges, Brooks, Caskie, Chastain, Chrisman, Churchwell, Clark, Clingman, Cobb, Colquitt, *Cox*, Craige, Cumming, Cutting, John G. Davis, Dawson, Disney, Dowdell, Dunbar, Dunham, Eddy, Edmundson, J. M. Elliott, English, Faulkner, Florence, Goode, Green, Greenwood, *Grey*, Hamilton, Sampson W. Harris, Hendricks, Henn, Hibbard, *Hill*, Hillyer, Houston, Ingersoll, G. W. Jones, J. G. Jones, Roland Jones, Keitt, *Kerr*, Kidwell, Kurtz, Lamb, Lane, Latham, Letcher, Lilly, *Lindley*, Macdonald, McDougall, McNair, Maxwell, May, *John G. Miller*, Smith Miller, Olds, *Mordecai Oliver*, Orr, Packer, Perkins, Phelps, Phillips, Powell, *Preston*, *Ready*, *Reese*, Richardson, Riddle, Robbins, Rowe, Ruffin, Shannon, Shaw, Shower, Singleton, S. A. Smith, Wm. Smith, Wm. R. Smith, Geo. W. Smyth, Snodgrass, F. P. Stanton, Richard H. Stanton, Alexander H. Stephens, Straub, David Stuart, John J. Taylor, Tweed, Vail, Vansant, Walbridge, Walker, Walsh, Warren, Westbrook, Witte, D. B. Wright, H. B. Wright, and *Zollicoffer*—113.

NAYS.—Messrs. *Ball*, Banks, Belcher, *Bennett*, *Benson*, Benton, *Bugg*, *Campbell*, *Carpenter*, *Chandler*, *Crocker*, *Cullum*, Curtis, T. Davis, Dean, De Witt, *Dick*, *Dickinson*, Drum, Eastman, Edgerton, *Edmands*, *Thomas D. Eliot*, Ellison, *Etheridge*, *Everhart*, *Farley*, Fenton, *Flagler*, Fuller, Gamble, Giddings, *Goodrich*, Grow, *A. Harlan*, A. J. Harlan, *Harrison*, Hastings, *Haven*, *Hiester*, *Howe*, Hughes, *Hunt*, Johnson, D. T. Jones, Kittredge, *Knox*, Lindsley, Lyon, *McCulloch*, Mace, *Matteson*, Mayall, *Meacham*, *Middleswarth*, Millson, *Morgan*, Morrison, Murray, Nichols, Noble, Norton, A. Oliver, *Parker*, Peck, Peckham, *Pennington*, Bishop Perkins, Pratt, *Pringle*, *Puryear*, *David Ritchie*, Thomas Ritchey, *Rogers*, *Russell*, *Sabin*, *Sage*, *Sapp*, Seymour, *Simmons*, Skelton, Gerrit Smith, H. L. Stevens, Stratton, A. Stuart, *J. L. Taylor*, *N. G. Taylor*, Thurston, *Tracy*, Trout, *Upham*, Wade, *Walley*, *Elihu B. Washburne*, *Israel Washburn*, Wells, John Wentworth, *Tappan Wentworth*, Wheeler, and Yates—100.

The names in Italics, as given above, are Whigs. Of the 113 affirmative votes, 12 were given by Whigs, and 58 by Democrats, from the Slaveholding States, and the remaining 44 by Democrats from the Free States. Of the 100 negative votes, 7 were given by Southern Whigs, 2 by Southern Democrats, 41 by Northern Whigs, 43 by Northern Democrats, and 4 by Free Soil members.——In the Senate the bill was taken up on the 25th. Mr. Pearce, of Maryland, moved to restore the clause restricting the right of suffrage to citizens of the United States. This motion and the bill generally were warmly debated for a day or two. Mr. Bell, at great length, denounced the misrepresentations that had been made of his course, and said he had never been in favor of repealing the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Seward spoke at some length upon the general principles of the bill, and upon the contest between Slavery and Freedom, of which this bill was only one of the incidents. The amendment was rejected, 41 to 7, and the bill, as amended by the House, passed the Senate by a vote of 35 to 13.

The other proceedings of Congress have been of but little interest. On the 15th of May, Senator Cass made a very long speech in favor of religious liberty, and of instructing American representatives abroad to endeavor to secure for American citizens in foreign countries perfect freedom in the exercise of their religious opinions, and the performance of religious worship. A large part of the speech was in reply to a letter from Archbishop Hughes, who has published a rejoinder, in which he holds that while civil governments have no right to enjoin upon any person the doing of acts which his conscience condemns, they have a right to forbid the performance of acts which his conscience may require.——On the 16th, Mr. Mallory offered a resolution declaring that recent acts of the Spanish government were calculated to create the apprehension that it was designed to place Cuba in the hands of the negro population, and that such a step would be deemed by the United States inconsistent with their progress, their prosperity, and the civilization of the age.——Hon. Edward Everett, in a letter dated May 21, resigns his seat in the Senate of the United States on account of his health. The Governor has appointed Hon. J. R. Rockwell to fill the vacancy thus created.——On the 31st of May, President Pierce issued a proclamation, stating that information had been received that sundry persons in the United States were engaged in organizing and fitting out a military expedition for the invasion of Cuba, and that the said undertaking was contrary to the spirit and express stipulation of treaties between the United States and Spain, derogatory to the character of this nation, and in violation of the obvious duties and obligations of faithful and patriotic citizens. He therefore warns all persons that the General Government claims it as a right and duty to interpose for the honor of its flag, the rights of its citizens, the national security, and the preservation of the public tranquillity, from whatever quarter menaced; and it will not fail to prosecute with due energy all those who, unmindful of their own and their country's fame, presume thus to disregard the laws of the land and our treaty obligations. He therefore earnestly exhorts all good citizens to discountenance and prevent any movement in conflict with law and national faith; and especially charges the several district attorneys, collectors, and other officers of the United States, civil or military, having lawful power in the premises, to exert the same for the purpose of maintaining the authority and preserving the peace of the United States.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 16th of May. The weather had been favorable to the working of the mines, and also to the agricultural interests of the State. The grain season was likely to be later than usual, but none the less productive. A very large portion of the population are turning their attention to farming, and every thing indicated that the State would become far less dependent on imports for its general supplies than it has been hitherto. The Legislature adjourned on the 15th. In a Message to that body, the Governor states that the public lands in the State applicable to purposes of education, amount to seven and a half millions of acres. M. Dillon, the French Consul at San Francisco, has been indicted for an alleged participation in the enlistment of Frenchmen in California for service under the Mexican flag. The Expedition of Captain Walker has been completely broken up. On the 26th of April, a Mexican party of about ninety men, under Melendrez, made an attack on Walker's force at Guadalupe, and skirmishings were kept up between them, with losses on both sides, until the 7th of May, when Walker had reached the State line, and surrendered himself and his command to a detachment of United States troops, by whom they were taken to San Francisco, where they would be tried for a violation of the Neutrality Laws of the United States. This will put an end

to invasions of Mexican territory from that quarter for the present.

From *Oregon* there is no news of special interest. The Legislature was to adjourn on the 28th of April. A general war has broken out among the Indian tribes. The question of organizing a State government and applying for admission to the Union, is beginning to be agitated;—the public feeling seemed to be in favor of it.

From the *Sandwich Islands* we learn that the project of annexation to the United States is again exciting attention. In the Hawaiian Legislature, on the 20th of April, the Committee on Foreign Relations made a report on various petitions on the subject, which had been referred to them—to the effect that it was a matter over which the Legislature had no control, as it belonged exclusively to the treaty-making power:—the report also expresses full confidence in the action of the King and his Council. It is understood that Mr. Gregg, the United States Commercial Agent at the Islands, has been engaged for some time in negotiating a treaty of annexation; and, according to rumor, his efforts are likely to be attended with a good degree of success.

From *New Mexico* we have intelligence of a severe engagement at Taos, between two companies of United States dragoons, numbering sixty in all, under command of Captain Magruder and Lieutenant Davidson, and about three hundred Apache and Utah Indians. The United States troops had twenty-two killed, and twenty-one wounded: only seven escaped. The Indians retreated to the west side of the Rio del Norte, whither they were pursued by Colonel Cooke, with nearly two hundred dragoons and riflemen. Colonel C. came upon their camp, and took them by surprise, on the 8th of April. The Indians made a desperate resistance, but were routed with severe loss: they were pursued for a long distance through very deep snow, and over an exceedingly rough country, and driven into the southern part of the Territory.

MEXICO.

Santa Anna, on his return to the capital from the Southwestern District, officially announced a complete victory over General Alvarez, the leader of the insurrection, ordered the most profuse rejoicings over the result, and embraced the opportunity to invite further loans in aid of the government. Later advices render it certain that he was repulsed, and that General Alvarez in fact achieved a substantial victory. Santa Anna reached Acapulco on the 19th of April, with about six thousand men. He was attacked the next day, and completely routed; his troops were pursued, and several engagements took place between the opposing forces, in all of which Santa Anna was defeated; and it was with a good deal of difficulty that he succeeded in making his escape. The affairs of the government are in great confusion, and there is little doubt that a new change is close at hand.

THE EASTERN WAR.

So far as events are concerned, the war in Eastern Europe makes but little progress. No decisive or important engagement has yet taken place; no great movement has been made on either side, and the attitude of the contending parties is rather that of preparation for war than of a hearty and zealous prosecution of it. Some slight changes in the position of the Russian troops have been made since Prince Paskiewitch assumed command. The right wing of the army has evacuated Lesser Wallachia, by what appears to be a retrograde movement, and the Russians in the Dobrudscha have remained completely inactive since taking possession of it. The fortress of Silistria has been attacked on several occasions, but only from a distance, and without any marked results. The Russian reserves, at the latest advices, were taking position on the Sereth, a river which flows from the Bukowine, parallel to the frontier of Transylvania. By this movement the front of their army is turned rather toward the West than the South, making Moldavia the base of operations, and threatening Austria instead of Turkey. This movement has created some uneasiness at Vienna, and has led to the dispatch of an Austrian force of 95,000 under General Schlick to the menaced frontier. The Austrian government abstains from making any explicit statement to the Western Powers of her object in taking this step, but it is clearly designed to enable her to act with effect either against Russia or Turkey as she may ultimately elect. Indeed this is substantially stated by the Emperor in a letter to General Schlick. Meantime attempts at negotiation have not been abandoned. A treaty has just been published between Austria and Prussia, dated the 20th of April, in which those two powers mutually guarantee to each other the whole of their respective territories, and engage to resist in common every attack, no matter from what quarter it may come. They also agree to support each other in any advance which either may make in support of German interests. They further declare that the indefinite occupation of the Sultan's territory on the Lower Danube by the Russian troops will endanger the political, moral, and material interests of the whole Germanic Confederation, as well as of their own states, and that this danger will augment in proportion as Russia encroaches on the Turkish dominions. They then refer with an expression of hope to the last assurances given at Berlin by the Court of St. Petersburg; but, in case the Prussian propositions dispatched from Berlin on the 8th of April should not be successful in obtaining the required security for the evacuation of the Principalities, they can expressly provide a more special engagement for their intervention.

If these hopes shall be disappointed, the Austrian Government binds itself to require the Russian Court to suspend the advance of its army into Turkey, and to give securities for the speedy evacuation of the Principalities, and the propositions are also to be energetically supported by Prussia. Should the reply of the Imperial Court be unfavorable, one of the contracting parties (by which we presume that Austria is meant) will adopt measures in order to obtain this security. In the event of an incorporation of the Principalities, or an attack or passage of the Balkan, on the part of Russia, both the German Powers agree to join in a declaration of offensive hostilities. It is deemed quite likely that Russia will pursue a policy which will in their literal sense fulfill these conditions, in order to prevent Austria and Prussia from joining the Western Powers.

The Russian troops on the Danube now number about 180,000 men, disposed as follows: the right, as already stated, has taken position on the Sereth, threatening Transylvania; the centre extends along the Danube to Rassova and Kalarasch, where the river turns to the north, its reserve being at Bucharest; and the left wing occupies the Dobrudscha, and maintains communication with the troops of Odessa, commanded by Osten-Sacken. The left wing of the Turkish troops occupies the river Aluta for about fifty miles from its mouth, and con-

nects with the centre at Rutschuck. The right wing is posted along the line of the wall of Trajan, between the Danube and the sea, fronting the Russian troops that occupy the Dobrudscha. The whole Turkish force is about 130,000. Of the foreign troops, about 36,000 are at Gallipoli; 10,000 English troops were quartered at Scutari, and more were daily expected. The Turkish fleet, consisting of twenty-two ships, has joined the allied squadrons in the Black Sea.

On the 9th of April, the British steamer *Furious* was sent to Odessa, under a flag of truce, to bring away the English Consul. She was fired upon from the shore, and on the 17th, both fleets sailed for Odessa and demanded explanations from the Military Governor. These proving unsatisfactory, on the 22d a bombardment was commenced by five English and three French steamers, and was continued for several hours, the fire being warmly returned by the Russian batteries. The French Admiral's official account states that the Russian vessels in port were burned or sunk, the batteries silenced, and the establishments of the Admiralty destroyed. The Russian account charges the Allies with falsehood in their account of the incidents which led to the attack, and represent the result as substantially a Russian victory. The Czar issued a proclamation to this effect at St. Petersburg, which city he has, for some reason not apparent, declared under martial law. It is rumored that the internal affairs of Russia are giving the Emperor a good deal of uneasiness. His troops on the Danube are fearfully weakened by disease. The Circassians are exceedingly active in taking possession of the forts on their coast, and have received aid and arms from both the English and French. The Greek insurrection has been very nearly suppressed, although outbreaks still occur in some of the provinces. General Baraguay d'Hilliers, upon the decision of the Turkish Government that all the Greek Christians should be banished from the country, demanded that an exception should be made in favor of Catholics, who, he alleged, were under the protection of the French Government. The demand was resisted as unreasonable, and the difference became so decided that General d'Hilliers was recalled, and another embassador sent out by France in his stead. Both the French and English have promised to send a force to aid in putting down the Greek rebellion, if any assistance should be required.

From the British fleet in the Baltic we have no intelligence of special interest. Cruisers had been stationed off all the principal ports, so that a strict blockade was kept up. Sir Charles Napier had a very cordial reception at Stockholm, where he had an audience of the King. The Northern Powers are strongly inclined to an alliance with the Western States, and that step is strongly urged in some of their journals. In Sweden, public sentiment tends very strongly in that direction. The Government is taking measures to increase its military force, which already amounts to about 110,000 men.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The debates in Parliament during the month have not been of marked importance. The progress of the war with Russia has been only incidentally referred to. In reply to questions in the House of Lords on the 26th of May, the Earl of Clarendon stated that the negotiations between Austria and Prussia, which had resulted in the conclusion of the treaty noticed above, had been kept a profound secret from England and from other governments, and had been communicated only after ratifications had been exchanged. He promised soon to lay before the House documents which would fully warrant the coercion England had been compelled to exercise toward Greece. Sir James Graham announced in the House of Commons that a rigorous blockade of all the ports of Russia had been instituted. It was not intended to blockade the ports of the White Sea. The proposition of the Government to increase the malt-tax excited considerable debate, but it was carried by a vote of 303 to 195.——A message from the Queen announced that, as it had been found necessary to send a portion of her troops to the East, part of the militia were about to be enrolled and called into service for home defense. The resolution appointing a commission to inquire into the affairs of the conventual establishments of the kingdom has been withdrawn. The bill altering the oath so as to admit Jews to seats in Parliament, has been rejected in the House of Commons by a majority of four. It was introduced by Lord John Russell, but was not pressed with any great degree of vigor. The principal ground of objection to it, on which indeed Mr. Disraeli himself opposed it, was, that it would also operate in favor of the Roman Catholics.——The French Embassador at London gave a magnificent *fête* on the 12th, which was honored by the attendance of the Queen.——Financial affairs begin to attract considerable attention. The plan of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to throw none of the expense of the present war upon posterity, but to provide for defraying it by increased taxation, or by the issue of Exchequer bills, to be met by speedy resort to the same source, is severely criticised, especially by Mr. Baring and the bankers generally; but it has been thus far sustained by Parliament. The Bank of England has increased its rate of discount to 5½ per cent.

FRANCE AND THE CONTINENT.

There is very little news of interest from France, beyond the decision of the Emperor to form large military camps at St. Omer and Boulogne. This movement has excited considerable uneasiness in Belgium and in Prussia, and has been sharply commented on in the British Parliament. There have been rumors of important changes in the French ministry, but as yet they are not confirmed. Decrees have been issued reducing the duties on wool imported from beyond Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope in French bottoms, and abrogating the decree of 1826, prohibiting the importation of certain products in English vessels.

From *Spain* we have intelligence of violent internal commotions, which threaten an overthrow of the ministry. The United States Minister is said to have made various extravagant demands on the Spanish government for large indemnity for injury sustained in the detention of the Black Warrior, and also for previous violations of American rights by the colonial authorities of Cuba. While nothing authentic is known of these transactions, it is reported that the Spanish government has refused any thing in the way of indemnity, but has granted six thousand dollars to the owners of the Black Warrior, on their prayer that their losses may be repaired. It is further stated that the adjustment of these matters in dispute has been intrusted to a special agent sent to Washington for that purpose. A large reinforcement of the Spanish army has been sent out to Cuba.

Editor's Table.

SHALL THE MURDERER ESCAPE? It is but a brief period since this question was asked with an intensity of feeling which has seldom been manifested in our country. Its recency, as well as its deep importance, makes it a fit theme for that department of our editorial labors in which we would ever seek to employ some fact of present passing interest as the suggestive medium of the most universal and abiding truth. *Shall the murderer escape?* With what an universal burst of irrepressible indignation was the question uttered? From Maine to Texas—in every State, and especially in the one on whose annals the Ward murder and the Ward acquittal had left their deepest stain, all voices joined in the utterance of one unanimous sense of wrong. Indignation is too tame a word. It was wrath—a people's wrath—poured forth in tones of wailing for outraged justice, and with that deep inward emotion which constitutes the grandeur of the moral, in distinction from the outward or physical sublime.

The storm has passed by, the strong feeling has subsided, and we may venture upon a calm and philosophical analysis of its essential nature. No scientific convention ever proposed to itself a problem of wider practical value, or profounder theoretical interest.

One of the most striking characteristics of this grand social phenomenon is its universality. It is not confined to the moral, the religious, the known advocates of law and order, whose well-tuned sensibilities, it might be expected, would be painfully shocked at such a discord in the social scale. The feeling is not a peculiarity of saints or sinners, but of humanity—of humanity, even in its most fallen state. The vicious, the selfish, the worldly, the men in other respects of obtuse moral ideas, ay, even the cruel and the malevolent, all resent it as a wrong, not to themselves, but to justice, to truth—to something which they deeply feel as having a real existence, even though they may not be able to analyze or define it—as a wrong, in short, to that ideal abstract righteousness that has its representative in the soul of the worst man who has not yet become a demon, and without which man could not be a depraved, because he could not be a moral being. He who could himself commit murder, might be pained, truly and sincerely pained, at the escape, or impunity, of the murderer. The very wretch whose crime has called forth this universal indignation would have felt it had it been the case of another. He was a literary man, it has been said. He has written tales of fiction. He might have represented virtue triumphant and crime visited with righteous retribution, and all this as feelingly, ay, as sincerely, too, as it has been ever done in the pages of Dickens or Thackeray. The feeling belongs not to the individual as an individual, but to the humanity of which he partakes, and therefore is it strong, clear, unerring, universal, indestructible. No human being ever wholly loses it until he sinks to that lost condition where the man is transmuted into the fiend, and evil is chosen, not merely for the strong sensual temptation, but as the abstract good.

As it is universal and generic, so also is it unselfish. What hurt had Matthew Ward done to us personally or socially? The most of us had never heard his name. We knew not his victim. We had no near relations with the society whose outward order had been disturbed. As to any injury, or any benefit from him, past, present, or to come, we had nothing to fear, as we had nothing to hope.

It was purely unselfish, we say, in its *personal* aspects. It was also equally removed from any spirit of social utilitarianism in the ordinary senses of the word. There entered into the feeling no estimate of social advantages or disadvantages, as these fall under the common definitions of political economy. It was not even the prevention of future crime, or the mischief that might result from the example of the impunity, that formed the chief moral characteristics of the sentiment or the idea. We appeal to the universal human consciousness. Such utilitarian results, it is true, were sometimes dwelt upon in newspaper paragraphs; they came well in aid of the rhetorical argument; they have their value, their great value, in the enforcement of the social duties through their more immediate benefits; still, they did not enter into the essence of the feeling we are attempting to analyze. A wrong had been done, a wrong of fearful magnitude, but it was not so much the wrong to any individuals, or to any number of individuals, or to any society, or to any earthly tangible interests of any kind, that was first, and strongest, and most peculiar in the emotion. The murder itself was not so grievous a wrong as the acquittal; but both were felt, and the latter especially, to be a wrong to that which is so distinctly acknowledged by the conscience, yet so difficult to present to the calculating understanding—the feeling, the idea (for it is both a feeling and an idea) of the Eternal Right, the immutable Justice. Here was the vital wound. It was a wrong to law, not the law of Kentucky, or of the United States, or of all civilized society, but to the law of the universe. The impunity of murder is a grievous hurt to the universal conscience, and every man feels it just in proportion as he is a man. Individual injuries may be forgiven, personal or even social mischiefs may be healed, but this wrong to the abstract Justice could not thus be dealt with. Crime unpunished, unatoned, unsatisfied, in some way, deranges the harmony of the universe; it deflects the balance of the everlasting scales. While the discord remains unresolved it must jar painfully upon the moral sensibilities of every rational soul, and can not be endured.

Benthamites, and a certain class of political economists, would fain ignore all this. But it can not be. There is a doctrine of desert as well as of social utility, and such cases as the one we have been contemplating brings it out in all its dread significance. Nature and conscience will assert their rights. Even the men who in theory are opposed to all punishment forget themselves. The spirit within them speaks out; they join for a season the universal utterance, and manifest their sympathy with the true human sentiment, in the midst of all their loud professions of a contrary doctrine.

Now is this feeling right or wrong? If right, or if, in other words, it is an essential part of humanity which one can not be without and yet be a man, then, certainly, should some consideration of it enter into our estimates even of social and political utilities. All government of man must recognize him as man, and thus recognizing, must provide, in some way, for the healthful growth and development of whatever belongs to his humanity. We will go with any utilitarian here, if he will only put his standard of utility high enough. We might

maintain that it is a great end of government, even of human government, to act positively in this way for the education of the moral sense—that thus human law, imperfect as it is, should be our schoolmaster, to bring us to a due appreciation of the divine—that as the view we take of it must greatly and permanently affect our moral perceptions for good or evil, this should be such that its plastic power might mould our first ideas of law and legal sanctions so as to be in harmony with, and lead to, the corresponding ideas of the higher sphere. Hence we might maintain that even human government has to do positively with immoralities, as immoralities—in other words, should punish crimes not solely on the ground of the immediate mischief they may do to person and property, but on account of their intrinsic wickedness—that in the main its gradations of penalty should have respect to moral desert—and that in acting on such principles it does not usurp the prerogatives of the divine government, but is actually carrying it out in the exercise of a legitimate delegated authority.

But waiving all this, there is another position on which we would here plant ourselves, because we can so directly fortify it by defenses that are taken from the very camp of the utilitarian, and are therefore impregnable to all his assaults. If human law may not thus aspire to a positive training of the higher faculties, moral and intellectual, yet certainly is it bound to do them no harm. If crime unpunished inflicts more injury upon the moral sense than pestilence upon the body—if such a spectacle constantly presented tends ever to destroy that most sacred and valuable part of our humanity, the *feeling of right*—if the result of all this is to brutalize the soul and reduce men to a condition where all other social and political utilities lose their value, why should not the prevention of so deadly an evil be a legitimate end of human government? Can any answer be given in the negative that does not nullify every conceivable ground of social organization? To present the same idea in another light—and its importance may well justify any variety of enforcement—crime unpunished endangers the security of property—crime unpunished puts in peril the safety of the person—crime unpunished causes a fatal injury as well as wrong to the moral nature—it hurts us sorely in both senses of the word, it produces present pain to the soul and works a grievous damage to the spiritual health—it hurts that in us which makes us distinctively human, and we therefore ask, in all earnestness, and in bold defiance of any charge of fallacy—why should not this most essential want of our nature be distinctly recognized in any system even of utilitarian jurisprudence that grounds itself upon a computation of pain or loss?

It must be recognized, or our wronged human nature will *right* itself in irrepressible acts of violence. Lynch law will take the place of the solemn judicial tribunal. Crime unpunished, frequently, constantly unpunished, presents a state of things that can not be endured. In the strong language of Scripture, "the land is polluted." The miasma that would have been purged by the judicial expiation rests painfully upon every conscience. In virtue of the organic oneness, every man feels the guilt, until, through the continued repetition of such an open spectacle of impunity, the conscience loses all power to feel, and the social nature becomes wholly and irreclaimably demoralized. Each special case makes its strong appeal to us, but the isolated impression is soon lost. Could we but feel the immense magnitude of the wrong as it presents itself in its multiplied aspects before high Heaven—could we suppose man endowed with a supernatural sense, and the ear opened to the perception of spiritual realities, how would it be shocked at the sad notes borne on almost every passing breeze! Now and then might there come, wildly and fitfully, like the strains of an Æolian harp, the mournful wail of innocence condemned; but how much more frequently and overpoweringly would there sweep over the newly-awakened organ that awful sound which Holy Writ so fearfully characterizes as the "voice of blood"—"the voice of blood crying aloud from the earth" that "refuses to cover her slain!" What a sad chorus must even now be ascending from every portion of our country, and especially those parts where, of late years, homicides of every kind have been so frequent, and righteous retribution of such difficult and rare occurrence. It is when thus contemplated that the language of Scripture acquires a terrible significance—"Surely the blood of your lives will I require at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man."

The feeling we have attempted to analyze is a righteous feeling. Our appeal is to the human conscience. When its decisions speak the same language, in all men and at all times, we can have no stronger evidence of its being truly the voice of God in the human soul. It may condemn many a one who utters it, and yet he can not repress it. Vindictive as some may call this sense of righteous retribution, it is perfectly consistent with the personal forgiveness of all personal injuries; it may dwell in the same breast with the most humbling sense of personal ill desert; it is the purest fountain of all right-thinking and right-feeling benevolence; it is the surest foundation of any philanthropy that deserves the name. It is in perfect harmony, too, with the most melting view of the divine mercy, and that doctrine of expiation which furnishes the ground on which it rests.

It is essentially different from the feeling of personal revenge—nay, its antipolar opposite. The distinction has been often taken, and yet some will never comprehend the heaven-wide distance that separates the two ideas. The damning sin of revenge consists in this very thing, that it *individualizes*, as we may say, and taints with selfishness the universal and unselfish feeling of the holy abstract right. This is its deadly poison, and it is this which makes it the direct antithesis of that legal retribution (whether in the divine or human government) with which some are ever confounding it.

Neither is this sense of justice a barren feeling resting in itself. Like every other essential attribute of our nature, it demands a corresponding action as a satisfying of the moral craving. It not only pronounces the criminal deserving of punishment, irrespective of any utilities, but would desire that he should actually be punished. It feels a wrong if this in some way is not done. In proof of it, we need not confine ourselves to cases of murder. The appeal may be made to the most common examples of crime, by way of testing the universality of the sentiment. A newspaper near us furnishes as good a case as we could select. Alas, that it should be of such common occurrence. A company of wearied, poverty-stricken Norwegians, are landed from one of our emigrant ships, and cast homeless and friendless upon our docks. A man—shall we call him man or fiend?—accosts them with promises of aid to their place of destination

in the interior of our continent; he imposes on them by false tickets of conveyance; he makes to them a fraudulent sale of land to which he has no shadow of title, and thus having obtained possession of nearly all their little means, he sends them forth to find, at every step of their journey, that they have been made the victims of the most heartless and wicked deception. Now what is the right, or righteous, feeling in view of such a transaction as this? Is it one simply of abstract passionless disapproval, or does it demand a corresponding action? Would it not cry out, as David did when his *righteous* universal conscience unwittingly passed sentence on his *guilty* individual self—"Surely the man who hath done this deed shall *suffer* for it!" Who that calls himself a man would be ashamed to stand up in the face of heaven, and express, not only his disapproval of the act, but his strong desire that the base perpetrator should be hurt, punished, put to pain, made to *feel dolor* in some way corresponding to the selfish malignity displayed in such an atrocious and *unfeeling* fraud? The organ of justice—to use by way of accommodation some of the language of the phrenologists, although we abhor their theory—the organ of justice has been made to ache. Shall it not have its appeasing satisfaction as much as a hungry stomach? and does it not fall within the province of the law to have some regard for the higher as well as the lower want of our nature? Or if there be conceded to the Church its positive education, should not the State see to it, at least, that this precious thing, the moral sense, receive no detriment through constant familiarity with the impunity of crime?

Our train of thought suggests here an idea which we will venture to express, although the great majority of the community might seem, for certain reasons, to be theoretically opposed to it. It is, that the present mode of private executions adopted in some of our States is at war with the essential idea of justice. It may seem bold ground, and one on which a writer should not rashly peril his reputation either for sound thinking or right feeling, and we therefore the more rejoice that we have on our side an authority of whose support no man need be ashamed. We refer to that most learned, most profound, most conservative, most classical, most philosophical, as well as most humane of American jurists, the late Chancellor Kent. We well recollect a conversation in which he took decidedly this very ground. He gave it as the result of his long experience that secresy in judicial proceedings of any kind was ever injurious. And besides it is the very nature of justice, he added, with a terseness and strength of meaning that would have done honor to one of the seven sages of Greece—"it is of the very essence of justice to be public; all its doings should ever be in presence of the sun." "I greatly fear," continued this most upright judge and pure-minded man, "lest, through the device of private executions, the enemies of all punishment, and of all right views of law, have obtained an advantage whose mischief it will hereafter be difficult to rectify." We can not dwell upon this topic at length. There may be presented, however, a few of the leading thoughts that would enter into such an argument, and go to show the wisdom of this position of Chancellor Kent. Publicity is of the very essence of justice. We can not connect concealment of any kind with the idea without impairing its moral power. Such publicity is inseparable from the universality of the feeling and its demand of satisfaction to law as something entirely distinct from the compensation or prevention of any individual wrong. Hence, in the ancient mythology and languages, the epithets most commonly applied to it are built upon metaphors significant of clearness, openness, exposure to the sun. Again—justice and *retribution* should be in their outward act, as they are in their inward nature, the antithesis of crime and *revenge*. As the two latter seek concealment, so the two former should ever exhibit their works in the presence of the universe. They are opposed to each other as the children of light and the children of darkness. We leave it to the reader's mind to pursue the parallel.

The truth of our position is shown, moreover, in the course taken by the professed advocates of private, but the real enemies of all punishment that deserves the name. In legal phrase, they take advantage of their own wrong. Having procured justice to be shut up in a prison-yard or a cell, they then charge it as a stigma upon her. They reproach her with her concealment, and then use it as an argument for a still farther abrogation of her divine prerogatives. They say she shuns the light. They confine her in darkness, and then turn round and argue that that which must hide from the face of day should be wholly abolished. Even some of our most conservative minds are taken in by this cant of humanity. They do not keep their eye upon the great principle that is sacrificed. We warn them, however, that the result will be an undermining of the truth that lies at the foundation of all right law and righteous government.

Justice should be rescued from this reproach. Her Nemesis should stand forth in the light as distinctly as her condemnation. She should hold aloft her sword as well as her scales. Her retribution should be as public as her judicial acts. All men are not required to witness it, but there should be no concealment. There should be such an open solemnity imparted to the transaction, that all, whether they *saw* it or not, might *feel*, at least, that they were in the presence of law executing its righteous decisions, commanding silence to the noise and bustle of business, rebuking all human selfishness, and shedding its judicial awe upon all the ways and walks of the surrounding community. Such might be the effect, if care were taken to give it all the impressiveness that courts, and legislators, and municipal action could throw around it. On the day of a capital judicial execution stores and banks and offices should be closed; on that night no theatre should be opened. If, in the observance of such a rule, the frequency of punishment should be found inconvenient to business or to pleasure, it might balance the account of utilities by putting us more solemnly in mind of the fearful growth of crime among us, and thus calling out a more earnest effort to stay the destroying plague. Thus viewed, and thus conducted, the execution of law might be made a very different affair from an unregulated mob, under no other control than that of a sheriff and a few constables, or the far worse transaction of a human being smothered out of the world in some dark prison-yard, while the noise and business and excitement of the common city life are going on as unfeelingly and as unconcernedly as though there were not transpiring in their very midst one of the most solemn transactions that could ever occupy the human hands, or engage the human thoughts.

The changes are continually rung upon the demoralizing effects of public executions. And yet the argument, if there be any argument in the case at all, consists in the fallacy of charging upon such

spectacles the evils that manifest themselves in all large bodies of men. The proposition so often advanced that public legal retribution teaches men revenge, is one which is really unworthy of an answer. The distinction between the *vengeance* of law and the *revenge* of selfishness is as wide as the distinction between heaven and earth. Let it be felt that human life is taken as a sacrifice to individual or even social interest, and the transaction might well inculcate the lesson which is charged upon it. Such might be the result when justice (then misnamed) should be wholly utilitarian, and the higher idea be wholly banished from her supposed domain. But while the latter keeps its place, it will ever be found that the solemn lesson, "revenge not yourselves," is nowhere so sternly taught as in the spectacle of legal retribution representative of no individual interest or private feeling, but of the abstract, the universal, the eternal justice.

There is a moral power—there must be a moral power—in a public execution conducted with those imposing solemnities which the judicial authorities of the State might throw around it. Even amid all defects the true lesson, we have no doubt, has been often and impressively taught. Men who think at all, can not help feeling that they stand in the presence of a higher power and a higher principle than that of expediency, or any merely private or social utility. Crimes have been committed in sight of the gallows, but this does not go to disprove the fact of a deep moral impression upon the multitudes whose outward demeanor presents no visible fact which the reporter or the news-vendor could make the subject of some exciting paragraph. Human depravity may exhibit itself under almost any circumstances; but who knows in how many minds the dread spectacle to the sense may have produced that indelible association of ideas which no speculative ethical teaching could have so impressed upon the soul—that true *moral suasion* which henceforth makes crime and retribution one thought, one feeling—conceptively as well as logically indivisible? This may not perhaps be tested by outward evidences, but all reasoning from the established laws of moral associations goes to show that such must be the general tendency at least, while contrary appearances only present the inconsiderable yet prominent exception.

It is the contrary practice which is demoralizing—demoralizing in its very nature and principle, without any corresponding and balancing benefit. In a former Number of our Editor's Table, many months ago, we dwelt upon the difference of moral effect produced by the actual sight of an event or a stage representation of it. The same distinction may be taken here between the actual spectacle of a public execution and the reading a newspaper account, dressed up to produce a *dramatic* effect. In the one case we have the naked truth; the moral power comes to us undisturbed by any factitious sentimentalism. In the other the scene rises to the imagination with the hue and savor of another mind, whose aim has not been the moral impression, but what is called a thrilling effect upon the sensitive, or, in other words, the animal nature. In the spectacle itself there is both the moral and the animal element, but the former is most likely to be the strongest. In the fearful reality the imagination, instead of demanding stimulants, is awed into sobriety, while conscience has thus a chance to become predominant. Let the same scene be made the subject of a newspaper report, especially as they are usually given, and the result is directly the reverse. The reporter does not aim to address the conscience; he does not therefore select those aspects of the scene that have the most power for the conscience, and which are precisely the ones that may have the least power for the imagination. His object is not the moral, but the sentimental. The very feeling which is condemned as a motive when it leads a man to witness an execution, is the one he seeks to gratify. He would produce a *thrilling* picture; his object is to make us shudder; his great ambition is to set forth his graphic power as a sketcher of the terrible, the exciting, and often the revolting. Sometimes he attempts to moralize, but it is generally some nauseously hypocritical diatribe on the bad effects of public executions, or an affected wonder that any curiosity should lead men to gaze upon a spectacle which he, the humane reporter, suffers to pain his eyes only out of a sense of duty to the public.

His purpose, we say, is to paint a thrilling scene, and in such a picture, of course the animal is predominant over the moral. The whole, as a whole, is discolored and distorted. What may be truly stated in itself is false in the relations it has assumed in passing through his own mind and his own imagination. Other parts are left out; and much is the pure creation of one whose very occupation leads him, perhaps unconsciously, to make the scenic predominant over the real. There is thus produced that most demoralizing result—the excitement of the sensitive or animal nature, connected with no moral association, and grounded on no true moral principle. For these (the moral aspects) are either wholly thrown in the background, or, it may be, if mentioned at all, called by a false name, and actually denounced in the reforming cant of the day.

If justice must conceal herself—if executions must be private—let them be wholly so. Let the only public knowledge be the sworn certificate of the sheriff, and the magistrate, that the deed has been done. Beyond this, let the curtain be wholly dropped. Above all, let there be a total exclusion of any one connected with the newspaper press, or of any other person who goes there for the immoral purpose of picturing to the unregulated imagination what is declared to be wrong for the eye, under the dominion of the conscience, to behold. This is demanded, if on no other ground, for the purpose of putting a stop to the demoralizing hypocrisy which it causes to abound in the reasonings of those who defend the practice. The occupation is a base one, full as much so, we think, as that of the despised hangman who is hired to perform his painful work. There is no consistency in it. Why should it be forbidden as demoralizing for a man to see truly with his own eyes, what he is permitted to see, more or less *falsely*, through the refracting eyes and discoloring imagination of another?

We are happy to think that there is a very respectable portion of the press to whom these remarks do not apply. And yet it is most evident that, since the passage of the law requiring private executions, there has arisen a new department of newspaper writing, which may not inaptly be styled our "*Gallows Literature.*" We have a specimen before us, which was put out on a very recent occasion, and may serve as a representative of the whole class. It is got up with all that species of clap-trap which is sometimes found in the book-making craft. Captions and titles are presented in such a way as to catch the eye, and exert a spuri-

ous "thrilling" influence upon the imagination. The opening section or paragraph is headed, "The Condemned Cell;" next comes the "Watch with the Convict;" then, in graphic order, the "Striking off the Chains," the "Entrance of the Sheriff," the "Procession to the Gallows," the "Prayer," the "Drawing down the Cap," the "Adjustment of the Rope." Along with this we are told how the wretched man looked, and when he trembled, and when and how long convulsions writhed his limbs; all winding up perhaps with the usual homily about the "vindictiveness of the law," and the usual wonder that men could ever have brought themselves to witness the spectacle of a public execution.

Few things, we think, are doing more really to demoralize the public mind and pollute the public imagination than this same "Gallows Literature," whether found in the pages of a novel, or the vile newspaper that has its circulation in the lowest porter-houses. But space will not permit us to pursue the theme. Some things we have stated may be liable to misconstruction; the argument is of necessity imperfectly stated, but we would trust the intelligent reader to follow it out in its more extended bearings. It may be thought, too, that some aspects of the doctrine presented have a harsh and forbidding appearance, and some may call them Pharisaical; but we assume no untenable ground when we affirm, that they are not only consistent with, but the only views that are consistent with, the most humbling sense of each man's individual desert, as well as the purest spirit of human brotherhood or universal philanthropy.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AN Editor who plants his Easy Chair in the midst of so great a city as New York, sees much more than he tells, and much more than others believe. If a confessor could reveal the thousand-hued experience which is laid bare before him; if he could report to the world the eager, trembling whispers of hope, the terrible threats, the idiotic hatreds, black malice, despair, and uncharitableness, which smooth red lips or rough-bearded ones breathe in his sacred ear, we should not willingly believe him, or we should all look upon each other with doubt and sadness. People often say, with a self-satisfied shrug of conscious virtue, "Oh! the world is so much better than you think." But what man does not secretly witness to himself, from his own peculiar and unsuspected experience, that it is much worse? That the tree of knowledge bears unhappiness for its fruit, is an axiom old as the Bible. The *modiste* drapes Lady Macbeth with the graceful splendors of the last fashion; the physician takes care that the physical functions shall have their proper play; but what physician can minister to the mind diseased, or what *modiste* drape with grace moral deformity?

There is an old dispute among the professions upon this very point. Which reveals the greatest variety of experience? Is the lawyer, the physician, or the clergyman, the wiser man, by reason of the unrestrained play of human passion which he witnesses? We laugh at the clergyman as a man who is never admitted to the real secrets and sympathies of men. And yet, what other class of men see so much of man in moments when subterfuge and hypocrisy avail nothing? Is life to be learned in the counting-house, and not in the chamber of death? In the old Catholic pictures, the priests and monks are sober men; there is no possibility of laughter indicated upon their serious faces: the spectator feels that these are the portraits of those whose lives dedicated them to solemnity. Nor can it be matter of surprise that, learning by experience the exceeding sinfulness of sin, men of an ascetic temperament were persuaded that there could not be an exclusive devotion to holy offices, to ghostly meditations, and sharp, hard penances, so great that it could balance the colossal woe and sin of the world.

Yet every vocation believes strongly in itself; and, for our part, sitting, observant and critical, in our Easy Chair, we are not disposed to allow that any class of men are so familiar with the foibles, if not sins, of their fellow-men, as editors. They are the presiding genii of publicity. Therefore, every man who has a theory or a plan whereby to benefit mankind, and to damage or not, as it chances, his own purse and reputation; every man who has contemplated his own navel until he is solemnly convinced that he has seen to the bottom of it; every man who, being unable to help himself, is cocksure that he can help the world; every man who is going to lecture, or sing, or act, or preach, or criticise, is sure to beg the good offices of the editor, and to expose himself, his spirit, and the secret of his projects, to carry his point of being announced to the public.

Sitting quietly in his Easy Chair, the editor sees it all; he hears the asseverations of sincerity, integrity, patriotism, devotion, and the long catalogue of amiable virtues, with singular equanimity. Flute, the bellows-mender, trusts that *his* honesty will not be questioned, while the air is still ringing with the sonorous appeals to his past career and his well-known probity, of Snout the tinker. Editors never care to go to the theatre—they are never electrified by eloquence—they are not touched by poetry; the simple virtues seem to them hum-drum; the great excellencies, artificial. That distinguished statesman, the Honorable Thomas Tit, seems to them a bag of wind; and that fervent divine, the Rev. Balm Salve, a milksop: they do not believe in your superior medicated soap, and they turn a deaf ear to Signora Sirena, the delicious prima donna; they do not read books, and an author bores them; they seat themselves, yawning and disgusted, to pen resonant paragraphs about public probity and private honor, and call upon an indignant and outraged country to note that they are not as other men are; they save and lose mankind by rhetorical flourishes, and are the most weary, worn, *desillusioné*, and *blasé* of mortals.

Now nothing is so natural as this chronic faithlessness and want of interest. It is because they perpetually see the skeleton of affairs. The public goes, after a successful dinner, and sits comfortably upon crimson velvet to hear the dulcet notes of a paragon of loveliness. But the editor has been wrangling all the morning with the miserly manager about bills and advertisements, and knows just how much the lovely paragon pockets by her charity concert. Seen from the front, there is a beautiful young Spanish woman serenaded by moonlight, in a stately palace, and the innocent daughter of your bosom is warmed with romance and vivid sympathy. But from the rear of the stage—alas! there are no palaces nor Spanish houris, only a rouged grinning old woman, and a slab of daubed canvas, with cross-bars of rough wood. Unfortunately, an editor always sits behind the scenes. There are better plays in his of-

fice than you pay a half-dollar to see at the theatre. It is no wonder that he is weary and worn; it is only wonderful that he can compose such fine things about it all for his readers in the morning.

Now and then, of course, some of these fine things happen to operate like sparks in a magazine, and there is a great explosion, either of the public powder or of some very little private heap of some very little private man. If it is the former case, there is indignant renunciation by the great organs of public opinion—that is to say, Messrs. Ink, Blink, and Mink write three flaming editorials, which are published simultaneously, and the net result is called public opinion. If it is the latter case, and the little private man is a brave man, and believes himself wronged, he knows that the expression is only that of another little private man, although it may be fifty or a hundred thousand times re-echoed by just as many copies of his paper as there are printed, and he calls for explanation. On such occasions, high words, horse-whippings, and evanishings from windows—what the poet calls "fallings from us"—sometimes ensue. There is a general escape of steam, and every body feels better.

But if the offended little man happens not to be brave, nor manly, nor sensible, then he sits down and writes a furious letter, calling that unhappy editor very hard names, and threatening him with all kinds of conceivable perils and punishments. And if the little man is a very little man indeed, he is sure to keep at a great distance from the editor's Easy Chair when he writes his furious little letter, and, above all, takes great care not to sign his name. That is a truly formidable missile! There are always not less than a score of them discharged daily at every editorial Easy Chair. The first word betrays them, and pop they go, without a thought farther, into the waste-basket, with only a single glance to make quite sure that it is that most futile and foolish of weapons—an anonymous letter.

Of all kinds of cheap courage, this is the cheapest. A man who personally confronts a supposed antagonist, and takes the consequences of an encounter—however hot, and wild, and enraged he may be—carries a certain heroism in his conduct, and inspires a kind of respect. Or a man who, being known as the editor of a journal, speaks his mind freely in his paper, is respectable, because he assumes personally the responsibility of what he says. But a man who sends a tissue of ill-written ribaldry, who kicks painfully and pointlessly from under cover, simply writes himself down an ass, and to no one appears so amusingly imbecile as to him whom he sought to insult.

We were forcibly reminded of this the other day, by a visit from our cool old contemporary, Grayquill, who, on his way to his Easy Chair, stopped for a moment to chat with ours.

"Do you remember," said he, "my last leader against the Eccaleobion, or machine for hatching eggs by artificial heat?"

"Yes," said we, "perfectly, and a sound article it was."

"I took the ground, you remember," he continued, "that the process injured the maternal instincts of the hen."

"Yes."

"And therefore tended to general fowl demoralization."

"Perfectly," we answered.

"Very well," continued Grayquill, "I have received all kinds of anonymous letters about it."

"Of course."

"Threatening, sneering, scoffing, mad, merry, and ridiculous letters."

"We know the ropes," continued we, complacently.

"But the best of all," proceeded Grayquill, smiling a shrewd and quiet smile, "is this: it is dated Smithville."

"Where is Smithville?"

"Well, nobody knows precisely. It's some little farming village up among the hills."

"Very well, what says 'our man' from Smithville?"

"Listen," said Grayquill.

"'Smithville, May, 18—.

"'The ingratitude of the imbecile miscreants of New York, who are only suffered to live by the supply of bad eggs from Smithville, outrages belief. We've hatched you. We've done every thing for you. We send you thin milk watered, we send you bran-new pine nutmegs. We send you ricketty beef. We send you all our offal, which is only too good for such puppies to live upon. We send you bad eggs to support you—you live by our permission; and we honor you by spending your money, and allowing you to pay for every thing we want. And now, because we wish to make our bad eggs worse, you are trying to stop us, as if they wouldn't be too good for you, any way. You are all a pack of ungrateful, insolent scoundrels; and that *you* particularly, from whom we have borrowed more than from any one else, should talk about what you haven't the brains to comprehend, is just what such a deformed pup of an imperfect dam would be sure to do. Just you come by the train that leaves New York next Monday at five in the afternoon, and stop at Smithville, and you'll find what's thought of you by your masters,

"'BAD EGGS.'"

Grayquill laughed as he folded up this precious document.

"Next Monday," said he, "when the train that leaves New York at five o'clock reaches Smithville, the population of that estimable village will be less by one person, and that is, the writer of this letter, who will be troubled by the conviction that a stranger may possibly arrive and ask for him. I rather think he will go out of town on business at five o'clock that afternoon."

And old Grayquill departed, whistling *Partant pour La Syrie.*

In our placid monthly cogitations and criticisms upon the world and its movements, we are so fortunate as not to have incensed the great bad-egg interest. It probably considers our periodical remarks not worth its notice, although we mean to oppose badness in eggs to the very last quill. The daily journals, like Grayquill's, have a constant teasing, stinging, spurring, hectoring influence which addles that great interest with a perfect frenzy. A daily paper is compelled to turn every thing to account. The demand for subjects and novelty is so constant, that an anonymous letter may often furnish a text for several squibs—except that they are usually too dull, and are cast into the basket, as we said, with a sigh that they were not piquant enough to point a paragraph. But to assault our Easy Chair would be a losing labor. It must be a double blow in the dark. "We," in this instance, are more than usually mysterious. The "we" of most Journals is known. The "we" of this Easy Chair is not obvious. Of course you will say, perhaps in an anonymous way—that it *is* perfectly obvious.

You will draw exasperating illustrations from the habits of the ostrich, that thrusts its head, &c. &c. It is a little trite, to be sure, but triteness *is* trite in anonymous assertions. You will say, "How could any one mistake?—" and "it is perfectly clear that—" and "of all melancholy and amusing delusions to suppose—" &c. But if our assertion only procures us the novelty of an anonymous letter, we shall be quite satisfied. We promise to take it to Grayquill, and to compare it with the choice communication he showed us.

And there are persons who believe that an Easy Chair is a seat of roses! Alas! is any coign of vantage such? If you could have magic spectacles, which, by merely putting upon your nose, would reveal to you not only what seemed, but what truly was, would you accept them? If, over the cradle of your first-born, two fairies hovered, one with the rosy vail of doubt, and hope, and wondering human ignorance, and the other with the melancholy magic which, once touching the eyes, stripped all shows from the solemn substance, would you drop over your child's eyes the vail, or touch them with the magic? Why, under the bloom of youth and beauty, should you wish to see the skeleton? Why, in the rose's heart, long to detect the worm? Why, through the warm ardor of first love, yearn to feel the shuddering forecast of coming coldness, neglect, despair, and death? To know, is the consuming ambition of man. But it is because a beneficent fate has laid him in the lap of mystery.

They who know men best are not the gayest. We said that the fruit of the tree of knowledge was rather bitter than sweet. It is alluring by bloom and beauty. The apples of Sodom are grafted from the orchard of Eden. After all, would you in truth be an Editor? and do you fancy that a Chair is Easy because it is called so, or that knowledge satisfies because it constantly teases desire? Then listen to the story of the *Elle-Maids*, and remember that there are more Aasums and Odensees than are mentioned in mythology.

"There lived a man in Aasum, near Odensee, who, as he was coming home one night from Seden, passed by a hill that was standing on red pillars, and underneath there was dancing and great festivity. He hurried on past the hill as fast as he could, never venturing to cast his eyes that way. But as he went along, two fair maidens came to meet him, with beautiful hair floating over their shoulders, and one of them held a cup in her hand, which she reached out to him that he might drink of it. The other then asked him if he would come again, at which he laughed, and answered, Yes. But when he got home, he became strangely affected in his mind, was never at ease in himself, and was continually saying that he had promised to go back. And when they watched him closely to prevent his doing so, he at last lost his senses, and died shortly after."

It is our impulse every month, as we seat ourselves in the Chair, to speak of *The Newcomes*. We are restrained by the conviction that many of our readers are not yet interested in the fortunes of that "most respectable family," and that too much mention wearies. But the charm of the book is constantly renewed. It makes its impression, like life, silently and unsuspectedly. There are no fierce and stirring scenes, and points, and culminations, and crises; there is none of the old hack machinery of novels; but as we sit in our Chair and read the story, it is quite the same thing as reading the world around us. There are no exaggerations, no surprises. The heroes and heroines do not suddenly burst into impossible feats of virtue, and the laws of nature are not suspended *apropos* of a woman's tears or a man's misfortunes. There is a steady, tragical persistence in the tale. If you smile, it is quite unawares. If you weep, the tears ooze, as when you sit in the parlor and see the young people merrily dancing about the room. With the conscience of a great artist, the author says: "Nature is our mistress and our model. If she can touch and teach us, let us attend to her lessons, and be wiser and sadder men. There shall be no clap-trap; no forced contrasts; no impossibly good men, and incredibly beautiful angels stepping about in petticoats, and diffusing millennial splendors. If you choose you shall rail, because in drawing a heroine I do not conjure such a figure to your mental eye, as the mantua-maker displays to your outward vision in her sumptuous window. You shall swear that I am a cynic, because I write what you believe and act upon. You shall cry, *To arms!* because I expose the strong sanctity which serves to cover rank sin, even as Lady Whittlesea's chapel is built over Mr. Sherrick's secure wine-vaults."

Now, we understand that in some quarters the cry *to arms!* has been heard. It is asserted that an assault is made upon sacred proprieties, because that sleek sinner, the Rev. Charles Honeyman, is presented to the derisive gaze of an attentive and discriminating world. We are suspicious at this, because we had supposed that if any body of men would have hailed the author of *The Newcomes* as their sturdy and invincible ally, it would have been the clergy. Is any class so interested in the exposure of that smooth pretense which apes and assumes Christian rectitude and simplicity? Is it so directly the concern of any body that quacks should be exposed, as of the medical profession? From the beginning of literature and art, have not the most purgative processes, the most searching and successful applications, for the benefit of every thing and every body, been the publication of frauds, shams, and humbugs, to which the meanness and selfishness of men so incessantly tend?

Doubtless, the truth may sometimes be spoken unwisely. A heated denial may seem to be as furious as a hot assertion. The line between contemptuous exposure of the simulation and the appreciative recognition of the thing simulated may be too obscurely drawn. But we venture to say that the sympathy of a thoughtful and sober man is so closely engaged to the simplicity and sanctity of the right, that he will tolerate to the last touch any picture of this most monstrous and most universal sin of hypocrisy and pious pretense. It is for the very reason that the thing is so important and essential, that he will hail every thing which may tend to keep it pure, so it be wisely and well done. The question now is simply this: Is more harm done to the cause of pure religion and undefiled, by the fact of the existence and constantly-spreading contagion of such characters as the Rev. Charles Honeyman, or by their exposure? For ourselves, we can not have any doubt. It does not even seem to be a question at all. And to say that their exposure serves to bring true morality and religion into contempt, seems to be a forgetfulness of "Woe unto ye! Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" What is such an assertion but a confession that the whole commonwealth of religion is so infected that the exposure of a traitor will lead to a discovery of general decay? We reject the idea and the infer-

ence. It is not to be considered a moment. No cause of real importance has any true power or influence when it is not sincerely supported by wise men. It is in vain that there is a conspiracy to preserve appearances. The cause will crumble as fast as you try to patch, and its blackness will glare the more you whitewash. To shudder lest a probe touch it, is to confess either its real stability or your want of faith in it.

For ourselves, we hail every fresh exposure of deceit and corruption, wherever it may be. The old church militant doctrine of the end justifying the means, does not prevail with sober men. Whoever believes in God can never despair of man, and will certainly never suffer any Charles Honeymans to throw obloquy by their lives upon the names they bear and the principles they profess. Whoever believes thus, also, will have no fear that the truth, which is eternal, will be shaken or shivered by the scathing anathemas of purient vice. The expression of such fear is treason to the righteous cause. What weapon so deadly can be put into the hands of a man who is really skeptical of the right, as the opportunity of saying to those who profess to believe—"You have so little real faith in truth that you tremble to have hypocrisy exposed!" Every manly mind courts the most searching scrutiny. Every confident heart dares malice, wit, learning, and sarcasm to do their worst, that the weakness of their worst may be made evident to the whole world, and remain a recorded triumph of the truth.

That the author of *The Newcomes* in no manner offends taste, delicacy, propriety, nor any the most airy of the lighter graces of conduct, in his treatment of subjects which have elicited sharp criticism; but that he is, on the contrary, just, generous, thoughtful, and humane, with only the natural human and kindly feeling of a human heart, which smiles with pity in the midst of its sighing over the sickly glare of gilded goodness, we shall show, by quoting from Chapter XIV., published in our April number, the description of the performance of family prayers; and if any reader supposes that a simple and hearty piety is traduced by it, he must also suppose that to nail a counterfeit note to the counter is to injure the credit of the bank which is sought to be defrauded by it.

The family of Sir Brian Newcome are summoned for family prayers in the morning. The household all poured into the room. The author continues:

"I do not sneer at the purpose for which, at that chiming eight o'clock bell, the household is called together. The urns are hissing, the plate is shining; the father of the house standing up, reads from a gilt book for three or four minutes in a measured cadence. The members of the family are around the table in an attitude of decent reverence, the younger children whisper responses at their mother's knees; the governess worships a little apart; the maids and the large footmen are in a cluster before their chairs, the upper servants performing their devotion on the other side of the sideboard; the nurse whisks about the unconscious last-born, and tosses it up and down during the ceremony. I do not sneer at that—at the act at which all these people are assembled—it is at the rest of the day I marvel; at the rest of the day, and what it brings. At the very instant when the voice has ceased speaking and the gilded book is shut, the world begins again, and for the next twenty-three hours and fifty-seven minutes, all that household is given up to it. The servile squad rises up and marches away to its basement, whence, should it happen to be a gala day, those tall gentlemen at present attired in Oxford mixture, will issue forth with flour plastered on their heads, yellow coats, pink breeches, sky-blue waistcoats, silver lace, buckles in their shoes, black silk bags on their backs, and I don't know what insane emblems of servility and absurd bedizenments of folly. Their very manner of speaking to what we call their masters and mistresses will be a like monstrous masquerade. You know no more of that race which inhabits the basement floor, than of the men and brethren of Timbuctoo, to whom some among us send missionaries. If you meet some of your servants in the streets (I respectfully suppose for a moment that the reader is a person of high fashion and a great establishment), you would not know their faces. You might sleep under the same roof for half a century, and know nothing about them. If they were ill, you would not visit them, though you would send them an apothecary, and of course order that they lacked for nothing. You are not unkind, you are not worse than your neighbors. Nay, perhaps if you did go into the kitchen, or to take the tea in the servants' hall, you would do little good, and only bore the folks assembled there. But so it is. With those fellow Christians who have just been saying Amen to your prayers, you have scarcely the community of Charity. They come, you don't know whence; they think and talk you don't know what; they die, and you don't care, or *vice versâ*. They answer the bell for prayers as they answer the bell for coals: for exactly three minutes in the day you all kneel together on one carpet—and, the desires and petitions of the servants and masters over, the rite called family worship is ended."

In our last month's chat we had something to say about a metropolis, what it was, and what it was not. It is clear that mere size and wealth do not constitute metropolitan character. But there are certain points in which New York is gradually growing up to that character; or, we will say, to the *appearance* of a metropolis. Fine architecture is essential to an imposing city. No city so small is so splendid and so memorable as Venice. In fact, all the Italian cities have a beauty and character which separate them in remembrance from many much larger places. And of old Athens—

> "Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
> As the best gem upon its zone."

Street architecture is a subject daily more interesting to us. Its value and beauty are every day, also, more elaborately illustrated. Broadway is fast becoming a street of palaces. There is such a street in Genoa, very narrow, and lined with palaces, broad eaves and arching doors, and recessed windows and balconies overflowing with luxuriant olives, and bits of garden, hanging-gardens, blooming with oranges and oleanders. And as you saunter along in the deep shadow, or in that happy hour when the sun shines into that long, narrow fissure among marble cliffs, for so must the strada Balbi seem to Uriel in the sun, you believe that plumed and doubleted gentlemen, and ladies with gorgeous stomacher and ample train will issue from the lofty doors and pass on to some princely feast, while pages, balancing falcons upon their wrists, lean over the lofty balustrades of the court within—longing to be, each, a Fridolin.

We have not quite reached this pitch of romantic suggestion in Broadway. Yet any man walking

down upon the shady side, these burning mornings, may easily give his eye a taste of European cities by glancing at the range of the Prescott House, the block at the opposite corner of Spring Street, and the fine façade of the St. Nicholas. Compare this with the line of low houses just beyond, and you will have a type of old New York (twenty years ago) and the New York of to-day. Broadway is now full of such lofty and imposing buildings. An Englishman arrived the other day, and was struck by the French aspect of the city. It was so gay, so bustling, so bright—no heavy cloud of London fog impended, and men and women in light summer costume whisked briskly by. A few years ago, when a man returned from Europe, his eye being full of the lofty buildings of the Continent, our cities seemed insignificant and mean. His first impulse was to sit upon the low roofs and dangle his feet over the street. He felt that the city had no character, but he could not see what was wanting. But the moment Stewart's fine building was erected, the difficulty appeared. That tyrannized over the rest of the street—that was a key-note, a model. There had been other high buildings, but none so stately and simple. And even now there is, in its way, no finer street effect than the view of Stewart's building seen on a clear, blue, brilliant day, from a point as low in Broadway as the sidewalk in front of Trinity Church. It rises out of the sea of green foliage in the Park, a white marble cliff, sharply drawn against the sky.

The white marble, now so generally used, is a singular ornament to the city. It relieves the streets of that solemn dusk which is not the most agreeable characteristic of the famous foreign thoroughfares. There is, also, a traditional and poetic splendor in white marble. The poets and romancers always build such palaces for their heroes and heroines, and the chief success of Aladdin's palace was the impression of the wonderful power which in a night perfected, to the most delicate detail of elaboration, so huge a mass of white marble. For what trustful reader of the story ever doubted that it was white marble? If the new marble buildings will only stand up, they may last for many more years than those which they replace. But the fatal enemy of the picturesqueness of New York is the constant demolition and erection of important structures. No house remains long enough to become hallowed and interesting from association. Half of the charm of the other great cities of the world is the identification of famous persons with famous places. In this house Milton lived. Here was Shakspeare born. This was Mozart's home, or Dante's, or Goethe's. To see what they saw, to surround ourselves with the outward influences to which they were subject, is to come as near to them as possible, and to have new light thrown upon what they did. But it is doubtful if there is any building in New York, except perhaps some church, more than fifty years old. It is constantly a new city with new inhabitants. The household gods are brought hither, and they can be as easily removed. They are not worshiped upon the altars where our ancestors worshiped them. What a cluster of rich, various, and inspiring memories hangs in imagination around every great city! Dante is known as the Florentine.

The style of street architecture should be rather rich than classical. Berlin is famous for its one fine street, *Unterd en Linden;* and that street is fine by reason of one group of buildings. That group is a study from the Greek. There is a Greek temple for a barrack-room, and a Greek temple, with high steps, for an opera-house, and another kind of Greek temple for a palace, and still another for a university. We have fortunately passed the Greek temple epoch; occasionally, indeed, some rural lover of 'igh art, persuaded that his town is nothing if not Grecian, cuts his pine trees, planes them, nails them together into a column, and enjoys his triumph over taste and elegance. Columns are not elegance, nor porticoes propriety, nor a pointed pediment high taste. New England is not Greece, nor is the Hudson the Ilissus nor the Ægean. Better river, and better water, if you choose, undoubtedly. But there are many buildings in Broadway which are beautiful and effective because they are *bizarre.* Stewart's is finely adapted to its exposed situation. It can be seen from a distance, and is built accordingly. But many of the others, which can only be seen across the street, are well adorned and varied in a thousand ways. The palace windows of Tiffany & Co. show the most cursory observer the new spirit of a new country, and tell him who make palaces and live in them here. The equal splendor of other edifices is not only the perpetual pæan of a marvelous mercantile success, but the cheerful indication that the claims of the eye are gradually getting recognized and considered—that we mean to have a city which shall not yield in external charm to any other. It may not be possible to link legends to their noble piles. We may not be able to gaze at them with terrified memories and half-breathed execrations, as we recall Cenci, Borgia, or a Bourbon. We shall not, perhaps, see smiling from their windows the fair and fated faces which smile sadly through all history. But if they lack the sweet romance of history, they will also want its tragical reality. If no Lady Jane Grey, no Anne Boleyn, no Beatrice ever looks at us—there will be still Janes, Annes, and Beatrices as lovely, if less historical. And in our own private history who shall compare the two? Even we, as we totter to our Easy Chair, will look up at the beautiful buildings in Broadway, and not long for Italy and an Italian beauty, but be gratefully contented for what we see, and for what long lines of illustrious nobles, knights, and heroes would give all their coronets to see.

We all dread the coming of the Fourth of July now; but there was a time when the very name was melodious with sweet promise, and when the year had its two poles—Christmas Day and Independence Day. That enthusiasm is long since flown away in villainous saltpetre, exploded in firecrackers, and whizzed to the empyrean in sky-rockets. But, to-day—far removed in imagination from the realities of the terrible day, from popping pistols and bottles, from weary ears and aching heads—let us recall the boy's Fourth of July, before the man's sad glance had sobered its sunshine.

It is late midnight of the third, and we can not sleep for thinking of the morrow. We toss in restless beds, and our hearts assist with all their ardor at the universal and ubiquitous explosion of gunpowder. Or let it be a country town, where the third, even the night of the third, has a solemn silence, preceding the dawn of the Fourth. Chanticleer crows unheeded this morn. He is a belated bird. He has no spark of patriotic fire to kindle at the very thought of day, but waits till day appears. A British bird is that miserable chanticleer, henceforward fallen from favor!

Day breaks, and we are up. The brass cannon is ready, the nursery regiment drawn up in full uniform, expectation rises with the heralded sun; the sun peeps, astonished, over the hill; clang go the bells, bang go the guns, and pop goes our private and peculiar brass cannon, amid the shouts of the whole regiment; viz., a small brother in petticoats, and sister, ditto.

The day advances, and excitement destroys appetite. In early life patriots do not eat upon the Fourth of July—an omission which later life rectifies. The animated dullness of a country town upon a holiday gives the streets an air of second-hand gayety. But to our young imaginations, no festal pomps of Venetian Doges and Senators proceeding to wed the Adriatic, is so imposing as the procession that forms on the village-green, and marches with the escort of the Columbian Guards toward the church. Cannon roar; bells ring; bursts of martial music ring along the town, and rise, until lost in the placid, shining green woods upon the hillsides beyond.

Within the church, what clouds of white muslin! what waving and flashing of fans! what constant murmur and happy hum of expectation and pleased excitement! what floods of sunshine pouring through open windows into the homely wooden interior smelling of pine!

The Pastor rises—the old, white-headed man, he who saw Lexington and Concord fight—and with trembling words commends us all, our hopes, our families, our country, to the Supreme paternal care. The roar in air is silent—the red lips of the country girls do not move—in our heavy woolen coats we country boys stand in the gallery and stare, and mark Bob Stiles, in the pew below, who is so grand in his new regimentals, as ensign of the Columbian Guards.

The prayer is over, and the band begins—"Hail, Columbia!" is the patriotic strain. We can not help keeping time with our feet. The whole congregation beat the measure. In vain the brass instruments and the bass-drum try to drown that unmusical accompaniment. Patriotism, unheeding, stamps on, until it seems to be a kind of dumb hymn, an inarticulate anthem. Under cover of that music what things are said in the old gallery! what glances exchanged! what flowers change hands! Louis XVI. and his Marie Antoinette, and all the flattering court of Versailles, going down to the farm of the *Petit Trianon* to play peasant, or sitting in the gilded apartments of Versailles holding sumptuous state, are not so gay as we. Not all the money of all national treasuries could buy the youth, the health, the hope, the carelessness, that make our festival so fair.

Behold! the horns are dumb, and the orator arises. O happy orator! nascent lawyer! *Fortes vixere ante Agamemnona.* But is it not better to-day to be "that talented and promising young man," than any old Cicero or Demosthenes of the historical days? All eyes regard; all hands applaud; there are smiles, murmurs, even tears in remote corners, of happy mothers, shy sisters, and of the girl who grows pallid and crimson by turns, and who shall hear, to-night, from the eloquent orator a history of each moment's experience. What sentiments are these! What heroisms! Millennium dawns! The golden age returns! Ah! young orator, if you and we would only hold fast forever, in our hearts and lives, these principles you preach, then what a country, what a people, what a future!

In the galleries we do believe. Some of us even forget the smiles of Amanda for a brief moment, and dedicate ourselves to more than Amanda dreams of. We pour out bountiful libations of youth and hope to the gods the orator invokes. But Bob Stiles looks up sideways from the pews reserved for the military below. The miscreant dares to glance at Amanda! Fine resolves are scattered like the Spanish armada! Bob Stiles had best require the whole Columbian Guard as his bodyguard and protection.

Life does not flag as the day declines. With a sigh we remember that the Fourth must end. Beyond lies a long and dreary waste of unnamed days—hot days that are no festival. There are walks and drives—there are excursions of many kinds—pic-nics. But the inexorable sun recedes. It dips slowly into the west, and the day is over. *Such* days are long since over forever. They are weary and noisy days now; we hope they will end without Freddy's being blown up by his rockets and firecrackers. We stay within doors to escape the roar and the row; or we slip away to some kind friend in the country who will promise to protect us from ginger-pop and pistols.

But, gentle friends, let us hope that, even out of hearing of ginger-pop and pistols, we do not forget the day; and that we are sometimes induced by the thought of it, even as by the oration of the "talented and promising young man," to cherish a warmer love of freedom, and a holy resolution to maintain it.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It would be pleasant in these days of war-talk to get a look at the Emperor of Russia: no matter whether we reckon him a great criminal or a great hero; curiosity is none the less to know how he really looks, and with what air he wears the enmity of all Western Europe.

Texier, a ready Frenchmen, who spends his pen upon the columns of the Paris newspaper called the *Siècle*, has undertaken a sort of sketch of Nicholas and of his family, which, though meagre enough, has yet a point or two which may be worth our singling out and writing down.

Every body knows that the Emperor is a "grand man," of majestic presence, well preserved by his health-discipline, and showing, under his military costume, the thews and sinews of a stout and full-limbed soldier. His voice is as sonorous and far-reaching as that of the best-winded orderly-sergeant, and he has an eye for soldierly trimmings, and coat-cuffs, and collars, which has made his household corps faultless to a button. He loves to excite awe, not so much by the trappings of sovereignty as by his simple presence. He delights in the hush and the measured words which mark his appearance in the winter fêtes at the palaces of his nobles, and he loves the pitiable ignorance of the street people, which greets his unexpected presence before the Admiralty as if he were a deity.

It was not long after his accession to power, and his street slaughter of those who conspired in favor of his brother Constantine, that the cholera made its first terrible inroads upon the population of St. Petersburg. Ignorance and fear together drove the wretched inhabitants into a state of frenzy; wild suspicions were current of poisoned wells, and the mad fury of the populace directed itself against strangers; it was believed that they had brought the new disease which desolated their habitations; threats were followed with violence; thousands thronged the quays of the capital, demanding the instant expulsion of every foreigner; for once the

police and soldiery were powerless; and the storm, gaining force as it swept toward the palace, threatened to engulf all authority, and the Imperial Majesty itself.

Nicholas, disregarding the counsel of his household, mounted a simple drosky at the palace-gate, ordered the coachman to drive into the middle of the throng, and rising upon the seat, so that his figure might be plainly observed by the thousands surging around, commanded "Silence! Down upon your knees, my children, and cry for God to help you; for it is He who afflicts you!"

In a moment a hush spread through the multitude, and the people kneeled, and, smiting their bosoms, prayed, as Nicholas had ordered.

In 1837 the great Winter Palace of St. Petersburg was burned to the ground. The Emperor assembled his officers of Public Works, and said, "My palace is burned; I give you a year to build it again."

"Nothing is easier," said one, "provided we have materials and men."

"Collect them," said Nicholas.

"But," interposed an architect, "there must be time for the cement to dry; and the winter in this region lasts more than half the year."

"Keep it warm," said Nicholas.

And the men were collected, and the stores; and vast fires around the rising walls, and great braziers of burning charcoal, kept the atmosphere at a summer temperature, as the works were pushed forward. Men, indeed, died at their places by tens and by twenties, suffocated by the fumes of the burning coal; but still there was no delay; and the imperial command drafted every day new soldiers or artisans to fill the places of the dead ones. Winter passed and summer came; the vast edifice drew near to completion, but it had proved the funeral pyre to hundreds of families: the imperial command, however, was made good, and in a year after the date when his orders were issued, Nicholas sat upon his throne, in a palace which had grown into proportions larger than those of Naples or of Vienna.

Honesty is rare in those who are governed by fear; and there is scarce a public functionary of Russia who is not accessible to bribes. Even high officers of the Crown are, it would seem, not wholly guiltless; and Texier tells us of a general commissariat, who being ordered to purchase horses for service upon the island of Cronstadt, quietly placed the purchase-money in his pocket. The Emperor, upon a visit, made inquiries concerning the supply of the mounted guard. An innocent official stated that no new horses had been furnished for months. The Emperor ordered investigation; and the morning after, the chief commissariat, despoiled of his rank and estates, stood sentry at the door-way of his successor. For a similar error of *default* a Russian admiral was compelled to serve as simple sailor upon his own flag-ship.

Nor is Russian justice without its color of venality, as a signal instance will show. A rich proprietor in the neighborhood of Petersburg was involved in a suit of the largest importance. A hint was conveyed to him, that the only hope of a favorable decision rested upon the private transfer of ten thousand silver roubles to the hand of the judge.

The proprietor was eager to gain his suit, but he was also anxious to save his roubles. So he goes to the Count Orloff, the head of the imperial police, reputed one of the few honest functionaries belonging to the court, and acquainted him with the offer that had been made, and begged the loan of the ten thousand roubles with which the bribe might be made and discovered by an agent of Orloff upon the person of the venal judge.

The Count Orloff supplied the roubles; the proprietor invited the judge to dine. At dessert he draws the money from his pocket, and counts it into the hands of his complaisant guest, who places it in his hat beside him.

The nephew of the judge shortly makes his appearance, and after a private whisper in the uncle's ear, withdraws. The proprietor gives an arranged signal, and the officers of police present themselves, and propose to examine the person of the judge.

"It's not worth while," said the host, rubbing his hands with glee; "you will find the money, I think, in the judge's hat."

The officer lifts the hat, which is—empty. The nephew, in retiring, had done his uncle the service of making a change.

The virtuous magistrate was astounded by the charge against him. The poor proprietor had no proof for his accusation. He lost his case as well as his ten thousand roubles; and the functionaries of Orloff, there is reason to believe, divided spoils with the quick-witted judge.

But though the police and the judges may conspire together for the pleasant bait of a few thousand roubles, the police, removed from the judge, are not to be bought. Indeed, so secret are their actions, and so uncertain their presence, that the victim of their toils knows not whom to buy. They appear in the midst of family groups, and snatch a man from his fireside without a reason or any sign to the world. A member of a family is missed; none know whither he has gone: his intimate friends alone may be cognisant of the seizure; but it is a thing dangerous to speak of; it is safer to say he has retired to his country estates, or has made a voyage to Holland or to France.

Upon a certain evening, not two years gone, an officer of the Russian *gendarmerie* presented himself in the saloon of a gentleman of Petersburg, Monsieur X——. (That gentleman is now living in Paris, and himself tells the story.)

The officer invited Monsieur X—— to follow him to the Minister of Police. At the sight of the well-known pale-blue uniform of the officers of police, the household and friends of Monsieur X—— were astounded and dismayed. The gentleman obeyed the command, and passed out of his saloon. The family waited him in vain. The night passed, and he did not return. The next day dragged wearily on, and still there was no sign and no tidings of their missing relative. Day after day it was the same tedious and anxious waiting. Weeks followed, and still there were no tidings. Six months of bitter misery ensued, and the family had given him up for lost; when one morning he reappeared—thin, feeble, worn out with suffering and anxiety. It was hard to believe, indeed, that he was the same who had left his saloon strong and healthful. Yet it was none other; and this was the account he gave of his absence:

"After my leaving my home, the officers, in place of conducting me to the ministry of police, placed me in a low, narrow chamber, where I remained for some time in entire darkness. In the middle of the night, I was compelled to descend blindfolded a long stairway, and to enter one of those dark boxes in which prisoners are conveyed from dungeon to dungeon. A feeble ray of light entering from above, seemed to me to show a reflection of the snow; by nothing else could I judge of the di-

rection in which I was dragged rapidly forward by two horses at full gallop.

"In the morning the dark wagon stopped; an officer blinded my eyes, and conducted me to a narrow prison-room, where I was left in entire darkness. After sufficient rest, and eating a morsel of the coarse bread furnished to prisoners, my journey was renewed, in the same mysterious manner. The officers never answered a word to my questions. I knew nothing of the reason for my seizure. I could learn nothing of the probable extent of my punishment.

"I gave up all thought of again meeting my family or friends; and overcome by this conviction, I yielded languidly to the terrors of my position. Life and all its aims seemed suddenly to have passed away from me; and like a corpse, more than like a living creature, I was removed from wagon to dungeon, and again from my dungeon to the traveling prison van.

"On a certain day the horses were removed sooner than was the custom. In the middle of the night, officers entered my prison with torches. Among them I recognized those who had seized me at my home. I fancied that I had arrived at the termination of my dreadful journey.

"An officer came forward, and bade me follow him.

"'And where do you lead me?' said I.

"'To your home,' said he.

"There seemed to me a terrible irony in this—a home in Siberia!

"He opened the window shutters, and bade me look out.

"It was indeed St. Petersburg! 'We have returned,' said I.

"'We have never left it,' said he, 'every night you have gone over the same road; every day you have passed in the same dungeon. It was never intended to carry you into exile, but simply *to give you a warning*.'"

It appeared that he had talked too freely of the action of the government, in regard to the organization of secret societies.

By way of pendant to this touch of tyranny, we will follow Lord Londonderry into the presence of the Imperial family, and note with what amiable fondness he speaks of them all.

Lord Londonderry, it may be premised, traveled in Russia some years ago, and published memorials of his trip, which, we believe, never appeared upon this side of the water; nor indeed would they have interest for American readers, except at the present juncture.

Speaking the Empress, he says, "She entered the apartment with the Grand Duke Hereditary, and in the most gracious manner accosted me as an old acquaintance; remembering me, she was pleased to say, in 1813, in Silesia. The indescribable majesty of deportment and fascinating grace that mark this illustrious personage are very peculiar. Celebrated as are all the females connected with the lamented and beautiful Queen of Prussia, there is none of them more bewitching in manners than the Empress of Russia; nor is there existing, according to all reports, so excellent and perfect a being.

"After a kind and gracious conversation with me, she turned to my companions, and while talking to them, the Hereditary Prince approached me. He is eighteen, remarkably tall and handsome, has a benign countenance and a princely air, and is undoubtedly one of the handsomest young men that can be seen. The Princess Olga, the youngest of two sisters, was in the background; she appeared about fourteen or fifteen, fair and delicate, but tall, with very brilliant, large sparkling eyes.

"Her elder sister, we understood afterward, was ill and not able to appear; but at a subsequent period, I often saw her; and although, perhaps, she is not at first so striking as the Grand Duchess Olga, she has an extraordinary resemblance to the Emperor; and her countenance has all that ingenuousness and intelligence which characterizes her Imperial father. She is, I believe, two years older than her sister. After half an hour's conversation, the Empress proceeded to the general reception-room; and making her *tournée* to the ladies, the ministers, the gentlemen, the officers, &c., that were assembled, she went into the dinner-room: the ladies following her successively according to their rank, and then the gentlemen. I was directed to sit on the left of the Grand Chamberlain, opposite the Empress, the American embassador sitting on his right. The Empress sat next her son and her daughter; the other ladies ranging in a line on each side.

"At the conclusion of the repast, we returned to the end division of the apartment I have described, while a numerous band of servants swept away the dinner tables, and cleared the middle space. In about an hour we were dismissed, after the Empress had gone round the circle saying something kind and agreeable to every one; and we were then informed that we should be expected to return at eight o'clock for a ball; the ladies in an entire new dress: indeed the essential business of *la toilette* seemed to be at its meridian. The Empress sets an example by bestowing every possible pains on her appearance, which, aided by her matchless jewels, and the precious appendages of the crown, displayed on so fine a person, makes her shine forth as a perfect paragon. On returning for the ball, we found the Emperor's younger children, the two Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, with their governesses and preceptors, assembled in the outer room; where a large *montagne Russe* had been erected for their amusement; in using which they often got the Emperor and ladies of the Court to join. The two boys are fair, but strong and healthy. They were dressed *en Cossaque*, spoke English, and had a Scotch lady in charge of them, who was very conversable and agreeable. She had been nineteen years in the Imperial family, and gave me the most interesting account of the perfection of its interior, and of the qualities of the Emperor as a father, husband, and master; which could only be surpassed by those of the Empress as a mother and a wife. Having noticed and communicated with all the nursery department, we went to the ball-room, and shortly afterward the Empress appeared. She led off the dance with her son; and it was kept up with spirit until twelve. Her majesty really danced as if she were fifteen, and looked much more like the sister than the mother of the Hereditary Prince. It is useless to enumerate all the company that graced this splendid ball; the *élite* of Petersburg are well known; all were present."

The same amiable Marquis describes a banquet with the Emperor, and its attending ceremonies, thus: "We sat down about four hundred. The *salle* was lighted by four thousand wax candles. The dinner was served *à la Russe*; but was hot and excellent. The wines were of every description;

the ormolu ornaments and confectionary which decorated the table were not only splendidly handsome, but the latter in great perfection; and the dessert was laid out on a Russian porcelain service, on which were painted the devices and uniforms of every regiment in the Russian army. The Empress sat in the middle of the centre table, having the Crown Prince on her right, the Prince of Oldenburg on her left, and the other branches of the Imperial family next her. The Emperor, as is usual on these occasions, was opposite to her Imperial Majesty, with the two oldest officers of the regiment on his right and left. At a particular moment of the repast, the Emperor rose and said, '*Je porte a la santé des officiers du regiment!*' Every body stands; they then reseat themselves in silence, and there are no further speeches or demonstrations of any kind.

"After coffee is handed round, the Imperial circle rise and proceed to the rooms of the Empress. On this occasion there was a peculiarly interesting spectacle. As the regiment was one in which the Imperial family had all served, and as the young Grand Dukes will be first placed in it, the Emperor, to show his respect and attachment to this corps, had arranged the following exhibition:

"In the interior of the *Salle Blanche*, on each side of the door, were placed two of the finest grenadiers of the regiment, measuring at least six feet two or three inches; when we had passed these in the outer hall, to our amazement we beheld the two little Grand Dukes standing as sentinels, and dressed with minute exactness as privates of the regiment, with knapsacks, great-coats, haversacks, all in marching order. To the inexpressible amusement of every body, the Emperor himself then put the little princes through the manual and platoon exercise, which they both did incomparably. The universal delight, from the oldest general to the lowest subaltern of the guards, was something I can not describe."

On another occasion the Marquis thus describes (it will please our lady readers) the appearance of the Empress: "She came forth from her boudoir, covered with jewels, surrounded by the Grand Duchess, the dames, and *demoiselles d'honneur*. The largest brilliants decorated her head; her robe was of light-blue velvet trimmed with costly ermine; it was scarcely possible for the eye to rest on any thing but diamonds and pearls in this dress of matchless splendor; so well suited to the grace and dignity of deportment of this noble woman, whose matchless person, added to the action of her arms, and the display of her beautiful hands, render her an object the contemplation of which one could hardly leave. Her two lovely daughters followed her like two attendant angels. They were clothed in the palest pink velvet, trimmed, as was the robe of the Empress, with ermine; on their heads they wore caps with long vails; they equaled, but never can surpass, their mother in feminine attraction."

In view of such descriptive generosity, so genial and so honest, it is hard to believe that the Imperial Court still recognizes and sanctions the direst cruelty and the most vigilant despotism of the world. The surveillance of an omnipresent police, and the seizure of suspected state-criminals, from their own firesides, without accusation, without warning, without time or means for exculpation, form but a small part of the real barbarism which overshadows that ice-land of the North. Their very judicial punishments savor of savage life, and 'the knout' has become a symbol of cruelty. When our first travelers went into Russia, before yet the voyaging Stephens had made his books or his name, there were brought back from the Muscovite country terrible details of the knout execution, which we remember reading over with a strange sensation of nausea. The descriptions have gone by, but the punishment is fresh as ever; and may be we shall be doing a service to humanity in calling up again its harrowing details, which belong to the execution of a criminal sentence of Russia. We copy the graphic account of a late French writer:

"At a given signal the sufferer has to advance, with a slow step, between the rows of soldiers, each of whom, in turn, must apply a vigorous blow on his back: the pain he endures might, perhaps, suggest to him the idea of passing as quickly as possible through the double row of executioners, in order to lessen the number and the force of the blows which hack his flesh to pieces; but he calculates without Russian justice. The two non-commissioned officers retreat slowly, step by step, in order to afford every one time to perform his task. They drag the unhappy wretch forward, or push him back, by driving the points of the bayonets into his breast. Every blow must tell; it must enter his back and cause the blood to gush out. No pity; every one must do his duty. The Muscovite soldier is a machine which is not allowed to possess any individual feeling; and woe betide his own shoulders if he manifests the least hesitation, for he will, on the spot, receive from twenty-five to a hundred blows, according to the caprice of the general who has the honor of commanding the 6000 executioners. The Russian Government is scrupulous in the most trifling details. It insists on every thing being done with precision. But with such men as it has at its disposal it can not trust to chance, and, therefore, it has rehearsals to execute a human being, just as it exercises its troops previous to a review. A few hours before the time appointed for the punishment, a truss of hay or straw, placed upon a chariot, is driven along the ranks. The sufferer advanced up to the nine hundredth and third stroke; he did not utter a single cry, or prefer a single complaint; the only thing which betrayed his agony from time to time was a convulsive shudder. The foam then began to form upon his lips, and the blood to start from his nose. After fourteen hundred strokes, his face, which had long before begun to turn blue, assumed suddenly a greenish hue; his eyes became haggard and almost started out of their sockets, from which large blood-colored tears trickled down and stained his cheeks. He was gasping and gradually sinking. The officer who accompanied me ordered the ranks to open, and I approached the body. The skin was literally plowed up, and had, so to say, disappeared. The flesh was hacked to pieces, and almost reduced to a state of jelly; long strips hung down the prisoner's sides like so many thongs, while other pieces remained fastened and glued to the sticks of the executioners. The muscles, too, were torn to shreds. No mortal tongue can ever convey a just idea of the sight. The commandant caused the cart which had brought the prisoner to be driven up. He was laid in it on his stomach, and, although he was completely insensible, the punishment was continued upon the corpse, until the surgeon appointed by the Government, who had followed the execution step by step, gave orders for it to be suspended. He did not do this, however, until there was hardly the slightest breath of life

left in the sufferer's body. When the execution was stopped, two thousand six hundred and nineteen strokes had cut the body to pieces. But in Russia, the fact of striking a corpse is not cruel enough, and would not inspire a nation of slaves with a sufficient amount of terror. A man must revive before he undergoes the remainder of his punishment. The unhappy wretch was taken to the hospital, where, as is the custom in these cases, he was placed in a bath of water saturated with salt, and then treated with the greatest care and solicitude, until a complete cure was effected, so that he could bear the rest of the sentence. In all instances, and at all times, the penal laws of Russia are stamped with atrocious barbarity. It was seven months before he was cured and his health re-established; and, at the expiration of this period, he was solemnly taken back to the place of execution, and forced once more to run the gauntlet, in order to receive his full amount of 6000 strokes. He died at the commencement of this second punishment."

Now that we are upon this matter of the knout, it is worth while to call to the recollection of our cousins over the water—we mean our English cousins—who affect a humanity far in advance of their barbarian neighbors, that their schools are not yet wholly free from traces of brutality; and we hear, within the month, that a certain head-master, a pupil of the distinguished Dr. Arnold, and a stout maintenant of that eminent scholar's system of school-management, has winked at a bit of birch barbarity, which has a strong smack of Muscovy.

It appears from the newspaper accounts that a certain boy of the name of Stewart (an Earl's son, by the way), had a quarrel on the football ground with another of the name of Holmes. Platt, a monitor of the school, interfered, accusing young Stewart of having the wrong, and of telling a falsehood, which Stewart resented in a boyish way, by retorting falsity upon the monitor.

The rest of the story is best told in Stewart's own words, narrating the conduct of Platt:

"I thought no more about it then, but on Wednesday morning, after breakfast, he sent for me to his room, and told me that he had sent for me to whop me for my impertinence yesterday. Upon which I told him that I had not been impertinent, or, at any rate, if I had, the remarks I had made were in consequence of his speaking as he had done to me. He then told me that that had nothing whatever to do with it, and (I copy his remark verbatim) said—'I may say any thing I like on the football ground, and you have no right, whatever it is, to contradict me.' So I said, 'If you say what is not true, I shall certainly contradict you;' but he cut me short, and told me to stand out, and so I told him that I should do no such thing; upon which he said, 'I suppose you know that you must either take my whopping or you will be sent away from the school;' so I told him that I would not take it, and I left his room and called at Dr. Vaughan's, who, however, was engaged then, and I was told to call at a few minutes before one. In the mean while, Platt had been to Dr. Vaughan and had told him about it. When I saw Dr. Vaughan, he was excessively kind, and told me that he was exceedingly sorry that I should have got into a mess with any of the monitors, and that, as far as he heard, I was to blame in what I had said, and so he should advise me to take the whopping, as there was no cowardice in taking any thing from a legal power. And so I went away with the determination of telling Platt that I would submit, and begging his pardon. He, however, anticipated me, and sent for me to the monitors' library directly after dinner, where he told me what he had said before in the morning, and asked me if I had altered my determination? I told him that I had, and that I would submit. He then gave me thirty-one cuts as hard as ever he could, across the shoulder-blades, with a cane more than an inch in circumference, which he paid 1s. 6d. for, and with such force that he had to stop almost every cut to bend back the cane, it was so curled with the violence of the blow. I almost fainted during it; but I can not help being glad that I managed to get out of the room without making the slightest movement to show him that I felt his brutality."

Stewart was immediately taken off to the surgeon, who pronounced that in the whole course of his life he had never witnessed such a brutal and unmanly outrage. The boy was sent to the sick-room, where he remained until Sunday. His arm was swollen from the effects of the blows "four inches above its natural size."

All that Dr. Vaughan (the head-master of the school) could say with regard to this conduct of young Platt, was, that "he was sorry Stewart had got into a mess with the monitors, that he should advise him to take the whopping, that there was *no cowardice in taking any thing from a legal power.*"

So it appears that Smike, and the old master of Dotheboys Hall, have their parallels still in England.

And as we speak of masters and of schools, our thought reverts to the figure and the face of one—not a master indeed, but a teacher—who sat, when we saw him, in a professor's chair of the University of Edinburgh. He was a stout, tall, athletic man, with broad shoulders and chest, and prodigiously muscular limbs. His face was magnificent; his hair, which he wore long and flowing, fell round his massive features like a lion's mane, to which, indeed, it was often compared, being much of the same hue. His lips were always working, while his gray flashing eyes had a weird sort of look which was highly characteristic. In his dress he was singularly slovenly, being, except on state occasions, attired in a threadbare suit of clothes, often rent, his shirts frequently buttonless, and his hat of the description anciently called shocking. His professional style of costume was just as odd. His gown, as he stalked along the colleges, flew in tattered stripes behind him; and, altogether, with all his genius, he was personally one of the most strangely eccentric of the many eccentric characters existing in his day in the metropolis of the north.

It is perhaps needless to say that we refer to the critic, poet, and professor—Christopher North. Every body has heard before now that the old man is dead. If he had lived until May he would have been sixty-nine.

Walter Scott, writing to Miss Baillie about him, many years ago, said:

"The author of the elegy upon poor Grahame is John Wilson, a young man of considerable poetical powers. He is now engaged upon a poem called the 'Isle of Palms,' something in the style of Southey. He is an eccentric genius, and has fixed himself upon the banks of Windermere, but occasionally resides in Edinburgh, where he now is. Perhaps you have seen him; his father was a wealthy Paisley manufacturer—his mother a sister of Robert

Sym. He seems an excellent, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic young man; something too much, perhaps, of the latter quality places him among the list of originals."

Many years later when Wilson came to be a candidate for the Professorship, in which harness he died, Scott speaks of him thus:

"There needed no apology for mentioning anything in which I could be of service to Wilson; and, so far as good words and good wishes here can do, I think he will be successful; but the battle must be fought in Edinburgh. You are aware that the only point of exception to Wilson may be, that with the fire of genius, he has possessed some of its eccentricities; but did he ever approach to those of Henry Brougham, who is the god of Whiggish idolatry? If the high and rare qualities with which he is invested are to be thrown aside as useless, because they may be clouded by a few grains of dust, which he can blow aside at pleasure, it is less a punishment on Mr. Wilson than on the country. I have little doubt he would consider success in this weighty matter as a pledge for binding down his acute and powerful mind to more regular labor than circumstances have hitherto required of him; for, indeed, without doing so, the appointment could in no point of view answer his purpose. He must stretch to the oar for his own credit, as well as that of his friends; and if he does so, there can be no doubt that his efforts will be doubly blessed, in reference both to himself and to public utility. You must, of course, recommend to Wilson great temper in his canvass—for wrath will do no good. After all, he must leave off sack, purge, and live cleanly, as a gentleman ought to do; otherwise people will compare his present ambition to that of Sir Terry O'Fag, when he wished to become a judge. 'Our pleasant follies are made the whips to scourge us,' as Lear says; for otherwise, what could possibly stand in the way of his nomination?"

It is to be feared that the doughty Christopher, who was one of the best "single-stick" men of his day, did not wholly "leave off sack" up to the end of the chapter; and there is many a pleasant passage of the Ambrosiane, which has a taste of the "mountain mist."

But the mourning corner of our budget is not filled with this great name only. Rubini, the pleasant singer, who years ago bewitched all hearts and ears with his warm tones, and his passionate expression, has slipped off in his Italian home—leaving no child to inherit his hoarded riches, and no pupil to revive the strains which have passed away with him forever.

He began life as a humble violinist, in a little church of the province Bergamo; where those who had the ordering of music declared him utterly incompetent even for so menial employ. But the repulse lighted a spark of daring and of decision in him, that forced him on, over the heads of his masters, and finally made him the most admired tenor of Europe.

He was great upon the stage, but on the stage only: he never won high esteem as a man; and though he carried plaudits with him from city to city, he left few friends behind him. Avaricious and ungenerous, he hoarded a vast fortune, which distant kin now seize upon and enjoy. The most truthful epitaph that can be written over him is—that he was a great singer, and a small man!

Yet again—the church bells, as we write it, have scarce finished their tolling—we record the death of the old poet Montgomery; already, two years gone, announced as dead, and already eulogized as an actor on another stage than ours; yet it is only recently that he has really bid adieu to life, carrying with him the name, if not of a very great poet, yet of a very good man.

As for France, and French Journalism, what can we record but the never-ending watchfulness of Eastern news; the never-ending sneers at Russian intolerance; the never-ceasing growth of English and French brotherhood? And for token of this last, every newspaper of the city has already pointed with an eloquent quill, at the reception of the Duke of Cambridge; when the Emperor rode beside him, and chatted familiarly with him, as one friend might do with any other, and pointed out to him the graces of his charming garden of the Tuilleries, and sauntered with him under the just-leaved trees of the *Champs Elysées*, and escorted him with a thousand out-riding guards in brilliant uniforms, to that old and famous field of war, where thirty thousand troops passed back and forth, to the roll of countless drums, and shouts of "God save the Queen!" mingled with "Long life to the Emperor!"

It was, to be sure, a proud thing for the tall and sandy-haired Duke of Cambridge to represent in his person such a nation as that of Britain, in such a presence; and it was a still prouder thing for that Emperor, who, from his equivocal position in the London club-room, had wrought out for himself such a brilliant future, to bestow favors now upon the royalty of his old country of exile, and to welcome the foreign prince with the stir of an army.

Editor's Drawer.

A GREAT many people pretend that they can judge of character by the looks. This is not so. The most amiable animal in the world in appearance is a tiger—the most soft, velvety of all substances is his paw. Experience alone has given us the true idea of their ferocity, and made us aware of the fangs and the claws. The lineaments of the greatest tyrants in the world have nothing cruel in their expression; heroes are equally destitute of physical traits of their superiority. Daniel Webster, probably more than any man that ever lived, had a bodily presence in accordance with the ideal formed from an intimate knowledge of his mental labors. When our volunteers rushed to the Rio Grande, after the celebrated battles of the 8th and 9th, in hero-hunting, they were invariably disappointed at finding "the distinguished" the least remarkable in person of "all the crowd." "The ferocious" in looks, without exception, held some subordinate position, where discretion and not valor was most in demand. Old Zach was mistaken for a farmer, Captain Walker for a doctor, and Ridgely and Duncan for mere boys—their beardless faces, small persons, and modest demeanor, making no other "first impression." Captain Walker was exceedingly diffident, wore citizen's clothes, and seldom appeared with arms. He rode over the bloody fields with us three days after the battles, but it was only by "hard pumping" that we could get any particulars. After working away in vain "for items" at this apparently dry source, we noticed Captain Walker looking intently out upon the horizon; it was a flat country, and there could be seen a half dozen rancheros skirting along like spirits. Instantly his blue and generally dull eye brightened up, and he said: "There go some Mexicans, with passes

from General Taylor to go out cattle-hunting. They are great scoundrels, and impose upon the 'old man,' and take advantage of their privilege to rob and kill our people; but," continued the Captain, with unusual animation, "I always shoot 'em down on sight; if they have got 'a pass' it's their misfortune; if they haven't, why I have got them out of the way." Who would have anticipated such a speech from such looks?

But we intended to tell another story. Many years ago, "in the better days of the United States Senate," a fashionable steamer was dashing over the Sound, filled with passengers bound for Providence. In the course of the morning, a young man came to the captain, and stated that he had lost his watch, and desired the officer to institute "a search." The captain decided that it was impossible, among a crowd of five or six hundred persons of the highest respectability, to grant the request; but desired the young man to keep a sharp look-out for suspicious persons, point them out, and on the arrival of the boat at Providence it was agreed that they should be arrested. In the course of the day the young man stated that he was satisfied he had *found the thief:* he knew he was the dishonest personage from his appearance, from his face; and was fortified in the supposition because the suspected person avoided the crowd, and was then by himself on the upper deck, pretending to read, by beginning at the end of a book and turning the leaves over toward the beginning; and this, said the young man, is of itself very suspicious. The captain instantly went upon the upper deck, and to the astonishment of the young man, stated that the person was no one else than Asher Robbins, one of the most distinguished Senators of Rhode Island, and one of the most learned men of the day, who was thus solitarily conning over the leaves of a Hebrew Bible. So much for judging people from appearances—from "their looks."

"The Friends" have had their "annual meeting" in our midst, and have departed from among us. It is quite refreshing to see these sedate people once a year thronging our crowded streets, all quiet themselves, although the world is in such confusion around them. The followers of Fox, however, throve best under the fiery ordeal of persecution; for then they increased in numbers, and were filled with enthusiasm. The degrading influences of modern innovations are making sad work with the Friends—that is, with their garments—for it is rare now to see a genuine, orthodox-looking Friend. The straight coat, the short-waisted dress, the broad-brimmed hat, the "gun-boat" looking bonnet, have such terrible twists in their composition, that they would make the old fathers weep if they could witness them. We have seen several female Friends (what a shame that we can only call them such in an official sense), who have their lips and cheeks ornamented by nature with carnation tints, and whose eyes were full of azure, who seemed to rebel under the straight-laced discipline of colorless drab, and, borrowing a hint from the composition of their own lovely countenances, had stolen a gay tint or two, and mingled them as contrasts to the prevailing purity of sameness that characterized their outward girlhood, just as we have seen the pale apple blossom threaded with almost spiritual lines of pink. These were pleasing evidences of the struggles of the fair daughters of Eve to be bewitching, that, thanks to the happiness of our eyes, had only been tempered, but not subdued by long years of discipline and respectable tradition. But the evils of the times were amusingly exhibited by one "Josiah," who came up out of the rich lands of Westchester, who, desiring to appear at meeting in a true professional hat, had evidently searched the city through for a commendable "broad-brim," which he obtained, but it was not of the true spirit; it lacked that ineffable grace and unction that gave it orthodoxy. It was a rakish broad-brim: it had a "fast look"—a sort of "wide awake" expression—that gave to our Friend a mongrel appearance, and turned his plain clothing into questionable propriety, and puzzled the superficial observers to decide whether our "goodly man" was really a Friend, or one of the "b'hoys." Alas, when the age is so corrupt that all New York will not furnish one unquestionably respectable, moral, and really solemn broad-brimmed hat! The Friends, we are sorry to see, have their excitements; and they are at this time under much travail on the subject of some of the younger female members learning to play the piano. It would altogether be a rare sight to see a pretty Quakeress at the piano. Certainly the music would be sobered down, and all the brilliant passages so subdued, that they would come up soft whisperings, rather than full, sonorous cadences. But have the Friends any music? Has not the organ been depressed and dissipated? Who ever heard a Quaker sing? Even their little babies grow up without one chirrup in their little ears, except what comes from the birds, who sing just in proportion as they lack gay plumage—an example, by the way, for the Friends to consider upon. The Friends have directed a circular to be issued to all their congregations upon this enormity of music. Sweet sounds have invaded the sanctity of their private life; the time and tune of nature is being revived in the young Friends, and if the heresy continues, who knows but the "falling away" may not continue until the limbs of the rebellious, sympathizing with sound, move in accordance to measure; that steps may grow into order, that slow pace may be rendered quick—that the Friends may dance! Certainly these are perilous times, and the old land-marks of propriety—the outward symbols of piety—are being swept away.

Mr. Bell, United States Senator from Tennessee, is the only Southern Senator who voted against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line. His bearing throughout the struggle was bold and fearless, and it is difficult for Northern people to comprehend the amount of moral courage it was necessary to possess to sustain Mr. Bell in his position. Mr. Bell grew up in Tennessee, and commenced public life in that State; and although a warm personal friend, yet a political opponent of General Jackson—a thing of itself that early displayed his firmness. It is related of him, that after some severe political struggle, in which he had dared to handle "'Old Hickory' without gloves," he unexpectedly met the old soldier in the street, and was rather rudely reproved for his course. Bell listened calmly to a certain point, when he interrupted "Old Hickory" as follows: "General, I will hear patiently all you say in the proper spirit; but when *you* presume to pass the bounds due from one gentleman to another, I shall instantly resent your conduct." The old General looked at young Bell a moment in the eye, and breaking out into a laugh, changed the conversation.

One of the most characteristic anecdotes of Gen-

eral Jackson is related with a great deal of zest by General Cullom, who was, as he says, "raised under the shadow of the Hermitage." As General Jackson's second term was drawing to a close, the politicians were very anxious to get his "preferences." It was suspected that he had determined to go for Mr. Van Buren, but no overt demonstration had yet been made. A number of Mr. Calhoun's shrewdest friends, hoping the old General might be induced to go for their favorite, managed to get an invitation to dine at the "White House," and amidst the genialities of wine and familiar conversation, the absorbing subject of "the succession" was brought forward, and cautiously narrowed down to the important point of the old General's preferences. The old man appeared to be perfectly unsuspecting, but finally said, "he was in favor of Mr. Van Buren." One of the inquisitors, not content, asked, "General, who is your *second choice?*" "By the Eternal"—said "Old Hickory," growing impatient, while his eyes fairly flashed with excitement—"By the Eternal, sir, I never had a *second choice* in my life."

A GENTLEMAN from the South gave in the other day the following amusing illustration of the negro character. A favorite house-servant had been repeatedly admonished for his carelessness. Upon one occasion—having done something for which he was rebuked—his apology was, "I thought so." His master, a little displeased, said, "You are not to think, sir; I will think for you." A few days after, some piece of work was going on, over which the master was presiding—the boy was one of the workmen. The gentleman remarked: "Well, I suppose that will do;" and turning to the servant, asked his opinion. The reply was: "I don't know, sir." "But, what do you think about it?" said the master. The negro scratched his head, and after some hesitation replied: "Why, master, you told me I musn't think—that you would think for me."

MANY of our readers cherish reminiscences of "good old Bishop HEDDING." He was a "soldier of the cross" long before the present generation of active men were born, and lived on to see the children's children of his early friends make their first advances down the shady side of life. It was a kindly sight, to see the old Bishop, as he lingered among the scenes of his early triumphs, hold forth to his congregations, talking as a father to his children, or rather, as a patriarch, who could look into the future, and sanctify the past. We remember his fine glowing sunny face, his snowy locks, and gracious words; and if he had not, by reason of long service, the fire of youthful eloquence, he had the rare attraction of evident goodness, and you felt as you listened as if a good man was before you. Among his last discourses in New York, the old Bishop was pouring out his experience to his admiring audience, when he stopped short, and said: "Brethren, I can not illustrate my particular meaning better than by an anecdote—an anecdote singularly illustrative of my subject—one which will, in a few words, comprehend more than I could explain in an hour. As a general thing," continued the Bishop, "I do not approve of ministers telling anecdotes in the pulpit. I have never, in my long journey, made it a practice; yet I do not object to it in others who have the gift; and I should not depart from the rule on this occasion, if the anecdote I have to tell was not so exceedingly appropriate, so happy, so exactly to the point"—at this moment the good old Bishop found occasion to adjust his spectacles, and instinctively, as it were, he leaned over the sacred volume, appeared to scan a particular verse, and, rising, said: "And thirdly and lastly, brethren;" and concluded without ever dreaming, that his long preface not only confirmed his hearers that he had no aptness to tell an anecdote, but also that in the course of thought he had consumed the anecdote itself; and the Bishop's excellent story must remain forever untold, but yet remembered because there is nothing to forget.

AMONG the "good people" who composed the heterogeneous crowd of a Western steamer, some years since, was a comical-looking man, with an equivocal squint, and a suspicious redness about the nose, who professed once to have seen "better days," but who was now a sad victim of what he was pleased to term the "glory times of Mississippi." Having heard much of those Plutonian days, we listened attentively for information. All we heard has passed away, save and except the following incident. Said the speaker, looking around with great affected importance: "When I consider what an easy going thing it then was for the knowing ones to make money, I have always been a little vexed to think I was at the time so entirely ignorant of financering. I could do better now. However, the times 'was flush;' money was borrowed on State securities, that those in the secret knew were 'unconstitutional,' and consequently it came easy, and went easier. Property had no fixed value; you could sell any thing, on any time, at any price; put up moonshine, on one, two, and three years' credit, and you had notes enough in a few days to sink a ship. About this time, was started the *Brandon Bank*. The directors paraded the fact before the world that it was to be a 'safe bank;' and putting a cast steel ax in the cellar, said the bills were to be issued on 'a metallic basis.' The popularity of that institution spread like wild-fire; people that were independent in circumstances, as well as them that hadn't a cent, went to borrowing; and so many crowded into Brandon for 'discounts,' that the hotels overflowed, and the people had to 'camp out' until their turn came. The cashier sat up night and day with the president, signing notes, which were issued so fast, that no account was kept of their number or amount. At last, the president and directors got exhausted, and they put 'their issues' in a barrel behind the counter, and passed a resolution 'that nobody should be accommodated to a larger loan than "a grab."' Consequently, when any one put in his note, if the bank accepted 'the paper,' the drawer was permitted to have one grab, and no more, as it was proposed to give all applicants a fair chance.

"At the time we speak of, old Percy Smith was so much in debt that nobody will ever know how much; and, at my suggestion, he put in his paper for discount, setting up 'his claim' to a cool 'twenty thousand;' and, arming himself with 'a slasher,' he went down to Brandon, and asked for 'a discount,' swearing all the while that a 'single grab' 'wouldn't give him a breathing spell between drinks.' The directors, however, were 'fighting-men,' and couldn't be bullied, and told Percy that he should not be served any better than the 'other applicants.' So the old fellow took a new tack: he went over to the hotel, got up a dinner on credit, and invited all the bank officers to dine. I think Percy told me he had 'em all 'under the table' by eleven o'clock at

night—but the next morning, in spite of Percy's hospitality, they stuck to their principles, and confined Percy to 'a single grab.' This decision of the directors had great effect upon all the other applicants; but Percy was not to be so easily satisfied. He hung around the bank, and finally got a promise, 'as he gin a treat,' that he might have the first chance after the barrel was newly filled up. Upon the stated time, Percy prepared himself. He took some tar and boiled it stiff, and rubbed it over his right arm up to his shoulder; and, wrapping himself in a cloak, he walked over to the bank for his 'grab.' The first dash he made, he ran his fist down to the bottom of the barrel—for you notice he was terribly in debt—he then whirled his arm around a few times, and took it out, and there was just thirty-seven thousand, five hundred, and fifty-five dollars sticking in tar! 'Twas the last grab ever made on the Brandon. The institution couldn't stand such a draw. It shut down the next day, and thus ended the 'glory times of Mississippi.'"

Has it ever occurred to the readers of the "Drawer" that the so-called "*Spirit-Rappings*," of which so much has been written and talked about of late, are, after all, no new thing? Nearly a hundred years ago, in London, in the famous "*Cock Lane Ghost Imposture*," the whole "phenomena" were enacted, and of which we have the following account in Mr. Sylvanus Urban's "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for February, 1762:

"We are under a necessity of giving an account of the method taken for the detection of the imposture in Cock-Lane, which, although in a great measure eluded by the cunning of the girl, who is the principal agent, and by the obstinacy of the father, who perhaps was the contriver of it; yet it had such an effect as to convince all present that the girl has some art of counterfeiting particular noises, and that there is nothing preternatural in the responses that are given to the querists on this occasion.

"On the night of the 1st of February, many gentlemen, eminent for their rank and character, were, by the invitation of the Rev. *Mr. Aldrich*, of *Clerkenwell*, assembled at his house, for the examination of the noises supposed to be made by a departed spirit, for the detection of some enormous crime.

"About ten at night, the gentlemen met in the chamber, in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down stairs, when they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied, in the strongest terms, any knowledge or belief of fraud.

"The supposed spirit had before publicly promised, *by an affirmative knock*, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of *St. John, Clerkenwell*, where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there by a knock upon her coffin: it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity of the supposed spirit.

"While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies, who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, and was required to hold her hands out of bed. *From that time, though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence, by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any other agency, no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.*

"The spirit was then very seriously advertised that the person to whom the promise was made, of striking the coffin, was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the church, and the gentleman, to whom the promise was made, went, with one more, into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued; the person supposed to be accused by the spirit then went down, with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return, they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired, and was permitted, to go home with her father.

"It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting particular noises, and that there is no agency of any higher cause. *This account was drawn up by a gentleman of veracity and learning, and therefore we have thought it sufficient; though the impostor has been since more clearly detected, even to demonstration.*"

Now all this is very curious, and is almost identical with the "spirit-rappings" of the present day. Then, as now, also, a belief in the *spiritual* character of the "knockings" was held by distinguished clergymen and eminent public functionaries of the government: one of the former class was catechised as follows by a correspondent of "The Gentleman's Magazine:"

"We have no reason to imagine that the decoy duck in *Cock Lane*, so addicted to *angry* scratchings so intent upon *revengeful* purposes, so *silly* (though at the same time cunning) in the management of her little cheats, so palpably *mistaken* in many instances, and so *evasive* and *prevaricating* in others—we have, I say, no room to suppose that this little dabbler in necromancy is a *celestial visitant*, deputed hither, on a very important occasion, by the King of Heaven.

"Suppose, next, that a departed soul is in a state of *torment*. Do you think that the d—l (having got his prey within his clutches) is such a fool as to let it go again, and roam and ramble where it pleases? Will that rigid jail-keeper allow his prisoner to come back into this world upon the *parole of honor*, and that not only for a day or two, but for weeks, or months, or even for years, as we have frequently heard of in some cases? And pray, for what? In the present case it will, I suppose, be said to develop *murder*. But, good sir, be pleased to recollect that *the devil was a* murderer *from the beginning*. And would he (trow you) spoil his own trade? Does not this show you at once the *absurdity* of this pretense? And dare you to support it any longer?

"You have, I think, no refuge now left you but to recur to a *middle* state (whether purgatory or any other) hanging somewhere in the air, like *Mohammed* between heaven and hell. Well, do so, and welcome; you are still under the same restraint. The same arguments will have the same force against you even here also, and will hold you fast. On the other hand, if you suppose, with several learned men of the present age, that there is *no* such middle state, then it is evident at first sight that all pretenses of this kind are totally overturned. For who (upon this supposition) can return from a state

of insensibility into a state of sensibility before the last day?

"If you consult the *Scriptures*, you will not, I believe, be much tempted to think that the deceased have any knowledge of our affairs here below, or are ever permitted to return from the invisible world, either to compose differences, or to create disturbances; that 'there is no device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither we are going; and that the *dead* know not any thing *of our transgressions upon earth*.' *Eccles.* ix.

"As to the *soul*, then (whether good or bad), being at liberty to make excursions now and then upon a visit among mortals in this sublunary world, I would have you, sir, to think no more about it, nor pretend to know more of it than you do, or can (which is just nothing at all), presuming to be *wise above what is written;* but to content yourself, as I do, with that just observation of our great poet,

'.... To the furthest shore,
When once we pass, the *soul* returns no more.'

"But, sir, if you can say any thing further, you will probably say, that although the *soul* itself returns no more, yet *other* spirits, good or bad, may interest themselves in the affairs of this lower world. I see your aim, and give this answer: 'Good angels *are indeed* ministering spirits, sent forth *from God* to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation.' But can you rationally think that those good beings, the holy angels, have at this time any *extraordinary* affair of *salvation* to transact in *Cock Lane*, of all the lanes, alleys, and by-places of London?" . . . "And to what *purpose?* Only to play tricks with the living? Only to try skill at bo-peep with them?—to lurk behind curtains; to delude the ignorant with noises, scratchings, thumpings, and other artifices of this kind, contrived only to bring custom and money into the pockets of little knaves and petty jugglers? Can you seriously believe, sir, that the great, the good and wise Majesty of Heaven would permit this, and allow a *return* from heaven to earth to execute such a wretched and wicked design?"

We talk a good deal of the "progress of the age" in these latter days; but they were emphatically "*ahead*" of us, even in "spiritual rappings," very nearly a hundred years ago!

Few who have "gone down to the sea in ships," sailing day after day over its stormy waves, continually exhausting horizon after horizon, and "still the end was not;" few, we say, have done this, but will feel the force of the following eloquent extract:

"The sea is the largest of the cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All graveyards in all other lands show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are all alike undistinguished. The waves roll over all. The same requiem song by the minstrelsy of the ocean sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep on, until awakened by the same trump when the sea will give up its dead. I thought of sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who, after a brief but brilliant career, perished in the President—over the same ill-fated vessel we may have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious Fisher; but where he, and thousands of others of the noble spirits of the earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered, or where the lovers of the good or wise can go to shed the tear of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the 'middle passage?' Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of Jehovah. Never can I forget my days and nights as I passed the noblest of the cemeteries without a single monument."

We acknowledge the receipt of "*A Collection of Original Poems on Various Subjects*," published by the author, and sent "*to the edirter of harpurs maggazene, with respex of the orthur.*" This polite inscription is either a hoax, or the "orthur" has been corrected by his proof-reader, and is himself better fitted for a scholar than a schoolmaster. We make room for a single one of his diminutive miniature pages, in fine type:

"My scholars having caught a Woodpecker, cooped it up in a stove, in which there had been fire. The bird being unaccustomed to so warm a climate, in a little time died, which gave rise to the following elegy:

"I wish it to be understood,
I write now of a Pecker-wood;
Which di'd on the morning of this day,
And quickly fled from earth away!
Its sufferings were all soon o'er,
And it will have to die no more!
Its little face look'd flush'd and red,
Even when it was cold and dead;
Perhaps, my friends, some old dead tree
Was the place of its nativity:
The place where it was bred and born,
And fed on worms, and fruit, and corn:
It may have had a tender mate
That now laments its sudden fate,
And in a sad and mournful strain
In solitude it may complain!
It may have had a family
In some old stump or hollow tree,
In which, poor things, they lie confin'd,
Like little orphans left behind!
Their little throats are growing sore,
And they will cry but little more:
They soon will sleep and ne'er awake;
O pity them for mercy's sake."

"Pecker-wood" is a happy conceit of language, and that the *head* of the bird should look "flushed and *red*" is certainly very extraordinary!

It is not alone printers and compositors who will enjoy the following. It is a capital and very forcible illustration of a printing-office dialogue:

Foreman of the Office. "Jones, what are you at now?"

Compositor. "I'm setting 'A House on Fire;' 'most done."

Foreman. "What is Smith about?"

Compositor. "He is engaged on 'A Horrid Murder.'"

Foreman. "Finish it as quick as possible, and help Morse through with his telegraph. Bob, what are *you* trying to get up?"

Bob. "'A Panic in the Money Market.'"

Foreman. "Tom, what are you *distributing*?"

Tom. "'Prizes in the Gift Lottery.'"

Foreman. "Stop that, and take hold of this 'Runaway Horse.' Slocum, what in creation have *you* been about for the last half hour?"

Slocum. "Justifying the 'Compromise Measures,' which my 'sub' set up."

Foreman. "You chap on the stool there, what are you on *now?*"

CHAP ON THE STOOL. "On the 'Table' that you gave me."

FOREMAN. "Lay it on the table for the present: no room for it."

COMPOSITOR. "How about those 'Municipal Candidates?'"

FOREMAN. "Run 'em in. What did you say, Slocum?"

SLOCUM. "Shall I *lead* these 'Men of Boston?'"

FOREMAN. "No; they are 'solid,' of course."

COMPOSITOR. "Do you want a 'full-face' head to 'Jenny Lind's Family?'"

FOREMAN. "No, put 'em in 'small caps.' John, have you got up that 'Capital Joke?'"

JOHN. "No, sir; I'm out of 'sorts.'"

FOREMAN. "Well, throw in this 'Million of California Gold,' and when you get through with it, I'll give you some more. Wilson, have you finished 'The Coalition?'"

WILSON. "Yes, sir, the 'Coalition' is all up!"

EDITOR. "What do you want now?"

PR. DEVIL. "More copy, sir."

EDITOR. "Have you completed that 'Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?'"

PR. DEVIL. Yes, sir; and I've just got up 'A Warm Winter.'"

THERE is a "terrible satire" in the subjoined "*Novel and Prospective View of Speculations in Real Estate*" in this our goodly city of Gotham. It purports to be, and *is*, an extract from a private letter of a young gentleman, clerk in the office of a large operator in "lots" in our city, to a friend in Washington:

"I am still with ——, employed in drawing maps and writing descriptions of them for those who deal out God's earth by inches, thus: 'One lot of ground, being in front on the westerly side 22 feet 3½ inches, running thence easterly 66 feet 2¼ inches, thence southeasterly 11 inches, thence southerly 22 feet 1 inch, thence westerly 67 feet 10⅛ inches,' &c. By-the-by, what a jolly time speculators in lots would have, could they monopolize the burial places! Then should we see advertised:

"'TO LEAN MEN—*A Rare Chance!* A narrow grave lot for sale, being 10 inches wide, 5 feet 6⅞ inches long, and of full depth; would make a nice tidy resting-place for one who does not come wide of the mark, or who would have no objections to lie sideways. *Also*, one large gore lot, suitable for a bulky man with one leg. *Also*, one lot 12 by 12 inches, for perpendicular burial.

"'Terms: 60 per cent. cash; balance in *will*, if the party be of means; if not, witnessed order on weeping relatives. Apply at the *Patent Gutta Percha Coffin Warehouse*.'"

THERE is a moral contained in the ensuing stanzas that will remind the reader of the old verses commencing—

"The pipe that is so lily white,
In which so many take delight,
Is broken by the touch;
Man's life is but such:
Think of this when you smoke tobacco."

TO MY CIGAR.

When, in the lonely evening hour,
Attended but by thee,
O'er history's varied page I pore,
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,
Then breaks, and falls away,
I trace how mighty realms arose,
And tumbled to decay.

Life is a leaf, adroitly rolled,
And time's the wasting breath,
That, late or early, we behold
Gives all to dusty death.

And what is he who smokes thee now?
A little moving heap,
That soon, like thee, to fate must bow—
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,
Thy essence rolls on high:
Thus, though my body soon may die,
My soul shall cleave the sky.

"OLD VIRGINIA AGAIN" contributes "another anecdote of the same son of Erin, concerning whom a certain bean story lately appeared in a nook of the 'Drawer.' The friends of Paddy," adds our correspondent, "will recognize *this* story also as being 'strictly true:'"

"Going on a visit to a neighbor, upon one occasion, he happened to pass through a lot of ground in which he saw what appeared to be a great many fine-looking *musk-melons* on the vines, and was not a little disappointed at the gentleman's neglect in not having some of them brought in for the accommodation of his guest. Determined, however, to make amends for his disappointment, Paddy, after sitting an hour or two, took his leave, and managed in going off to pass through the lot unobserved, and hastily gathering two of the finest-looking melons, hurried on with one under each arm, until he reached a convenient place on the road-side, when he sat himself down upon a fallen tree, and was making a most savory repast, when General ——, one of his countrymen, rode up, and seeing Paddy, knife in hand, and carving away upon the melons, asked,

"'What on earth are you about?'

"'Eating some *musk-melons*, yer honor. Won't you get down and try some?'

"The General, albeit a very grave sort of personage, could not entirely control his risible faculties; in fact, he indulged for the space of five miuutes in a very decided 'horse laugh,' greatly to Paddy's amazement and indignation.

"'Why, those are *pumpkins!*' said the General.

"It was some time, however, before Paddy could be convinced of his mistake, but yielding at length to the General's remonstrances, he desisted from further operations.

"He afterward acknowledged to an intimate friend, privately, that although the flavor of the supposed melons was altogether unexceptionable, yet he rather thought from the first that there was a toughness about them which he could not readily account for; and further, that for some twenty-four hours immediately succeeding the meal he was much troubled with cramps about the region of the stomach, which he was inclined to think were chargeable to the rebellious nature of 'raw pumpkins' in resisting the process of digestion!"

THERE are many words which are accounted "Westernisms," and sometimes considered as "slang words," which are very far from being of a recent date. The following, which is taken from Doctor Franklin's "*Poor Richard's Almanac*" for April, 1741, printed one hundred and three years ago, contains one which we had supposed to be almost entirely local, and a not very recent addition to our national vocabulary:

"Rash mortals, e'er you take a wife,
Contrive *your pile* to last for life:

On sense and worth your passion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good-nature strive,
To keep esteem and love alive;
Then, come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still."

THERE are no dryer wits or "sly humorists" than many presidents and subordinate officers of our American colleges. Having among their young and gay "charges" a good many immature but quick wits, it may possibly be that their own are quickened and strengthened by attrition.

Most readers will recall the President of an Eastern university who, on one occasion, had submitted to him for perusal and correction a poetical composition of one of his students. He had read it carefully through, and finding that it was such *blank*-verse as "neither gods nor men permit," he handed it back to the author with the remark:

"I see, Mr. Smith, that in this piece you have used a great many *capital letters*. Indeed, almost every line, as far as I have remarked, *begins* with a capital letter. This is wrong. Names of places, persons, &c., should undoubtedly begin with a capital letter; but in a composition like yours, a multiplicity of capitals not only indicates an ignorance of orthography, but has an unpleasant effect upon *the eye* of a practiced reader."

"But, sir," exclaimed the startled and mortified student, "*that* composition is written in *poetry!*"

"Ah!—indeed?" replied the President, lowering his gold spectacles from his high, bald forehead to the bridge of his nose, with a merry twinkle of his usually cold gray eye, and casting a careless glance over the manuscript, "I had not noticed that. Haven't you made a *mistake*, Mr. Smith?"

Next to this, we do not remember to have seen a better kindred story than the following:

"Some of the students of the Indiana State University were suspected to be in the habit of drinking brandy. Where they obtained it, was a mystery. Dr. Daily determined to ferret out the secret. Calling into a small drug-store, the proprietor asked him 'how that sick student, "Mr. Carter," came on?' Smelling a rat, the Doctor answered in an evasive manner, and soon drew out of the apothecary the fact that the students under suspicion had been in the habit of purchasing brandy for a sick student by the name of 'Carter;' that they said he was 'quite low, and kept alive by stimulants;' that the young gentlemen seemed very much devoted to him. Now the secret was out. This 'Carter' was a fictitious character, and the Doctor had the secret.

"However, he kept his own counsel. The next time the students assembled in the chapel for prayers, he cast his eyes over the crowd, and satisfied himself that 'Carter's' nurses were all present. The devotions were duly conducted, and then he called the attention of the students, remarking that he had a mournful task to perform: as President of the university, it became his duty to announce the death of their fellow-student, 'Mr. Carter.' After a lingering illness of several weeks, during a portion of which he was only kept alive by stimulants, he had breathed his last! He had no doubt this announcement would fall sadly on the ears of those who had so faithfully attended to his wants, but he hoped they would bear it with resignation; he hoped they would reflect upon the oft-repeated words, '*Memento mori*;' that he would now no longer detain them, but leave them to their reflections!

"The result of this announcement was startling. None of the Professors, and but few of the students, had ever heard of 'Carter.' 'Who is he?' was whispered; none knew but the kind friends who attended him, and they wouldn't tell; and the President seemed so deeply affected, they didn't like to ask him!"

VERY tender and beautiful are the following lines, sent for insertion in the "Drawer," by a lady correspondent, of New-Haven (Conn.), with the following simple and modest request: "A friend's letter suggests the subjoined lines. I hope they may be found worthy of a corner in your varied department."

I.

"Spring thoughts!" what are mine? Thoughts of Earth awaking
From her long sleep, and donning gay attire,
Of streams unlocked, of frozen furrows breaking,
Of tender leaf, of grain and grassy spire;
Of shadows on the lake's blue waters dancing,
Of scented shrubs, low bending o'er the brink;
Of mossy nests, of golden sunshine glancing,
Of floating clouds—oh, Spring! of these I think.

II.

Oh, apple-blossoms wet with heavy showers,
Oh, fragrant breath of purple lilac trees,
Oh, blessed odors from Spring's early flowers,
How have ye stirred my slumbering memories!
Backward ye lead me to familiar places;
Scenes long, long past, float by me as a dream;
With apron full of butter-cups and daisies,
A child, a little child, again I seem!

III.

Quick fly the years: each Spring, with beauty laden,
Is lost in Summer's riper fruits and flowers;
A little child no longer, but a maiden,
Stands hopeful gazing on the speeding hours;
And one by one the garlands busy fingers
Weave of the hopes that cluster round our prime
Wither and fall, till scarce a green spray lingers:
Oh, dry and rustling leaves! oh, foot of Time!

IV.

"Spring thoughts!" Sad thoughts when backward all are tending,
To early days, to promise unfulfilled;
Spring thoughts; glad thoughts in heavenly beauty bending
O'er days to come—o'er blossoms yet unchilled.
"Not dead but sleepeth," so of Earth 'tis written,
When all her glorious things are turned to dust;
"Not dead but sleepeth;" when our hearts are smitten,
The spring-time is at hand—Believe and trust.

NOT long since an eminent commercial lawyer related the ensuing anecdote as an illustration of the "composition" which sometimes entered into the selection of a jury:

"I had a very important case," said he, "involving some eighty or a hundred thousand dollars. It was a protracted cause, owing to the complicated interests involved in it, and altogether a very tedious trial. When it was finally given to the jury, the judge remarked to them, as they were about leaving the court-room for private consultation, that if, during the progress of the case, any terms of law had been used, or any rules stated, that they did not fully understand, the court was prepared beforehand to make all needful explanations.

"Upon this, *one* of the jurors, a man with a high, bald head, and a calm blue eye, upon whose sense of justice I had greatly relied (for he had paid the strictest attention to the entire proceedings), arose and said:

"'I believe I understand all *the rules* that have

been laid down, but there are two terms of *law* that have been a good deal used during the trial, that I should like to know the meaning of.'

"'Very well, sir,' responded the judge, 'what terms of law do you allude to?'

"'Well,' said our model juror, 'the words I mean, are the words *plaintiff* and *defendant!*'"

Was'nt *there* a chance for a man to "come by his own" in a law-suit where *such* a juror was the principal member of the "august body?"

An "odd" circumstance, as they say in England, is mentioned in the case of a London cockney, who went all the way from England to the mountain that lies three days' journey from Stockholm, in Sweden, to witness the long day when the sun does not disappear.

He arrived on the last of the three days of the annual exhibition. He went to bed, leaving orders to be called when the sun was near the horizon. In a few hours his servant shook him, and informed him that the hour had arrived. He turned over for another short nap. The servant insisted that there was no time to lose, and that the party was already moving.

"But *to-morrow*," said the sleepy cockney.

"No; impossible; this is the *last day*."

"Well then," was the reply, as the sluggard turned slowly in his bed, "*we can come next year!*"

A monthly contemporary, in a series of papers by a deputy-sheriff, has exhibited a good many instances of ingenuity and "sharp practice" in the service of legal processes; but we have seen nothing in them so adroit as the following "*Irish Mode of serving a Writ.*" It is averred to be "entirely *true;*" and it certainly is as rich as any thing which the author of "Charles O'Malley" or "Handy Andy" could possibly invent.

"Two or three days since an Irish gentleman, whose solicitor had vainly endeavored to serve a writ on an ex-member of Parliament for an Irish borough, who resides at the West End of the metropolis, hit upon the following ingenious mode:

"Having sealed a stone bottle, with an imposing crest, and marked it '*Potheen,*' he forwarded it by an intelligent lad of thirteen (who was previously well instructed), as a present from a friend in the West End, with instructions to be delivered only to himself.

"The bait took. The old Irish follower who acts as a duenna to Mr. ——, as his guardian against the too 'captivating' approaches of bailiffs, did not think there was any thing to apprehend from a child bearing only a bottle of 'the native.'

"The master was called, and the present duly handed over.

"'There's a note in the wrapper, sir,' observed the messenger; 'perhaps it would require an answer.'

"The ex-member undid the newspaper in which the present was folded, and took out an envelope.

"'There's a writ in that, sir,' said the youngster —'you're served!'—and bounding through the passage, he was out of sight in an instant, while the ex-member looked as if he was converted into stone. Molly, with a wet dish-cloth, which she flung after the lad, foamed with rage, at being made the involuntary instrument of such a trick.

"But the 'unkindest cut of all' remained behind. Seeing her master quite out of sorts after dinner, she philosophically urged him to make the best out of a bad bargain, and take some of the 'potheen,' opening at the same time the bottle for the purpose.

"But who can express her indignation, and that of her master, at finding that the contents of the treacherous present (aside from the writ) were nothing but *water!*"

The ladies must not be overlooked in the "Drawer;" and we dare say a good many sensible unspoiled damsels will thank us for having preserved for their perusal the subjoined plain-spoken advice given to her fellow-countrywomen by Mrs. Ellis, of England, in her "*Lectures addressed to Young Ladies.*" Possibly the advice may not be out of place, even in our own country:

"My pretty little dears, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more true liberty and less fashionable restraint; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg-exercise and less sofa; more pudding and less piano; more frankness and less mock-modesty; more breakfast and less bustle.

"*I* like the buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing girl, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend her little brother's trowsers, command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows as well as the Duchess of Marlborough or the Queen of Spain, and yet be a *lady* withal in the drawing-room. But as for your pining, moping, wasp-waisted, putty-faced, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of mere Fashion and Idleness, with your consumption-soled shoes, silk stockings, and French calico shifts, you won't do for the future wives and mothers of England!"

"Have the following lines," asks a correspondent in the city, "ever appeared in 'The Drawer?' And will you inform me who is the author of them? I have heard them attributed to Lowell, the American poet, but they sound to me like Thomas Hood; and yet I can not find them in the American edition of his poems:"

"'Hark! that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness;
Here comes one whose cheek would flush
But to have her garments brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary 'broidery in,
And in midnight's chill and murk
Stitched her life into the work;
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil;
Shaping from her bitter thought
Heart's-ease and forget-me-not;
Satirizing her despair
With the emblems woven there!'"

These fine lines *are* by James Russell Lowell, but they are *worthy* of Hood, and they need no higher praise.

On a faded slip of paper in our *omnium-gatherum* depository, we find the annexed:

"Sydney Smith compares the first whistle of a locomotive to the *squeak* of an Attorney, when he is laid hold of by his Satanic Majesty!"

"The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill."

"One might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but even this has been eclipsed by the ensuing French phrase:

....."You might have heard the unfolding of her lace pocket-handkerchief."

One sometimes comes across, in "books for the young," and "companions for the unlearned" especially, with expositions of natural science, which only illustrate to confound, and to darken a subject by *words*, which, if not "without *knowledge*," are yet very injudicious, because vague and discouraging.

We cite the following as an example:

"Imagine a railway from the earth to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send *a baby* in an express-train, going unintermittedly a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages (not even for the mails, probably!), the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow old and die—without seeing the sun; for it is distant more than a hundred years from us!.....

"But what is *this*, compared to *Neptune's* distance? (It *seems* a good way off, too!) Had Adam and Eve started, by our railway, *at the creation*, to go from Neptune to the sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet!"

If this is indeed so—and we do not pretend to dispute it—it must be a "hard road to travel—we *believe!*"

"I wish you to make for our church," said an Episcopal vestryman, one morning, to a neighboring carpenter, "two new commandment-boards. We want them of free, sound timber, with no *knots* in them."

"You'd better take some of the '*nots*' out of the *commandments* then," replied the carpenter; "I never saw a commandment-board yet that wasn't *full* of them!"

"A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure mind." There is a good deal expressed in these few words. The measure of a woman's judgment must be her own fullness; and if she judge harshly, her feelings are not delicate. Her experience is her own; and if *that* is adverse, it ought at least to impose the charity of silence. Innocence is not suspicious; but Guilt is always ready to turn informer.

An anecdote is told of a somewhat verdant Yankee, riding with a rather pompous person in his carriage past his own lawn, who, observing the gentleman's grounds, and especially a large number of weather-proof plaster-statues, feebly imitating the legitimate marble, said:

"What on 'arth is the use of *them?* There's abeout tew acres o' pasture, and five *scarecrows* into 'em! One o' them's a plenty!"

But a *worse* mortification "once upon a time befell," as follows:

"A certain Governor, no matter of what State, was a plain—*very* plain—farmer-like man. He was, indeed, a prominent politician, but still a plain, simple farmer; and he had an orchard behind his house, on which it was his pleasure to bestow a great deal of attention.

"In personal appearance the Governor was certainly far from attractive. He was very tall, and gaunt; and when about his work, was generally in the habit of wearing a faded dressing-gown, which was of exceeding length, coming nearly to his feet.

"It chanced one day that a gentleman, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, called at the Governor's residence, and inquired for him. He was in quest of a certain office, which lay in the Governor's gift.

"'He is not at home just at present,' said his good lady, 'but if you will come in and take a seat, I have no doubt he *will* be in very soon.'

"The visitor accepted the invitation, and, seating himself in a plain sitting-room, entered into conversation with the Governor's lady.

"'I believe,' said he, 'that this is considered a very fine agricultural place. Does your husband own much land?'

"'Yes; some thirty acres or so. He thinks he is quite a farmer.'

"'As I came along, I caught a glimpse of a fine orchard: does *that* belong to him?'

"'Yes; and he *prides* himself on his orchard.'

"'I see you find it necessary to use scarecrows to frighten away the birds.'

"'Scarecrows!' exclaimed the Governor's wife, in astonishment: 'I *think* not: we never employ them.'

"'Well, that's curious; I thought I *saw* one in one of the trees, "rigged out" in a long fluttering robe.'

"'I don't *think* my husband has put any into the orchard; he has never said any thing to *me* about it. You can look from this window, and perhaps you will *see* the object you must have mistaken.'

"'There it is *now!*' was the reply, as the speaker pointed out a figure standing on a limb of one of the trees, dressed in a pair of overalls, with a faded robe fluttering in the breeze: '*that's* the scarecrow! I felt sure that I could not be mistaken.'

"'That *a scarecrow!*' exclaimed the good lady, in amazement: 'why, that's my husband!'

"The victim of this embarrassing mistake had just enough voice left to inquire for his hat, upon which he immediately withdrew, thinking it best to defer his application for office to a more 'convenient season.'"

We are in the midst of the "season of flowers;" and it would be a wholesome and tasteful improvement, if all who love these "floral teachers" were to adopt the advice of one who revered them, and whose bedside was solaced by their odor, when he was "passing away" to that land where flowers never wither:

"I do wish that our botanists, conchologists, and entomologists, and the rest of our scientifical godfathers and godmothers would sit soberly down, a little below the clouds, and revise their classical, scholastical, and polyglottical nomenclatures. Yea, that our gardeners and florists especially would take their watering-pots and rebaptize all those pretty plants whose bombastical and pedantical titles are enough to make them blush, and droop their modest heads for shame. It is abominable to label our flowers with antiquated, outlandish, and barbarous flowers of speech. There is a meaning in 'windflowers' and 'cuckoo-buds;' and the 'hare-bell' is at once associated with the breezy heath; the 'blue-bell' awakens a world of associations; but what image is suggested by *Schizanthus-retusus?* 'Forget-me-not' sounds like a short quotation from Rogers' 'Pleasures of Memory;' 'Love-lies-bleeding' contains a whole tragedy in its title; and even 'Pick-your-mother's-heart-out' involves a tale for the novelist. But what story, with or without a moral, can be picked out of a '*Dendrobium?*'"

Literary Notices.

THE first volume of the long-expected work by the Hon. THOMAS H. BENTON, illustrative of the political history of this country during his congressional career, is issued by D. Appleton and Co., and furnished by them exclusively to subscribers. It is entitled *Thirty Years in the United States Senate*, and comprises a sketch of the working of the American Government from 1820 to 1850, with copious extracts from public documents, and biographical notices of eminent deceased contemporaries. In the preparation of the work, besides the ample fund of personal experience of which the author has been enabled to avail himself, he has had access to the unpublished papers of General Jackson, which he has used for his purpose both with liberality and discretion. The volume now published can not fail to be regarded by men of all parties as a valuable commentary on a most important period of the political history of the United States. During the space to which the work is devoted, numerous questions of far-reaching significance were discussed in Congress; momentous principles of legislation were decided; a course of policy involving the interests of every portion of the Union was adopted in regard to many disputed relations; great constitutional provisions received their final adjustment; the most eminent statesmen figured on the scene in mutual collision; and a direction was given to the measures of Government, the influence of which will be felt in remote ages. In all these grand political developments, Colonel Benton was a prominent actor. Gifted with an extraordinary activity of temperament—a bold, self-relying, and energetic intellect—an iron tenacity of purpose—a remarkable shrewdness and versatility in debate—an insatiable love of political conflict—sufficient personal ambition to give intensity to his powers, but not so overwrought as to dim the clearness of his perceptions—he has occupied a leading position among the statesmen of his day, and placed the stamp of his vigorous nature on the course of events. We have no doubt that he has aimed at fairness and accuracy in the composition of this volume. He has given a sketch of the history of the times in rough, commanding, impressive outlines—often dashing in an excess of coloring—never attempting the minute and delicate finish of the literary artist; and, whenever occasion requires, indulging in the expressive vocabulary of the frontier, in spite of any suggestions of taste or precedent to the contrary. In a narrative of this character it would be more than human to preserve a rigid impartiality. To this virtue, beyond the limits of the baldest honesty, Colonel Benton makes no pretension. He would deem it no compliment to ascribe it to him. He was too deeply mixed up in person with the scenes he describes to affect the dignity of the philosophic historian. His style, accordingly, is for the most part warm with party heats, but is certainly not the less readable on that account. He gives his own views with equal frankness and ardor, and in reading them we must make constant allowance for the position of the writer. But it is no more than just to add that he is not guilty, to any singular extent, of the faults which are almost inevitable in the composition of personal, contemporaneous history. To say that he has not escaped them altogether, is merely to say that he is a man. Among the portions of the work which will command the most general interest, are the notices of deceased statesmen with whom the author was in intimate private or political relations. Many of these are fine specimens of terse and elegant writing.

Twenty Years in the Philippines. A more tempting volume of travels has rarely been issued from the press than this spicy narrative of a life of strange and romantic adventures in the farthest East. The author is a Frenchman of education and ability, who, thrown upon the shores of the Philippine Islands at an early age, takes up his residence among the natives, becomes a sort of Oriental potentate among the barbarians, devotes himself to the welfare of his unique colonies, and at the close of twenty years sets about recording his marvelous career for the benefit of his contemporaries. In a style of uncommon freshness and *naïveté*, he relates the thousand-and-one odd incidents of his life—many of which are droll enough in all conscience—though their truth is attested by the incidental statements of European and American naval officers, who were familiar with the proceedings of the self-inaugurated monarch. His narrative is, moreover, replete with an endless variety of curious and valuable information, and throws much light on a state of society of which in this Western world we usually have but the faintest conception. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

D. Appleton and Co. have brought out *The Personal Narrative of* Mr. JOHN R. BARTLETT, describing the explorations and incidents connected with his functions as Commissioner on the United States and Mexican Boundary, during the years 1850, '51, '52, and '53. It gives a popular view of the country from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, including a journal of the daily routine of the Commission, and an accurate description of the natural productions of the regions traversed, with a copious variety of information, that makes the work a useful guide to emigrants and other travelers. A large portion of the territory described by Mr. Bartlett is comparatively unknown. He brings to light numerous important facts. His narrative is flowing and animated, and can not fail to give pleasure to every intelligent reader.

Among the novels on Harper and Brothers' catalogue, the recent issues of *Aubrey*, and *The Quiet Heart*, will attract the notice of the lovers of first-rate works of fiction. The former is the last production of Mrs. MARSH, and in its deeply-exciting plot, and its fine delineation of character, is not inferior to any of her previous admirable creations. The other work is known to the readers of *Blackwood* as one of the most fascinating novels of the season.

A posthumous volume of travels by the late President OLIN, entitled *Greece and the Golden Horn* (J. C. Derby, publisher), will be received with friendly greetings by the large circle of readers that venerate the memory of that eminent scholar and divine. It consists of extracts from his journal during a tour in Greece and part of Turkey, and is marked by the same acuteness of observation, sagacity of comment, and ease of expression, which characterize his previous writings on the East. A variety of topics are discussed in this volume which possess a peculiar interest in the present controversy with regard to the Ottoman Empire. The Rev. Dr. M'CLINTOCK has furnished an appropriate introduction, in which

he states that the avails of the work will accrue to the Wesleyan University, to whose trustees the copyright has been assigned.

With the general interest now felt in the institutions of the Great Salt Lake City, a new work entitled *Utah and the Mormons*, by BENJAMIN G. FERRIS, late Secretary of the Territory, is seasonable, and has also many attractive features. The author resided in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake for about six months, including the severe winter of 1852-3, and from his official position enjoyed unusual facilities for learning the character of the remarkable people whose fortunes occupy a prominent place in the current history of the times. His impressions of the Mormons are to the last degree unfavorable. The influence of polygamy, which is now the open and acknowledged rule of the domestic relations, is discussed freely—and abundance of startling facts are adduced to illustrate its degrading effects—and a view of the social condition generally of the professed "Latter Day Saints" presents a curious commentary on the weakness and extravagance of human nature. The historical details in this volume, with regard to the origin and progress of the Mormons, are of great value. The writer has diligently collected all the authentic materials on the subject within his reach—many of them not familiar to the public—and has presented his conclusions in a readable and satisfactory narrative. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

A quaint story of domestic life in a New England village, entitled *Wensley* (published by Ticknor and Fields), has a certain dry humor which blends admirably with the puritanic simplicity of narrative, that reminds the reader of Galt's "Annals of the Parish," and other productions of the same class. It relates no exciting adventures—deals in no prodigies that make the blood run cold—nor does it murder the English language for the sake of melodramatic effect. The charm of the work is in its natural character-drawing, in which the writer shows not only facility but remarkable skill. Its quiet pictures make an agreeable and soothing impression on the mind, and pleasantly linger in the memory after the first effect has passed away. The name of the author is not mentioned, but whoever he may be, he leads us to infer from his writing that he is a man of scholar-like accomplishments, familiar with the pen, and combining a love of the olden time with a good deal of Yankee 'cuteness.

J. C. Derby has issued a new volume of poetry, called *Lyrics*, by THE LETTER H., which gives a very favorable idea of the rhyming gifts of the anonymous writer. Several of them are imitations and parodies—a species of composition to which we are by no means partial—but the success of the execution almost entices us to forgive the enormity of the offense. Of the more original pieces, a large number are of a gay, sparkling, and humorous character, often trespassing on the bounds of prudish decorum, but always animated with a true poetic fire. The writer shows great satirical power, a quick, glancing wit, and an uncommon grace and facility of versification. His more earnest efforts betray noble humanitarian sympathies, and indicate a generous and impulsive nature. The contents of this volume prove that he possesses genius worthy of the severest culture; and if he is not seduced by the perilous ease with which he apparently produces his best things, we shall look for riper and still more delicious fruits from its maturity.

A new issue of Professor REED's edition of *Wordsworth's Complete Poetical Works* has been made by Haye and Zell, Philadelphia. This edition has been for some time out of the market, and its reappearance will gratify the numerous admirers of Wordsworth in this country who wish to possess the writings of their favorite in a convenient, substantial, and elegant form.

Phillips, Sampson, and Co. have issued *The Recreations of Christopher North*, in one compact volume, including "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket," "Christopher in his Aviary," "Christmas Dreams," "The Moors," and several tales, sketches, and criticisms, overflowing with the combined pathos, enthusiasm, and fun, which have given the unique author such a strong hold on the popular mind.

A second series of *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Port-Folio*, is published by Miller, Orton, and Mulligan, which in many respects is superior to the former quaint and merry productions which have procured such a sudden access of fame to the lively authoress. Usually, we have little faith in these rapid growths of popularity. The temple of fame is not to be taken by storm, but must be approached by steep and winding ways. A desperate rush is apt to defeat itself. But FANNY FERN doubtless forms an exception to this rule. The favor with which her writings have been received—almost unprecedented both in this country and in England—has a legitimate cause. She dips her pen in her heart, and writes out her own feelings and fancies. She is no imitator, no dealer in second-hand wares. Her inspiration comes from nature, not from books. She dares to be original. She has no fear of critics or of the public before her eyes. She conquers a peace with them by sheer force of audacity. Often verging on the bounds of wholesome conventionalities, she still shows a true and kindly nature—she has always the sympathy with suffering which marks the genuine woman—and her most petulant and frolicsome moods are softened by a perennial vein of tender humaneness. Fanny Fern is a poetess, though she avoids the use of rhyme. With all her sense of the ludicrous, she knows how to seize the poetical aspects of life, and these are rendered in picturesque and melodious phrase, which lacks nothing but rhythm to be true poetry. Her rapid transitions from fun to pathos are very effective. Her pictures of domestic life, in its multiform relations, are so faithful to nature, as to excite alternate smiles and tears. We regard her extraordinary success as a good omen. She has won her way unmistakably to the hearts of the people; and this we interpret as a triumph of natural feeling. It shows that the day for stilted rhetoric, scholastic refinements, and big dictionary words, the parade, pomp, and pageantry of literature, is declining; and that the writer who is brave enough to build on universal human sympathies, is sure of the most grateful reward in unaffected popular appreciation.

This, That, and the Other, by ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER, belongs to the same new school of literature, of which Fanny Fern must be regarded as the founder. The sketches in this volume are more elaborate, more ambitious, but are marked by true feeling and considerable power of expression. There are too many attempts at fine writing, which we trust the author will outgrow, as she evidently possesses sufficient power to rely on simplicity of expression and unvarnished portraitures of nature. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.)

The Myrtle Wreath, by MINNIE MYRTLE (published by Charles Scribner), letting alone its excru-

ciatingly alliterative title page, claims a place among the better order of American sketches, both on account of its fluency of style and its pure and healthy tone of sentiment. Minnie is essentially amiable and mild—addicted to looking at the bright side of things—with a trifle too much rose-color on her pallet—and not intended by nature for a censor or critic. When she diverges into this line, she does not appear to advantage. She sometimes dashes the milk of human kindness with a few drops of aqua-fortis—but this is not a congenial business; and she seems far more at home in depicting the scenery of her native valleys, or recounting the virtues of the many excellent souls she has met with in her travels. In her descriptions of nature, she holds a firm and faithful pen; her sketches of character are often pointed; and a fine moral tone pervades every thing which she has written. The kind of literature in which she delights is of all others the best adapted to the pen of woman; and if she fulfills the promise of the blooms and early fruits in this volume, she will be rewarded with a liberal harvest.

Morning Stars of the New World, by H. F. PARKER. (Published by James C. Derby.) In this volume, several of the worthies of American history are commemorated with feeling and gracefulness. The narrative is true to history, but is set forth with the appropriate embellishments of a chaste and lively descriptive style. Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, Henry Hudson, Miles Standish, Lady Arabella Johnson, William Penn, and others, form the subjects of these agreeable sketches.

Tempest and Sunshine is the title of a recent novel, by Mrs. MARY J. J. HOLMES, illustrative of life in Kentucky. The plot, which is of an exciting character, is sustained with considerable skill, though it betrays frequent marks of haste and want of finish in the composition. It abounds in isolated passages of great power, and the outlines of the leading personages are admirably given, demanding only a more thorough elaboration to make a superior work. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.)

Melbourne and the Chincha Islands, by GEORGE W. PECK. (Published by Charles Scribner.) Well known as a piquant and effective writer, in connection with the periodical press of the city, Mr. Peck has here thrown off a series of descriptive sketches, which do no discredit to his reputation in this branch of literary effort. Sailing from Boston in February, 1853, he arrived at Melbourne in the very height of the effervescence which followed the discovery of Australian gold, and is at once introduced into a novel and very curious state of society. Materials in abundance were presented to his graphic pen, of which he has not failed to make excellent use. His account of matters and things in Melbourne is natural as life, though not without a spice of the author's genial fancy. Every page of his volume opens a fund of amusement, as well as of information. It is bound to receive an extensive perusal. In addition to his glowing pictures of Melbourne, Mr. Peck has also given a variety of sketches of Peruvian life, together with the best description of the Guano Islands on the Pacific coast that has yet been furnished to the public.

The Catacombs of Rome, by the Right Rev. Bishop KIP (published by Redfield), contains many original and suggestive illustrations of Christian antiquity. The argument derived from the Roman Catacombs in defense of the Evangelical history, according to the author of this volume, is but little known in this country, and to most readers will present a new chapter in the annals of the Church. With the exception of two or three small volumes published in England, the subject has been treated only in scholastic folios and in foreign languages, and has never been fully and distinctly brought to the notice of our religious public. In compiling this work, Dr. Kip has made use of all the materials within his reach, besides the facts obtained from his own personal observations. It has been his endeavor to exhibit a picture of the early Church in Rome in the manliness and purity of its faith as distinguished from the modern Papal Church, subsequent to the Council of Trent. The Catacombs every where show traces of their occupancy by the primitive Christians. Tombs and chapels, paintings and inscriptions, constantly meet the eye of the visitor. For three hundred years the entire Christian population of Rome found sepulture in these recesses. They were, moreover, not only the burial-place of the martyrs, but the scene of their last sufferings. The light which they shed on the doctrines and usages of the primitive Roman Church is well set forth by the author in a series of interesting discussions. He writes in a spirit of deep religious earnestness, which is adapted to impart his own enthusiasm to the reader. No one can peruse his volume without a fresh impression of the devotedness and zeal of the "noble army of martyrs" who have transmitted their religious faith as the patrimony of ages.

The First-Class Standard Reader, by EPES SARGENT. (Published by J. C. Derby.) We can cordially recommend this new manual of elocution for the excellence of its arrangement, the good taste of its selections, and the copious index of explanations, which is a peculiar and admirable feature of the work. The literary reputation of the compiler is a sufficient guarantee of its character; but our judgment of its value is founded on a careful examination of its contents.

Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America, by GABRIEL FRANCHERE, translated and edited by J. V. HUNTINGTON. The author of this work was one of the pioneers engaged in the settlement of the Oregon Territory. He was present at the founding of Astoria, at its sale to the Northwest Company, saw the place seized as a British conquest, and continued there after its seizure. He relates the story of his adventures with remarkable freshness, and fills up a vacuity which, in the opinion of the translator, is not supplied by the classical work of Washington Irving. (Published by Redfield.)

A new edition of PYCROFT'S *Course of English Reading*, edited by J. A. SPENCER, D.D., is published by C. S. Francis and Co. Though a work of moderate pretensions on the score of completeness, it contains many useful suggestions which may be of service to the young reader.

Uncle Sam's Farm Fence, by A. D. MILNE, is the title of a popular Temperance story, published by C. Shepard and Co.

Harper and Brothers have issued the Fourth Volume of Miss STRICKLAND'S *Queens of Scotland*, giving the continuation of "Mary Stuart," and bringing the narrative down to the birth of the Prince of Scotland in Edinburgh Castle.

Home Scenes and Home Sounds, by H. MARION STEPHENS (published by Fettridge and Co.) is a series of spirited domestic sketches and stories, several of which have already gained the verdict of public favor in the different periodicals in which they first made their appearance. They seem to have been struck off, on the spur of the moment,

without any premeditated plan, and exhibit all the facility and boldness of successful extemporaneous speaking. The writer draws her vocabulary from all manner of sources, and adds piquancy to her style by the dexterity with which she uses the favorite colloquialisms of every-day life. Many of the scenes which she describes have a pathetic interest, but the prevailing tone of the volume is a good-humored gayety, which is always charming to the majority of readers.

Natural Goodness, by the Rev. T. F. RANDOLPH MERCEIN (published by Carlton and Phillips), is the title of an able religious treatise, devoted to the philosophy of the present system of morality, and the relation of natural virtue to religion. It abounds in original and striking views, which are presented with the eloquence of earnest conviction.

Fashion and Famine, by Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS (published by Bunce and Brother), is a story of genuine power, founded on the hideous contrasts of social life in an overgrown city. The staple of the work, of course, is the misery, desperation, and crime which are always festering at the heart of a great metropolis; but the skill of the writer has wrought up even these hackneyed themes into a tale of intense interest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

By the death of James Montgomery, at Sheffield, in his eighty-second year, another of the great poets of the last generation has passed away. Rogers alone now remains of the brilliant constellation of genius which rendered the poetical literature of England conspicuous in the early years of the present century. Crabbe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Byron, Campbell, and last, Moore, successively disappeared, some of them after attaining a good old age, and long surviving the fame gained in early life. James Montgomery was born Nov. 4, 1771, at Irvine, in Ayrshire. His parents being Moravians, he was educated at the Brethren's School at Fulneck, near Leeds. His first literary labors were connected with a newspaper, the "Sheffield Register," the liberal spirit of which in those days subjected Mr. Gales, its proprietor, to persecution; and on his having to fly the country, to avoid imprisonment, Mr. Montgomery boldly continued the Journal as the "Sheffield Iris," in which he advocated the principles of civil and religious liberty in times of danger and difficulty. More than once he was imprisoned for his unflinching statement of principles which are now universally recognized and honored. By occasional contributions to magazines, the young author became more widely known, and in 1805 his poem, "The Ocean," secured his reputation as a poet of no common stamp. In 1806 appeared "The Wanderer in Switzerland," in 1809 "The West Indies," and in 1812 "The World before the Flood." "Greenland," and "The Pelican Island, and other Poems," appeared some years later. In 1851 editions of his whole works appeared. Last year a collection of "Original Hymns, for Public, Private, and Social Devotion," appeared; but many of Montgomery's sacred pieces have long been familiar as household words among Christians of every denomination, few lyrists since Dr. Watts having so sweetly and successfully adapted their strains to the requirements of devotional psalmody. Up to his latest hours he took delight in this department of poetical labor above all others, believing that by these bequests of "songs of praise" he was most usefully turning to account the gifts with which he had been endowed. His last composition was a hymn prepared for the Sheffield Sunday-school Union, to be sung at the anniversary meeting on the 5th of June. Two or three years since, Mr. Montgomery paid a visit to his native country, after more than sixty years' absence, and at the public entertainments given to him on that occasion, both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, he narrated many interesting particulars as to his life and career. His fame as a poet will chiefly rest on his minor poems. The longer works have admirable passages, but their subjects are not of a kind to command universal popularity. The circle of admirers is further limited by the religious character of the poetry, which is more directly prominent than ordinary readers may find congenial. But those who admire this element in his poems, find in it their highest excellence and attractiveness. Certainly, as a Christian poet, James Montgomery was unrivaled in his time. On him had fallen the mantle of William Cowper, and he bore it well and gracefully.

PROFESSOR JAMESON OF EDINBURGH.

Another of the great names of the University of Edinburgh has disappeared. Robert Jameson, the veteran Professor of Natural History and Keeper of the University Museum, died in April. He had attained the age of eighty-one years, and the 50th year of his professorship. Latterly he was confined to his home by continued illness and infirmity, but, to the last, retained his enthusiastic devotion to science.

He was educated for the medical profession, which he appears to have abandoned at an early period for the study of Mineralogy. So ardently was this science pursued by him, that finding himself unable, in Scotland, to obtain all the knowledge of a pursuit which was then assuming much importance under the directing mind of Werner, he placed himself as a student at Freyburg, in Saxony, where he remained for two years. Werner had here established his school, and Jameson, under his guidance, and in companionship with Humboldt, became thoroughly imbued with the Wernerian philosophy, which he clung to amidst the conflicts among the disciples of the new hypothesis with much zeal, constantly devoting his pen to the defense of his master.

On his return from Freyburg in 1804, Robert Jameson was appointed Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, Lecturer on Mineralogy, and Keeper of the Museum. To the duties connected with these important appointments, Professor Jameson devoted himself with all the zealous energy of an active mind, until the infirmities of age compelled him to a comparative repose.

We find him publishing, in 1798, "An Outline of the Mineralogy of the Shetland Islands and of the Island of Arran, *with an Appendix containing Observations on Peat, Kelp and Coal*; and again in 1800, appended to his "Outlines of the Mineralogy of the Scottish Isles," we find a long account of the national value of these products. In 1808, Jameson published his "System of Mineralogy, comprehending Oryctognosy, Geognosy, Mineralogical Chemistry, Mineralogical Geography, and Œconomical Mineralogy."

In 1819, Professor Jameson, in connection with Dr. (now Sir David) Brewster, commenced the publication of *The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*; which has been regularly published quarterly since

that time. At the end of the tenth volume Jameson became the sole editor; and he conducted it to the day of his death with great ability. As one of the organs of communication between the scientific world and the public, *Jameson's Edinburgh Journal* has always commanded a most important position; the practical and popular character of his mind giving to this periodical a tone and coloring which was more agreeable to the multitude than that which ordinarily distinguishes our scientific literature. Professor Jameson was the author of several other works on mineralogy and geology; and numerous papers written by him will be found in the *Wernerian Transactions* and in *Nicholson's Journal*. He was a member of nearly all the scientific societies of Europe, and of several in America. He owed these honors—the only ones in his country to which a man of science can aspire—to his earnest and practical character.

Professor Jameson was unmarried. In private life he was the kindest of relatives, and beloved by a large circle of friends. His house was the resort of every person of merit and distinction who came to or passed through Edinburgh. In person he was slender and wiry, with a countenance strongly expressive of vivid intellectual power.

WILLIAM PICKERING.

The well-known publisher, Mr. William Pickering, died at Turnham Green, on the 27th of April, aged fifty-eight. His death was preceded by a long and painful illness, produced originally by mental anxiety arising from a tedious litigation, which ended in his ruin, and from severe affliction in his family. In early youth, Mr. Pickering was apprenticed to John and Arthur Arch, the Quaker publishers and booksellers, of Cornhill, in 1810; and commenced business for himself in a small shop in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields in 1820, where he published the first of a series of miniature Latin and Italian classics, so beautiful and correct as fairly to entitle him to adopt the Aldine device on the titles of his future publications; which, as all readers and collectors know, included the carefully edited British Poets, Bacon's Works by Montague, the Bridgewater Treatises, Walton's Angler, illustrated by Inskipp and Stothard, the works of Herbert, Taylor, Milton, and many others. The application of dyed cotton cloth instead of paper for boarding new books, was first made by him in 1825. The experiment was continued in the issue of the Oxford Classics—as also in the reprints of Hume and Smollett, Gibbon, Robertson, and Johnson. Mr. Pickering's taste and judgment in printing and bookbinding were only exceeded by his extensive knowledge of rare and curious books. This knowledge, rarer in booksellers than it was formerly, united to the most perfect integrity, gained for him, through life, the friendship and esteem of all classes of book-loving people. It may be said of William Pickering—as William Pickering remarked when his friend Thomas Rodd died—that he took much knowledge of old books out of the world.

LORD COCKBURN, one of the Scottish judges, the friend and biographer of Jeffrey, died at Edinburgh on the 26th of April. As an advocate, Henry Cockburn distinguished himself in early life, and he had long been one of the leading men at the bar before he was advanced in 1834 to the bench, where his ability as a judge was equally conspicuous. As a citizen, Lord Cockburn was much respected and beloved. Although the "Life of Jeffrey" is his only published work of any importance, his literary pursuits, and his taste in the fine arts, have been long known beyond the local circles in which he moved. His name will also be honorably remembered as one of the associates of Jeffrey, Horner, Brougham, Sidney Smith, and the rest of the little band of youthful writers who, at the time of the first starting of the "Edinburgh Review," gave so great an impulse to the politics and literature of his country.

The *London Atheneum* says:

"A paragraph has gone the round of our contemporaries to the effect that Mr. Rogers, our bard of 'dear Memory,' is alarmingly unwell, and not expected to recover. Even if the case were as is represented, the feeling and the taste which could make it a subject of newspaper gossip would be, in our opinion, very questionable. We know that in the recess, or during a dearth of news, editors are eager for the smallest scraps of domestic intelligence. But why, if space must be filled, news or no news, not fall back on monster turnips, the aurora borealis, and the sea-serpent? These waste paragraphs have at least this negative virtue—they wound no one's feelings, they shake no one's nerves, they bring tears into no loving eyes, they excite no resentful indignation in the hearts which they deceive. The sick room should, we think, be sacred from the prying eyes of the penny-a-liner. The statement about Mr. Rogers is a pure invention. For his age, the poet of Memory is in good health, and enjoys his usual cheerfulness of spirits."

The celebrated authoress, Mrs. CATHARINE CROWE, whose insanity by reason of the "spirit rappings" has lately been reported, contradicts the statement in a letter addressed to one of the London journals. She says:

"I am very sorry to trouble the public about my private maladies and misfortunes; but since the press has made my late illness the subject of a paragraph, stating that I have gone mad about the spirit-rapping, I must beg leave to contradict the assertion. I have been some time suffering from chronic gastric inflammation; and after a journey to Edinburgh, and a week of fatigue and anxiety, I was taken ill on the 26th of February, and was for five or six days—certainly not more—in a state of unconsciousness. During this aberration I talked of spirit-rapping, and fancied I was under the direction of spirits, because the phenomena so called had been engaging my attention, and I was writing on the subject; but I was not, and I am not, mad, about spirits or any thing else, thank God! though very much out of health, and greatly debilitated. I have been residing in London the last five weeks; and am now at Malvern, to try what hydropathy will do for me."

M. de LAMARTINE has a new work in the press, a "History of Turkey," of which a notice has appeared in the *Constitutionnel*. In a leading article, signed by M. de Cesena, the poet's mighty genius, indefatigable activity, rich imagination, brilliant style, elevated sentiments, &c., are the theme of a florid article, at the end of which his special aptitude to form a right judgment of Eastern affairs, in consequence of his long residence in the East, is brought out in strong relief.

Fourth of July upon the Hudson.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mrs. Peter Puffin.—Tall and stout; very majestic, with a will of her own. The Head of the Family.

Carlo.—Mrs. Puffin's Poodle.

Mr. Peter Puffin.—Somewhat diminutive; devoted to the Sublime and the Terrible; but standing in wholesome awe of Mrs. P. P.

Messrs. Augustus and Frank Puffin.—Young Gentlemen with huge Collars, resplendent Pants, and thin Legs; fond of Cigars, Brandy Cocktails, Mint Juleps, and the like. Rather Fast Youths.

Miss Amelia Puffin.—A Young Lady, rather pretty and very sentimental; doats upon Byron, Tupper, and Mr. Crayon.

Mr. Paul Crayon.—A Nice Young Man, devoted to the Arts and to Miss Puffin.



Mrs. Puffin proposes to spend the Fourth of July upon the Hudson, to escape the noise and dust of the City. She has invited Mr. Crayon to join the party. He can take a bed at her house, and they will all start together. In the morning the carriage is announced. The Young Gentlemen make a hasty toilet.



"Paper, sir? Times! Tribune! 'Er'l'd! Three for sixpence!"



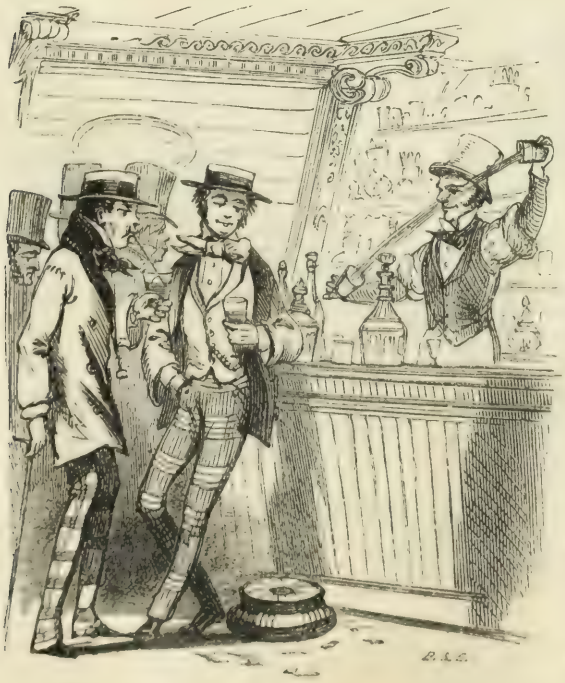
"Here's your fine oranges.—Five for a Shil'n!"



Mr. PUFFIN conducts the Ladies to their State-room.



Mrs. PUFFIN wonders if people *do* ever sleep in such narrow berths.



Meanwhile AUGUSTUS and FRANK step out to the Bar to "take Something"—



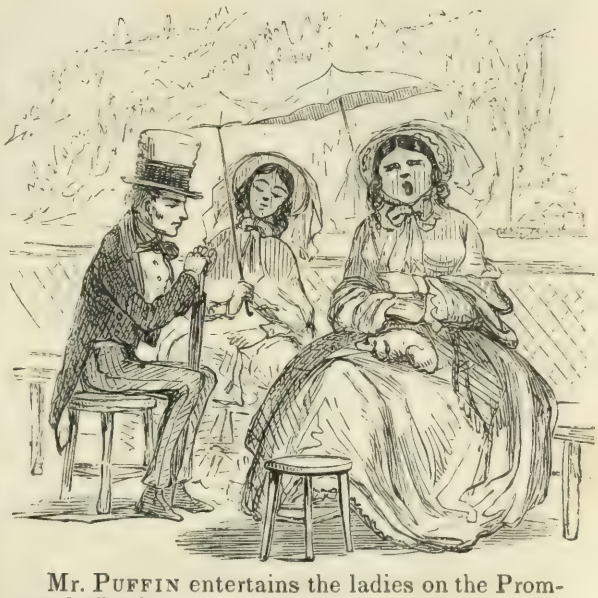
—And Mr. CRAYON attempts a Sketch of the Palisades. He makes a Sensation.



Fac-Simile of Mr. CRAYON's unfinished Sketch of the Palisades—in the possession of Miss PUFFIN.



Young Gentleman from London pronounces the Scenery "Very Fair."



Mr. PUFFIN entertains the ladies on the Promenade Deck—



—While AUGUSTUS and FRANK step down to try a Mint Julep—



—And Mr. CRAYON attempts another Sketch.—Stranger giving his views on the Nebraska Bill.



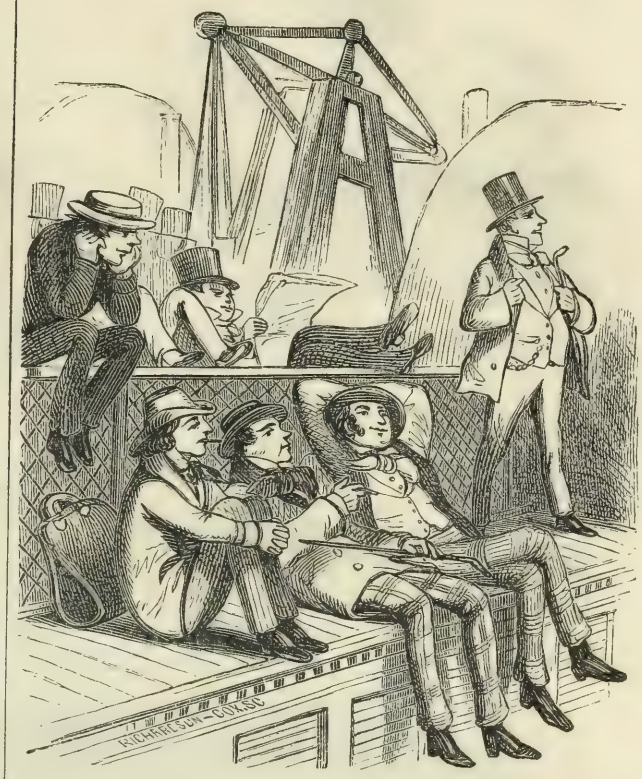
Group on Deck.



"Please Walk to the Captain's Office and Settle!"



They reach Albany just in time for the Night Boat back. It is crowded, and Mr. PUFFIN tries to secure Berths—



—Which done, the Young Gentlemen proceed to enjoy themselves.



MR. CRAYON would like to take one more sketch, before dark. He makes his way to the bows of the Steamer, at no small risk.



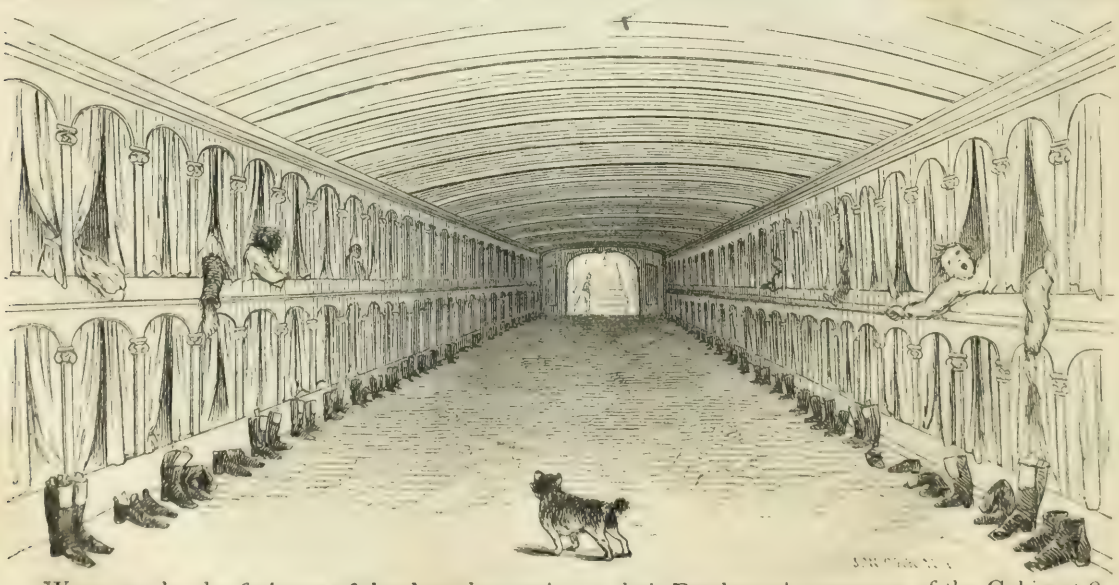
He secures a quiet place and sets to work—



—But is interrupted by a storm.



Mr. CRAYON's second Sketch—also in the possession of Miss PUFFIN.



Worn out by the fatigues of the day, they retire to their Berths.—Appearance of the Cabin at 2 o'clock, A. M.

Fashions for July.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Evening Costume for a Bride.

Figure 1.—The hair is arranged in bandeaux, half-puffed at the sides only; and, as illustrated in our last Number, it is crossed in front by a plait taken from the back hair, with which is entwined a garland of flowers. A second group of larger flowers is also placed upon the lower portion of the back of



FIGURE 2.—RIDING DRESS.

the head. These terminate in drooping sprays, falling upon the neck.—The Dress is of *moire antique*, low upon the shoulders, and *demi-basquée* before and behind. It is covered almost entirely with white blonde, three rows of which ornament the corsage, and being continued, drape the sleeves. The skirt also is covered with three blonde flounces overlapping each other. The first two are looped up at the side by clusters of orange flowers with branching sprays. Smaller bouquets also ornament the corsage and the sleeves.

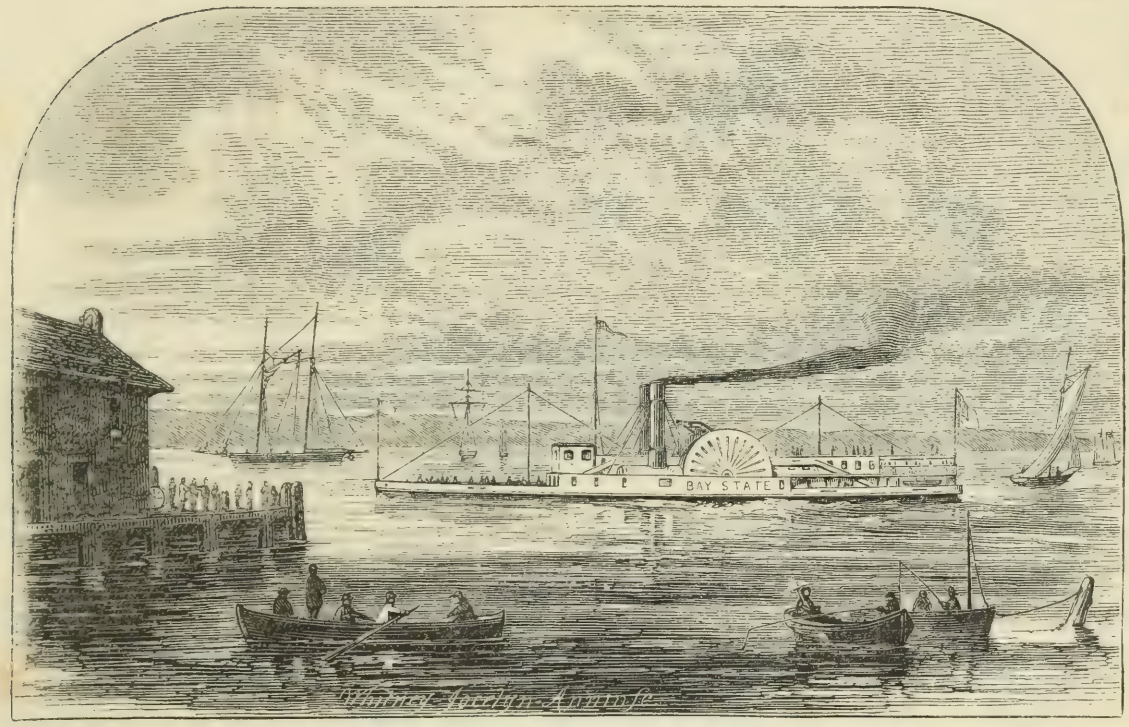
FIGURE 2.—The Hat, from which our sketch is taken, is of fine Leghorn. Other fabrics of straw, made in similar style, are worn. The rim is looped up at the sides—more closely upon that side where the feather is worn—by two wide bands of white watered satin ribbon. A twisted band of this ribbon, together with rosettes and strings, also ornaments the hat, which is completed by a gracefully floating plume.—The Habit is composed of Cashmere or Saxon cloth. Light green is a favorite color, though this is not imperative, since the color should always be such as to harmonize with the complexion of the wearer. It is enriched by elaborate needlework of trailing vines and flowers, with an arabasque border. The sleeves, which are embroidered in like manner, are slashed upon the under-sleeve and cross-laced by cords which terminate in tassels. The sleeves are made flowing, and do not have the *mousquetaire* cuff.—The *Gilet* is of white *poult de soie*, likewise embroidered upon the collar. It is cut away rounding at the bottom, where it is fashioned like the old Continental waistcoat. Above this the breast of the coat may be confined by loops, which do not, however, slip over the button directly opposite, but over the one next below. The cords from the opposite sides thus form a cross-lacing with lozenge-shaped openings.—The Chemisette is of lace, fulled at the top, with an edging of Valenciennes lace. The size of our page does not admit of the insertion of the skirt in the illustration. This is made quite full, and may be ornamented with needle-work to match that of the boddice.

Of MANTILLAS there are several elegant novelties. Among the most noteworthy of Mr. BRODIE'S recent importations are some elegant scarfs and mantillas of Chantilly and Guipure lace. The delicate tracery of the one of these materials, and the transparency and picturesque effect of the other, peculiarly adapt them for the summer months. There are also novel styles of open-worked Canton crape scarfs and mantles, the beauty of whose designs and the elaborateness of whose manufacture fully equal any thing that has been produced in the Flowery Land.

In BONNETS we notice no very special novelties. They still continue to be made small, very small, with round crowns, and of the most transparent tissues. They are worn a trifle closer to the cheeks than heretofore. The trimming is chiefly bestowed upon the inside and around the front, the back being comparatively unornamented.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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LONG WHARF.—STEAMER BAY STATE.

NEWPORT—HISTORICAL AND SOCIAL.



TRAVELER who arrives from Niagara and its pleasant "Cataract House," or from Saratoga and its clean and agreeable "United States," does not take his ease in a Newport inn. But the discomfort is only the tax he pays for the pleasure of being where the world is; it is the price of his share of "the thing."

But the Newport of August—the Newport seen by the summer-idler who looks at it in ill-humor, from his small upper chamber in the hotel, is not the Newport of history and of romance, and of the long and faithful love of those who are native or resident upon its shores.

When you arrive in the *Bay State*, and have recovered from the frightful confusion and dismay of that event, you are conscious of passing along a prodigious dock, and if it be already light, you review a range of ill-conditioned barns, or stores, or fish-houses, or other antediluvian remains, which look upon the water. Then, clattering over a pavement, you see a quaint, long, straight street—a magnified village street—its native quiet ill-blended with foreign and flashing bustle. You see that, in the nature of things, so many and so fine carriages and people do not belong to the little wooden town, which ravels out, along the harbor, into mouldering old docks, upon which boys sit, hanging their feet over the water and fishing; and around which are clustered groups of saucy sail-boats, duck-like riding together upon the calm, and ready to bend their great white sails to the wind, and fly, flashing and dipping, across the bay and harbor. The old, weather-beaten wooden houses—the dignified aspect of some statelier mansion, very respectable but sadly decayed—the spacious square, ascending gently to the old-fashioned State House—the comely Jewish Synagogue—the simple wooden spire of Trinity Church, whose architecture tells of another century, and which is still hallowed

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

by that indefinable air of venerable antiquity—the reach of docks, fallen into disuse, and the groups of smart yachts among the few vessels that carry on the little legitimate trade of the old town, and which preserve in the harbor the contrast offered to the eye of the stranger in the town, between the priggish cit and the grave old tradesman—these objects, and the air of quiet decay that invests them, remind the stranger that he looks upon the seat of past prosperity, and his imagination and curiosity are teased by the intimation of a vanished splendor. The present town rises gently from the water to the great hotels, which are built along the highest part of the island, between the harbor and the sea. It is a collection of houses without beauty, and divided by two or three parallel streets with cross streets. Like Salem, in Massachusetts, and Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, Newport has seen its best days.

In the "Red Rover," Cooper says: "No one who is familiar with the bustle and activity of an American commercial town would recognize, in the repose which now reigns in the ancient mart of Rhode Island, a place that, in its day, has been ranked among the most important ports along the whole line of our extended coast..... Enjoying the four great requisites of a safe and commodious haven—a placid basin, an outer harbor, and a convenient roadstead, with a clear offing—Newport appeared to the eye of our European ancestors designed to shelter fleets and to nurse a race of hardy and expert seamen."

The bustle of the month of August, when Newport is crowded with all that is gayest and most fashionable from every quarter of the country, is apart from the life of the town. The saturnalia of Fashion reel along the hill, but the silent old town dozes upon the water, and dreams of its great days departed. Its indomitable repose, which it preserves despite the fury of the brief summer episode of excitement around it, is like a quiet smile of scorn. Newport will not be new. We all hurry to the Fort, if it is Fort-day, on afternoons upon which the interior of Fort Adams is turned into a Hyde Park. Horsemen and chariots throng thither, driving placidly in each other's dust, and making a brilliant and pleasant promenade. The friends who dined together an hour or two before, have now the satisfaction of bowing to each other from carriages or from the saddle. The lovely ladies who had bowling costumes this morning, have driving costumes this afternoon, and they will have dancing costumes to-night. They smile and bow. The ribbons flutter, the gloves glisten. The air is soft, the band plays pleasantly; over all shines the summer sun. But Newport lies beyond, imperturbable, and has other belles and beauties to remember.

How little do Messrs. Jot and Tittle, who have brought their respective and respectable families to Newport, suspect, as they discuss groceries upon the beach, or go into the town to buy a morning paper from "the city," that, in the year 1770, just before the Revolution, the foreign and domestic trade of Newport was greater than that of New York. Or, as young Thomas Tittle comes prancing home in the sunset with Jane Jot, upon their spirited horses, how little do they recall the stately figures of that last-century society in Newport, which charmed the most accomplished gentlemen of Versailles and Marly, who forgot, in the virgin-simplicity, and sweetness, and dignity, of the Rhode Island belles, the fascinations of the most polished and profligate of Continental beauties. Let the remembrance teach the Jot and Tittle families reverence for the good old town. It is wooden and homely; a town of the old school. But its streets are historically famous, and from its



NEWPORT, FROM BRENTON'S COVE.

docks sailed ships to India and the Southern seas —ships that circumnavigated the globe.

It may amuse and interest Mr. Jot, who has just given two thousand dollars an acre for land, including the rocks upon the shore, within a mile or two of Newport, to know that in November, 1638, Aquidneck, Aquitneck, Aquethneck, or Aquidnet—"Isle of Peace"—the Indian name of the island of Rhode Island, was bought of the Indians, through Miantonomu and Canonicus, chiefs of the Nantygansicks or Narragansetts, for twenty-three broadcloth coats and thirteen hoes, "as also two torkepes"—probably door-keys! Miantonomu had his seat upon the hill now called Tammany,* just to the north of Newport. Roger Williams says, in one of his manuscripts, "Aquitneck was obtained by love —that love and favor which that honored gentleman, Sir Henry Vane, and myself had with the great sachem, Myantonomy." But the colonists declared in 1666, that what Williams said might be true, but the gift was an "Indian gift," and "had been dearer than any lands in New England." The proximate cause of the settlement of Rhode Island, at that time, was the persecution of Mrs. Hutchinson and her friends in Massachusetts. Governor Winthrop, in his Journal, after detailing her errors, adds: "At this time, the good providence of God so disposed, divers of the congregation (being the chief men of the party, her husband being one) were gone to Narragansett to seek out a new place for plantation."

The first settlement was made in March 1638, upon the upper part of the island, which is only about fifteen miles long, at Pocasset, near Portsmouth. You will often drive into Portsmouth, and through it, without knowing that you have seen more than a few farm-houses among the fields. In fact, most visitors forget that the whole island is not Newport. But the settlement where that town now stands was not made until the next spring, 1639, between what is now called Tanner and Marlborough streets. So soon as 1640 land was appropriated for a school, and the Rev. Robert Lenthel called to keep it. The early settlers were always anxious to supplant the Indian names, a natural feeling in those who regarded the savages as their worst enemies, and to whom the familiar names of the old country were sweet with tender associations. In 1644, therefore, the island lost its Indian title of Aquidneck, and became Rhode Island The bland sea-air that breathes over it might well suggest that name; for the climate of Rhode Island is truly Mediterranean. It blends the glow and softness of Italy with the rich humidity of England. Neal, in his History of New England, writing in 1715–20, says: "It is deservedly esteemed the Paradise of New England, for the fruitfulness of the soil and the temperateness of the climate, that, though it be not above sixty-five miles south of Boston, is a coat warmer in winter." Bishop Berkeley writes to Thomas Prior, April 24th, 1729: "The climate is like that of Italy, and not at all colder in the winter than I have known it every where north of Rome. The spring is late, but to make amends they assure me the autumns are the finest and longest in the world, and the summers are much pleasanter than those of Italy by all accounts, forasmuch as the grass continues green, which it doth not there. The island is pleasantly laid out in hills and vales and rising grounds, hath plenty of excellent springs and fine rivulets, and many delightful prospects of fine promontories and adjacent lands. . . . . Vines sprout up of themselves to an enormous size, and seem as natural to this soil as to any I ever saw." In his Historical Discourse, 1739, John Callender adds to Neal's account: "We have all summer a south or a southwesterly sea-breeze." And Crevecœur, before the Revolution, exclaims: "It is the healthiest country I know. Why might not this charming island be called the Montpellier of America?"

The most satisfactory explanation of this climate, so delicious in itself, and so different from that of other points upon the same coast, is given by Maury, who attributes it to the course of the Gulf stream, which, by a sudden curve, almost washes the shores of the island, and accounts for the masses of sea-weed that are thrown up so profusely upon the coast.

It is the prevailing south and southwest wind, mentioned by Callender, which drives the trend of the Gulf stream toward Newport. It is so constant that the trees upon the island lean visibly toward the northeast. It blows from the sea in thick fogs, the most delightful of natural cosmetics, which give the island the half-languid, voluptuous climate of a mild scirocco. It is always pleasant to penetrate the secret of Fashion; and a summer at Newport shows that its annual throng of visitors are not obeying a mere whim, but that, originally, travelers were drawn to it by the rare charm of its climate.

Among the first Governors of the Colony, and one of the original settlers, was William Coddington, who is reported to have built the first brick house in Boston. The cove in front of the present alms-house still bears the name of this officer; and a story is sometimes told, and not by some gossip from the House of Seven Gables, that within a few years the last descendant of the Governor, reduced to abject poverty, sought the shelter of public charity, and was received with no other possession in the world than a portrait of his ancestor painted at full-length and in his official robes. If Life and History were not so much more wonderful than romance, it would be easily credible that the story was stolen from a manuscript of Hawthorne's.

Being originally settled by refugees from religious intolerance, the island of Rhode Island immediately became the resort of all who differed from the established religious rule in the Colonies. Roger Williams had led the way, a year or two before Hutchinson and Clarke came to Newport, and had settled thirty miles above, at the head of Narragansett Bay, in Providence. In 1656 we find Quakers in Newport, and many of the chief

* Evidently a corruption of the Indian name, Miantonomu.

men, including Coddington, adopting their views. This Quaker inoculation affected the whole society of the island, and remains vigorous until the present moment. Butts' Hill, in Portsmouth, now part of Quaker Hill, near the north point of the island, was the scene of the only battle fought upon Rhode Island during the Revolution, and the old Quaker Meeting-house still stands there; too plain, however, to be a characteristic monument of the splendor and luxury of ante-revolutionary Quaker life upon the island. In 1672 George Fox preached upon Rhode Island, and afterward, John Woolman. Quakerism was established in Newport in 1700, and the Friends' yearly meeting is still held there. The Quaker costume is constantly encountered. The prim and serious dignity of the Quaker manner still certifies to the stranger the identity of the Rhode Island he sees with the Rhode Island of history and tradition.

About this time, also, came the first Jews to Newport. They were of Dutch extraction, and from Curaçoa. There is a deed, dated in February, 1677, granting them land for a burial-ground upon the site of the present Jewish cemetery. The arrival, a century afterward, of many wealthy families of the race from Spain and Portugal, gave them dignity and importance. Nor is there any where in the country a finer memorial of the prosperity and position of this singular people than the Newport Synagogue, which was dedicated with solemn festivity in 1763. This was in the palmy days of Newport, when there were not less than sixty Jewish families in the town, whose residences ranged along the north side of the Mall. Dr. Waterhouse, speaking of their efforts for public education, calls them "the strictly moral Jews;" and in the Synagogue, which, until 1850, had been closed for sixty years, a congregation of three hundred of the children of Israel celebrated the service of their faith. The names of Lopez, Riviera, Pollock, Levi, Hart, Seixas, and Touro, announce the foreign origin of these families, and recall characters and careers still honored by local tradition. Moses Lopez is said to have been the last resident Jew in Newport. He died a few years since in New York, and is buried in the Newport cemetery. Abraham Riviera, a leading merchant of the town, was called "the honest man;" and a story told of him justifies the name, and well illustrates the sumptuous spirit of old Newport society. Riviera was engaged in great commercial enterprises, and many losses at sea compelled him to assign his property. The English merchants with whom he traded favored him in every way, during the pressure of ill-fortune, and he was enabled to re-commence business. At the end of a few years he gave a dinner to his creditors, each one of whom found under his plate a check covering the amount of his debt, with interest.

The Hebrew name of Touro is familiar to every frequenter of Newport. The street upon which the Synagogue and the Cemetery stand is so called. Abraham Touro, who died in Boston in 1822, left a fund of ten thousand dollars for their support, and five thousand for keeping Touro Street in repair. His brother Judah Touro, who recently died in New Orleans, erected, in 1842, the railing around the Cemetery, and the granite entrance, at a cost of eleven thousand dollars.



JEWISH CEMETERY.

He is also among the benefactors of the Redwood Library, and has left a conditional bequest of ten thousand dollars toward the purchase of the ground upon which stands the old mill, to be laid out as a public garden.

The three causes of the ante-revolutionary prosperity of Newport were—first, the salubrity of its climate, which attracted strangers from every part of the country, and from the West India colonies; secondly, the singular advantages of its harbor, which offered a perfectly safe anchorage within a very little distance of the open sea; and, thirdly, the spirit of entire religious toleration, which gives to the settlement of the whole state, first at Providence and then at Newport, an historical eminence no less enviable than singular. Quakers and Jews were among the earliest settlers, and the most distinguished and successful of its citizens. If the laws of Rhode Island, as is sometimes asserted, excepted Roman Catholics from the enjoyment of freedom of conscience, "the exception was not," says Bancroft, "the act of the people of Rhode Island." "There were no Roman Catholics in the Colony;" and when the French ships arrived, during the Revolution, "the inconsistent exception was immediately erased by the Legislature." Often, from its first session, the General Assembly took care to promulgate the doctrine of absolute toleration. "We leave every man to walk as God persuades his heart." Mary Dyre, one of the early Quaker martyrs in Massachusetts, was the wife of one of the original settlers of Newport; and it was upon a visit to Massachusetts from Rhode Island that she was arrested and executed. One such event would be sure to strengthen a thousandfold the fealty of every Rhode Islander to the principle upon which his state was based.

The combination of the three causes gradually gave Newport a marked eminence among the chief American towns. A large foreign and domestic trade arose. Increasing wealth and the constant visits of polished strangers, imparted to its society a character of dignity and intelligence which was remarkable at that period. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, about half of the inhabitants were Quakers; and until nearly the close of the previous century, there had been only two "orders of Christians" in the town, Baptists and Quakers.* In 1702, the first Trinity (Episcopal) Church was built; and in 1724, there were too many Episcopalians to be accommodated in the building. The present edifice was completed in 1726. "It was acknowledged by the people of



TRINITY CHURCH.

that day to be the most beautiful timber structure in America." The original pastor, James Honeyman, died July 1750, "a paralytic disorder" having "interrupted him in the pulpit" ten years before, but without impairing his understanding. In 1768, the new tower was built. In 1776 came the British, who staid until 1779. They respected Trinity Church, although they converted the other churches of the town into riding-schools and hospitals.

The clock in the tower was made by William Claggett, a Welshman, who lived for twenty years in Newport. He also made the first electrical machine ever seen in New England, from a description. When Franklin visited Newport, he saw such apparatus for the first time.

But the most interesting reminiscence of Trinity Church is its connection with George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, in Ireland, and the famous Bishop Berkeley of scholastic history, Pope's friend, who sang of him—

"To Berkeley every virtue under heaven;"

and of whom Bishop Atterbury said, "So much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, until I saw this gentleman." And Dr. Blackwell, author of the *Court of Augustus:* "I scarce remember to have conversed with him on that art, liberal or mechanic, of which he knew not more than the ordinary practitioners."

Berkeley is one of the most illustrious of the many famous names associated with Newport and Rhode Island.

He was born of English parents, in Ireland, in the year 1684. He had written a famous book before he was twenty, and in 1709 carried Locke's principles to their legitimate results, and denied the existence of matter, in two treatises which interested and astonished the scientific and philosophic world, and founded a school of metaphysicians. In February, 1713, Berkeley came to London, and was introduced to the "learned and the great" by Dr. Jonathan Swift and Sir Richard Steele, then at the height of his prosperous career. The Sir Richard of literary history, and the "Dick" of private delight, had just established the *Guardian*, to which Berkeley was one of the most frequent contributors, and at his house the young Irishman was made acquainted with the poet Pope, with whom he always afterward lived in the closest friendship. He went as Earl Peterborough's chaplain to Sicily, and there carefully saw and studied every thing upon the island. In 1715 he went abroad

* Bishop Berkeley writes from Newport, April 24th, 1729: "They all agree in one point, that the Church of England is the second best."

again, and visited Malebranche in Paris. The French metaphysician was suffering with an inflammation of the lungs, which was so aggravated by the fury of his debate with the benign Berkeley upon the favorite theory of the latter, that it killed the "man of facts" a few days after. The young philosopher traveled for four years upon the Continent, and, returning to Sicily, accumulated rich material for a natural history of the island, which was all lost upon the homeward voyage, and the plan abandoned.

Upon his first arrival in London, Dean Swift had introduced him to Mrs. Esther Vanhomrigh, the *Vanessa* of Swift's amours, who removed, a few years before her death, to Ireland, to enjoy the society of the Dean, but discovered, with dismay, that the Dean was enjoying the society of *Stella*. Mrs. Vanhomrigh thereupon altered her will, and left the whole of her fortune of £8000 to be divided between two executors, of whom Dr. George Berkeley was one. Upon examining her effects, Dr. Berkeley discovered a correspondence between *Cadenus* and *Vanessa*, which he destroyed, not, as he confessed to Dr. Delany and others, that there was any thing criminal in the letters, but the lady's style was too warm for the public eye. In 1724 he was made Dean of Derry, with £1100 a year; and in 1725 published *A Proposal for the better supplying of Churches on our foreign plantations, and for converting the Savage Americans to Christianity, by a College to be erected on the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.*

In the course of this document, the good Dean enlarges upon the necessity of religious instruction for the negroes, and says of the planters that "their slaves would only become better slaves by being Christian." He says in another place: "It is further proposed to ground these young Americans (meaning Indians) thoroughly in religion and morality"—and they are to be "particularly" tinctured with "eloquence, history, and practical mathematics." All this was to be done by a seminary upon the Summer Islands, sometimes called the Isles of Bermuda, of which the philanthropic and poetic Bishop gives a delightful account. The reader little fancies, as he sees this name, that his author is speaking of Shakspeare's "still vext Bermoothes," and will naturally demand how islands lying in an equable latitude, and washed by a gentle sea, bearing the halcyon name of the Summer Islands, whose climate, "like the latter end of a fine May," so favored the growth of oranges that the region was famous for them, can also be the stormy scene of "The Tempest," famous as "still vext?" The explanation is simple. The islands are girded with a wall of rocks, and are accessible only by two narrow entrances. The sea, heaving and tossing upon the rocks, gives the region a stormy and forbidding aspect even in tranquil weather; and in Shakspeare's time the isles were supposed to be peopled by monsters and devils.

Upon the publication of this Proposal, Berkeley offered to resign his preferment of £1100 per annum, and devote his life to the instruction of the savage Americans for £100 yearly. Swift writes to Lord Carteret, recommending Berkeley to his assistance, and says "His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left to your Lordship's disposal;" and concludes by entreating "Your Excellency," either to "keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home," or to assist him "to compass his romantic design." Horace Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting in England," speaks of "the uncertain but amusing scheme of the famous Dean Berkeley, afterward Bishop of Cloyne, whose benevolent heart was then warmly set upon the erection of a universal college of science and arts for the instruction of heathen children in Christian duties and civil knowledge."

Sir Robert Walpole was ordered by the king to lay the plan before Parliament, and the sum of £20,000 was promised to the undertaking. The philosopher was married in August, 1728, and sailed immediately afterward for Rhode Island. The common, but incorrect, tradition* asserts that the captain of the ship was trying to find Bermuda, and failing to do so, sailed northward until he descried a land which was supposed to be inhabited by savages. It was Block Island, from which two men came off and told the officers and the Dean that Newport was near. But the ship sailed into the West Passage, beyond Beavertail Point, and anchored there. Berkeley dispatched a messenger with a letter to the Rev. Mr. Honeyman, pastor of Trinity Church in Newport, "informing them," according to Updike's History of the Church in Narragansett, "that a great dignitary of the Church of England called Dean, was on board the ship, together with other gentlemen passengers." It was a holyday, and Mr. Honeyman was at church. But the letter was delivered to him in the pulpit, and he read it aloud to the congregation. It was evident that the "great dignitary" might arrive at any moment. The church was therefore dismissed with the blessing, and Mr. Honeyman with his congregation, proceeded to the Ferry Wharf, and arrived in time to receive and welcome their guest.

A letter written from Newport, and published in the New England Weekly Journal in Boston, in the spring of 1729, says:

"Yesterday arrived here Dean Berkeley, of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable, pleasant, and erect aspect. He was ushered into the town with a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner. 'Tis said he purposes to tarry here with his family about three months."

Soon after his arrival he purchased a farm of about a hundred acres, adjoining that of the Rev. Mr. Honeyman, from whom Honeyman's Hill takes its name. It lies about three miles from

* Berkeley writes to Thomas Prior, from Gravesend, Sept. 5th, 1728: "To-morrow, with God's blessing, I set sail for Rhode Island.....Direct for me in Rhode Island."

the town, upon the Green End Road. He there built a house and called it Whitehall, in memory, doubtless, of the palace of Charles I., for which king the Dean's family had suffered many trials and losses.



WHITEHALL.

This house lies in the valley near a hill commanding a broad and beautiful prospect. He stated his reasons to be, that to enjoy the prospect from the hill, he must visit it only occasionally; for if his residence should be on the hill, the view would be so common as to lose all its charms.

Berkeley gives a pleasant account of his new home in a letter to Thomas Prior, from which we have already quoted his testimony to the charms of the Newport climate. "The provisions are very good, so are the fruits, which are quite neglected.....The town of Newport contains six thousand souls, and is the most thriving place in all America for bigness. I was never more agreeably surprised than at the first sight of the town and harbor." Whitehall is not far from the second, or Sachuest, beach, which is the Corso, the Hyde Park, the Cascine, the Bois de Boulogne, of the Newport "season." The low rocky and sandy bluff which lies along part of this beach is called The Hanging Rocks. The pleasantness of the situation, its neighborhood to him, and its solitude, naturally drew a musing scholar thither.

He had his chair and writing apparatus placed in a natural alcove, which he found in the most elevated part of the Hanging Rocks, roofed, and only open to the south, commanding at once a view of Sachuest beach, the ocean, and the circumjacent islands.

There is no doubt that, sitting and strolling among these rocks, the *Minute Philosopher* was meditated and composed. It is the last great work of Berkeley, and still remains great. Modeled upon Plato's Dialogues, of which he was a loving student, it "pursues the freethinker through the various characters of atheist, libertine, enthusiast, scorner, critic, metaphysician, fatalist, and skeptic."

It is full of allusions to the scenery of the island, and opens with a direct reference to his project of a college. Instead of detailing his disappointment he says, "I rather choose.....to entertain you with some amusing incidents, which have helped to make me easy under a circumstance I could neither obviate nor foresee." He speaks of "half-a-dozen pleasant fields planted round with plane-trees, that are very common in this part of the country." Crevecœur also, just before the Revolution, remarks the roads planted upon either side with acacias and plane trees; ornaments that fell with the prosperity of the island. In the second dialogue, the disputants, "after breakfast, went down to a beach about half a mile off, where we walked on the smooth sand, with the ocean on one hand, and on the other wild broken rocks, intermixed with shady trees and springs of water." And again: "So we changed the discourse, and after a repast upon cold provisions, took a walk on the strand, and in the cool of the evening returned to Crito's." In sweet and simple colors he thus paints a picture which is still as fresh as when he saw it. "Here we had a prospect on one hand of a narrow bay or creek of the sea, inclosed on either side by a coast beautified with rocks and woods and green banks and farm-houses. At the end of a bay was a small town, placed upon the slope of a hill, which, from the advantage of its situation, made a considerable figure. Several fishing boats and lighters gliding up and down on a surface as smooth and bright as glass, enlivened the prospect. On the other side we looked down on green pastures, flocks, and herds, basking beneath in sunshine..... Here we felt that sort of joyful instinct which a rural scene and fine weather inspire."

It is to the first flush of enthusiasm in his project that we owe the famous ode, in which the poet, as of old, appears as the Prophet.

> "Westward the course of Empire takes its way
> The four first acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Charmed with his situation, he became gradually convinced that his college ought to be upon the mainland, and he sought to have his charter altered to that effect. "The truth is," he writes, ... "I should like it better than Bermuda." But he gradually perceived that his scheme had failed. Sir Robert Walpole had evidently very little intention of paying the £20,000 promised to the undertaking, and the money was spent in a marriage portion to a princess. But while success was still uncertain—while, by his frequent resort, he gave to Sachuest, or the second beach, that human interest which a century later Channing gave to Easton's, or the first beach, by confessing that "no spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach"—the society of Newport

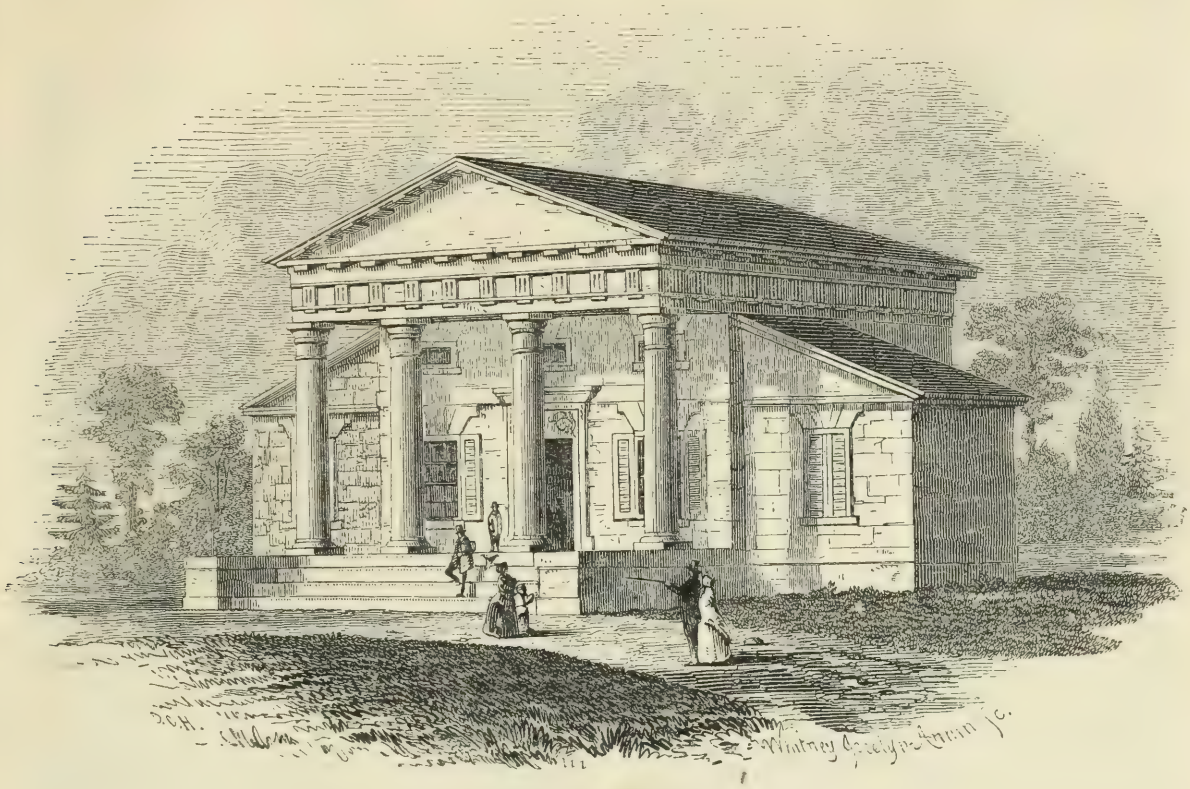
used often to hear him preach in Trinity Church. His preaching is reputed to have been "eloquent and forcible," and drew large congregations to the church. The present pulpit of Trinity is the only one remaining from which the good Bishop taught. After his return to England, for which he departed in 1731–32, he sent to America an organ, which is still in use at Trinity Church. The fine society of that time sleep around the simple quaint old building which they thronged to hear him, and among them lies his daughter Lucia, who died in September, 1731. The benign Bishop "though dead yet speaketh," if no longer from the pulpit of Trinity Church, yet his *Minute Philosopher*, read among the Hanging Rocks, shall be as good a sermon as was ever preached. Nor are its lessons more antiquated than vanity and extravagance. What if the gay promenade should pause an instant and hear these words, whose sense seems not altogether obsolete nor inappropriate: "I imagine that.....the real cause of whatever is amiss may justly be reckoned the general neglect of education in those who need it most, the people of fashion. What can be expected where those who have the most influence have the least sense, and those who are sure to be followed set the worst example; where youth so uneducated are yet so forward; where modesty is esteemed pusillanimity, and a deference to years, knowledge, religion, laws, want of sense and spirit?" Such questions were asked by the most religious of philosophers upon Sachuest beach in 1730, and such was the substance of a Dean's discourses in Trinity Church.

A portrait of the Bishop and his family is preserved at Yale College. It was painted by John Smybert, an artist whom the Dean's eloquence tempted from England, and of whom President Ezra Stiles, one of the honored and historical names of Newport, says, that upon his landing in Newport he instantly recognized the Indians there (the Narragansetts) to be the same people as the Siberian Tartars, two of whom had been presented by the Czar of Russia to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at whose court Smybert had painted them. Before he returned to England Berkeley gave part of his library to Yale College, and afterward sent out a thousand volumes, which President Clapp calls "the finest collection of books that ever came at one time to America." "He also," says Professor Goodrich, "sent a deed of his farm on Rhode Island, to be held in trust for the support of three students between their first and second degrees. In 1834 this farm of Whitehall produced about $150 rent, annually, which was regularly applied to the purpose.

Berkeley was contemporary upon the island with the Rev. John Callender, one of the famous Newport ministers, whose *Historical Discourse* is still as valuable to the student in our day as his life and conversation were to his friends in his own. Soon perceiving the character and attainments of his companions, Dean Berkeley is supposed to have suggested the formation of a Literary Society, which was afterward chartered as the "Redwood Library Company." The success of this movement informs us of the intelligent tone of Newport society at that time. The names of Ellery, Ward, Honeyman, Updike, Checkley, Hopkins, and Johnson (afterward President of Columbia College, in New York), appear among the original members. Newport was already metropolitan, although small. "Men of opulence and leisure, from different parts, made Rhode Island the place of their permanent residence; while it was every year the summer resort of a great number of invalids and men of leisure from the West Indies and our more southern colonies. Although this brought with it riches and gaiety, it brought with it an evil—it introduced an high stile of living, and too frequent convivial meetings; and the dissipation of one season had hardly time to subside before another commenced. Another serious evil cast a dark shade on otherwise a beautiful picture, we allude to the African trade for other purposes than bringing gold dust and ivory!" says the delicate Dr. Waterhouse in 1821.

One of the finest figures in that stately society of old Newport is Abraham Redwood, from whom the Library was named. He was born in the island of Antigua, about the year 1720, and was educated in Philadelphia with due regard to his immense fortune and expectations. He married in Rhode Island before he was twenty years old, and lived there until he was about eighty, "in a style of opulence becoming his fortune, mixed with the elegant simplicity of the Quaker." His town-house and country-house were appointed with every refined luxury, and his munificence not only made his name famous by donations to public institutions, but inspired a hundred private charities which made it blessed. When he was yet a young man there were but two colleges in New England, at Cambridge and New Haven. In 1747, Mr. Redwood presented the Society £500 for the purchase of books, and £5000 were subscribed in the town to erect a building. In 1748, Henry Collins, one of the fine old Newport merchants, "the Lorenzo de Medici of Rhode Island," presented a lot of land to the Society, and the present building was completed in 1750, from the designs of Mr. Harrison, an architect long resident in Newport. The donation of Mr. Redwood was well spent, and the library was rich in classical and theological literature. So valuable was it in the latter respect, that Dr. Ezra Stiles, a famous theological name in New England, became its librarian for nearly twenty years; and, according to Dr. Waterhouse, often declared that he owed to that collection his great attachment to literature.

The building now shares with Mr. Parish's villa the chief architectural beauty of Newport, and holds a library of about six thousand volumes. It is buried in luxuriant foliage, quite hidden from Touro Street, upon which it stands, and an air of elegant repose, "the still air of delightful studies," forever broods over it.



REDWOOD LIBRARY.

It was one summer morning about this time, in the year 1750, that some fishermen noticed at sunrise a vessel heading for the first, or Easton's beach, as if the crew were unacquainted with the shore, or were unable to manage their craft. She was presently "seen to be a brig, and came on with all sails set, and struck upon the northwest corner of the beach. The fishermen instantly boarded her, but found no living thing except a dog and a cat"—not even Hood's bachelor to sing to them,

> "What do you think of that, my dog?
> And what do you think of that, my cat?"

In the kitchen the fire was burning, the kettle was boiling, and the table was spread for breakfast. Every thing was in its place but the long-boat, which was missing. The brig was from Honduras, well freighted, and had been spoken only four days before she struck. She was got off, and was bought at auction by Henry Collins, the worthy old merchant, who called her the *Beach-bird*, but her original name was never known. Nor did any tidings of her crew or their fortune ever come to land. Had they taken to the long-boat to escape, when they found themselves setting inevitably to the shore, they would certainly have soon landed and claimed their brig. Were they, perhaps, lost upon some treacherous reef, just as as they were gaining the shore? or had some bold buccaneer carried them off with their treasure, at dawn, within sight of shore, and then lighted the fire and made the quiet domestic arrangements which should deceive astonished landsmen?

The "dark shade," of which the venerable Dr. Waterhouse speaks, is a blot upon the history of the flourishing days of Newport. Probably none of the northern colonies, certainly none in proportion to its size, was so deeply engaged in the slave trade as Rhode Island. Many of the great fortunes of her merchants were amassed by that traffic. So late as the year 1804–8, when the ports of South Carolina were opened for the importation of slaves, there were, of 202 vessels employed in the traffic, 70 British, 61 from Charleston, and 59 from Rhode Island. From Boston there was *one*, and from Connecticut *one*, and no others from the present Northern States. Of the whole number of slaves imported, which was 38,775, there were 7238 brought in Rhode Island vessels, and 450 in all other New England craft. Between 1730 and 1750 the slave trade of Rhode Island increased with the West India trade, negroes being brought back as part of the return cargoes. Yet it seems not to have been countenanced by the Legislature, for so early as 1652, the practice of slavery is denounced, and to hold a slave more than ten years is made penal. In 1774 the importation into the colony was prohibited; and ten years afterward, it is provided that all children of slaves born after March 1st, 1784, shall be free.

At this time, 1730–50, the trade of Newport was very extensive. There were thirty distilleries constantly at work, and the rum was exported to Africa, and procured the slaves there. There were not less than forty or fifty vessels engaged in this traffic, and their owners were the leading merchants of Newport. The Quakers did not scruple to own them. Joseph Jacobs, an opulent old Newporter of that persuasion, had several slaves who "wore the plain garb of the Quakers." And a recent historian of Newport, Mr. Peterson, who has amassed a curious collection of historical facts, declares, that "to see the negro women, with their black hoods and blue

aprons, walking at a respectful distance behind their master to meeting, was not an unpleasant sight!" Joseph Jacobs was the only possessor of a thermometer upon the island, and so precise was his punctuality, that the neighbors were wont to set their clocks and watches as he passed by to meeting, without speaking to him.

Godfrey and John Malbone were among the chief Newport merchants of this period. The elder, Godfrey, settled in the town about the year 1700; he engaged in successful enterprises, and fitted out privateers in 1740, during the French and Spanish war. A rough, bold, sea-faring man, ready to trade in slaves or rum, and to send privateers to the Spanish main, he is undoubtedly a good type of the Newport merchant of that period. There were two hundred vessels in the foreign trade, three or four hundred coasting vessels, and a regular line of London packets. Between two and three thousand seamen thronged the docks, which extended a mile along the harbor. There was no storage sufficient for the accumulating riches. The harvests and produce of the East and West Indies piled the wharves. Crates of bananas, of oranges, of all the southern fruits lay in the yards of the houses, with turtle from the Bahamas, waiting to be cooked. Colonel Gibbs, one of the chief merchants, had a negro cook, Cudjo, who prepared his master's dinners, and was loaned to the lesser neighbors upon their state occasions. He educated a family of cooks in Colonel Gibbs' kitchen, and the epicures from every quarter were the debtors of Cudjo.

At a period a little later than this, and probably of Cudjo himself, Dr. Channing says, "When I was young, the luxury of eating was carried to the greatest excess in Newport. My first notion, indeed, of glory was attached to an old black cook, whom I saw to be the most important personage in town. He belonged to the household of my uncle, and was in great demand wherever there was to be a dinner." Seventeen manufactories of sperm-oil and candles worked with such success, that Crevecœur says "they make sperm-acetti candles better than wax."

Noble mansions, spacious and elaborate gardens arose and adorned the island and the town. The country-house of Colonel Godfrey Malbone, which was commenced in 1744, was famous as the finest residence in the colonies. It was built of stone, two stories high, with a circular staircase leading to the cupola, the cost of which was reputed to be equal to that of an ordinary dwelling-house. The house was within a mile of Newport, and the farm of six hundred acres sloped gently toward the bay. The garden yet gives a name to the estate upon which now stands the mansion of J. Prescott Hall. According to tradition this garden was elaborately laid out; ranges of banks and terraces alternated with plots of flowers, and hedges of shrubbery, and groups of rare trees; silver and gold fish swam in artificial ponds; while over this mingled beauty the eye swept across the bay to the blue line of the opposite shore, or saw the sea flashing over the rocks and cliffs at the entrance of the harbor.

Here met a society not unworthy so fair a palace of pleasure, if tradition may be believed. The wealthy and cultivated society of Newport seems in those days to have been acknowledged as an aristocracy. The social lines were sharply drawn. As in provincial towns the rigor of etiquette is more exacting than in the metropolis, so in the colony it is always more observable than in the mother country. The courtly rector of Trinity alluded from the pulpit to "those who moved in the higher spheres."

No bold innovator as yet discussed a possible revolution. Not even the gentle and humane Berkeley, planning proselyting colleges on Summer Islands, had dreamed of a Democracy. Upon the other side of the sea, the great apostle of the modern movement, Jean Jacques Rousseau, himself was at this time just emancipated from the thraldom of Madame de Warens, and the French Secretary of Embassy at Venice was not yet ready to prefer a savage life and country to the splendid shores of the Adriatic.

Vaucluse, the residence of Samuel Elam, now of Thomas R. Hazard, was another of the fine places of that day. It is situated upon the eastern side of the island, about five miles from the town, and is the only estate remaining which has still some savor of its past prosperity. The entertainments at both these places, no less than those of the Overings, Bannisters, and the gentlemen of the Narragansett shore opposite, are remembered as magnificent. It was the broad English style of hospitality, abundant, loud, and, doubtless, a little coarse and rude. Prodigious oaths echoed probably along the stately halls of the Malbones, and choice wines flowed at the dinners of Vaucluse. The story of the destruction of the Malbone house, illustrates the spirit of the time. It had cost a hundred thousand dollars, which was not a small sum of money in a time and place where a man lived well upon five hundred dollars a year. But in the year 1766, as the slaves were cooking a dinner—to which Colonel Malbone had bidden the best company of the island—the wood work around the kitchen chimney took fire, and, although the house was of Connecticut stone, the flames soon had possession. Romance now takes up the fact, and proceeding in a strain accordant with the style of the man and his life, relates that Colonel Malbone, seeing the inevitable destruction, declared that if he must lose his house, he would not lose his dinner; and, as it was early summer, ordered the feast to be spread upon the lawn, where he and his guests ate their dinner by the light of the burning house.

The society of the Narragansett shore opposite was not less distinguished, and was in constant intercourse with that of the island. Capable tutors and accomplished clergymen were the teachers of the boys who afterward graduated at Harvard or Yale, and there were good schools for the girls in Boston. The constant presence in the island of intelligent strangers, at once piqued and gratified natural curiosity, and thus,

without traveling, the inhabitants of Newport enjoyed the benefit of travel. Many of the leading men upon both sides of the bay had large and valuable libraries, and the collection in the Redwood Library was rich in many departments.

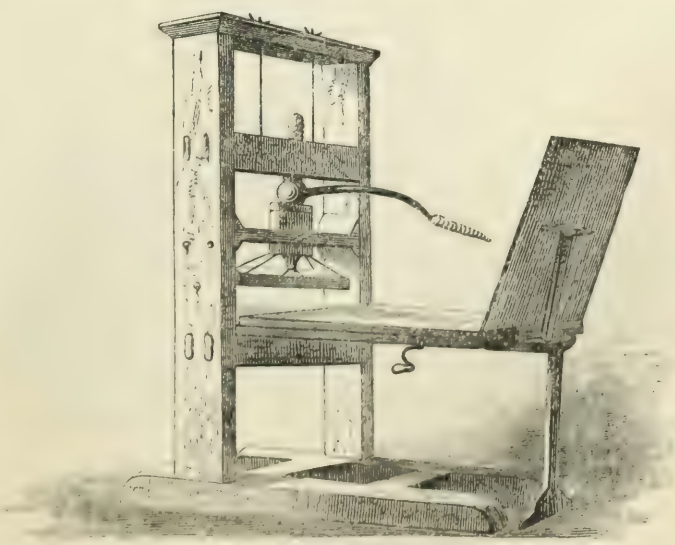
"Ancient Narragansett was distinguished for its frank and generous hospitality." There were few public houses. Gentlemen and strangers staid with their friends, or brought letters which secured them ample attention. The tavern of "Uncle Tom Townsend"—the "Townsend's" of later days—was a two-story house, where ardent spirits were sold, where the Judges stopped upon the circuit, and chance travelers staid. It is doubtless the house where Brissot de Warville lodged in 1788, and which he describes as full of travelers and sailors, whose conversation became so irksome to him that he was obliged to retreat into a small cabinet, where he could read and write undisturbed; and it is doubtless to the noisy and dull talk of the travelers and sailors at "Uncle Tom's," that we owe much of the dreary account, which we shall presently consider, given by that famous French revolutionary worthy.

In May, "the nobility and gentry" went to Hartford to eat "bloated salmon;" and the corn-husking was the famous autumn festival upon the island and in Narragansett. Masters and slaves participated in this festivity. "Gentlemen in their scarlet coats and swords, with laced ruffles over their hands, hair turned back from the forehead, and curled and frizzled, clubbed and cued behind, highly powdered and pomatumed, with small-clothes, silk stockings, and shoes ornamented with brilliant buckles; and ladies dressed in brocade, cushioned head-dresses, and high-heeled shoes, performed the formal minuet with its thirty-six different positions and changes." Nor were the sports of old England unknown to the colony. "The fox-chase, with hounds and horns," echoed over the island, as Bishop Berkeley intimates in the *Minute Philosopher:* "A few moments after, we heard a confused noise of the opening of hounds, the winding of horns, and the shouts of the country squires"—a glimpse of life that might have tempted Squire Western himself to try the Western wilds.

A romantic tradition belongs to these days, of the return of Samuel Cranston, Esq., a Newporter of consideration, who, upon a West India voyage, was seized and enslaved by pirates. Making his escape, and returning to his native town, after seven years of absence and bondage, he learned that his wife, long since deeming herself a widow, was to be married to "a Mr. Russell of Boston." According to the strict proprieties of such tales, the hapless husband reached his home on the very day of the nuptials, and knocked at his own door, tattered, weary, and forlorn, at the moment when his "lovely and adored wife" was arraying herself for her second vows. He introduced himself as the next friend of the late lamented Cranston; and at length raising his hat, pointing to a scar upon his forehead, "he gave her a significant look," and asked her if she "ever saw that mark before." The lady threw herself into his arms—"You are my own, own," etc., while Mr. Russell and the clergyman were waiting in another room for the bride and the ceremony. She entered, presently, "gracefully leaning on the arm of Mr. Cranston"—explanations were made, while "a Mr. Russell of Boston" insisted, with suspicious alacrity, that the ceremony binding her irrevocably to her first husband should be immediately repeated, and bestowed upon her the portion he had intended to settle upon her as his wife. "The scene," says the chronicler, more literal than elegant, "was worthy of the chisel of the artist, and produced emotions of delight in the minds of the guests."

It was only a few years later, when this prosperity had not yet begun to decline, that Crevecœur writes: "The harbor of Newport is one of the best in every respect.....The roads are planted with acacias and plane-trees. There are abundant fountains every where; fields rich with harvest; meadows of ample pasturage; and the houses singularly neat and convenient.....The head of the island toward the sea offers a singular mixture of picturesque rocks, little fertile fields, sterility and abundance, sand and rich soil, pleasant bays and rough cliffs. A man can farm with one hand and fish with the other.....Here is the best blood in America, and the beauty of the women, the hospitality of the inhabitants, the sweet society, and the simplicity of their amusements, have always prolonged my stay."

From 1730 to the Revolution, Newport was at the height of its prosperity. New York, New Haven, and New London greatly depended upon it for their foreign supplies. During these years, James Franklin, who had published the *New England Courant* in Boston, and had offended the government, removed to Newport, bringing with him his types and press. His brother, Benjamin, who had been learning his trade in his



FRANKLIN'S PRESS.

brother's office, went to Philadelphia. In Newport, James commenced the *Rhode Island Gazette*, which did not succeed, and he disappeared, leaving his wife and his press behind him. In 1758 his son James established the *Newport Mercury*, a paper which is still published, and in the office of which, after many removals and vicissitudes, stands the press of James Franklin, the elder, which he imported from England, and at which Benjamin Franklin learned his trade. The present editor of the *Mercury* a descendant of families famous in Newport annals, has prepared a volume which he has himself copiously and accurately illustrated, and which is by far the best hand-book of Newport history and tradition.

In 1756, Dr. William Hunter—who had married a daughter of Godfrey Malbone, and whose own daughters were famous belles, as we shall see, one of the distinguished physicians of an eminent faculty, among whom are to be named Haliburton, Moffat, Brett, Hooper, and Isaac Senter, of whom Dr. Channing says, "His figure rises before me.....as a specimen of manly beauty, worthy of the chisel of a Grecian sculptor"—delivered the first course of anatomical and surgical lectures in the colonies, in the Court-house, which had been erected just before. This old building stands at the head of the Parade, and has all the quaint, solid dignity of a Flemish town-hall. During the British and French occupation it was used as a hospital, and in the lower room the French erected an altar to say mass for the sick and dying. It is from the balcony of this building that the High Sheriff annually requests "gentlemen to please to take notice that His Excellency Richard Roe is elected Governor for the year ensuing. God save the State of Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations!" A sly story is told of a sheriff who, being a friend of Richard Roe, was yet compelled to announce that the opposition candidate, His Excellency John Doe, was elected Governor; and concluded the proclamation with, "God save the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations for the year ensuing!" From the balcony of this State House the Declaration of Independence was read by Major John Handy, at the time of its adoption, who, fifty years afterward, upon the 4th of July, 1826, read it again from the same place.

To these prosperous days in Rhode Island history belongs the career of Ezra Stiles, who lived in Newport from 1755 to 1776. He graduated at Yale in 1746, and was attracted to Newport by the advantages offered to the theological student by the Redwood Library. He became pastor of the Second Congregational Church and Redwood librarian, and remained in the town nearly twenty years. In 1788 he was made President of Yale College, whose library contains thirty manuscript volumes of his diary. "This country has not, perhaps, produced a more learned man," says Dr. Channing. "His virtues were proportioned to his intellectual acquisition." Newport loved Dr. Stiles, and his occasional visits after his departure were festivals. "In my earliest years I regarded no human being with equal reverence," concludes Dr. Channing, indulging in the natural and tender local reminiscences of his childhood.

The other eminent divine associated with Stiles and Callender with Newport of the last century, was Samuel Hopkins, the founder of the *Hopkinsian* school of orthodoxy. He settled in Newport in 1769, and with Puritan sternness, and natural intellectual independence, sought "to reconcile Calvinism with its essential truths." "Other Calvinists were willing that their neighbors should be predestined to everlasting misery for the glory of God. This noble-minded man demanded a more generous and impartial virtue, and maintained that we should consent to our own perdition . . . . if the greatest good of the universe, and the manifestation of the Divine perfections should so require." This doctrine was not altogether agreeable to the Newporters, and a meeting of his Society discussed the Doctor's preaching, and finally resolved to intimate to him their willingness that he should leave. But when, upon the next Sunday, he preached a farewell sermon, the parish were so interested and impressed that they entreated him to remain. "His name is associated with a stern and appalling theology," but he preserved the old Puritan traditions, and represented the severe and indomitable spirit of the early New England clergy. A profound student, he was sometimes engaged for eighteen hours of the day with his studies, and died, in Newport, an honored and good man, in December, 1803.



STATE AND COURT-HOUSE.

In the church records of Narragansett, or Kingston, a town upon the main, opposite Newport, it appears that, "April 11th, 1756, being Palm Sunday, Doctor M'Sparran read prayers, preached, and baptized a child named Gilbert Stewart, son of Gilbert Stewart, the snuff-grinder." Mrs. Stewart was daughter of the Anthony who sold the farm to Berkeley, which he called

Whitehall, and she was born at that place. The snuff scheme in which his father was concerned failed, and while Stuart (the name is now thus written) was yet a young child his father removed to Newport. When he was thirteen years old he began to copy pictures, and a mysterious Scotchman, Mr. Cosmo Alexander, arrived in Newport in 1772, and painted portraits. According to Dunlap, "he soon put on canvas the Hunters, the Keiths, the Fergusons, the Grants, and the Hamiltons." Mr. Alexander taught the young Gilbert, and finally took him to Scotland. Within a year he was back again in Rhode Island, and "commenced portrait-painter in form." But he was a capricious youth. It was always either "high-tide or low-tide" with him, and his whims were annoying and inexplicable. To the dismay of Newport he declined to paint a full-length portrait of Abraham Redwood for the Redwood Library. Newport was full of the Quaker spirit and influence, which exasperated a youth ardently devoted to the Muses. "You have no more taste for music than a jackass," he cried to Benjamin Waterhouse, not yet a doctor nor a centenarian; "and it is all owing to your stupid Quaker education."

The war came, and portraits were not wanted, and the young man resolved to sail for Europe. But he spent most of the night before he left Newport under a lady's window, playing tender farewells upon his flute. He left for England ten days before the battle of Bunker Hill, and his father, who had been brought from Scotland expressly to make snuff, and whose royalist tendencies were indicated by naming his son Gilbert Charles Stuart—although the son always dropped the middle name—fled to Nova Scotia, whither his wife and her remaining children followed him from Newport. In England, Stuart became West's pupil. Fuseli, upon seeing some of his drawings, said to him, "If this is the best you can do, you had better go and make shoes." But before he knew Stuart, Fuseli one day entered an engraver's shop where the young man was standing, and the engraver, telling him privately that he knew him to be "a great physiognomist," asked him if he thought the youth might paint. "Umph," said Fuseli, "I don't know but he might—*he has a coot leg*." After he had painted West's portrait, which was greatly admired, West said to Stuart, "You have done well—all you have to do is to go home and do better." Dr. Johnson, with the incomprehensible ignorance about America of some modern Englishmen, had expressed surprise to West that Stuart spoke so good English, and, turning to the young man, wished to know where he had learned it. "Not from your dictionary," replied the intrepid painter. In 1784 he was a fashionable artist in London, and his portraits occupied the best places in the Exhibition. "He lived in splendor, and was the gayest of the gay." His daughter says that his great desire to paint a portrait of General Washington "was his *only* inducement to turn his back on his good fortune in Europe." In 1794 he painted his first portrait of Washington, but was dissatisfied, and destroyed it. The second one was successful. He offered it to the State of Massachusetts, says Dunlap, for one thousand dollars. It was declined, and remained in his studio until purchased by the Boston Athenæum of his widow. From this head the many Washingtons of Stuart were painted. In 1826 he made his last visit to his birth-place, and returned through Newport to Boston, where he died in July, 1828. His daughter still resides in Newport, and her copies of her father's portraits of Washington are extolled. But of Stuart's pictures there only remain in Newport the Washington in the Courthouse, and two portraits in the Redwood Library, painted at the age of fifteen. Stuart Newton was a son of Stuart's sister.

From a society so largely engaged in commerce, which would appeal to their interest, and whose trade was greatly in slaves and liquor, which would not tend to refine their feelings, it would be natural to expect a reluctant sympathy with the early resistance to English aggression. But already in 1768 it appears that many in Newport had resolved to dispense with foreign goods. A New York paper of May in that year says, "In Newport one married lady and her daughter have spun full sixty yards of good, fine linen cloth, nearly a yard wide, since the first of March, besides taking care of a large family;" and the editor exhorts all his townswomen to emulate this example of practical independence of England. In July, 1769, the armed sloop Liberty was sent to Newport, from Boston, to enforce the revenue laws. The conduct of her officers by no means won the esteem of the Newporters, who resolved to express their indignation upon occasion of the ill-treatment by the Liberty's officers of the captain of a Connecticut brig, which had been seized and brought in, together with a sloop. The citizens, meeting Captain Reid, of the Liberty, upon the wharf, demanded that the chief offender in the fray should be sent on shore for punishment. The captain obeyed, and directed the surrender; but the criminal did not come, although all the men of the Liberty except the mate were sent on shore. A party of Newporters then repaired to the Liberty, cut her cables, and suffered her to drift off and ground, while her boats were burned upon the Parade. A few days afterward the wreck was struck by lightning, took fire, and was consumed. This was among the very first movements, if not the first, of rebellious opposition to England. Three years later the Gaspee was destroyed; and in 1773 the Bostonians threw the tea into the harbor. In May, 1775, and during the year, Admiral Wallace commanded the British fleet in Narragansett Bay, and destroyed every building upon Prudence Island, beside bombarding Bristol.

It was now clear that serious troubles were impending, and the high society of Newport began to take the alarm. The habit of loyalty and the aristocratic feeling were very strong with many of the chief citizens, and Joseph Wanton, Esq., suspected of too great sympathy with England, was degraded from the office of Governor. In the spring of 1776 Wallace was driven out of the

harbor of Newport, by a vigorous attack, assisted by the Providence troops. But in December of the same year arrived the British fleet under Sir Peter Parker. It sailed up the West Passage, crossed from the north point of Conanicut, and landed an army of 8000 or 10,000 English and Hessians, commanded by General Clinton and Lord Percy, in Middletown, about five miles from Newport. The army immediately began to plunder, and was quartered upon the inhabitants until May, 1777, when Clinton and Percy, with a large part, left for New York, and General Prescott succeeded to the command. He made himself obnoxious by petty tyranny, but Major Barton revenged the injuries of the island by a feat of memorable ingenuity and valor.

Barton was on duty with the Rhode Island line, and after the capture of General Lee, in November, 1776, he considered how he might retort upon the enemy, and resolved to capture Prescott. When the English landed, Major Barton was stationed at Tiverton, upon the main-land, not far from the shore of Rhode Island. He waited for several months, but found no fit opportunity, until a British deserter was brought in to his quarters. Barton ascertained from him the situation of Prescott's head-quarters, and all the necessary details, and prepared to put his plan immediately into execution. He and his men were new to the service, and failure was permanent disgrace, as he well knew; but without a moment's hesitation he selected his companions from the officers, told them the scope of the undertaking, and engaged their confidence and sympathy. Five whale-boats were procured and fitted. At the last moment Barton addressed his soldiers, and said that he wished the voluntary assistance of about forty men. The whole regiment advanced, and declared itself ready to accompany him. On the 4th of July, 1777, the party left Tiverton, and crossed to the western shore of the bay. At nine o'clock on the evening of the 9th July they left Warwick-neck in the whale-boats. That of Major Barton went in front, and was distinguished from the others by a handkerchief tied to a pole in the stern. The little fleet dropped silently down the bay, between the islands of Patience and Prudence. In the stillness of night they heard the drowsy call of "All's well" from the sentries on the English ships, and as they touched the shore of Rhode Island a sound as of running horses was heard. It was too late to be alarmed, and the party landed in silence, Major Barton detailing one man to remain in each boat. They landed about a mile from the head-quarters of General Prescott, and crept toward it in five divisions. There were three doors to the house—on the south, the east, and the west. One division was to advance upon each door, the fourth was to guard the road, and the fifth act as a reserve.

As they reached the house they were challenged by the sentinel.

"Friends," said Barton.

"Advance and give the countersign," was the reply.

"D—n you, we have no countersign. Have you seen any deserters to-night?" said Barton, advancing upon the sentry, seizing his musket, telling him that he was a prisoner, and threatening him with instant death if he betrayed them by making a noise. The sentry said that the General was in the house. Each division had now reached its station; the doors were forced, and the soldiers rushed up stairs into the chamber of the host. He was speechless with fright, and pointed to the



PRESCOTT'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

room below as that of the General. Making sure of the host, they returned into the entry, where Barton ordered them to fire the house at the four corners, as he meant to have the General alive or dead. But at this moment, aroused by the noise, Prescott called to know what was the matter. The soldiers ran down stairs and entered his room, where Barton saw a man sitting on the side of the bed.

"Are you General Prescott?" demanded Barton.

"I am, sir," replied the officer.

"You are my prisoner," returned Barton.

"I acknowledge it, sir," said the General.

Major Barton then told him that he must go with them, and to his request that he might be allowed to dress himself, replied that he was very sorry that his business required great dispatch, and the General was obliged to hurry off as he was. Prescott's aid, Major Barrington, had leaped out of a window at the beginning of the fray, and landed safely in the midst of the guard of reserve. Of the three prisoners, only the sentinel had his shoes on; and as the party hurried across a field of rye-stubble tangled with blackberry bushes, the General's feet and legs, as also those of Major Barrington, were sorely scratched. But the party was led along to the shore as directly and rapidly as possible, and reached their boats safely. Barton placed the prisoners in his boat, and wrapping his cloak around the shivering General, he ordered the little fleet to put off. The alarm was given from the shore by guns and rockets, but the boats darted silently and swiftly out of danger. General Prescott asked if Barton commanded, and said to him:

"You have made a bold push to-night," and expressed the hope that he should not be hurt.

"Not while you are in my care," said Barton. The bay was all in wild confusion with the spreading alarm; but straight under the sterns and bows of the English ships, in that darkest hour preceding dawn, the prisoner was safely rowed, and morning broke upon the expedition arriving under the guns of its own batteries. General Prescott was afterward exchanged for General Lee.

The Revolution and the residence of the British army upon the island ruined Newport. During the investment nine hundred buildings were destroyed. The churches, excepting Trinity, were changed into barracks and riding-schools; the Court-house was occupied as a hospital; the Redwood Library was rifled of its gayest books—poetry, voyages, and travels, were taken by the officers, and little else than folios, too heavy to remove either by head or hand, were left behind. General Prescott is reported to have sent a guard thither, and carefully to have locked the door when the horse was stolen. The trees of every kind in all parts of the island were cut down. Business was, of course, entirely suspended. The inhabitants who sympathized with the British were compelled to guard a strict reserve for fear of the vengeance of their fellow-citizens, and all who dared, or who were able, escaped to provinces still loyal to the Crown. In July, 1778, the French fleet of Count d'Estaing arrived, and anchored near Brenton's Reef, off the southern point of the island. One of the ships followed the course of Admiral Parker's fleet, sailed up the West Passage, and anchored at the north point of Conanicut. A few days afterward it pursued three English frigates, which were seeking the protection of their battery upon Tammany Hill, and ran them ashore upon the western coast of Rhode Island, five or six miles from Newport. Their masts were cut away, and the crews fired the vessels as they took to the boats and pulled for shore. A few days afterward the whole fleet entered the harbor. As it approached, the British began to burn the houses beyond a line of two miles from Newport, and sent out parties by night, who destroyed all kinds of carriages and implements, grindstones, scythes, axes, and filled up the wells. The same night the British withdrew from the north end of the island, and posted themselves upon the heights, two miles from the town, their line extending from Coddington's Cove to Easton's Beach. On the following morning, the American army of ten or fifteen thousand men, under Generals Sullivan, Greene, Glover, and Lafayette, crossed from the main-land at Tiverton, and occupied the north part of the island. During that day, a British fleet of twenty-five sail, under Lord Howe, was seen standing in for Newport. They lay to off Point Judith for the night, and the next morning, Count d'Estaing, alarmed, ran out to sea with his whole squadron. A fearful gale, that raged during the 12th and 13th of July, seriously damaged the two fleets, and there was no battle. Lafayette vainly endeavored to persuade D'Estaing to return and cooperate with the army. The French officers unanimously protested against entering the harbor in their disabled condition, and the army was left unsupported. Within twenty-four hours of the departure of the fleet, more than two thousand volunteers left the army, with many of the militia whose terms of service had expired, and about midnight of the 28th July, the American army began to retire toward the north end of the island. Count d'Estaing offered to march his troops from Boston, if required. But at daylight the British discovered the retreat of the Americans, and marched in pursuit. A scattering fight was maintained for two days, of which the severest skirmish was at Butt's Hill. On the 30th, the Americans made a feint of strengthening their position; at sundown they built a line of fires across the island, and, during the night, the whole army safely escaped to the main-land.

It was during this retreat that General Greene repulsed an attack of the enemy with a force of less than half their number. This was the first time that this most distinguished man, the intimate friend and confidant of Washington, the generous, noble, and successful hero—who would undoubtedly have been summoned to succeed Washington, had any adverse chance deprived the country of his service—took part in the military

movements of the Revolution within his own State. The fame, indeed, of so illustrious a character, and a fame acquired in the service of all the States, can not be claimed by one. But Rhode Island, the smallest State of the confederacy, which gave the greatest hero to the second war with England, may well reflect with pride that he who was only second to Washington, in the first and great war, was her son. Nathaniel Greene was born in Warwick, upon the western shore of Narragansett Bay, in the year 1742. His father was a Quaker, but the boy was early smitten with the love of arms, and at the first call of the country, appeared in Boston, and, on the 6th of June, 1775, assumed the command, which he held until Washington soon after arrived. He served with eminent ability, and a prudence which in the circumstances was the best heroism, all through the war; and, in October, 1779, he was appointed by Washington to succeed General Gates in the chief direction of the Southern army. Here his uncontrolled genius secured him the most brilliant part of his career; and at the close of the war he returned to Rhode Island, loved by Washington, honored by the country, and extolled by history. In 1785, Georgia, mindful of his services and merits, made him valuable grants of land, and he went to the South with his family to occupy them. But on the 19th of June, 1786, being only forty-four years old, he died of the effects of a sun-stroke. It is understood that his grandson, who has added the laurels of literature, to those of military glory, which already adorn his family name, is engaged in preparing for publication the papers and a biography of his illustrious relative. The elegant scholarship and classical care evinced in the best edition of Addison yet published, are the assurances of the manner in which a work so truly national will be completed.

The day after the retreat of the Americans from Rhode Island, Sir Henry Clinton arrived from New York with a British reinforcement of four thousand men, which would probably have rendered the retreat impracticable. The British forces landed upon Rhode Island in November, 1776, and remained until the autumn of 1779, when they were withdrawn to strengthen the army in New York. They embarked from the neck at the south part of the island, and orders were issued that the inhabitants upon Thames Street, through which the retiring army marched, should remain within doors upon the day of evacuation, under pain of death.

The British investment was immediately succeeded by the brief and brilliant episode of the French occupation. Yet the many and glowing accounts that have reached us of those days, serve only to assure us that their gayety was but the final feast of an expiring prosperity.

The fine old society of Newport had for historians the most accomplished gentlemen and officers of France, and of France at the culmination of the old règime. The courtiers who ornamented Versailles and Marly, and who are no less the heroes of historical achievements than of feats of fabulous luxury and license, crossing the sea in pursuit of glory or fortune, found the "savage Americans" of Berkeley to be as beautiful and fascinating as the ladies of France, with a charm derived from purity of character and manner which those courtiers could, perhaps, better appreciate than men of a different education and career. It is remarkable that the aid which was furnished to America, struggling to be free, and whose struggle was to result in the recognition and organization of the democratic principle, proceeded from the haughtiest aristocracy of Europe, and at a moment when it was beginning to feel the throes of that revolution which should shatter its pride forever. The American success, encouraged by French sympathy and French assistance, was one of the strongest influences in the destruction of the old French règime. The prestige of a success which France had fostered, reacted terribly upon France itself.

The Frenchmen of talent and capacity at that period, weary of intrigue, or worsted by it, threw themselves into any career that promised distraction and excitement. To these exhausted votaries of an effete civilization the wilds of America were fascinating. To turn from the easy smiles of a rouged marquise, and win a glance from the modest eye of maiden purity, was a prospect only too alluring to satiety. It thus happens that men famous in the European *Chronique Scandaleuse* for the audacity of their lives, are the laureates of the simplicity and beauty of the women of our best colonial society. They crossed the sea in troops, and they who came to scoff remained to pray. They saw Newport, then the social capital of the country, and they all pay homage to the dignity, beauty, and intelligence of its society. In the French memoirs of that period the reader is at once struck by the altered tone of the authors when they speak of America and of American women, after the gay record of licentious lives at home.

It was on the 10th of July, 1780, that the French fleet, seven ships of the line and five frigates, with a large number of transports, and an army of six thousand men, arrived in Newport harbor.

The Chevalier de Tournay commanded the fleet, and the Count de Rochambeau the army. Illuminations, complimentary addresses, and general joy hailed the day. The French who had come to the country before the Count d'Estaing, were men of neither consideration, influence, nor principle. When d'Estaing arrived high hopes were excited. But his conduct was timorous and vacillating, and confidence was again lost. The coming of Rochambeau was greeted with public rejoicing, but there were still lurking doubts and suspicions. The Rev. Jacob Bailey, a tory clergyman, "improves" the arrival of the French in his Diary, August 5th, 1780, thus: "To see these people who had always the greatest aversion to the manners, religion, and government of the French, now rejoicing in their alliance, and exulting in their assistance, affords a most strik-

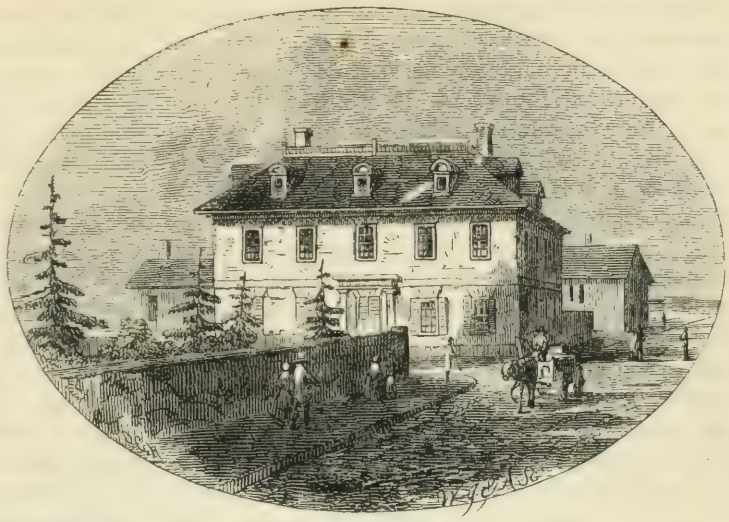
ing instance of the perverseness of the human heart, and displays, beyond example, the obstinacy, the madness, the folly, the perfidy of my countrymen."

A Frenchman was better than an Englishman, perhaps; how much better was to be proved. Rochambeau and Washington had not a perfect understanding. The secret of the difficulty undoubtedly lay in their different estimates of General Lafayette. He was the especial friend of Washington; but he was distasteful to the gentlemen and nobles who accompanied Rochambeau, many of whom were his elders in years, and superiors in military rank and service. But the exquisite tact displayed by Rochambeau in the management of his army at Newport was worthy the most accomplished courtier of the most ceremonious court. The English had left a name of hatred and terror behind them. They had destroyed property, and insulted the proprietors in every way. They had waged war with barbaric recklessness. But the French commander ordered the most conscientious respect toward persons and things. The wounds inflicted by British ruffianism were healed by the balm of French politeness. The young noblemen of Rochambeau's suite lived simply, popularly, and even frugally. The tories themselves were compelled to love them. The soldiers were at once inspired and restrained by the conduct of their superiors, and it is estimated that a hundred dollars would cover the damage done to Newport by the presence of the French army.

The gay gentlemen of the General's suite not only respected Newport houses, but its homes also. The most successful of intriguers forgot gallantry in the presence of the purity of character they encountered here. It is related, indeed, that the wife of a Newport gentleman had listened too willingly to the wishes of one of the officers. The husband ascertained the fact, but being tenderly attached to his wife, and unwilling to ruin her by exposure, redoubled his kindness and devotion, and, at the same time, unsuspectedly deprived the officer of opportunity of secret meetings. The loyalty of the wife returned; the officer expostulated and pleaded in vain, then grew angry and withdrew, leaving the happy husband and rescued wife more closely united than ever. But this story is told as a remarkable instance. Even the Abbé Robin confesses that "Newport was the exception" to the gallant rule of French life.

Admiral de Tournay died soon after his arrival, chagrined at the reproaches heaped upon him for want of energy and courage. He was buried with great military pomp in Trinity church-yard, where his monument still remains.

The head-quarters of Count de Rochambeau were in the Vernon House, corner of Clarke and Mary streets, so called from its proprietor William Vernon, who was president of the Eastern Navy Board at Boston, and who gave himself and his means heartily to the great struggle.



ROCHAMBEAU'S HEAD QUARTERS.

Upon the windows of this comely house, which has still an air of ancient dignity, the names of famous belles were scratched by the diamond rings of the French officers. The panes are now gone, but it is well remembered that the glass was covered with such scrawling, which gave the beauties, long since forgotten, to an evanescent fame.

It was here that General Washington was entertained when he arrived at Newport, in March, 1781, to see Count de Rochambeau. The barge of the French admiral was sent for him, and he crossed the bay from the Conanicut shore, saluted by the French fleet, and landed at the Ferry dock, corner of Washington Street and Long Wharf. He was a Marshal of France, without which honor he could not have commanded the French army, and wore on this day the insignia of his office.

As he stepped ashore the bells rang, the French cannon thundered incessantly, and the Commander-in-chief was received by Rochambeau and a group of his officers and a deputation of citizens. "I regarded him," says one of the French observers, "with the attention which the sight of great men always inspires. We half expect to find in their features the genius which distinguishes them above their fellows. Washington is adapted, more than any other man, to produce this impression—tall, noble, well-proportioned, with an open, sweet, and calm expression, and an entirely modest air, he strikes and interests French and Americans, and even his enemies." Through the lines of the army, drawn up three deep, and with the profound obeisance of French chivalry, the waving of hats, and plumes, and standards, Washington, with Rochambeau upon his left, walked bare-headed up the Parade and along Clarke Street to his quarters at the Vernon House.

In the evening the town was illuminated, and the officers, escorted by a large number of citizens, and preceded by thirty boys bearing torches, marched through the streets. Upon returning

to the house Washington carefully thanked the boys for their services. It was his first interview with the French officers, and it is supposed that in the Vernon House he sketched, with Rochambeau, the plan of an attack upon New York.

Associated with this visit of Washington, the name of one of the belles of those days has attained a greater immortality than even French courtesy had secured. This was the beautiful Miss Champlin, a Newport maiden famed no less for her charm of manner than her lovely person. During Washington's visit the citizens of the town gave a ball in honor of the event to the Commander-in-chief and his French host, in the Assembly-room in Church Street. The General was summoned to open the ball, and he selected Miss Champlin for his partner, and requested her to name the dance. She chose "A successful Campaign," a dance then in the highest favor. As Washington led out his partner upon the floor, the French officers, with the most graceful courtesy, took the instruments from the hands of the musicians, and played while the couple stepped through the minuet. There is a chivalric strain in that old gallantry which the belated spectator might contemplate the nightly dances of the "Atlantic," the "Ocean," and the "Bellevue," without immediately perceiving.

The heroine of this little romance lived with her parents in the house still standing at No. 119 Thames Street, where Washington took tea on the evening of the ball. It is now occupied by the grandson of the beautiful girl, and has been the home of five successive generations. Fortunately all memorial windows in Newport are not yet broken, and the name of *Betsey Haliburton* is still visible, scratched upon a pane in the room of this house where Washington took tea.

There were other belles, too, whose fame, like that of the fair Champlin, survives by surer records than a diamond-scratched name upon a window. The daughters of William Ellery, one of the Rhode Island signers of the Declaration of Independence, are not forgotten by domestic tradition. One of them married William Channing, father of the son who made the name more famous, and her grand-daughter was the wife of Washington Allston.

The name of Miss Redwood also escapes to us from that group of Revolutionary belles. She was the daughter of the Abraham Redwood from whom the library takes its name. Tradition calls her "exceedingly beautiful," and tells of the Newport beauty a story like that told of the superb Duchess of Devonshire. "Ah! lady," said a London dustman to the Duchess, as she stepped, resplendent, into her carriage, "may I light my pipe at your eyes?" and of the beautiful Redwood it is told that sailors stepping ashore at Newport, fresh from the beauties of all the world, stopped in the street as she passed, involuntarily removed their hats in homage, and gazed after her, enchanted, long after she was gone. She married Christopher G. Champlin, brother of Washington's partner in "A successful Campaign." Men who were boys in Newport thirty and forty years ago, remember a grave and gracious old lady pouring wine and eggs and sugar into a pan, stepping down into the yard where the cow was feeding, and returning with a creamy, foamy, whipped syllabub. It was the beautiful Redwood, the toast of the flower of France.

The Duc de Lauzun—the Duc de Biron of the Vendée—the most famous gallant of his time, whose amours were endless, and whose affair with the beautiful Lady Sarah Bunbury (whom, as Lady Sarah Lenox, George III. seriously wished to marry), and with the Polish princess Czartorisky, who proved to the catholic Duke *que sans être jolie on pouvait être charmante*, are historical—arrived in Newport in July, 1780, with Rochambeau, after a passage of seventy-two days from Brest. He says that if the English had immediately attacked them, the French would have been lost. Admiral Rodney's fleet, with others, constantly appeared off the island, and frightened them; but no attack was made. Lauzun recommended himself to Washington by not declining to serve under Lafayette, who was yet at school when Lauzun was a colonel in the army. The Duc spoke English, which with Frenchmen is always a rare accomplishment. They can not even spell the names of places correctly. Upon their pages Hartford is always Harford, New Bedford is Newbedfort; Seekonk masquerades as Selchoon; Mystic as Mistruck; the Tappan Zee as Tapyzay, &c. But this facility in English committed the Duc de Lauzun to an infinity of details, "*mortellement ennuyeux*," but necessary. He was sent on all missions into the interior, whither the schoolmaster had not yet carried French. This Sybarite of Marly goes to Lebanon, where now the Sybarites of America congregate in sum-



PURGATORY BLUFF.

mer. "Siberia alone can be compared to Lebanon," says the Duc de Lauzun in despair.

In Newport he is charmed by the society, and makes especial mention of the family of Dr. Hunter. The doctor was no longer living at the time of the Duc de Lauzun's visit; but he says, "Madame Hunter, a widow of some thirty-six years of age, had two charming daughters, whom she had perfectly well educated. They lived in a very retired manner, and saw scarcely any one. Chance introduced me to Madame upon my arrival in Rhode Island. She received me into her friendship, and I was presently regarded as one of the family. I really lived there; and when I was taken seriously ill, she had me brought to her house, and lavished upon me the most touching attentions. I was not in love with the Misses Hunter; but had they been my sisters I could not have loved them more, especially the eldest, who is one of the most amiable persons I have ever met." These ladies went to Europe soon after the peace. The elder married Count de Cardignan; the younger, Mr. Falconet, a banker of Naples.

The Duc de Lauzun speaks of Washington's visit to Newport as by no means so agreeable as thirty boys with torches, the army drawn up in line, a ball given by the citizens, and a minuet danced with the beautiful Miss Champlin, while the French officers played "A successful Campaign," would lead us to suppose. When, sometime afterward, Rochambeau sent de Lauzun with a letter informing Washington that arrangements had been made different from those they had stipulated together, the Duc says that Washington was so angry that he did not wish to answer, but finally sent a cold reply, stating that he was still of the same opinion, but that Count Rochambeau was of course his own master.

The gay and gallant de Lauzun remained in service to the end of the campaign and of the war. He returned to France after the peace of 1783. His name appears in the tumultuous history of his country during the subsequent period, as member of the States General, co-embassador with Talleyrand and Chauvelin to London, as General of the Army of the Rhine, of the Maritime Alps, and of the Vendée; and for the last time, on the 1st of January, 1794, when he was condemned for an alleged conspiracy against the Republic, and the head which had been caressed by all the famous beauties of a famous age fell under the guillotine.

The belles of Newport doubtless thought American liberty dearly purchased by the departure of the French army—the "small, keen-looking" Rochambeau, "not handsome as was his son"—the Count de Noailles—"the resplendent beauty of the two Viosmincls," youths of whom an eye-witness says: "Newport never saw any thing so handsome as these two young brothers." The Duc de Lauzun, de Vauban, de Champcenetz, the Marquis de Chastellux, de Chabanes, Bozon de Talleyrand, could not leave for other posts and other conquests without taking with them s mething more, possibly, than the tender regrets of the girls they left behind them.

But in 1782–3, a year after the departure of the French army, came the Prince de Broglie and a party of friends to console them. "I arrived in Newport, that charming spot regretted by all the army." He had no more pressing business, he says, than to make acquaintance with its society, and was immediately presented to Monsieur Champlin, celebrated for his wealth, but better known in the army by the lovely face of his daughter. This was the partner of Washington's minuet. The Prince, having no more pressing duty than visiting, fortunately had also the time to observe, the taste to criticise, and the talent to record his observations. Miss Champlin, in his portrait of her, had beautiful eyes, a sweet mouth, a perfectly shaped face, fine figure, pretty foot, and an air altogether attractive. She was dressed and coiffed with taste; "that is to say," says this penetrant critic, "*à la Française*," and she understood and spoke French. The Prince de Broglie, and his friend M. de Vauban, instantly paid ample homage of admiration and respect to Miss Champlin; and then hurried to see the Misses Hunter, "her rivals in beauty and reputation," of whom the Duc de Lauzun had already spoken. The eldest, who had so charmed Lauzun, the Prince finds to be not regularly beautiful; but she has a noble aspect, and the air of high breeding, with a spiritual face and grace of movement. "She dresses at least as well as Miss Champlin," says this true Frenchman; "not quite so freshly, perhaps." Miss Nancy, the younger sister, had not so lofty an air, it seems; "but she is a rose in person." Her character was gay, her face always smiling, and "her teeth charming, which is a very rare thing in America," says this audacious critic. Yet Callender speaks of defective teeth among the people of the island, and Roger Williams says that the Narragansett Indians complained much of toothache.

After this brilliant beginning they returned home, and de Vauban—as in an Arabian tale—promised the Prince "still better things for tomorrow!" Accordingly, the next day they proceeded to a house where a serious and silent old gentleman received them without raising his hat, asked them to be seated without compliment, and answered their questions in monosyllables. Their host was evidently a Quaker; and while they were sitting amused with their reception, "suddenly we beheld the Goddess of grace and of beauty, Minerva in person, having exchanged her sterner attributes for pastoral charms. It was the daughter of the Quaker, Polly Lawton" (the name was then pronounced, and is spelt by de Broglie and Segur, Leighton or *Leyton*). The appreciative Frenchman continues: "In accordance with the customs of her sect she addressed us familiarly (*nous parla en nous tutoyant*), but with a simplicity and grace which I can only compare to that of her toilet. It was a kind of English dress, fitting the figure closely, and was white as milk, a muslin apron of the same color,

and a large handkerchief gathered close around the neck. Her coiffure, composed of a simple little cap of *baptiste* with round plaits, and permitting only a half inch of hair to be perceived, completed the virgin attire of Polly Lawton." It is easy to fancy the refreshment of this vision of beautiful simplicity to a Prince surfeited with courtly splendors. Polly Lawton had no misgiving about her charms. She said simple and polite things with the freedom and thee-and-thou familiarity of a Quaker. The Prince de Broglie kindles with the remembrance: "She enchanted us all; and although evidently a little conscious of it, was not at all sorry to please those whom she graciously called her friends." "I confess," he finally exclaims with ecstasy, "that this seductive Lawton appeared to me to be the *chef d'œuvre* of Nature; and whenever I recall her image, I am tempted to write a great book against the finery, the factitious graces, and the coquetry of many ladies whom the world admires." "There was no time," he adds, "when Polly was present, to observe a pretty younger sister." Miss Sprindley (probably Brinley), Miss Sylven, and others, succeeded in convincing the Prince that there was more than one rose in Newport. All the belles regretted the departure of the French army. "They confessed that there were no more amusements, no balls and fêtes, since the French went away." The gallant Prince and his companions were touched by the tender complaint, and resolved to give a ball to these "amiable deserted ones." The Count de Segur, de Vauban, and de Broglie found neither refusal nor difficulty when they spoke of dancing. "Twenty charming women assembled. They were dressed *à merveille*. They seemed to enjoy themselves. We drank toasts at supper. All passed off most delightfully."

Newport was a brief and pleasant episode in de Broglie's tour. The day but one after the little ball he left the town; "but not without kissing the hand of Polly Leighton."

His friend and companion, Count de Segur, has left a pendant to his picture. His account of Newport in 1782, and of his first sight of the beautiful Lawton, is almost the same as that of de Broglie.

"Other parts of America," says de Segur, in commencing his description with his best bow and gracious compliment, as if addressing himself to the incomparable Lawton—"were only beautiful by anticipation; but the prosperity of Rhode Island was already complete. . . . Newport, well and regularly built, contained a numerous population, whose happiness was indicated by its prosperity. It offered delightful circles, composed of enlightened men and modest and handsome women, whose talents heightened their personal attractions. All the French officers who knew them recollect the names and beauty of Miss Champlin, the two Misses Hunter, and several others." He also saw "the silent, serious old man" of de Broglie, "who very seldom bared his thoughts, and never bared his head;" but he confesses that the first interview would have been the last, "had not I seen the door of the drawing-room suddenly open, and a being which resembled a nymph rather than a woman enter the apartment. So much beauty, so much simplicity, so much elegance, and so much modesty, were perhaps never combined in the same person. It was Polly Leighton (Lawton). Her gown was white, like herself (de Broglie likens it to milk); while her ample muslin handkerchief, and the envious cambric of her cap, which scarcely allowed me to see her light-colored hair, and the modest attire, in short, of a pious virgin, seemed vainly to endeavor to conceal the most graceful figure and the most beautiful form imaginable. Her eyes appeared to reflect, as in a mirror, the meekness and purity of her mind, and the goodness of her heart. She received us with an open ingenuity which delighted me, and the use of the familiar word 'thou,' which the rules of her sect prescribed, gave to our acquaintance the appearance of an old friendship."

De Segur is charmed with her conversation. The fair Quakeress reproached him, according to the strict rule of her faith, for coming to make war, and to obey the king against the command of God.

"What could I reply to that angel?" asks the bewildered Count; "for in truth I was tempted to believe that she was a celestial being. Certain it is, that if I had not been married and happy, I should, while coming to defend the liberty of the Americans, have lost my own at the feet of Polly Leighton." He confesses that she drew his mind from the gay frivolities of society more, perhaps, than Madame la Comtesse de Segur, with whom he was so happy, might have approved; but he entered with great gayety into the project of the ball which de Broglie describes, and calls it one of the prettiest fêtes he ever saw. Yet his heart is true to "that angel." After praising the ball, he exclaims, "But Polly Leighton could not be present; and I can not deny that this circumstance occasionally cast a gloom over my spirits."

His Countess was probably not at all sorry that Rochambeau insisted upon the immediate return to their posts of these fascinated gentlemen, who had exceeded by a few days their leave of absence.

The peerless Polly Lawton lived in the house at the corner of Touro Street and the Square. It is reported that she was afterward persuaded by some less discriminating admirers than the Frenchmen, to exchange her Quaker simplicity of attire for the fashions of the world's people. But the harmony between the character of her manner and beauty and the simplicity of the Friends' costume, was too exquisite not to be injured by brilliant toilets. The beautiful Polly was not the only Quakeress seduced by such splendors. La Rochefoucault-Liancourt, speaking of society in Philadelphia in 1797–8, says, quietly: "The Quakers live retired and among themselves, but ribbons please young Quakeresses as well as others, and are the great enemies of the sect."

Until the close of the century, the French



OLD FORT, DUMPLING ROCKS.

travelers are still the best historians of Newport. It was the fate of Brissot de Warville, or J. P. Brissot, *Citoyen Français*, not to visit the town until 1788. In 1784, the Newporters had organized themselves as a city, but it was useless. It was a decaying place; and, in 1787, they relapsed into the old town form.* The population had decreased during the war by nearly eight thousand persons, two thirds of the population of its prime. The glory of Newport was gone: trade was paralyzed; its society was scattered; many of the old families had emigrated to Providence at the time of the British occupation, and had laid the foundation of the prosperity of that flourishing and beautiful city, which a missionary clergyman, the Rev. Jacob Bailey, A.M., remarks in 1754, just a century since, "is a most beautiful place . . . The northeast side is built with two streets of painted houses, above which lies a most delightful hill, gradually ascending to a great distance, all cut into gardens, orchards, pleasant fields, and beautiful inclosures, which strike the eye with agreeable surprise . . . Providence is a growing and flourishing place, and the finest in New England," says the reverend chronicler; but proceeds, *per contra*, "The inhabitants of the place in general are very immoral, licentious, and profane, and exceedingly famous for contempt of the Sabbath. Gaming, gunning, horse-racing, and the like, are as common on that day as on any other. Persons of all professions countenance such practices." If not emigrated to Providence as patriots, nor flown as refugees to Nova Scotia, nor retired with the British army at their evacuation, the chief families remained broken in fortune and in spirit. Trinity Church was without a pastor, and the seat of bitter feuds. The Redwood Library was dispersed and neglected. The beautiful women told tender tales, regretfully, of *their* French campaign, and looked mournfully upon the town, still stunned by its sudden and entire prostration.

Citizen Brissot left Providence at eleven o'clock in the morning, and sailed the thirty miles to Newport by half past six in the evening. His description of it is sad enough, when contrasted with the picture of its prosperity and gayety, which we have been contemplating. "The solitude which reigns here, and which is only interrupted by groups of idlers who stand listlessly at the street corners, the general dilapidation of the houses, the wretched look of the shops, which offer for sale nothing but bunches of matches and baskets of apples, or other articles of little value, the grass growing in the Square opposite the Court-house, the muddy and ill-paved streets, the rags at the windows, or which cover either hideous women (!), lean children, or pale, wan men, with deep eyes and sinister looks, making the observer very uncomfortable, all proclaim misery, the reign of bad faith, and the influence of a bad government!"

Ichabod! Ichabod! sings Brissot de Warville, *Citoyen Français*.

He goes to the market. "Great Heaven! how different from those of Boston or Philadelphia. A few pieces of poor meat awaited purchasers who did not come!" He asked a citizen, who was well informed in such matters, the reason of this spectacle, and learned that most of the inhabitants lived on fish, which they caught themselves, and upon potatoes and other vegetables, which they raised with difficulty in their gardens. Paper-money was the pest of the country, according to Brissot and his informant, and was the principal cause of this misery. "Newport," continues the gloomy *Citoyen*, "seemed to me like a tomb where living corpses dispute about a few roots. It recalled to me the picture that Volney paints of Egypt. I seemed to behold a city in which pestilence and fire had destroyed the inhabitants and their houses." He then invites his friend to compare it to a city in which general misery produces famine, swindling, and impudence, and "you will have an image of Newport." Two miles from the town he sees the remains of the magnificent mansion of Colonel Godfrey Malbone, destroyed by fire, and observes that what fire had done to that house, paper-money had done to the country. Brissot confesses that he had heard the flourishing accounts of earlier travelers, but that he did not find what they had described. Other causes helped paper-money to increase the public misery, or rather resulted from that misery—"there are no public schools, no instruction by newspapers, and scarcely any public worship . . . . . How can there be, when good faith is universally repudiated?" And the unblushing Frenchman continues, "If there is no morality among the men, what becomes of the virtue of the women?" "In Newport, there is no restraint, no religion, no morality, no law, no respected magistrates, no troops." Fortunately he heard an alarm of fire, and went out to study the people. The fire was not extinguished according to rule, but the engines arrived promptly,

* It became a city again in 1853.

the men worked zealously, and the flames were subdued. "This spectacle consoled me," adds Brissot, "and I thought that virtue was not entirely extinguished in this people." This amusing and sudden conclusion reveals the character of his mind, and the value of his impressions. He immediately begins to find other proofs of remaining virtue. We learn that "there are no thefts, nor murders, nor even begging.....the American does not beg nor steal." This is more encouraging; and although he complains of the contrary wind which detained him six days at Newport, and he found his companions at the tavern very disagreeable, yet he went to hear a famous Universalist, Dr. Murray, who preached in the Court-house, and there he saw "pretty women, with immense bonnets, fashionably made, and well dressed; which surprised me, for until then I had seen only hideous women and rags."

This is a valuable confession. It shows that Jean Pierre Brissot, *Citoyen Français*, did not penetrate that society to which de Broglie, Lauzun, Rochambeau, Segur, de Vauban, and the rest, were welcome guests, and which now held itself retired, its days of feasting ended, its great mansions ruined, and its fortunes dilapidated, although it was still handsome, and well-dressed, and wore fashionable bonnets. Brissot's sketch of the general appearance of the town is perhaps too darkly colored, but it is very interesting; and there can be little doubt that its ruin was a sadder spectacle to the ladies in fashionable bonnets who remembered its perished splendors, than to the vivacious and uneasy traveler.

The tone of Brissot's book is supported by La Rochefoucault-Liancourt, who came to Newport from "Newbedfort," in 1795. He had letters to Samuel Elam, whom we have already noticed as the builder of Vaucluse, the sole proprietor upon the island "who did not work with his own hands," "the best of Quakers, and the best of men." He alone, at the time of Liancourt's visit, maintained the former glory of Newport life. Vaucluse was evidently the model-farm of the island. His fellow-farmers had few barns, and the Frenchman remarks the great number of haystacks dispersed all over the island which at the present time also, are characteristic objects in the landscape. He describes the island as a succession of meadows and corn-fields. Barley is raised also, he says, in great quantities, to supply the breweries of New York and Philadelphia. He bewails the fine orchards and ornamental trees leveled by the British, and the poorly cultivated sandy fields. The farms he found to be usually of seventy acres, few so large as two hundred, and two or three only had four hundred acres. He speaks with pleasure of the Newport cheeses, famous throughout America, and speculates upon the reasons of the poverty of the island. The ingenious Frenchman attributes it to many causes—the neighborhood of the sea, which tempts the inhabitants to navigation—the want of a market—the want of trees of all kinds—the constant elections taking the people from their work—the ignorant style of cultivation. "In fine," he says, "the people of Rhode Island are the most ignorant of all the Americans."

With this conclusion he arrives in the town of Newport. It was already reduced to four thousand inhabitants, although Bishop Berkeley, sixty years before, had found six thousand. Its commerce had dwindled to some twelve vessels in the European trade, two or three in the Guinea and Georgia slave-trade, and some fifty or sixty in the domestic and coast-trade. In 1791, the exports amounted to $217,394; in 1795, to $317,860. The houses of Newport, the homes of the beautiful Redwoods, Champlins, Hunters, Lawtons, Malbones, and the rest of the old colonial nobility, the remorseless Frenchman finds small, shabby, and unpainted. Every where are signs of decay. Religion is tolerant. Quakers and Anabaptists are most numerous; "but the people are not religious." The residents upon the island, the small Quaker farmers, come to church in Newport only four times a year, says Rochefoucault. "It is an obstinate, litigious, and lazy people."

A year or two afterward he passed by Newport once more, and says:



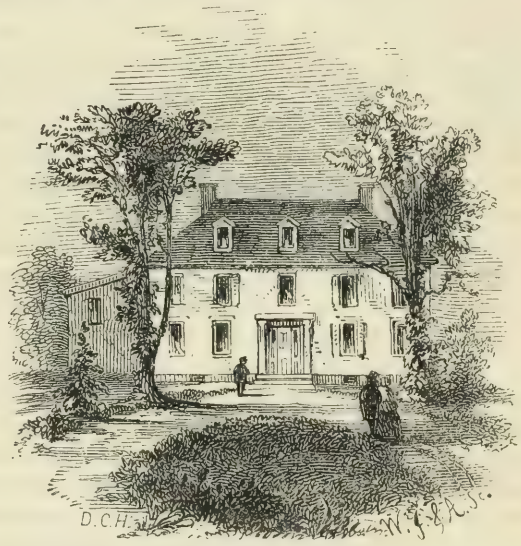
SPOUTING ROCK.

"I saw again with pleasure, not the sad and ruined town, but its charming environs. . . . The health of the place is due, doubtless, to the air; but it is remarkable how many young girls die of lung complaints. The tombstones commemorate very young or very old people—few between twenty and seventy."

These were the years of stagnation. Newport had ceased to be a gay and busy metropolis; but it was full of the evidences of recent ruin, and had not yet begun to settle into its present quiet

state of quaint and pensive decay. But during the last days of its prosperity it was the birth-place of its most illustrious child, and one of the greatest men of his country, the influence of whose pure and noble mind, sweet catholicity of sympathy, and unshrinking heroism of temper, upon the intellectual and moral life of America is incalculable.

William Ellery Channing was born in Newport on the 7th of April, 1780, in the house at the corner of Mary and High streets, and about a year before the visit of General Washington to Count Rochambeau. His father was Attorney-General of the State, and was a lawyer of consideration. He married, in 1773, the daughter of William Ellery, one of the old names of Newport, and one of the signers, for Rhode Island, of the Declaration of Independence. "I must bless God for the place of my nativity," said Dr. Channing in 1836. Yet it was declining from the time of his birth. The tone of general society had not been improved by the war. The West India trade continued, and the habits of a sea-port encourage a laxity of manners and morals, from which the old sea-captains and heavy retired merchants were not free. Profanity and intemperance were the chief vices of the time. "I can recollect," he says, "a corruption of morals among those of my own age, which made boyhood a critical, perilous season;" yet "amidst this glorious nature . . . I early received impressions of the great and the beautiful, which I believe have had no small influence in determining my modes of thought and habits of life. I had no professor or teacher to guide me; but I had two noble places of study—one was yonder beautiful edifice (the Redwood Library), now so frequented and so useful as a public library; then so deserted, that I spent day after day, and sometimes week after week, amidst its dusty volumes, without interruption from a single visitor. The other place was yonder beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm." This was the homage which a great man paid to his birth-place, as he stood, in the fullness of his fame, among its familiar scenes, and said: "The generation which I then knew has almost wholly disappeared." He went to the school of Robert Rogers, then the best in the State. There were many scholars from the South, and among them Washington Allston, who afterward married Channing's sister. But at twelve years of age he left Newport to go to school in New London. He was destined to the medical profession by his father; but soon after he graduated at Harvard College, the young man selected the ministry as his profession, and resided in Boston, as pastor of the Federal Street Unitarian Church, until his death, at Bennington, Vermont, in October, 1842, in his sixty-third year. He constantly returned to Newport, and always with fresh interest and pleasure. Writing, in August, 1832, to Joanna Baillie, he says of it—"A spot, of which I suppose you have never heard, but which is to me the most interesting on earth. I believe it is universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful place in our whole range of sea-coast. . . . Its surface reminds me more of the gentle, graceful slopes of your country than any scene I have visited in America; and its climate is more English, being quite humid, though affording us often those bright skies of which you see so few in England. . . . In natural beauty, my island does not seem to me inferior to the Isle of Wight. In cultivation it will bear no comparison." "I am still at this paradise," he says to another friend. His residence in Newport was upon the island, about five miles from town, and he sometimes, though rarely, preached in the little wooden church near Durfee's Tea-house.



CHANNING HOUSE.*

It was at Robert Rogers' school in Newport that Dr. Channing became acquainted with Washington Allston, whose name is thus associated with the island by his early school history. His only picture now on the island is the *Jeremiah*, at Miss Gibbs', in Portsmouth. Allston speaks fondly and with admiration of his future brother-in-law, and also of Edward G. Malbone, the miniature painter, who must have been a boy there with Channing, although the latter does not mention him in any published letter. Allston, indeed, only made the acquaintance of Malbone a little before the latter left his birth-place to seek his fortune. Malbone went to another school.

This eminent artist, quite unsurpassed in his department, was born in Newport in 1777. His development began while he was very young, for the favor of the gods toward those they love is early visible, and explains why they die young. The boy began to visit the theatre, fascinated by the brilliant mystery of the stage and the scenery, and at length reached the perilous honor of painting a scene. The theatre was in the upper part of the present market-house, at the corner of Long Wharf and the Parade. He delighted in blowing bubbles; in taking toys to pieces to ascertain their mechanism, that he might imitate them; and flew kites at night, with trailing splendors of

* This is not the house in which Channing was born. He lived here, however, when a child.

fire-works, exploding and flashing among the stars, to his great glee and that of his companions. His taste for drawing and painting was not entirely cherished by his father; and at seventeen, the young man threw himself upon his talent, went to Providence, and began to paint miniatures. In 1796, he went to Boston, and cemented his friendship with Allston, then at Harvard College, and the friends passed the summer of 1800 in Newport together. In the autumn they went to Charleston, and in May, 1801, sailed in company for England. While in London, Malbone painted his most famous picture. "I am painting one now," he writes at that time, "which I shall bring with me. It is 'the Hours: the past, the present, and the coming.'" Shelly, the most eminent miniature painter of that day in England, had painted a picture of the same subject and with the same title, from which a print has been published. Mr. Fraser says, according to Dunlap, that Malbone told him that the idea was suggested to him by a picture of Shelly's; and Malbone's sister, Mrs. Whitehorne, says, in a letter to Dunlap, "I have heard him say that he selected two figures (and don't recollect from where they were taken), added a third, grouped them, and designed 'The Hours.'" Whatever the origin of the picture, its execution is exquisite. The fresh, clear, sweet color; the tender, feminine character of the heads, which have all the peculiar conventional beauty of the time—the same kind of beauty that appears in many of Stuart's and Stuart Newton's heads—are as lovely now as ever. The picture is very small—it is in the miniature style, which was his most successful manner—and still remains in the possession of his family, from whom an effort is now making to purchase it, and place it permanently in the Providence Athenæum. It would surely be a matter of regret, that the best work of our best painter, in his kind, should not be retained in his native State.

Malbone returned to America in 1802, and painted with great success in all the sea-board cities. In the summer he was again at Newport, and was constantly employed. He worked with unremitting devotion. In 1805, he received $50 a head, which was considered a good price for the times. But in March, 1806, he began to fail. He remained at the South until the warm weather, when he returned to Newport, and laid aside his pencil altogether, hoping, in riding and sporting, to regain his lost health. But one day, in running and stooping for a bird which he had shot, he was seized with a violent hemorrhage. The end was near, but the young man submitted gently to every thing that care and skill suggested. He sailed for Jamaica in 1806; but still failing, and longing once more to see his native shores, he turned homeward, but died in Savannah in 1807, in his thirtieth year.

Allston and all his friends loved him. "I looked up to him with admiration," says Allston, of their Newport days. His works, which are mainly miniatures, are very generally diffused through the Atlantic States. A collection of them would be a gallery of many of the most famous and beautiful women of the society of the early part of the century. "No woman ever lost any beauty from his hand," says Allston, in the same breath with which he praises the fidelity of the likeness. "He added a grace of execution all his own." His pictures have a breadth which is not injured by their size. They are full of a sensitive sweetness, which is sure to interest the observer, who may know nothing of the originals. In an unfinished portrait by him, in the possession of Mrs. M. B. Ives, of Providence, the same characteristics are apparent; indicated not less in the graceful, pensive bit of summer landscape, which makes the background of the picture, than in the rare sense of maidenly character, which, as in Overbeck's drawings of the Madonna, seems to have restrained the artist's hand, lest he should draw the lines too grossly. Among the names whose association with Newport enhances the historical interest of the island, that of Malbone will always be pleasantly remembered. The fames of Allston, Stuart, and Malbone, each most eminent in his department, among our artists, all belong to the story of Rhode Island, if the fact of birth and the influences of early childhood constitute a claim.

About the commencement of the century Newport began to revive a little from the total stagnation which followed the war. But it revived only to a quiet and moderate activity. The Fort, upon the Dumpling Rocks upon Conanicut Island, one of the most picturesque objects around the town, was erected under the elder Adams, but never used. There is no pleasanter excursion than an afternoon's sail across the harbor to these solitary rocks and the ruined fort.

The distilleries began again as general prosperity returned to the country. "Then was heard from Fort Walcott," says an ecstatic and romantic chronicler, "the beat of the reveillé, warbling its sweetest notes along the shore, by those inimitable and graceful performers the Hoopers, Mulligin," &c. "Sam Place's hack," too, began to be in demand, and rattled parties over the island, eager to taste "Aunt Hannah Cornell's shovel-cakes." Aunt Hannah made her cakes in the house which stood upon the present site of Lawton's Tea-house. Shovel-cakes are still to be had by a hungry later generation, and the "griddles" of Mrs. Durfee, in the Tea-house at the "Glen," shall not want a historian, as they have not wanted troops of lovers. The Glen is one of the favorite drives, and Mrs. Durfee is the goddess of the Glen. It is a romantic dell, winding down through woods to the water, upon the eastern shore of the island. Across the channel the little town of Compton-on-the-hill lies white upon the shore; but the place is mainly pleasant because it has the rarest rural beauty of the island —trees. It was formerly called Cundall's Mills, from the fulling-mill of Joseph Cundall, which stood upon the site of the present stone factory.

During the commencement of the century Newport was gradually acquiring its present character of grave respectability and decayed



THE GLEN.

dignity, but it was yet destined to connect its name with the most illustrious events of the war of 1812. The father of Commodore Decatur was a native of Newport; but Oliver Hazard Perry—descendant in the sixth degree of Thomas Hazard, one of the earliest settlers of the island, and whose name has long been honorably borne by one of the most distinguished families in the State—was born in Newport in 1785. He entered the navy in 1798, and served in the expedition against Tripoli. In 1812, the United States declared war against England; and on the 6th of December of that year, Captain Stephen Decatur, commanding the *United States*, brought into the harbor of Newport the British frigate *Macedonian*. During the winter a fleet of gun-boats was stationed at Newport, commanded by Perry. But he wished ardently to engage the enemy directly, and applied for and obtained the command upon Lake Erie. "The work Captain Perry had to do was, first, to create a fleet, and then with that fleet to beat the British fleet—work enough for a young man of twenty-seven." On the morning of the 10th of September, 1813, he sailed from the harbor of the little town of Erie, with nine vessels and fifty-four guns, to meet the English force of six vessels and sixty-three guns. That day and the dispatch of Perry—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours"—are known with pride by every school-boy now. On the 10th of September, 1853, the citizens of Newport celebrated the fortieth anniversary of that great and decisive battle. George H. Calvert, the first mayor of the city under the new charter, and well known to literary fame by his books of European observation, delivered an address, remarkable among such performances for its clearness of narration and power of presentation, which comprises by far the best account of the battle. On that day six survivors of the 10th of September, 1813, were present in the church, and the orator's allusion to them thrilled the assembly to enthusiasm, and the occasion well deserves mention even in these slight annals of Newport. "These our fellow-citizens, who now modestly face this assemblage, the objects of its deep interest and sympathy, it is by the watch just forty years to an hour, since, each one at his post, doing there his brave duty, they faced on Lake Erie the cannon of the enemy. For us, it will be for the rest of our lives a grateful remembrance, that, preferred before all others, we have been permitted here to behold these brave men;



COMMODORE PERRY'S HOUSE.

and for ourselves, and for all the twenty-five millions of our countrymen, for whom they fought that strong fight, to greet them, and to thank them."

Commodore Perry, after the battle of Lake Erie, bought the "Perry House," upon the Parade, in Newport. He died August 23d, 1819, of yellow fever, on board the United States schooner Nonsuch, at Trinidad, aged thirty-four years. His body was brought to Newport, in the sloop of war Lexington, in November, 1826, and on the 4th of December was honorably interred. All the Newporters did their duty manfully through the war; and the conduct of one among them, at the battle of Lake Erie, showed with what spirit England was hopelessly contending. The mate of the *Lawrence*, just as the ships were going into action, said to one of the sick—Wilson Mays, of Newport—

"Go below, Mays; you are too weak to be here."

"I can do something, sir." "What can you do?" "I can sound the pump, sir, and let a strong man go to the guns." "He sat down by the pump and sent the strong man to the guns; and when the fight was ended, there he was found with a ball through his heart." Perry was handsome and graceful. He had a noble frankness of character, and was the type of a naval hero.

In 1808, coal was discovered upon the island, and a lawyer in New York having examined some specimens, was solicited for his opinion. "At the general conflagration of the universe," he replied, "the most secure place to be found would be the coal mine at Portsmouth, Rhode Island." The vein was never extensively worked after that opinion.

We speak of the old days of Newport, and of its vanished glories. But there remains one monument which interests the poet, the antiquarian, the traveler, the controversialist, the divine; of which sweet songs have been sung, wild theories spun, and happy hoaxes invented. It is the "stern round tower of other days," the Newport ruin, the old mill. It stands upon a lot between Mill and Pelham streets, opposite the front of the Atlantic House. It tells no story itself, but it is suggestive of romantic legend, although there can be little doubt that it is only an old mill. A pamphlet published two or three years since in Newport, and understood to be written by Rev. Charles T. Brooks, the accomplished and genial scholar, the graceful poet, and pastor of the church at whose dedication Dr. Channing paid his interesting and beautiful tribute of remembrance to the island, contains the most lucid and comprehensive account of the structure. The society of Danish Antiquaries at Copenhagen had, upon the reception of some imperfect drawings, hastily decided that it was probably built in the twelfth century by the Northmen who coasted along the New England shore, and called the country Vinland, from the abundance of grapes. It is upon this romantic hint, and the discovery of "a skeleton in armor" at Fall River, upon the main near Newport, that Longfellow has founded his heroic ballad of the same name.

The Viking escapes with his mistress from her forbidding father and the Norsemen:

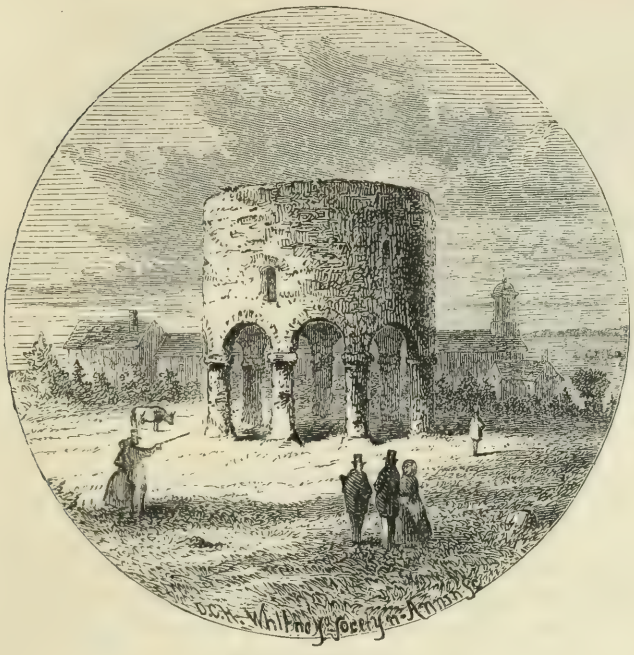
> "Three weeks we westward bore,
> And, when the storm was o'er,
> Cloud-like we saw the shore,
> Stretching to leeward;
> There, for my lady's bower,
> Built I the lofty tower,
> Which, to this very hour,
> Stands, looking seaward."

The old mill is about seventy-five feet above the high-water level in the harbor, and about a hundred and twenty rods from the shore. The earliest settlers make no mention of it, and this is quite sufficient proof of its erection since that period, as the original settlement of the town was very near the site of the building, and so remarkable an object would not have escaped mention by some of the profuse diarists of the times. In 1663, Peter Easton, one of the first settlers, says in his Journal, that the first wind-mill was built during that year; and, in 1675, it was blown down by a heavy gale. This fact would induce its reconstruction in a more solid manner. In 1653, Benedict Arnold, who was of a different family from that of the traitor, came to Newport from Providence, where he had had difficulties with Roger Williams and with the Indians. He settled in Newport, and was presently made Governor. He built a house upon a lot of sixteen acres, just in the rear of the present site of the Rhode Island Union Bank upon Thames Street, the eastern part of which includes the mill. Governor Arnold died in 1678, aged sixty-three years. His will is dated 20th December, 1677, and speaks of the lot upon which stands "my stone-built wind-mill." It would be very natural that Arnold, who was not in favor with the Indians, would be quite willing to erect a building which not only should look like a fort, but might actually serve as one, and especially as the wind-mill had just been blown down, he would wish to build securely.

Mr. Joseph Mumford stated, in 1834, when he was eighty years old, that his father was born in 1699, and always spoke of the building as a powder-mill, and he himself remembered that in his boyhood, say in 1760, it was used as a hay-mow. John Langley, another octogenarian, remembered hearing his father say, that when he was a boy, which must have been early in the eighteenth century, he carried corn to the mill to be ground. Edward Pelham, who married Arnold's granddaughter, in his will, dated in 1740, calls it "an old stone wind-mill."

This is the direct historical testimony. The evidence from the material, form, and quality of lime, &c., is equally satisfactory. It was built of stone, because there were no saw-mills then upon the island to make boards, and because the material was ample and accessible. The shells, sand, and gravel for lime were equally convenient to use. In the year 1848, some mortar from an old stone-house in Spring Street, built by Henry Bull in 1639, from the tomb of Governor Benedict

Arnold, and from various other old buildings, was compared with the mortar of the old mill, and found to be identical in quality and character. The form is that of English mills at the period, with which the builders would be most familiar. In the Penny Magazine for November, 1836, there is a picture of a mill in Warwickshire, designed by Inigo Jones, who died in 1652, of which the form is quite the same. Old sea-captains and travelers testify to having seen hundreds of similar wind-mills all over the north of Europe.



OLD STONE MILL.

Vague romance totters under these direct blows of fact.

"Alas! the antiquarian's dream is o'er—
Thou art an old stone wind-mill, nothing more!"

sings Mr. Brooks in his poem of "Aquidneck." But the old ruin does not lose its interest. It is a permanent link with the earliest historical days of the island. It belongs still to as much romance as the poet can bring to it. No one has more fully proved it than the author of an admirable antiquarian hoax upon the building, in a series of letters professing to come from "Antiquarian," dating from Brown University, in 1847. He introduces the Danish theory, supported by reports of fabulous investigations by fictitious characters, which did not fail of provoking caustic correspondence, and finally achieving its triumph by eliciting a solemn denial, from Professor Rafn, of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, of the existence of such characters as Bishop Oelrischer, Professors Scrobein, Graetz, &c. Its true history, also, has been hinted in song by the laureate of *Old Grimes*, a Rhode Island poet, scholar, and gentleman,* whose musical verses sum up the whole matter. It is the *Song of the Wind-mill Spirits:*

"How gayly that morning we danced on the hill,
When we saw the old Pilgrims were building a mill.
. . . . . .
Its framework all fell ere a century waned,
And only the shaft and the millstones remained.
It was built all of wood,
And bravely had stood,
Sound-hearted and merry, as long as it could;
And the hardy old men
Determined that then
Of firm, solid stone they would build it again,
With a causeway and draw,
Because they foresaw
It would make a good fort in some hard Indian war."

The story of Newport is so sweet in the telling, that, like Scheherazade beguiling the night, the chronicler would willingly while away the summer with his tale. But these annals must end. We have spoken of Newport as a gone glory—an ornament of the Past. But its present career is not less memorable in our contemporary social history. While the old town dozes on unchanged, more surprised, perhaps, than delighted, at the brilliant bustle which rattles through its streets for a brief summer season, a new town is rapidly arising upon the hill. A spacious and beautiful avenue has pierced the solitary fields along the ocean, so long given up to haystacks, lovers, and fishermen, and clusters of handsome houses now flash a welcome to the home-bound mariner still far out at sea; and swarms of equipages and gay groups of youth, beauty, and fashion, announce that the fine society which stepped stately, in brocades and periwigs, has only yielded place to another time and its children, not less beautiful nor less worthy of the spot. The secret of its old success, as a centre of pleasant society from all parts of the country, is equally that of its present prosperity. The delicious climate, the advantages of sporting, and bathing, and social relaxation, which brought the people of a century since to Newport, and held them there, now draw their descendants. For many years, from 1815 to 1840, it was the resort of quiet Southern families, some of whom had summer-houses upon the island; and "Uncle Tom Townsend's," known simply as "Townsend's," and Miss Dillon's, upon the Parade, and Potter's old Bellevue, upon the site of the present large hotel, were quite enough for the other travelers, for the lawyers upon the circuit, and for the members of the Legislature. Newport did not readily yield to its greater rival, Providence, sitting regally at the head of Narragansett Bay, leaning either arm upon two tributary rivers. A young Newporter, thirty years ago, bred in the aristocratic traditions of the town, found, to his great contempt, that he could easily lift the chairs in Providence parlors, but in the ancestral rooms of old Newport were only colossal ancestral chairs, no more to be handed about by polite gentlemen than carven thrones. Newport disdained Providence as the Faubourg St. Germain scorned Louis Philippe and his modern dynasty. In its decay, when its population had fallen to some 6000, and its rival numbered nearly 30,000, Newport still divided with Providence metropolitan honors, and sent six representatives to the Legislature, while Prov-

* Albert G. Greene, of Providence.



DRAWING NET

idence sent only four. Even the present chronicler can recall—

"Eheu, eheu! Posthume! Posthume!"

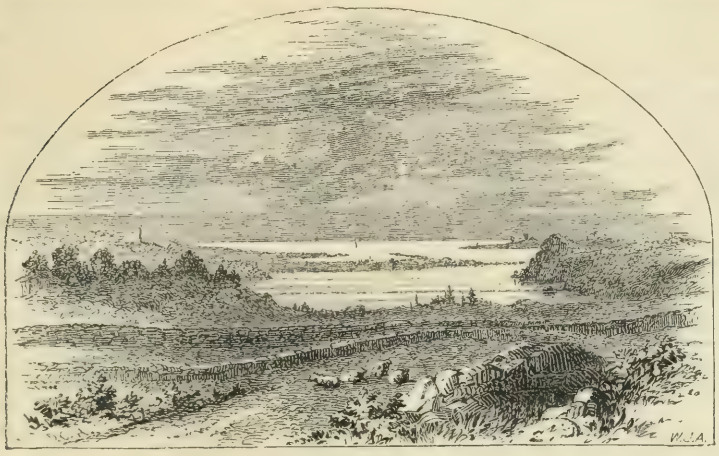
fine old Newport figures, gentlemen and scholars, worthy to call Hunter, Hazard, Randolph, King, Ellery, and others, ancestors.

From about the year 1840, and the erection of the "Ocean House" and the "Atlantic House," may be dated the *renaissance* of Newport. There is an immortal excellence in the air and the island which will not suffer it to fall into forgetfulness or complete decay. It will not cease to call its roll of famous names. If its traditions love to remember Berkeley and Stiles and Channing walking along its shores and fields, so will its future annalists associate with its history the memory of Norton, their worthy companion. And as the patriotic pilgrim watches from the Point the waters on which British power was first humbled by American freedom, and returns, pensive, through the streets that Washington walked, and by the house of Perry, he will be glad that our heroes shall not die unsung, and remember Bancroft, our great historian.

Newport is pre-eminently our Watering-place, nor is there any in the world superior in variety of charm. In Europe, the great German Baths are only other names for gaming-houses; the Italian resorts are lovely; Lucca and Castellamare, of which Willis gossips airily, are delightful. But the Baths of Lucca are shut in by mountains, and Castellamare, although upon the Bay of Naples, is oppressed by Monte San Angelo, and wants the breadth and variety of Newport. In France and England the summer resorts are pleasant, but the peculiarity of a watering-place is too much lost in the extent of the towns. Töplitz, in Bohemia, is inland; Heliogoland is a small island in the North Sea, more curious than agreeable; the Tyrolean Baths at Ischl are romantic, and surrounded by magnificent mountains; and the Swiss Baths and those of the Pyrenees lie in narrow valleys, and want a refreshing horizon. At Baden Baden, the great Continental resort, you may see Rachel lose and win piles of Napoleons, and try your own fortune with Louis d'ors or sovereigns. But Newport has more natural advantages than any of



GLEN.



LILY POND.

them. Nor does it want similar seductions Superfluous money may be lost even in Newport —land of John Callender and Roger Williams. Its casinos do not blaze with colored lamps among orange trees upon the highway, as at Baden; but in quiet little streets, hiding in houses of a rusty dignity, lurk the fascinating spells: and there the youths—fondly supposed by mothers, aunts, and sisters, to be innocently polking with Clotilda, or discreetly flirting with Amanda—are toying with a more terrible mistress, and perfecting the jaded and insolent swagger which is supposed to indicate the man of the world. Sometimes the conscience, and not the stomach, is responsible for that morning headache.

Saratoga is our only rival of Newport, and Saratoga is always sure of a certain homage. But its unique hotels, its throng, its music, its dancing, its bowling, its smoking, its drinking, its flirting, its drives to dinners, and sunsets at the Lake, are not enough to equal the claim of Newport, which has most of these and more. Saratoga is a hotel, Newport is a realm. Saratoga will always be sure of its friends, for it has an actual and tangible value in its mineral waters and its fine hotels. Newport has no mineral springs, and its hotels are bad.

But the chief charm of a watering-place is not the beauty nor the fame of the spot. It has less to do with the place than with the people. You profess, perhaps, to love scenery, and you go to Newport to walk on the cliff, and see sunsets; or upon the beach where Berkeley mused, and where fishermen are now drawing seines; or to the lonely Purgatory Rock, of which the legend is, that a lover was dared by his mistress to leap the yawning mouth of the chasm for her glove, and throw it in her face as he leaped back again, while with King Francis—

> 'Not love, quoth he, but vanity,
> Sets love a task like that."

You stroll along the cliff to the Bass Rocks, and throw your line for sea or striped bass, or bluefish; or from Bateman's shore look across to Gooseberry Island, whither Colonel John Malbone was wont to repair, and with his friends fish, and drink, and swim three times a day; or you go out in tossing sail-boats with a grim old Newport captain—who remembers the Boat-house from earliest youth, at which time tradition did not reach to its first construction—and catch, for baking with wine-sauce, the tautog, famed fish of Rhode Island waters, which the unfortunate Abbé Robin ignorantly called *tew-tag*. Or, in more romantic and less fiercely piscatory moods, you will draw perch from Lily Pond, and saunter to the Spouting Horn, where, in storms, the sea dashes high in crumbling, glittering spires of foam—building in air a vast, blinding, momentary wall of unimaginable splendor of device and detail—a palace of exquisite faery heaved suddenly upward from the volcanic emerald mine of ocean —wavering, flashing, and gone. Or you go down the Forty-steps to Conrad's Cave, and babble Byron; or to the Point, and recall revolutionary tradition. But still, a watering-place is a theatre where the audience are also the actors. They play to themselves for their own amusement, and it sometimes happens that they do amuse themselves more than others. It has its legends, like other theatres—its tragedies and comedies. And if the portraits of our grandmothers, in their favorite parts of admired belles, are not hung up in its offices and parlors, it is because they are so vividly depicted by fond tradition. The grandchildren succeed to those parts, and play them quite as well. They sing the old songs to different tunes; they bowl with other beaux; they flirt with younger lovers; they dance with partners not yet gouty; they roam on the cliffs, and drive upon the beach, and ride at the Fort; they are not ante-revolutionary, nor are the lovers called De Lauzun, Viosmenil, De Broglie, or De Segur; but the plot is the same, and the play is not different, and the summer moon of this year sees as fair a spectacle as that of a century ago.

THE HOLY WEEK AT ROME.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THE ceremonies and labors of the Holy Week, one would suppose, were sufficient for the wants of any clergy for the entire year. Not so with the Roman Church. She proclaims and enforces the observance of some seventy distinct *festas*, or sacred days, besides Sundays. Nearly a third of the year is consecrated to idleness, which vice is exalted to the rank of a virtue. I would exempt from this waste of time the periods properly belonging to divine worship, which of course are comprised within the duties of all men. But the Pope absolutely inculcates doing nothing on holidays, and denounces heavy penalties on the disobedient. The laboring classes, consequently, whose average daily gains are between a quarter and a half of a dollar, are compelled to abstain from all work, and take part in religious processions, or in witnessing superstitious rites, of a character to confirm their own vain predilections. Without the physical labors which the observance of these holidays forces upon the

clergy, they would be almost as idle as the populace themselves. But the dressings and undressings, the genuflexions, and swinging of censers, the marching and counter-marching, the collection of alms, bearing of images, carrying of candles, ringing of bells, and all the complicated and ingenious inventions of ecclesiastical brains, to keep their hands from being in the service of the devil—all these find the clergy in some degree of employment, while their flocks are left to idly gape over their stereotyped displays, or find such amusements as they can; in short, to do any thing but conform to the Divine injunction of "Six days shalt thou labor." The Church, however, discountenances irregular pleasures, and does its best, consistently with its own example, to keep the people in a moral vein. It endeavors to reconcile idleness with goodness, and superstition with religion; unions, like all unnatural ones, prolific only in imbecility and disorder.

The weightiest objection to the absurd spectacles of the church, sanctioned by the Pope and high clergy, is, that they cultivate credulity and ignorance among the people, and teach them to rely more upon the blessings and supernatural care of deceased saints than upon their own exertions or enterprise in providing against the ordinary contingencies of life. Hence human prudence is superseded by a puerile fatalism, equally remote from the dignified practice and sublime doctrine of Islamism. The Roman people, in particular, believe that the special business of the saints in Paradise is to watch over their daily occupations, and to interest themselves in the success of all their pursuits—good, bad, or indifferent. When an accident occurs to man, beast, or vehicle, they do not hesitate to rate their patron saint, roundly and profanely, for his negligence. If, on the contrary, they escape an evil, they hasten to offer a candle, or some gift in proportion to their means, to his or her shrine, as the sex may be.

Among the many ceremonies my curiosity has prompted me to witness, none more wearisome ever fell to my lot than the midnight mass of Christmas-eve. Prompted by the expectation of good music, I went to the church of the "Annunciata" at Florence, at the usual hour, about ten o'clock. The body of the church was crammed with the unwashed multitude. Behind the choir were admitted the strangers and fashionables. During the dark and dismal service, gay conversation, flirting, and promenading were going on. It was more like the saloon of a theatre than the house of God. At midnight a gaudily-dressed doll was held up for the devotion of the congregation, and the ceremony was concluded.

The Roman clergy assemble five times a year in general processions. The different orders of monks, being very properly of the least consideration in the church, march first. Thirty-seven communities appear under the banners of their several saints, twenty march under the flag of the Holy Sacrament, and eight others appear under different ensigns, of which one is the banner of Death. They turn out to the number of five or



A ROMAN PROCESSION.



ITALIAN MONKS.

six thousand, when in full ranks, of priests, monks, and clerks.

The most splendid of these processions is that of "Corpus Domini," or the Fête of God. In this, the Pope and all the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries of Rome, and the military, take part. Embassadors, governors, senators, princes, and nobles of every degree, humbly carrying candles, appear in this colossal cortège. The Pope is borne on his pontifical litter, high above the heads of all, surrounded by his court, and carrying in his hands the holy sacrament, in vessels radiant with gold and jewels, before which the spectators prostrate themselves humbly and uncovered, as the procession slowly passes through the different quarters of Rome, on its way to and from St. Peter's.

The doctrine and abuses of relics are among the worst corruptions of the Roman Church. As they are sources of incalculable pecuniary profit, they will be among the slowest and most difficult of reformation. Doubtless the Church of Rome possesses, among its hordes of false relics, some true memorials of departed saints. It is even possible, though not probable, that St. Helena did put her in possession of some of the genuine implements used at the crucifixion. Grant this much, even, but hold her to her own doctrine in regard to them, viz., "*That in religion relics are to be held in veneration corresponding to that in which tokens of affection and memorials of endearment are preserved in well-regulated and virtuous families.*" This is right and proper.

But what use does the Church of Rome make of them? That she considers them of primary importance in her service is evident from the fact that she constitutes a congregation of relics, composed of six cardinals and four prelates, whose functions are to examine and classify the remains of ancient martyrs found in the catacombs of Rome and elsewhere. Their quarry is a large one, for already there have been taken from this necropolis the remains of one hundred and seventy thousand victims—of death surely, if not of martyrdom—most of which have passed muster as genuine relics, comforting to the faith of the living and profitable to the treasury of the Church. Unfortunately the science of the priestly inspectors has not always been equal to their zeal, and the remains of animals have been sometimes confounded with those of the early Christians. But as a close inspection of relics is seldom allowed, distance would lend as much spiritual efficacy to the bone of an ass as of a martyr, provided faith was equal to the sacred recognition.

St. Peter's boasts the possession of the most precious of the sacred relics. These consist of a piece of the true cross, a portion of the spear-head which pierced the side of Christ, a bit of the sponge, and the true imprint of the Saviour's face upon the handkerchief of St. Veronica, which, according to Roman Catholic tradition, she lent to Christ to wipe the sweat from his brow while staggering under the weight of the cross. No good Catholic presumes to doubt the authenticity of these relics. They are exhibited to the people during Holy Week, all incased in gold and precious stones, from one of the raised galleries above the tomb of St. Peter, nearly one hundred feet above their heads, at which distance it is impossible to distinguish one object from another. Besides these, there are eleven columns from the

temple of Jerusalem, and the one against which Jesus leaned when disputing with the doctors. This is carefully concealed from general sight in one of the chapels, but I contrived to get in and lean against the same spot—I must confess it, not without experiencing a sensation of pious gratification altogether remote from skepticism—so far as the iron grating with which it is jealously encircled would permit.

St. Peter's has also a chapel specially devoted to the arms, legs, fingers, heads, and other portions of saints, the list of which hangs on the outside, and is not a very attractive invitation to enter to sensitive stomachs.

There is scarcely a Roman Catholic church in Europe that does not possess a Golgotha of relics—disgusting objects, mostly defeating their own claims to authenticity by their impossible pretensions and absurd traditions, the belief in which is far more diligently inculcated than in the saving doctrines of Scripture. The latter would put an end to these stupid impostures, but the former exalt the reputation of the several churches, and bring much treasure into their coffers. In fact, they are ecclesiastical museums, for which heretics pay to gratify their curiosity, and the faithful to adore, and gain the promised indulgences at the expense of their gifts left upon the altars. I have seen thousands flock around a miserable old Byzantine painting of the Virgin, of the twelfth century, scrupulously vailed in order to increase the mystery, except on certain holidays when the public are admitted to kiss the silver railing of the altar, for the purpose of devoutly leaving a sum of money with the priest for the edifying privilege. Ghastly heads and remains of martyrs, in silver or gold cases, are periodically exposed to similar adoration in the principal churches, or brought out in solemn procession on the occasion of drought or some public calamity, to induce the defunct possessor to intercede with God, or more generally the Virgin Mary, to arrest the evil. Who can view these imbecilities and not hold the Roman clergy accountable for withholding the bread of life, and substituting pageantry and superstitions not one whit superior to the classical paganism they supplanted? It is true that the early popes, despairing to abolish altogether the heathen customs of Rome, engrafted many of the ceremonies of the expiring ritual into their own. But their successors have allowed fifteen centuries to pass without a single endeavor to purify their religion from the corrupting influences which their predecessors deplored, and submitted to only from unavoidable necessity. Forms and names have been changed, but Rome of the nineteenth century, under a Christian pontiff and a learned clergy, in point of superstition and credulity, is as essentially pagan as in the days of Augustus. The miracles of ancient Rome, so prolific in the pages of Livy, are every whit as credible as those which figure in the annals of the Church. When devotion flags, or money fails to pour abundantly in at a certain shrine, a miracle is sure to ensue. Cu-



PROCESSION OF CORPUS DOMINI.



THE MOST HOLY BABY.

riosity is excited, superstition stimulated, and the needed excitement produced. My readers will, I trust, agree with me, when they have visited a few of these idolatrous shrines, that the sooner they are swept from the earth the better will become the temporal and eternal prospects for mankind.

In the church of the "Ara Cæli," which occupies the site of the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, there is preserved a wretchedly-carved wooden doll, loaded with an incalculable amount of precious jewels. This doll belongs to the monks, and brings them in yearly a revenue which enriches them all. It is called the "Most Holy Baby," and the most diligent exertions are made to keep alive faith in its sovereign virtues. Every stranger visits it, as a matter of course, and pays the accustomed fee. But its chief revenue is from the sick. It has a larger practice than any physician in Rome. As soon as a Roman despairs of his life or his doctor, he sends for the "Most Holy Baby," which is brought to his bedside in great state. If he die, the baby has called him, which is all right; if he get well, the baby has cured him, which is right also. In either case the monks receive their fee. It is so rich that it has a handsome carriage of its own. Several times a year this idol is exposed to the adoration of the crowd, no other having so great a reputation in Rome.

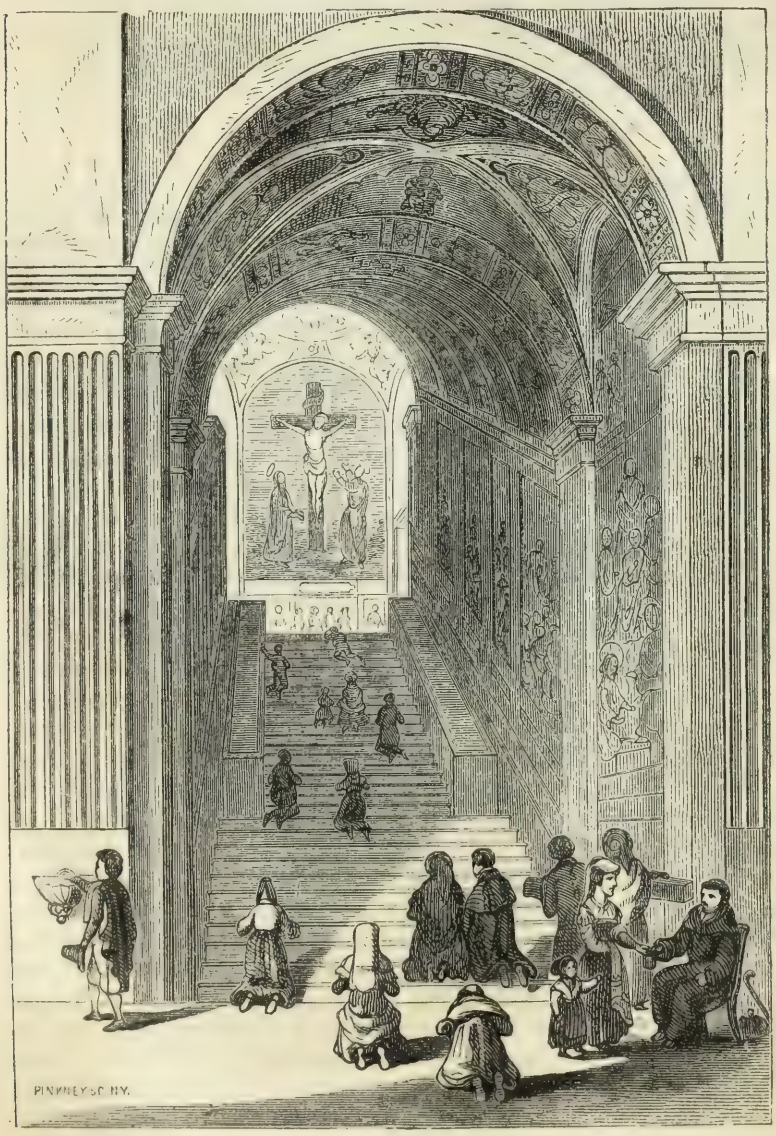
An old marble staircase which had seen much service in the ancient Lateran Palace, has contrived to gather to itself an astonising reputation for sanctity. Sixtus V. was the pope who brought it into notice. In rebuilding the palace he discovered that it was the same staircase on which Christ descended when leaving the judgment-seat of Pilate. Henceforth it became most holy and endowed with incalculable virtues. Sixtus inclosed it in a building opposite the church of St. John in Lateran, and provided lateral staircases for descent and for profane feet. Several thousand years' indulgence were promised to every one who made the ascent on his knees, repeating at each step Paternosters and Ava Marias. Go now when you will, and it will be found occupied by sinners, male and female, nobles and beggars, side by side, painfully winning their way to the promised indulgence. At the bottom there is always on duty a monk who demands alms, and at the top, a contribution plate beside a crucifix, into which the pilgrims deposit their offerings while reverently kissing and repeating a prayer over each wound of Christ. So great is the concourse that wooden steps have been placed over the stones, to protect them from the pious wear. After all, the pilgrims do not touch the veritable steps; a fact which they seem entirely to overlook, but which one would suppose would detract somewhat from the promised blessings. In my forgetfulness of its sanctity I began to ascend it on my feet, but the attendant priest requested me to desist. While I paused some French soldiers went by with wonderful celerity on their knees, evidently in a profane race to see who would first arrive at the top.

The church contains a wonderful assortment of relics; the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, as usual, in jeweled cases of silver; a lock of the Virgin Mary's hair, and a fragment of one of her petticoats; some blood of Christ; the table at which he ate the last supper—a small affair, suitable for a café *tête-à-tête*, but never intended for thirteen, an anomaly the relic manufacturers impolitically overlooked. Then there are the rods of Moses and Aaron, with a portion of the Ark of the Covenant; the pillar off which the cock crew when Peter denied Christ, and other wonders surpassing belief.

The relics of the Virgin Mary in ecclesiastical museums are surprisingly numerous, while Joseph appears to have left no memorials behind him. At Loretto, we have her entire house, transported by angels from the Holy Land. Were all her property restored to it, one might get a tolerable insight into her domestic affairs; for we have quite a wardrobe of hers remaining, besides the cradle of the infant Jesus, preserved at the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, in total forgetfulness of the scriptural fact that the new-born babe was laid in a manger.

I will give a list of some of the most noted relics preserved at different shrines, to show what the Church of Rome exhibits instead of the simple Word of God. They exist in such profusion wherever the Roman Catholic priesthood have sway, that it is really difficult to select a collection which shall embrace the absurdities of all, as their number and variety are legion. One of the richest and most select, however, of these shrines is that of St. Mark's, at Venice. It is open at certain hours to the public for a stated fee. The wealth in precious metals and jewels lavished upon the vessels and tabernacles which contain these ghastly remains is incalculable. Were all the idle and idolatrous treasure of Italy actively employed for the benefit of the living, it would give her schools throughout her territory, or connect it by a network of railways; in either case affording education or work to her starving multitudes.

The sacristan of St. Mark's ushered me into the sanctuary where its treasures are kept. At the first glance one would suppose he had fallen into Aladdin's cave, so brightly shone the gold and silver, gleaming with rare and costly stones. Closer inspection, however, betrayed the contents of the glass vials in which most of them were preserved. There were arm and leg bones without number; fragments of morbid humanity of every shape and variety, labeled "a piece of Saint" this, or Saintess that—precious to the faith of the believing, it was devoutly to be hoped, but repulsive to doubting eyes. The taste of Roman Catholics for the morbidly horrible in death's doings is strangely general. At Notre Dame, in Paris, they showed me the spine of the late archbishop, which had been dissected from his corpse to be exhibited to his late parishioners.



THE HOLY STAIRS.

The relics at St. Mark's that I particularly noticed were as follows:

The thumb of St. Mark.

A lock of the Virgin's hair, bright auburn, looking as if recently cut from a child's head.

Some of the blood of Christ.

Some of the earth soaked with it.

A piece of his garment without a seam.

Four pieces of the True Cross, one of which belonged to the Empress Irene of Constantinople.

One Nail of the True Cross.—(There is another at Paris, one at Milan, one at Rome, and the iron crown of Lombardy is said also to have been made of them.)

Two of the Thorns of the Crown.



VOWS TO THE VIRGIN.

A Rib of St. Peter.

A Rib of St. Paul.

A portion of the Skull of St. John the Baptist. —(The entire head is preserved at Geneva; but duplicates of saintly remains are no more miraculous than their preservation at all, and do not appear to weaken faith in their authenticity.)

Two of the Stones used at the martyrdom of St. Stephen.

The most remarkable appeal to public credulity is to be found at Cologne, in the well-known collection of the relics of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgin companions, all of whom, the Church teaches her disciples to believe, were



ADORATION OF RELICS.



ADORATION OF THE STATUE OF ST. PETER.

wantonly massacred by a horde of barbarians, somewhere between the years 237 and 451 of the Christian era, for refusing to submit to their embraces. "He must have an iron head," says our high authority, "who will maintain that this sublime old tradition of Cologne does not merit belief."

Be that as it may, the church of St. Ursula exhibits, to this day, in the so-called "Golden Chamber, admission fixed at thirty cents, for the benefit of the church," one hundred and seventy skulls, inclosed in velvet cases, overlaid with silver and precious stones. These are arranged on shelves, and grin ghastly upon the spectator from their richly-decorated cases, which contrast horribly in their mock splendor with the empty eye-sockets and high cheek-bones of death. On the head of St. Ursula there is a crown of great value. The attendant monk, as he relates the legend of their death, calls upon the visitor, with great unction, to admire the glossy flaxen hair of the virgin saint, which he is allowed to handle, besides placing his fingers in the cleft skulls of those who came to their deaths by sabre strokes. Most of these skulls bear names, and are thus catalogued:

No. 2.—"The Head of St. Etherius, bridegroom of St. Ursula, with the teeth well preserved.

No. 14.—"Aurelius, King of Sardinia"—and a large number of bishops, dukes, priests, and soldiers, all numbered, in reckless disregard of their unvirginlike association of sex and employment.

No. 23.—"St. Benedicta, Duchess, who led a cohort of the holy legion.

No. 32.—"Florentia, Queen.

No. 36.—"Florentia, a Princess of Negroes.

No. 50.—"A small silver shrine, containing parts of Christ's *rod*."—What rod?

Nos. 55 and 57.—"The right Arm and Foot of St. Ursula—her hair-net," etc.

No. 60.—(The naïvete of the printed description of this is particularly funny.)—"A Water-cruet used at the wedding meal at Cana, brought to Cologne by St. Bruno. An eye-witness, who has been in Cana, assures us that there are only five of these water-pots, and that the sixth he has seen in our Golden Chamber is perfectly like the five other pots." Can we wonder at the simplicity of the flocks, when such is the erudition of the shepherds?

Besides these relics there are six hundred and twelve heads, adorned with golden embroidery, in gilded glass chests.

This church is a Golgotha on a large scale. The walls inclose a solid mass of bones, symmetrically piled for the space of eighty feet in length by ten in height and two in width, which the monks joyfully point out as confirmatory of their legend. As late as the year 1642, some fourteen hundred years after the martyrdom, the liquid blood of St. Ursula was discovered, as fresh as if just shed; but the monks, probably from fear of another discovery, immediately reburied it.

It is a dismal church, full of bones, and skulls, and coffins, and all sorts of quaint pictures of monkish legends, and gloomy architecture. When I left it, darkness had overshadowed all, and my shaven and cowled guide was obliged to light a

candle to pilot me out. As we passed a confessional-box, a woman suddenly arose from her knees, and a priest stepped from that silent witness of the heart's burden of grief and sin, and disappeared in the recesses of the tomb-like church. She had just finished her confession; and, with a rapid step and bowed head, passed rapidly by. But what an hour and what a place to select for penitence and absolution! The grim relics of death above, below, and on all sides. Each step disturbed the ashes and repose of a grave. Night lent additional ghastliness to the scene. A lady was with me. She pressed closely to my side, and drew a long breath of relief as we stepped over the gloomy threshold and found ourselves once more breathing the pure air of heaven.

The most conspicuous object of adoration at Rome is a venerable bronze statue of St. Peter; a sitting figure, so ancient that it is generally asserted to be an old pagan deity, perhaps Jupiter himself, or at all events, some eminent heathen character, a consul or magistrate, but now transformed by modern cunning into the sacred image of the fisherman saint.

This is the particular idol which the Pope loves to venerate in public; consequently all good Catholics follow his example for their souls' sake. The motives of His Holiness possibly are pure and orthodox; but the act itself is idolatry, and as such, becomes not only a license but an example to the multitude. On certain festivals the Pope and high dignitaries go to St. Peter's for this purpose, pressing their lips fervently to the brazen toe, and then touching the foot with their chins and foreheads in a most devout manner, greatly to the edification of a countless multitude, who, in their zeal of imitation, rush toward it with a fury that threatens to endanger the stability of the statue itself. At all hours worshipers are seen before this image. The rich and poor, the noble and peasant, infancy and age, kneel and pray before it, never leaving without bestowing the adoring kiss, and pressing the forehead against the consecrated heel. So numerous are their embraces, that it has been found necessary to protect the toe by an additional covering from being entirely worn away. For centuries has this idolatrous worship been performed, not only unrebuked, but sanctioned and ordered by the Roman clergy as a means of salvation.

The degree of devotion which this image excites is very various. It would be amusing, were it not mournful, to witness the daily scenes enacted before it. I have seen an old woman, tottering with age, seize the foot in her hands, and kiss the toe twenty times in rapid succession with all the impetuosity and warmth of a young lover, and leave with an unmistakable expression of pious joy. Mothers press the unwilling lips of babes to the cold metal; ignorant of its efficacy, they cry and shrink from the embrace. Their older brothers and sisters kneel, and lift their tiny hands toward it, as we are taught to do when we say, "Our Father who art in heaven." Young girls and fashionable mothers in squads approach, bow, take out their laced handkerchiefs, polish the toe



STREET-PREACHING.



A ROMAN FUNERAL.

clean, and then apply their lips—some devoutly, and others with a hidden laugh, as if nature repudiated the mockery. Old men prostrate themselves before the silent mass of metal as if it were the tabernacle of the "Most High." There is no mistaking their sincerity. The worship, however mistaken, gives them spiritual satisfaction, doubtless far more acceptable before Heaven than the scoffs and jibes of the cold reasoner, who, seeing no religion in this, denies the existence of a Deity altogether.

The spirit of the age extorts, even from the Roman Church in Italy, some concessions to Protestantism. She does not permit, but she shuts her eyes to the fact, that Protestants in Rome, Naples, Florence, and other capitals gather together on Sundays, in "upper chambers" or in humble chapels—to which bells are forbidden—to worship. These isolated meetings, in which religion is reduced to the standard of apostolic simplicity, carry one back to its early history, when, under the more enlightened pagan emperors, all Christians were tacitly allowed thus to meet for prayer and exhortation. Is it not strange that, after eighteen centuries, upon a nominally Christian soil, the same limited privilege only is conceded to Christians, by the Sovereign Pontiff, the Christian head of the Church and State, as then was permitted by a Claudius or Titus, sovereigns and pontiffs of universal Heathendom! The Protestants of the first century, in the fourth succeeded to the throne and power. Jupiter was cast aside forever. The Roman Church banished from the earth the grosser crimes and practices of paganism. Mankind owe her much. But she is now in her decrepitude; she is dying out. The worship of St. Peter will be cast aside in its turn as an obsolete idea. On its ruins there will arise a purer faith, which, in presenting to man a "Father in heaven," shall stimulate him to progress in virtue and knowledge.

In the mean time, Popery is busy, preaching and proselytizing. The ignorant preacher seeks to excite the passions, and not to awaken the understanding of his hearers. The Roman is theatrical even in his church. He does not hesitate to recall the crowd from Punch and Judy to the crucifix by exclaiming, as he points to the bleeding Saviour, "*Ecco il vero pulcinella!*" "Behold the true Punch!" He knows how to touch the chord of their hearts, for he has made them what they are.

One of her writers spoke thus of souls in Purgatory:

"Imagine that the poor soul has his eyes upon you, and looks with anxiety to see whether you give or refuse. If it perceives that you have your hands in your pocket, it experiences a delight, which augments in proportion as your offering approaches the contribution-box; when the money is held over it, the soul jumps from the flames, and when the gift falls, the soul springs with pleasure. Oh! to procure to those that you love a moment so sweet, to make them taste these delights, if you have not money yourself, borrow of your neighbor, who, if he refuses, will be more culpable than you."

A small sum will buy, at almost any of the churches of Rome, sufficient masses to free a soul from purgatory for from 3000 to 30,000 years; and it needs but more money to extend the time indefinitely. Hell-fire is not, however, to be bought off. The rich have no difficulty in compounding in this life for any peccadilloes, or doctrines that do not affect the supremacy of the Church. The Pope issues, for a consideration, absolution in full for all past or future sins. The poor would be badly off, were it not that every where friars in sackcloth, or greasy-looking individuals in long white night-gowns, piously beg through the principal streets—rattling a tin box in the ears of the passers-by—alms for the poor in purgatory.

Of all the processions of the Roman Church, the final one, which bears its member to his last home, is the most curious and lugubrious. None but the rich can afford this display. The corpse is decked in its most brilliant attire, with its face painted to resemble life, and placed upon an open bier, which is borne through the streets of Rome, followed by as many deputations of friars and monks from the several convents as the family of the deceased can afford to hire. These fall into ranks like so many military companies, bearing crosses and candles, and chanting most dismally at the top of their voices, so that they can be heard long before they are seen. The effect at night from the glare of the torches in the face of the corpse, and the monotonous and mournful notes of the hired mourners, is unequaled by any spectacle I have ever seen of this nature, except the funeral cortéges of the South Sea Islanders, when a whole tribe lift up their voices and wail for a dead chief. There is no cry equal to that for sadness and filling the soul with melancholy. Among the savages every act is consonant with the sad office. The tears fall to earth, but the wail rises to heaven. In Rome, the mingling of the vanities of life with the realities of death is shocking. I have seen a young female, on an open bier, her cheeks blooming with color, flowers on her head, while she was dressed as it were for a ball, and looking as fresh and rosy as if life still animated her rigid limbs, borne through the streets at night, the torches lighting up with a ghastly hue her beautiful countenance, which seemed as if it only slumbered, while the rain poured in torrents on her lifeless form. The wetted priests had ceased their chant, and hurried along at a rapid pace to finish their job. Few strangers would have supposed it a funeral, and fewer still that that lovely corpse was not a waxen image. But it was unmistakable death on one of its saddest errands.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE scenes described in the conclusion of the last chapter occurred in the evening of the 6th of April. The next morning, at sunrise, Caulaincourt again set out for Paris, with the unconditional abdication. In the course of the day the important document was presented to the council of the Allies. The entire overthrow of one whose renown had so filled the world moved their sympathies. The march of their troops upon Fontainebleau was suspended, and an anxious conference was held, to determine what should be done with the fallen Emperor and his family.

The Bourbon partisans were anxious that he should be sent as far as possible from France, and mentioned St. Helena. Others spoke of Corfu and of Corsica. Elba was mentioned, and its fine climate highly eulogized. Caulaincourt immediately seized upon this opening, and urged the adoption of Elba. The Bourbonists were alarmed. They well knew the love of the people of France for Napoleon, and trembled at the thought of having him so near. Earnestly they objected.

Alexander, however, generously came to the support of Caulaincourt. After an animated debate, his influence prevailed, and it was decided that the principality of the island of Elba should be conceded to the Emperor Napoleon, to enjoy for life, with the title of sovereignty and proprietorship.

Napoleon, finding that the Allies were not disposed to treat with him, but were simply deciding his fate, according to their good pleasure, was stung to the quick. He immediately dispatched a courier to Caulaincourt, with the order, "Bring me back my abdication. I am conquered. I yield to the fortune of arms. A simple cartel will be sufficient."

In the evening he dispatched another letter, saying, "Why do you speak to me of the conventions of a treaty? I want none. Since they will not treat with me, and only employ themselves about the disposal of my person, to what purpose is a treaty? This diplomatic negotiation dipleases me. Let it cease."

At five o'clock the next morning Caulaincourt was awakened by another courier. He brought the following message: "I order you to bring back my abdication. I will sign no treaty. And in all cases I forbid you to make any stipulations for money. That is disgusting."

In twenty-four hours Caulaincourt received seven couriers. He was utterly bewildered. He had given in the abdication. The Allies were drawing up the terms of the settlement, which were to be presented to Napoleon for his acceptance. The power was entirely in their hands. Caulaincourt, whose solicitude amounted to an-



THE CONVENTION.

guish, was watching the proceedings with an eagle eye, ever ready to interpose in behalf of the Emperor.

A few days of harassing diplomacy thus passed away, and on the 11th of April, the treaty, as drawn up by the Allies, was ready. It provided that the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Maria Louisa should retain those titles during their lives; and that the mother, brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces of the Emperor, should equally preserve the titles of princes of his family. The sovereignty and right of ownership of Elba was assigned to him, with an annual income from France of $500,000. The sovereignty and full property of the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastella, were assigned to Maria Louisa, to descend to her son. The Emperor's mother was to receive from France $60,000 a year; King Joseph and his queen, $100,000; King Louis, $40,000; Hortense and her son, $80,000; Jerome and his queen, $100,000; the Princess Eliza, $60,000; the Princess Pauline, $60,000. The annual allowance to the Empress Josephine, which Napoleon had fixed at $600,000, was reduced to $200,000. The princes and princesses of the imperial family were also to retain all their private property. Certain domains in France were set aside, the rents of which were to be appropriated to the payment of the above annuities. The private property of Napoleon, however, whether as extraordinary or as private domain, was to revert to the Crown.

The Imperial Guard were to furnish a detachment of twelve or fifteen hundred men, to escort Napoleon to his place of embarkation. He was to retain a body-guard of four hundred men, who might volunteer to accompany him to Elba. Two days were allowed for the ratification of the treaty.

The unrelenting hostility with which the English government still pursued the overpowered Emperor is unparalleled in the history of nations. We record with amazement, that when every other government in Europe, without a single exception, hesitated not to recognize the legality of a nation's suffrage as a title to sovereignty, England alone refused to recognize that right, and still persisted in the insulting declaration, *that the French nation were rebels, and that Napoleon was an usurper.* They even murmured that the illustrious monarch of the people was granted the pitiable boon of Elba. Had the British commissioners been present at the conference, even the magnanimity of Alexander could not have rescued Napoleon from imprisonment and insult.

"There was one power," says Sir Walter Scott, "whose representatives foresaw the evils which such a treaty might occasion, and remonstrated against them. But the evil was done, and the particulars of the treaty adjusted, before Lord Castlereagh came to Paris. Finding that the Emperor of Russia had acted for the best, in the name of the other Allies, the English minis-

ter refrained from risking the peace, which had been made in such urgent circumstances, by insisting upon his objections. He refused, however, on the part of his government, to become a party to the treaty, further than by acceding to it so far as the territorial arrangements were concerned; *but he particularly declined to acknowledge, on the part of England, the title of Emperor, which the treaty conferred on Napoleon.* Yet, when we have expressed all the objections to which the treaty of Fontainebleau seems liable, it must be owned that the allied sovereigns showed policy in obtaining an accommodation on almost any terms, rather than renewing the war, by driving Napoleon to despair, and inducing the marshals, from a sense of honor, again to unite themselves with his cause."

With a heavy heart, on the evening of the 11th of April, Caulaincourt set out with this treaty for Fontainebleau. He had disobeyed the Emperor, in making no attempt to withdraw the abdication. He had been compelled to exercise his own judgment in the midst of the embarrassments which oppressed him.

Napoleon, as Caulaincourt entered his cabinet, fixed upon him a piercing glance, and said,

"Do you at length bring me back my abdication?"

"Sire," Caulaincourt replied, "I beseech your Majesty to hear me, before you address to me unmerited reproaches. It was no longer in my power to send back to you that act. My first care, on my arrival at Paris, was to communicate it to the allied sovereigns, for the purpose of obtaining a cessation of hostilities. It has served as the basis to the negotiations of the treaty The official document of the abdication of your Majesty is already inserted in the journals."

"And what is that to me," Napoleon responded, "that they have made it public—that they



NAPOLEON IN THE GARDEN AT FONTAINEBLEAU.



ADIEU TO THE GUARDS AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

have inserted it in the journals—if I do not choose to treat in these forms? I will not sign. I want no treaty."

The painful debate was long continued. At last Caulaincourt, leaving the treaty on the table, begged leave to retire. "I had not been able," he says, "to prevail upon him to read the whole of it. I returned to my quarters. I had need of rest. My energy was exhausted in this incessant struggle. I almost gave myself up to despair. But my thoughts returned to the sufferings of this great and noble victim, and I found the will and the power to attempt to alleviate them."

In the evening he returned again to the cabinet. The Emperor was in a state of profound dejection. He seemed bewildered with the enormity of his woe. His beloved France was handed over to the Bourbons; all the liberal governments of Europe were overthrown. All his devoted friends fell with him. The most disastrous eclipse darkened the liberties of the world. It was difficult to rouse him from the apathy into which he had sunk.

Caulaincourt was overwhelmed with anguish. He knew that if Napoleon should refuse to accept the terms presented him, a worse fate would be his doom. With the utmost difficulty the noble Duke had won from the Allies even the little mercy they had offered to the dethroned Emperor. But a few hours more remained for his acceptance, and then Napoleon would be again entirely at their mercy, and they might deal with their captive as they would.

"Sire," exclaimed Caulaincourt, in tones thrilling with anguish, "I entreat you, in the name of your own glory, come to a decision. Circumstances do not admit of temporizing. Sire! I can not express the agony which preys upon me. But when Caulaincourt, your faithful, your devoted friend, implores you, on his knees, to consider the position in which your Majesty is placed, there must be reasons, most imperative, which urge his perseverance."

The Emperor languidly raised his eyes, fixed them earnestly upon Caulaincourt, and after a moment's pause sadly said, "What would you have me do?" He then arose, clasped his hands behind his back, and slowly paced the floor for a long time in silence. Then turning again to his faithful friend, he said, "It must come to an end. I feel it. My resolution is taken. To-morrow, Caulaincourt."

It was now late in the evening. Caulaincourt pressed the burning hand of the Emperor and retired. At midnight he was hastily summoned to the bedside of the Emperor, who was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. It will be remembered that Napoleon, just after the battle of Dresden, was seized by a violent attack of colic. Fatigue, sleeplessness, and woe had apparently renewed the attack These were probably the early paroxysms of that fatal disease, which, subsequently developed by captivity and insults, in a few years consigned him to the grave. The Emperor was writhing upon his bed, in frightful convulsions of pain The big drops of agony oozed from his brow. His hair was matted to his forehead. His eyes were livid and dull, and he smothered the cries which agony extorted by grinding a handkerchief between his teeth. The Emperor evidently thought that he was dying, and, utterly weary of the world, was glad to go. Turning his eye to the Duke, he said,

"I die, Caulaincourt. To you I commend my wife and son. Defend my memory. I can no longer support life."

His physician, Ivan, simply administered a little hot tea. Gradually the cramp in the stomach became less violent, the limbs became more supple, and the dreadful paroxysms passed away.

"The interior of this chamber of death," says Caulaincourt, "this agony, by the pale light of the tapers, can not be described. The silence was uninterrupted but by the sobbings of those present. There was no witness of this terrible scene who would not have given his own life to have saved that of Napoleon, who, in his domestic retirement, was the best of men, the most indulgent of masters. The regrets of all who served him survive him."

It has been asserted that Napoleon, on this occasion, attempted to commit suicide. There is no sufficient ground for this accusation. In that hour of grief, desertion, and awful agony, that Napoleon longed to die there can be no doubt. No man, under these circumstances, could have wished to live. Breathings for a release from life, which pain extorted from him, have been tortured into evidence that Napoleon had attempted the crime of self-murder. But the nature of his disease, the remedy applied—simply hot tea—the rapid recovery, and his previous and subsequent conduct, have led all impartial men



ARRIVAL AT ELBA.



RESIDENCE AT ELBA.

to discharge the dishonoring accusation as groundless.*

The lofty nature of Napoleon ever condemned self-destruction as an ignoble and a cowardly act. "Self-murder," said he, "is sometimes committed for love. What folly! Sometimes for the loss of fortune. There it is cowardice. Another can not live after he has been disgraced. What weakness! But to survive the loss of empire—to be exposed to the insults of one's contemporaries—that is true courage."

* Dr. Antomarchi, who was with Napoleon at St. Helena during the last eighteen months of the Emperor's life, very decisively rejects the idea of his having attempted suicide. He says:

"Amiable, kind, hasty, but just, he took a pleasure in exalting the services, and in recalling the noble actions of even those who had offended him. His mind was as inaccessible to hateful passions, as it was incapable of yielding to the blows of fate. He loved to revert to the events of his life, without omitting the slightest details or the most trivial incidents. It is, therefore, highly improbable, that, in those moments of unreserved confidence, of a patient to his physician, he would have concealed from me the fact of his having made an attempt which must ever be attended with consequences of a most serious nature. The scenes and preparations which such an event suggest may have a most dramatic effect. But their only existence, in the case alluded to, has been in the imagination of the writer who is pleased to allude to them."

The Emperor slept for a few moments that profound sleep which follows the exhaustion of intolerable agony. He soon awoke. The morning sun was shining brightly in at his window. With energetic action he drew aside his bed-curtains, rose up in his bed with his accustomed energy, and silently and thoughtfully gazed upon the glories of the lovely morning. The forest and the shrubbery of Fontainebleau were bursting into luxuriant foliage. Innumerable birds, free from all mortal griefs and cares, filled the air with their songs. Napoleon, after a few moments of apparently serene thought, turned to Caulaincourt, and said, in serious tones,

"God has ordained that I should live. I could not die."

"Sire!" Caulaincourt replied, "your son—France, in which your name will live forever—impose upon you the duty of supporting adversity."

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the Emperor in accents of peculiar tenderness and sadness. "What a dismal inheritance I leave him. A child born a king; to-day without a country. Why was I not permitted to die? It is not the loss of the throne which renders my existence insupportable. There is something harder to bear than the reverses of fortune. Do you know

what that is which pierces the heart most deeply? It is the ingratitude of man. I am weary of life. Death is repose. What I have suffered for the last twenty days can not be comprehended."

At that moment the clock struck five. The cloudless sun of a beautiful spring morning, shining through the damask curtains, colored with the rosy tint of health and vigor, the serene and expressive features of Napoleon. He pressed his hand upon his expansive brow, and said,

"Caulaincourt, there have been moments in these last days when I thought I should go mad —when I have felt such a devouring heat here. Madness is the last stage of human degradation. It is the abdication of humanity. Better to die a thousand times. In resigning myself to life, I accept tortures which are nameless. It matters not—I will support them."

After a moment's pause, in which his whole soul seemed concentrated in intense thought, he resumed with emphasis,

"*I will sign the treaty to-day.* Now I am well, my friend. Go and rest yourself."

Caulaincourt retired. Napoleon immediately rose and dressed. At ten o'clock he sent again for Caulaincourt; and, with entire composure and self-possession, as if it were the ordinary business of the day, entered into conversation upon the conditions of the treaty.

"These pecuniary clauses," said he, "are humiliating. They must be canceled. I am now nothing beyond a soldier. A Louis a day will be sufficient for me."

Caulaincourt, appreciating this refinement of sensibility, urged that the necessities of his friends and attendants who would be dependent upon the means at Napoleon's disposal, would not permit the stipulations in question to be suppressed.

Napoleon yielded to these considerations, and added,

"Hasten the conclusion of the whole. Place the treaty in the hands of the allied sovereigns. Tell them, in my name, that I treat with a conquering enemy, not with this provisional government, in which I see nothing but a committee of factious men and traitors."

He requested the two plenipotentiaries, Macdonald and Ney, to come to his cabinet. As they entered, he slowly passed his hand over his forehead, then took the pen and signed the treaty. Rising from his chair, he turned to the noble Macdonald, and said, "I am no longer rich enough to recompense your last and faithful services. I wish, however, to leave you a souvenir, which shall remind you of what you were to me in these days of trial. Caulaincourt," said he, turning to his confidential officer, "ask for the sabre that was given to me in Egypt by Mourad Bey, and which I wore at the battle of Mount Tabor."

Napoleon took the Oriental weapon, and handing it to the Marshal, said,

"There is the only reward of your attachment which I am now able to give you. You are my friend."



MARSHAL MACDONALD.

"Sire," replied Macdonald, pressing the weapon to his heart, "I shall preserve it all my life. And if I should ever have a son, it will be his most precious inheritance."

Napoleon clasped the hands of the Marshal, threw his arms around his neck, and tears filled the eyes of both as they thus parted.

Mindful of his soldiers more than of himself in this hour, he said to his plenipotentiaries as they left the room, "My abdication and my ratification of the treaty can not be obligatory unless the Allies keep the promises made to the army. Do not let the documents go out of your possession until that be done."

The plenipotentiaries immediately returned to Paris. The sovereigns and the members of the provisional government were assembled in council. The treaty, as ratified by the Emperor, was presented. There were various points to be established, which occupied several days, during which great rewards were held out to the prominent and influential men of the Empire, who would give in their cordial adherence to the new government. Their support was of essential importance to its stability. The situation in which they were placed was peculiarly trying. They could do nothing more for Napoleon. Their refusal to accept office under the new regime, consigned them to suspicion, poverty and obscurity. Still many, from love to the Emperor, refused to enroll themselves under the banners of the Bourbons. But the great majority were eager to make peace with the new government.

Under these circumstances, Napoleon was exceedingly impatient for the hour of his departure. He sent courier after courier to Caulaincourt, urging expedition. In one of his short notes he wrote, "I wish to depart. Who would have ever supposed that the air of France would become suffocating to me? The ingratitude of mankind kills more surely than steel or poison. It has rendered my existence a burden. Hasten, hasten my departure."

The four great powers, Russia, Prussia, England, and Austria, appointed each a commissioner to conduct the Emperor to Elba. The sovereigns deemed the escort of an imposing armed force to be necessary. It was feared that the enthusiastic love of the inhabitants of the middle and eastern departments of France for Napoleon, might upon his appearance break out into an insurrection which would blaze through the whole empire. In some of the southern departments the royalists predominated. It was feared that in those sections conspiracies might lead to his assassination. It was therefore deemed necessary that commissioners should accompany Napoleon, with a force sufficiently strong to crush the populace, should they attempt to rise, and also to protect him from insult and violence. His death would have left an irreparable stain upon the Allies, and a renewal of the war would have been a fearful calamity.

Bernadotte, who had foolishly hoped to obtain the crown of France, was deeply chagrined at the result of his infamy. Notwithstanding the presence of the allied armies, he could appear nowhere in the streets of Paris without encountering insult. Crowds daily greeted him with loud cries, "Down with the traitor, the perjurer!" They besieged his residence, until Bernadotte, unable to endure this universal detestation of his countrymen, left Paris and returned to Sweden.

"He was greatly surprised," says his friend and confidant, Bourrienne, "that the French people could yield so readily to receive back the Bourbons. And I, on my part, felt equally astonished, that, with his experience, Bernadotte should have been simple enough to imagine, that, in changes of government, the inclinations of the people are consulted."

Caulaincourt returned to Fontainebleau early in the morning of the 16th of April. A small number of grief-stricken soldiers surrounded the palace, still clinging to the beloved Emperor with unswerving fidelity. As soon as they saw Caulaincourt, they testified to their appreciation of his services by prolonged shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur.*" The galleries and saloons of the palace were deserted. The brilliant court which once thronged those halls had passed away before the blast of adversity. Napoleon's heart had just been rent by a desertion more bitter than all the rest. Berthier, the companion of his campaigns, who had slept in his tent, and dined at his table, and who had been for many years the confidant of all his thoughts, departed silently, and by stealth, and in the night, without even saying adieu.

"Berthier," says Lamartine, "had nourished for fifteen years in his heart one of those passions, at once simple and chivalrous, which formed the guiding-star and the fatality of a whole life. He loved a beautiful Italian, who had formerly fascinated him at Milan, and whom neither war, nor ambition, nor glory, nor the friendship of the Emperor, could for a moment detach from his thoughts and his eyes. In his tent, on the eve of battle, the portrait of this beauty, deified by his worship, was suspended by the side of his arms, rivaling his duty and consoling the pains of absence by the imaginary presence of her he adored. The idea of forever quitting this beloved object, should the Emperor require from his gratitude his attendance in exile, had led astray the mind of Berthier! He trembled every instant since the abdication, lest his master should put his attachment to too cruel a test by telling him to choose between his duty and his love. This proof he evaded by deserting in the night his companion in arms and benefactor. Unfaithful to the exiled Napoleon, through fidelity to love, he fled, as if to bind himself in closer chains, by offering his infidelity to the Bourbons."

This unexpected desertion of a long-tried friend, without even one kind word at parting, lacerated anew the already bleeding heart of the Emperor.

Caulaincourt found him walking alone, with measured steps, in the alleys of a little garden, which was almost overshadowed by the chapel of the castle. The young buds of early spring were

just bursting into foliage upon the shrubbery of the parterre, and on the oaks of the dense forest of Fontainebleau, which formed the background of the picture. The Emperor was so absorbed in reverie, that for a moment he did not perceive the approaching footsteps of the Duke.

Caulaincourt spoke. Napoleon turned quickly around, and a gleam of gratitude and joy beamed from his countenance as he recognized his faithful friend. He immediately took Caulaincourt's arm, and said, as he continued his walk,

"Is all ready for my departure?"

"Yes, Sire," the Duke replied, with emotion he could not repress.

"'Tis well, Caulaincourt," Napoleon added. "You exercise for the last time the functions of grand equerry near my person."

Then in mournful tones he continued: "Can you believe it, Caulaincourt? Berthier has departed—departed without even wishing me farewell. Berthier was born a courtier. You will see him begging employment of the Bourbons. I am mortified to see men whom I had raised so high bringing themselves so low. What has become of the halo of glory that encircled them? What must the allied sovereigns think of men whom I made the ornaments of my reign? Caulaincourt, this France is mine. Every thing by which it is dishonored is to me a personal injury, I am so identified with it. But I must go in and sit down. I feel fatigued. Hasten, hasten my departure. It is too long delayed."

Just as the Emperor and the Duke were leaving the garden, a cuirassier of the guard, who had been watching an opportunity of speaking to the Emperor, came running in great agitation toward them.

"Please your Majesty," said he, in a trembling, supplicating voice, "I demand justice. An odious act of injustice has been done me. I am thirty-six years old. Twenty-two years I have been in the service. I have my decoration," said he, striking roughly his broad breast, "and yet I am not in the list of those who are to go with your Majesty. If I am thus sent to the right-about blood shall flow for it. I will make a vacancy among the privileged. This affair shall not pass thus."

"You have then a strong desire to go with me," said Napoleon, deeply touched with the man's fidelity. "Have you well considered this, that you must quit France, your family, your promotion? You are a quarter-master."

"It is not merely a desire, my Emperor," the man replied; "it is my right, my honor, which I claim. I relinquish my promotion. I have my cross; that will suffice. As to my family, you have been my family these two-and-twenty years."

"Very well," said the Emperor, "you shall go with me, my good friend. I will arrange it."

"Thanks, thanks to your Majesty," the poor fellow replied, and he retired elated with pride and happiness.

All the affections of the Emperor were deeply moved by these tokens of devotion on the part of the common soldiers. Almost overcome with emotion he convulsively pressed Caulaincourt's arm, and said,

"I can only take with me four hundred men, and yet the whole of my brave guard wish to follow me. Among those faithful soldiers the question is which shall be the most ingenious in finding, in the antiquity of his services and the number of his armorial bearings, claims to share with me my exile. Brave, brave men, why can I not take you all with me!"

While these scenes were transpiring, the Empress with her son was at Blois, about one hundred miles southeast from Paris, and seventy miles from Fontainebleau. She was in the deepest distress, and her face was continually bathed in tears. She was but twenty-two years of age, quite inexperienced, had never been trained to any self-reliance, and was placed in circumstances of the greatest possible embarrassment. When informed of the Emperor's abdication, she could not believe it possible that the Allies could contemplate his dethronement. "My father," she said, "would never consent to it. He repeated to me over and over again, when he placed me on the French throne, that he would always maintain me in that station; and my father is rigidly true to his word."

The Emperor wrote to Maria Louisa daily, and often two or three times a day, keeping her informed of the progress of events. It was, however, with great difficulty that any courier could pass between Fontainebleau and Blois, as bands of Cossacks were prowling in all directions. Napoleon was afraid to request Maria Louisa to join him, since he had no means of affording her protection, and she would be imminently exposed on the way to insult and captivity.

On the 7th of April the Emperor wrote her a letter, by Colonel Galbois. With great difficulty the courier succeeded in reaching the Empress. She read the letter in a state of great excitement, and then said, "My proper place is near the Emperor, particularly now when he is so truly unhappy. I insist upon going to him. I should be contented any where, provided I can but be in his company."

The Colonel represented to her that the peril of the journey was so extreme that it was not to be thought of. With great reluctance she yielded, and wrote a letter to the Emperor, which gratified him exceedingly. He immediately wrote to her to advance to Orleans, which was about half-way between Blois and Fontainebleau. She reached Orleans without any personal molestation, though her escort was robbed by the way. She remained in Orleans several days, in the deepest distress and alarm. Her eyes were swollen with continual weeping, and she exhibited an aspect of woe which moved the sympathy of every heart.

Maria Louisa, though possessing but little native force of character, was an amiable woman, and by her gentle spirit won Napoleon's tender attachment. It would be impossible for any woman to have been placed in circumstances of

greater perplexity. "What can I do," she said in anguish to the Duke of Rovigo. "I write to the Emperor for advice, and he tells me to write to my father. But what can my father say, after the injuries he has allowed to be inflicted upon me? Shall I go to the Emperor with my son? But if an attempt is made upon the Emperor's life, and he should be compelled to fly, we should but embarrass him, and add to his danger. I know not what to do. I live but to weep."

Maria Louisa was now entirely helpless. A Russian escort was sent from the allied sovereigns, and conducted her without resistance to Rambouillet, an ancient hunting-seat of the kings of France, about thirty miles from Paris. Here she joined her father, and became with her son the captive of the Allies. Guarded by the soldiers who had overthrown her husband, she was conveyed to Vienna. How far her subsequent inglorious career was influenced by inclination or by force, it is impossible now to determine.

The 20th of April was fixed for the departure of the Emperor. During the few intervening days he appeared calm, tranquil, and decided. He still clung to the hope that Maria Louisa and his adored child would be permitted to rejoin him at Elba. "The air there is healthy," he observed, and the disposition of the inhabitants excellent. I shall feel tolerably comfortable there, and I hope that Maria Louisa will do so too."

A few days before his departure his old prefect of the palace, Beausset, in conversation, ventured to state: "It is now to be regretted that we had not concluded peace at Chatillon."

Napoleon, with remarkable composure, replied, "I never believed in the good faith of our enemies. Every day there were new demands, new conditions. They did not want peace. And then I had declared to France that I never would accede to any terms that I thought humiliating, even though the enemy were on the heights of Montmartre."

During this same interview, which lasted above two hours, he said, "What a thing is destiny. At the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, I did all I could to meet a glorious death in defending, foot by foot, the soil of the country. I exposed myself without reserve. It rained bullets around me. My clothes were pierced, and yet not one of them could reach me. A death which I should owe to an act of despair would be a baseness. Suicide neither accords with my principles nor with the rank which I have filled on the stage of the world. I am a man condemned to live."

General Montholon, who had been on a military reconnoissance, returned from the banks of the Loire. He spoke with enthusiasm of the feeling which animated the soldiers and the people. "By rallying the troops of the south, a formidable force might be assembled," said he.

"It is too late," the Emperor replied. "I could have done it; but they did not wish it. Doubtless I might still hold out another campaign, and offer a successful resistance; but I should be kindling a civil war in France, and I will not do so. Besides, I have signed my abdication, and I will not recall what I have done. Let destiny be accomplished."

On the morning of the 19th, the preparations were nearly completed for the departure. As the hour approached in which Napoleon was to bid adieu to all which he had known and loved, though calm and resigned, there were many indications that he was struggling to smother the most excruciating sorrow. His heart yearned for sympathy in this hour of desertion. And yet many of his old companions in arms, whom he had loved and cherished, were now dancing at the balls of the Allies, and wearing the white cockade of the Bourbons. It is not strange that they wished to avoid a parting interview with the forsaken Emperor. Still Napoleon hoped that some of them would come. He uttered not one word of reproach, but was overheard repeating sadly to himself the names, Molé, Fontanes, Berthier, Ney. Every time the sound of a carriage broke upon the silence of the deserted halls of the palace, expectation and anxiety were visible in his looks. Still no one came.

In the course of the day he sent for Caulaincourt. His mien was dignified and composed, but expressive of one upon whom misfortune had heavily fallen. "Caulaincourt," said the Emperor, "to-morrow at twelve o'clock, I shall step into my carriage."

There was a moment's pause, during which Caulaincourt seemed unable to make any reply. The Emperor fixed his eye upon his faithful embassador, took his hand, and added, in slow and solemn tones,

"Caulaincourt, I am heart-broken. We ought never to part."

"Sire!" Caulaincourt exclaimed in despair, "I will go with you. France has become hateful to me."

"No, Caulaincourt," the Emperor rejoined, "you must not quit France with me. You may still be useful to me here. Who is to look to the interests of my family and of my faithful servants? Who is to defend the cause of those brave and devoted Poles, of whom the nineteenth article of the treaty guarantees the rights acquired by honorable services.* Think well! It would be a shame for France, for me, for all of us, Caulaincourt, if the interests of the Poles were not irrevocably secured. In conformity with the rights which the nineteenth article gives me, I have caused a statement to be prepared. I have fixed the sums which I wish to be paid to my guard, my civil and military household, and to my attendants. Fidelity can not be recompensed with money; but at present it is all I have to give. Tell them it is a remembrance which I leave to each individually, as an attestation of their good services. Be on the watch, Caulaincourt, till these arrangements are fulfilled."

* The nineteenth article of the treaty was as follows: "The Polish troops of all arms shall have the liberty of returning to their own country, preserving their arms and baggage as a testimonial of their honorable services. The officers, sub-officers, and soldiers shall preserve the decorations which have been granted to them, and the pensions attached to these decorations."

After a moment's pause, he added, "In a few days I shall be established in my sovereignty of the Isle of Elba. I am in haste to get there. I have dreamed of great things for France. Time failed me. I told you, Caulaincourt, at Dubeu, the French nation knows not how to support reverses. This people, the bravest and most intelligent in the world, has no pertinacity but in flying to the combat. Defeat demoralizes them. During sixteen years, the French have marched with me from victory to victory. A single year of disasters has made them forget every thing."

He sighed deeply, and continued, "The way I have been treated is infamous. They separate me violently from my wife and child. In what barbarous code do they find the article which deprives a sovereign of his rights as a father and a husband? By what savage law do they arrogate the power to separate those whom God has joined? History will avenge me. It will say, 'Napoleon, the soldier, the conqueror, was clement and generous in victory. Napoleon, when conquered, was treated with indignity by the monarchs of Europe.'" He paused a moment, and then added with bitterness, "It is a planned thing. Do you not see, that because they dare not blow my brains out with a pistol, they assassinate me by slow degrees? There are a thousand means of causing death."

As Napoleon uttered these words, large drops of perspiration oozed from his brow, and he paced the floor in intense agitation. In reading the record of his anguish, the mind instinctively recurs to the divorce of Josephine. We perhaps perceive in it the retributive hand of God, who, in his providential government, does not permit even sins of ignorance to pass away unpunished.

Caulaincourt endeavored to soothe him.—"Sire," he said, "all my zeal, all my efforts shall be exerted to put an end to this impious separation. Your Majesty may rely on me. I will see the Emperor of Austria, on his arrival at Paris. The Empress will second me. She will wish to rejoin you. Have hope, Sire, have hope."

"You are right, Caulaincourt, you are right," the Emperor more calmly rejoined. "My wife loves me. I believe it. She has never had cause to complain of me. It is impossible that I have become indifferent to her. Louisa is amiable in her disposition, and simple in her tastes. She will prefer her husband's house to a duchy granted in charity. And in the Isle of Elba I can yet be happy with my wife and son."

Caulaincourt, as he narrates these events, adds, "This hope, which for a moment soothed his grief, I shared not in. I tried the negotiation. I pressed it. I supplicated. I was not seconded or aided by any one. Who knows, if Napoleon had been united to his wife and son, that France would have had to deplore the misfortune of the hundred days, and subsequently the captivity and death of the hero?"

Napoleon soon regained his wonted composure. He spoke without asperity of the restoration of the Bourbons, and of the difficulties which would render the stability of the new government quite impossible. "Between the old Bourbons," said he, "and the present generation of Frenchmen, there is an incompatibility of feeling. The future is big with events. Caulaincourt, write often to me. Your letters will make some amends for your absence. The remembrance of your conduct will reconcile me to the human race. You are the most faithful of my friends."

Then cordially grasping the hand of the Duke, the Emperor added, "My friend, we must separate. To-morrow I shall have occasion for all my fortitude, in bidding adieu to my soldiers. My brave guard! faithful and devoted in my good and in my bad fortune! To-morrow I take my last farewell. This is the final struggle that remains for me to make." His voice became tremulous, his lip quivered, and he added, "Caulaincourt, my friend, we shall one day meet again." Entirely overcome with emotion, he hastily left the cabinet. Such was the final parting of Napoleon with the Duke of Vicenza.

Caulaincourt adds, "I was a league from Fontainebleau before I felt conscious as to how or why I was there. On quitting the Emperor's cabinet, scarcely knowing what I did, I threw myself into my carriage, which was waiting at the entrance to the grand staircase. All was now over. It seemed to me as if I had never before measured the full depth of the abyss. Certainly I had never before so highly appreciated the personal merits of Napoleon. He had never appeared to me more great than at the moment when he was about to depart in exile from France. I was independent in my fortune. I was tired of men and things. I wished for repose. But repose without him!—it was the ruin of all the delightful illusions which gave a value to life. I did not comprehend how henceforth I I should drag out my colorless existence. I dreamed of travels into remote lands, of mental occupations, which should fill the measureless void of my days to come. I questioned the future, and in the future was written, in letters of blood—WATERLOO."

The high sense of honor with which Napoleon was disposed to discharge his part of the obligations of this treaty, compulsory as it was, is manifest from the magnanimous language with which he released his officers from all further obligations to him, and exhorted them to be faithful to their country under the new government. He assembled in his room the officers still devoted to him, who remained at Fontainebleau, and, affectionately looking around upon the group, said, in his farewell words,

"Gentlemen! when I remain no longer with you, and when you have another government, it will become you to attach yourselves to it frankly, and serve it as faithfully as you have served me. I request, and even command you to do this. Therefore all who desire to go to Paris, have my permission to do so. And those who remain here will do well to send in their adhesion to the government of the Bourbons."

The morning of the 20th dawned. Napoleon had appointed mid-day as the hour of his depart-

ure. He remained during the forenoon alone in his cabinet. As the hour approached, the troops of the Imperial Guard were drawn up in the court-yard of the palace, to pay their last token of respect to their exiled Emperor. An immense concourse, from the surrounding country, had collected to witness the great event. The commissioners of the allied powers, the generals of his body guard, and a few of the officers of the imperial household, assembled, in mournful silence, in the saloon before his cabinet. General Bertrand, grand-marshal of the palace, faithful to Napoleon until the dying scene at St. Helena, announced the Emperor. Napoleon, with a serene countenance and a tranquil air, came forth. The emotions excited in every breast were too deep for utterance, and not a word disturbed the solemn silence of the scene. As the Emperor passed down the line of his friends, bowing to the right and the left, they seized his hand and bathed it with their tears.

As he arrived at the landing of the grand staircase, he stood for a moment, and looked around upon the guard drawn up in the court, and upon the innumerable multitude which thronged its surroundings. Every eye was fixed upon him. It was a funereal scene, over which was suspended the solemnity of religious awe. The soldiers were suffocated with sorrow. Acclamations, in that hour, would have been a mockery. The silence of the grave reigned undisturbed. Tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of the warriors, and their heads were bowed in unaffected grief. They envied the lot of the little band who were allowed to depart as the companions of their beloved chieftain.

Napoleon cast a tender and a grateful look over the battalions and the squadrons who had ever proved so faithful to himself and to his cause. Before descending into the court-yard he hesitated for a moment, as if his fortitude were forsaking him. But immediately rallying his strength, he approached the soldiers. The drums commenced beating the accustomed salute. With a gesture Napoleon arrested the martial tones. A breathless stillness prevailed. With a voice clear and firm, every articulation of which was heard in the remotest ranks, he said,

"Generals, officers, and soldiers of my Old Guard, I bid you farewell. For five-and-twenty years I have ever found you in the path of honor and of glory. In these last days, as in those of our prosperity, you have never ceased to be models of fidelity and of courage. Europe has armed against us. Still, with men such as you, our cause never could have been lost. We could have maintained a civil war for years. But it would have rendered our country unhappy. I have therefore sacrificed our interests to those of France. I leave you. *But do you, my friends, be faithful to the new sovereign whom France has accepted.* The happiness of France was my only thought. It shall ever be the object of my most fervent prayers. Grieve not for my lot. I shall be happy so long as I know that you are so. If I have consented to outlive myself, it is with the hope of still promoting your glory. I trust to write the deeds we have achieved together. Adieu, my children. I would that I could press you all to my heart. Let me at least embrace your general and your eagle."

Every eye was now bathed in tears, and here and there many a strong bosom was heaving with sobs. At a signal from Napoleon, General Petit, who then commanded the "Old Guard," a man of martial bearing, but of tender feelings, advanced, and stood between the ranks of the soldiers and their Emperor. Napoleon, with tears dimming his eyes, encircled the general in his arms, while the veteran commander, entirely unmanned, sobbed aloud. All hearts were melted, and a stifled moan was heard through all the ranks.

Again the Emperor recovered himself, and said, "Bring me the eagle." A grenadier advanced, bearing one of the eagles of the regiment. Napoleon imprinted a kiss upon its silver beak, then pressed the eagle to his heart, and said, in tremulous accents, "Dear eagle! may this last embrace vibrate forever in the hearts of all my faithful soldiers! Farewell, again, my old companions—farewell!"

The outburst of universal grief could no longer be restrained: all were alike overcome. Napoleon threw himself into his carriage, bowed his sorrow-stricken head, covered his eyes with both hands, and the carriage rolled away, bearing the greatest and the noblest son of France into exile.

Napoleon was to embark at Frejus, which is about seven hundred miles from Paris. Seven days were occupied in the journey to the coast. Throughout all the first part of the journey he was the object of universal respect and affection. Crowds gathered to see him pass along the road, and where relays of horses were to be taken. He was greeted with enthusiastic shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" As he approached those departments further remote from Paris, where he was less known, and where the Bourbon interest continued strong, it was anticipated that he would encounter many insults. In a few towns, as the cavalcade advanced, cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" were raised, and but for the prudent precaution of the commissioners, it is not improbable that he would have been assassinated.*

Napoleon had now entirely recovered his equanimity, and appeared social and cheerful. As a matter of precaution, he rode on horseback, in advance of his escort, occasionally answering ques-

* In reference to Sir Walter Scott's account of this journey to Frejus, Mr. Hazlitt says, "He was once or twice exposed to insults and personal risk, which gave rise to the most exaggerated and ridiculous stories, that have at present only one discreditable echo. Napoleon is represented as having wept and trembled like a woman. It is easy to distinguish the style of the hero from that of his historian; nor is it difficult to understand how a pen, accustomed to describe and to create the highest interest in pure fiction, without any foundation at all, should be able to receive and gloss over, whatever it pleases, as true, with the aid of idle rumor, vulgar prejudice, and servile malice. The author here alluded to, with no less shame than regret, writes fiction with the broad, open palm of humanity—history with cloven hoofs."

tions to the populace, and laughing good-humoredly at observations, often not very complimentary respecting himself. On the 27th, he reached Frejus, and on the evening of the 28th, embarked, under a salute of twenty-one guns, in the British frigate "*The Undaunted.*" A French vessel had been prepared for his reception, but he refused to sail under the Bourbon flag; but two of the commissioners, the Austrian and the English, accompanied him on board.

During these melancholy scenes, Napoleon could not forget his true and faithful Josephine. She was at Malmaison, overwhelmed with anguish. He wrote to her frequently. In all his letters to Josephine, he seemed to recognize her noble nature and her appreciative spirit. Four days before he left Fontainebleau for Elba, he sent to her the following letter:

"Dear Josephine,—I wrote to you on the 8th of this month, but perhaps you have not received my letter. Hostilities still continued, and possibly it may have been intercepted. At present the communications must be re-established. I have formed my resolution. I have no doubt this billet will reach you. I will not repeat what I said to you. Then I lamented my situation. My head and spirit are freed from an enormous weight. My fall is great, but it may, as men say, prove useful. In my retreat I shall substitute the pen for the sword. The history of my reign will be curious. The world has as yet seen me only in profile. I shall show myself in full. How many things have I to disclose! how many are the men of whom a false estimate is entertained! I have heaped benefits upon millions of ingrates; and they have all betrayed me —yes, all. I except from this number the good Eugene, so worthy of you and of me. Adieu, my dear Josephine. Be resigned, as I am, and never forget him who never forgot, and who never will forget you. Farewell, Josephine!

"Napoleon.

"P.S. I expect to hear from you at Elba. I am not very well."

Josephine, as she read these lines, wept bitterly. All the affections of her soul, elicited anew by the sorrow of her former companion, now gushed forth unrestrained. "I must not remain here," she said. "My presence is necessary to the Emperor. That duty is, indeed, more Maria Louisa's than mine. But the Emperor is alone, forsaken. Well, I, at least, will not abandon him. I might be dispensed with while he was happy; now I am sure that he expects me."

In her situation of peculiar delicacy and embarrassment, and not knowing what decision Maria Louisa might adopt, she wrote the following touching lines to Napoleon:

"Now only can I calculate the whole extent of the misfortune of having beheld my union with you dissolved by law. Now do I indeed lament being no more than your friend, who can but mourn over a misfortune great as it is unexpected. Ah, Sire! why can I not fly to you! Why can I not give you the assurance that exile has no terrors save for vulgar minds; and that, far from diminishing a sincere attachment, misfortune imparts to it a new force. I have been upon the point of quitting France, to follow your footsteps and to consecrate to you the remainder of an existence which you so long embellished. A single motive restrains me, and that you may divine. If I learn that I am the only one who will fulfill her duty, nothing shall detain me, and I will go to the only place where, henceforth, there can be happiness for me; since I shall be able to console you when you are isolated and unfortunate. Say but the word, and I depart. Adieu, Sire! Whatever I would add, would still be too little. It is no longer by *words* that my sentiments for you are to be proved; and for *actions*, your consent is necessary."

A few days after writing this letter, Josephine, crushed by care and sorrow, was taken sick. It was soon evident that her dying hour approached. She received the tidings with perfect composure, and partook of the last sacraments of religion. At the close of these solemn rites, she said to Eugene and Hortense, who were weeping at her bedside:

"I have always desired the happiness of France. I did all in my power to contribute to it. I can say with truth, in this my dying hour, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow."

She called for a portrait of the Emperor, gazed upon it long and tenderly, and, fervently pressing it to her heart, breathed the following prayer:

"O God! watch over Napoleon, while he remains in the desert of this world. Alas! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings. Just God! thou hast looked into his heart, and hast seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated. Deign to approve this my last petition, and may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest wish and my latest prayer were for him and for my children."

On the 29th of May, hardly four weeks after Napoleon's arrival in Elba, she died. It was a vernal evening of extraordinary loveliness. The shrubs and the flowers of Malmaison were in full bloom, and the luxuriant groves were filled with the songs of birds. The sun, throned in gorgeous clouds, was just descending, while gentle zephyrs, from the open window, breathed over the pale cheek of the dying Empress. She held the miniature of Napoleon in her hand. Her last looks were riveted upon those features she had loved so faithfully, and faintly exclaiming, "*Island of Elba—Napoleon!*" her gentle spirit passed away into the sweet sleep of the Christian's death. For four days her body remained shrouded in state. More than twenty thousand people—monarchs, nobles, statesmen, and adoring peasants—thronged the chateau of Malmaison, to take a last look of her beloved remains. Her body now lies entombed in the antique village church of Ruel, two miles from Malmaison.



JOSEPHINE.

A mausoleum of white marble, representing the Empress kneeling in her coronation robes, bears the simple inscription:

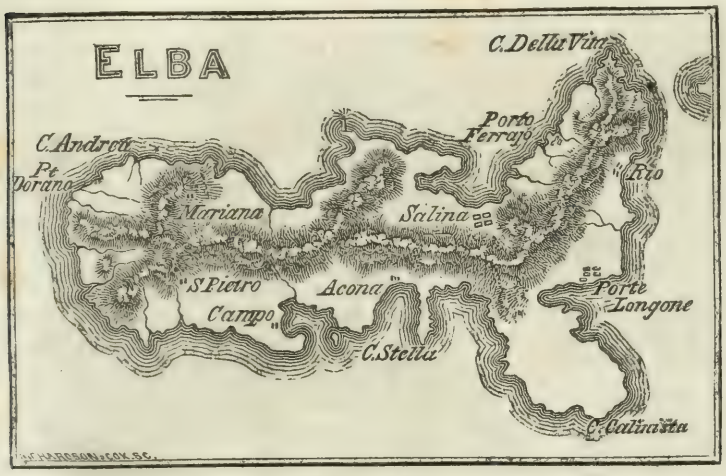
EUGENE AND HORTENSE
TO
JOSEPHINE.

The island of Elba is situated about two hundred miles from the coast of France. Gentle breezes, a smooth sea, and cloudless skies rendered the voyage of five days peculiarly agreeable. The Emperor conversed with perfect frankness and cheerfulness, and, by his freedom from restraint, his good-nature, and his social converse, won the admiration and the friendship of all in the ship. Captain Usher, who commanded the "Undaunted," and other distinguished men on board, have left their testimony, that in extent of information, in genius, and in all social fascinations, the Emperor was the most extraordinary man they had ever met. He had been but a few hours on board before he had won the kindly feelings of all the ship's company. Even the common sailors, who had been instructed to believe that he was an incarnate fiend, were heard to say with astonishment, "*Boney is a good fellow after all!*"

On the evening of the 3d of May, as the sun was sinking beneath the blue waves of the Mediterranean, the dark mountains of Elba rose in the horizon. As the ship drew near the shore, the Emperor presented to the ship's crew a purse of two hundred Napoleons—about one thousand dollars. The boatswain, in behalf of his shipmates, cap in hand, returned thanks, wishing "his honor long life, and *better luck next time.*"

The next morning Napoleon landed under a royal salute from the English ship, and the discharge of a hundred guns from the battery of Porto Ferrajo, the humble capital of his diminutive domain. Napoleon, instead of proceeding immediately to the palace, which had been prepared for his reception, with the simplicity of a private traveler tarried upon the shore, while his property was disembarking, occasionally even rendering assistance with his own hands. The sun was intensely hot. Captain Usher, who stood by his side, felt it severely. Napoleon, noticing his discomfort, playfully expressed surprise that a British officer, belonging to a profession famed for its patient endurance of hardships, should be so affected.

Napoleon remained for two hours, without sitting down, superintending the disembarkation. Then mounting a horse, and inviting Captain Usher to accompany him, he observed that he would take a ride and view the country. They ascended an eminence, which commanded a view of nearly the whole island, which was sixteen miles in length, and from two to twelve miles in breadth. The population was thirteen thousand. After gazing for a few moments upon its whole extent, he remarked with



MAP OF ELBA.

a smile, "My empire, it must be confessed, is rather small."

The inhabitants received him with great demonstrations of joy. The peasantry, on meeting him, kneeled and prostrated themselves to the earth. Napoleon was much displeased with this debasement, which he attributed to their want of education, and to the humiliations imposed upon them by the monks. But even here the restless energies of his mind, and his intense interest in public improvement, were immediately conspicuous. In the course of two or three days, he had visited every spot in his little domain. He examined the mines, the salt marshes, the vineyards, the woods, the harbors, the fortifications, with a practiced and a scientific eye. Extraordinary activity was instantly infused into the little realm. New roads were constructed, canals were dug, and aqueducts reared. A hospital was established, conveniences were introduced to facilitate the fisheries, and improved buildings were reared for carrying on the salt-works. At a short distance from Elba there was an uninhabited island called Rianosa, which had been abandoned, as it had become a lurking-place of the Barbary corsairs. Napoleon sent thirty of his guard, as a colony, to take possession of the island, and sketched out a plan of fortifications to beat off the pirates. "Europe," he remarked with a smile, "will say that I have already made a conquest."

All his energies seemed devoted to the promotion of the wealth and the industry of his little realm. "It has been alleged," says W. H. Ireland, "but without foundation, that the Emperor retained his taste for military exercises. Not one review took place during his residence at Porto Ferrajo, where arms seemed to possess no attractions for him."

Early in June, Madame Letitia and Pauline, impelled by maternal and sisterly affection, came to share the exile of the beloved son and brother. About the same time, the Austrian commissioner took leave and returned to Vienna. The English commissioner was now left alone. His position was humiliating to himself and annoying to Napoleon. Though he was an intelligent man, and Napoleon at first took pleasure in his society, the degrading function he was called upon to perform, gradually cooled the intimacy. Napoleon ceased to pay him attention, and he soon found that he was not a welcome guest. Still he was bound to keep a watchful eye upon all that transpired at Elba, and to transmit his observations to the English cabinet. At length the only way in which he could obtain an interview with the Emperor, was by availing himself of the forms of court etiquette, which rendered it proper to call upon the Emperor to take his leave whenever he departed from the island, and also to announce his return.

The presence of the Emperor made the little island of Elba the most conspicuous spot in all Europe. A large number of travelers, from all parts of the Continent, resorted to Elba in crowds. French, Italian, and Polish officers thronged thither to pay their homage to one whose renown made him, though but the proprietor of a small estate, the most illustrious monarch in Europe. All of suitable social position were readily admitted to friendly intercourse with the banished monarch. He engaged in conversation with marvelous freedom and frankness; interesting all by the nobleness and the elevation of his views; speaking of the past as of history, and of himself as politically dead.

His spirits appeared ever tranquil. No expression of regret escaped his lips, and he seemed disposed to cast the mantle of charity over the conduct of those who had most deeply wronged him. He took an interest in the simple amusements of the peasants, and they addressed him with frankness and affection, as if he were their father. On one occasion, when he was present to witness some of their athletic feats of competition, they requested him to preside as umpire. Very good naturedly he consented. He animated the competitors by his plaudits, and crowned the victor with his own hand.

He had a farm-house but a short distance from his humble palace in Porto Ferrajo. Every day he rode thither in an open barouche, accompanied by his mother, and occasionally amused himself in going into the poultry-yard and feeding the chickens. His mother was then nearly seventy years of age. She was a remarkably fine-looking woman; her countenance being expressive of both sweetness and dignity.

Napoleon slept but little. He often threw himself upon a couch without removing his clothes, and rose very early in the morning to read and write. He breakfasted between ten and eleven, and then took a short nap. He made himself a very agreeable companion to all who approached him, never alluding, with the slightest gloom or regret, to his past reverses. He was very simple and unostentatious in his dress, and in all his



NAPOLEON AT THE FARM-HOUSE.

tastes. The intellectual had such a predominance in his nature, that the animal appetites had no room for growth.

The summer thus passed rapidly and pleasantly away. The allied despots, having reconquered Europe, were still assembled in congress at Vienna, quarreling among themselves respecting the division of the spoils. The Bourbons were fast resuming their ancient tyranny in France. All parties, except a few extreme loyalists, were disgusted with their sway.

Alexander, who had obtained some new ideas respecting human rights from his interviews with Napoleon, had endeavored to persuade Louis XVIII. to have some little regard to public opinion.

"The doctrine of *divine right to the crown*," said the Czar, "is now seen through and repudiated by the people of France. You must obtain an election to the throne by the Senate, that you may be understood to reign by a new title, by a voluntary appeal to the people. It will be prudent to recognize as valid the government of the last twenty-five years. If you date your reign from the death of Louis XVII., thus asserting that since that time you have been the lawful sovereign of France, and that the Empire has been an usurpation, France will be wounded and irritated.'

To these common-sense remarks, from the lips of the despotic Czar, Louis haughtily replied, "By what title can the Senate, the instrument and accomplice of the violence and madness of an usurper, dispose of the crown of France? Does it belong to them? And if it did, think you that they would give it to a Bourbon? No! The deaths of my brother and of my nephew have transmitted the throne to me. In virtue of this title I reign. Europe has placed me on the throne, not to re-establish in my person a man, a race, but a *principle*. I have no other, I want no other title, to present to France and to the world. You yourself; by what title do you command those millions of men whom you have led here to restore me to my throne?"

Alexander was silenced. The advice of Bernadotte was a little different, and more highly appreciated. "Sire," said he, "make yourself dreaded, and they will love you. Wear a velvet glove upon a hand of iron." In this spirit the Bourbons, madly ignoring all the light and advancement of a quarter of a century of revolution, with folly unutterable, endeavored to consign France again to the gloom and oppression of the middle ages. "The Bourbons," said Napoleon, "during their exile, had learned nothing and had forgotten nothing."

Louis XVIII. was about sixty years of age. He suffered much from the gout, and was so excessively corpulent that he could hardly walk. He conversed with ease, and possessed that quality which his friends called firmness, and his enemies stubbornness. He wore velvet boots, that the leather might not chafe his legs. Decor-

ations of chivalry were suspended from broad blue ribbons, which passed over his capacious white waistcoat. His whole costume was fantastically antique. His hair, carefully powdered, was artistically turned up in front, and curled by the hair-dressers upon his temples. Behind it was tied by a black ribbon, from whence it escaped, flowing down upon his shoulders. He wore a three-cornered hat, decorated with a white cockade and a white plume. When the people of Paris and the soldiers saw this comical-looking object, under the patronage of the armies of England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, conveyed through the streets of Paris to the Tuileries, to take the place of Napoleon as their sovereign, they were at first exceedingly amused. But their amusement soon passed away into derision and contempt. They began to murmur, more and more loudly, for the noble exile of Elba. In very uncourtly phrase they called Louis XVIII. Louis *the hog*. They called the Bourbons the swine. A caricature was circulated every where through the kingdom, representing a magnificent eagle winging his flight from the Tuileries, while a herd of unwieldy porkers were wallowing in at the gates.

The Bourbons disbanded the Imperial Guard, who could never forget their adored chieftain, and surrounded themselves with a body-guard of Swiss mercenaries. The tricolored flag gave place to the ancient standard of the Bourbons. The King haughtily nullified all the acts of the Imperial government, ever speaking of the Empire as *the usurpation*, and dating the first of his ordinances in the *nineteenth year* of his reign. The right of suffrage was so far abolished that there were but eight hundred thousand voters in the kingdom, instead of about five millions, as under Napoleon. The King insulted the nation by declaring that he held the throne by divine right, and not by the will of the people.

The Bourbons also humiliated France beyond expression by the enormous concessions they made to the Allies. At one sweep they surrendered every inch of territory which France had acquired since the Revolution. Fifteen million three hundred and sixty thousand souls were thus severed from the Empire. Twelve thousand pieces of cannon, and ammunition and military stores in incalculable quantities, were yielded to the victors. Fortresses were dismantled, garrisons containing a hundred thousand men surrendered, and the army was cut down to eighty thousand troops. Thus the Allies disarmed France, and rendered it helpless, before they intrusted it to the keeping of the Bourbon usurpers. The discontent and murmurs of the people became so loud and universal, that it became necessary to establish the most rigid censorship of the press.

When Bernadotte was seduced to turn his traitorous arms against Napoleon, the Allies secretly contracted to annex to Sweden the kingdom of Norway. It became now necessary to pay the thirty pieces of silver. But as the Allies had not the property which they had pledged, they turned themselves into highwaymen to obtain it. The Norwegians, in the anguish of despair, rose as one man, declaring, "We will live or die for old Norway's freedom." A deputation was sent from Norway to the British government, to implore, in most pathetic tones, the mercy of England. "The engagements of the allied powers, however," says Alison, "toward Sweden were too stringent to permit of any attention being paid even to these touching appeals of a gallant people struggling for their independence." England, without the slightest pretext even of provocation, sent her fleet to assail Norway by sea, while Bernadotte, by land, poured into the helpless kingdom a powerful army of invasion. The Norwegians fought desperately against such fearful odds. The little kingdom was soon overpowered, and fell, covered with wounds. The Allies, wiping their dripping swords, handed over the bloody prey to Bernadotte. This act aroused intense indignation from the opposition in the British parliament. It was declared to be the deepest stain which had as yet sullied the British government. But the Tories were in the entire ascendency, and haughtily trampled all opposition beneath their feet. This event occurred during the months of September, October, and November of this year.

With the same reckless disregard of all popular rights, the Allies proceeded to punish all those states which had manifested any disposition to throw off the yoke of feudal despotism. The noble Saxons were compelled to drink the cup of humiliation to its dregs. A large part of the kingdom was passed over to the despotism of Prussia; Blucher with his bloody dragoons silenced the slightest aspirations for liberty. The Grand Duchy of Warsaw, one of the portions of dismembered Poland, which Napoleon had nobly enfranchised, was bound hand and foot, and delivered again to Russia. This most relentless of earth's despotisms swung her knout and pointed to Siberia, and her trembling victims were silent and still. The Milanese, who for a few years had enjoyed a free government, and a degree of prosperity never known before, were again overrun by the armies of Austria. Truly was it declared in the British parliament, that these acts of violence and spoliation surpassed any with which Napoleon had ever been charged. Sir Archibald Alison, the eloquent advocate of the British aristocracy, thus apologizes for these acts: "All these states which were disposed of, some against their will, by the Congress of Vienna, were *at war* with the allied powers; they were part of the French empire or of its allied dependencies; and if they were allotted to some of the conquering powers, they underwent no more than the stern rule of war, the sad lot of the vanquished from the beginning of the world."

As these governments had been sustained by the genius of one man, when he fell they all fell together. The Allies had discernment enough to see where the mighty energy was which sustained the popular institutions of Europe. Consequently they combined against Napoleon Bonaparte alone. Let those who condemn Napoleon for not having organized these kingdoms as republics answer the question, "Why did not these

people, upon the fall of Napoleon, establish republican institutions themselves?"

The fate of Frederic Augustus, the unhappy King of Saxony, peculiarly excited the sympathies of all generous minds. He had been magnanimous in his fidelity to the popular cause, and with corresponding severity he was punished. After being detained for some time a state prisoner in the castle of Fredericksfield, while his judges decided his doom, one third of his dominions were wrested from him, and given to Prussia. The king, thus weakened by the loss of two millions of subjects, and rendered powerless in the midst of surrounding despotisms, was permitted to sit down again upon his mutilated throne. Thus all over Europe there was with the people intense discontent. The popular cause was effectually abased, and despotism was rampant.

Napoleon at Elba read the European journals with the greatest avidity. He appeared to be quite indifferent to the insults which the Allies and their partisans were lavishing upon him.

"Am I much cut up to day?" said he to General Bertrand, as he on one occasion brought him the French journals.

"No, Sire," the Grand Marshal replied.—"There is no assault to-day upon your Majesty."

"Ah! well!" Napoleon replied. "It will be for to-morrow. It is an intermittent fever."*

As the summer advanced the Emperor began to be embarrassed for want of money. The sums he had brought with him were expended, and the Bourbons, with dishonor which excited the reproaches even of the Allies, neglected to pay the annuity settled upon the exiled Emperor by the treaty of Fontainebleau. This violation of the compact was without a shadow of justification. Napoleon might have continued the war, and at least have cost the Allies a vast sacrifice of treasure and of blood. It was an act of perfidy to refuse the fulfillment of the treaty. The British government were ashamed of this conduct, and Lord Castlereagh earnestly but unavailingly remonstrated with the Bourbons.

Napoleon, with his accustomed promptness and energy, stopped his improvements, and introduced the most rigorous economy into all his expenditures. The chill winds of winter came, and the Emperor retired to his cabinet and to his books, and to conversation with the illustrious men who, in increasing numbers, flocked to visit him. With remarkable unreserve he communicated his impressions, though he could not but have known that they would have been reported all over Europe.

Lord Ebrington records an interesting interview which he had with Napoleon on the evening of the 6th of December.

"Tell me frankly," said Napoleon, "are the French satisfied?"

"So, so," Lord Ebrington replied.

"It can not be," Napoleon rejoined. "They have been too much humbled. They have had a king forced upon them, and that too by England."

He then referred to the pamphlets which had been published in France respecting himself. "Among them," said he, "there are some which denominate me a traitor and a coward. But it is only truth that wounds. The French well know that I am neither the one nor the other. The wisest plan the Bourbons could have adopted would have been, as regards myself, to pursue the rule by which I was guided in respect to them—that is to say, never permitting any one to state any thing either good or bad regarding the family."

"What do you think of the Emperor of Russia?" inquired Lord Ebrington.

"He is an absolute Greek," Napoleon replied. "There is no placing any dependence upon him. He nevertheless is instructed, and possesses some liberal sentiments, which were acquired from the philosophical La Harpe, who was his tutor. But he is so flippant and deceptive it is impossible to ascertain if his assertions are the results of his real thoughts, or derived from a certain vanity in contrasting himself with his real position.

"The Emperor Francis," he continued, "had more honesty but less capacity. I would much rather confide in him than in the other. And if he passed his word to any thing, I should feel persuaded that, on pledging himself, he had the intention of fulfilling his promise. But his faculties are very circumscribed—no energy, no character."

"As to the King of Prussia, he is a corporal, without an idea beyond the dress of a soldier. He is by far the most stupid of the three."

Conversation then turned to Napoleon's last campaign. "Our ruin," said he, with as much apparent composure as if speaking of an event which occurred during the Middle Ages, "is to be ascribed to Marmont. I had confided to him some of my best troops, and a post of the greatest importance. How could I expect to be betrayed by a man whom I had loaded with kindness from the time he was fifteen years of age? Had he stood firm, I could have driven the Allies out of Paris, and the people there, as well as throughout France, would have risen in spite of

* The following remarks of the Duke of Rovigo will commend themselves to every candid mind: "In spite of all attacks, the brilliant career of the Emperor remains to defend him. It is exclusively the offspring of his genius. His immortal works will long remain as objects of comparison, difficult of attainment for those who shall attempt to imitate him; while Frenchmen will consider them the proudest records in their history. They will also serve as an answer to all those attacks which a spirit of revenge never ceases to direct against him. When time, which analyzes every thing, shall have disarmed resentment, Napoleon will be held up to the veneration of history as the man of the people, as the hero of liberal institutions. He will then receive his just meed of praise for his efforts to improve the condition of mankind. A correct idea will then be formed of the resistance he must have encountered. A proper distinction will be drawn between a dictatorship rendered necessary and a government ruling by the laws; between the crisis of a moment and the settled political existence which it was intended to impart to the nation. Lastly, it will be admitted that no one possessed in so great a degree as himself the means of rendering France happy, and that she would not have failed to be so had it not been for the wars into which his enemies had taken pains to involve him, in order to obstruct his views for her welfare."

the Senate. But, even with Marmont's troops, the Allies numbered against us three to one. After his defection there was no longer any hope of success. I might still, however, have been in France, and have prolonged the war for some years. But against Europe united I could not have flattered myself with a fortunate result. I soon decided to rescue France from civil war; and I now look upon myself as dead, for to die or to live *here* is the same thing."

"Were you not surprised," inquired Lord Ebrington, "that Berthier should have been among the first to welcome the arrival of the Bourbons?"

Napoleon answered with a smile, "I have been informed that he committed some such foolishness, but he was not gifted with a strong mind. I had raised him higher than his deserts, because he was useful to me in writing. After all, he was an honest soul, who, in case I appeared, would be the first to express his regrets for what he had done with tears in his eyes." Again he said, "The only revenge I wish on this poor Berthier, would be to see him in his costume of captain of the body-guard of Louis." With undeniable correctness Napoleon has said, "*I never revenged myself for a personal injury during the whole course of my life.*"

"But what would they do with me," said Napoleon, "supposing I should go to England? Should I be stoned to death?"

"I think," Lord Ebrington replied, "that you would be perfectly safe. The violent feelings against you have been daily subsiding since we are no longer at war."

"I believe, nevertheless," Napoleon rejoined, smiling, "that I should run some risk from your London mob."

He spoke of Lord Cornwallis in the highest terms. "Though not a man," said he, "of superior talents, he was, in integrity and goodness of heart, an honor to his country. He was what I call a specimen of the true race of English nobility. I wish I had had some of the same stamp in France. I always knew," he added, "whether the English cabinet were sincere in any proposals for peace by the persons they sent to treat. I believe, if Mr. Fox had lived, we should have concluded a peace. The manner in which he began his correspondence with Talleyrand gave an incontestable proof of his good faith. You, doubtless, call to your recollection the circumstance of the assassin. But those leagued with Mr. Fox in the administration were not so pacifically inclined."

"We considered your views of aggrandizement such," said Lord Ebrington, "that many of our statesmen, and Lord Grenville among them, were afraid of making peace with you."

"You were mistaken," Napoleon replied. "I was only desirous of making you just. I respect the English character; but I wanted a free maritime trade. Events, in creating wars, furnished me the means of enlarging my empire, and I did not neglect them. But I stood in need of some years' repose to accomplish every thing I intended for France. Tell Lord Grenville to come and visit me at Elba. I believe you thought in England that I was a very demon. But now you have seen France and me, you will probably allow that you have in some respects been deceived."

"I then attacked," says Lord Ebrington, "his detention of English travelers, which he justified on the score of retaliation, in our having made prizes at sea before a declaration of war. I replied that such a proceeding had been sanctioned by long use." "Yes," he said, "to you who gain, but not to others who suffer from it. And if you made new laws of nations, I was justified in doing the same. I am fully convinced that, in your hearts, you allow that I was right because I displayed energy in that proceeding. And I have, equally with yourselves, somewhat of the pirate about me."

Lord Ebrington expressed his surprise at the admirable *sang froid* with which Napoleon bore his reverses. "All the world," said the Emperor, "has been more astonished in that respect than myself. I do not entertain the best opinion of men, and I have uniformly mistrusted fortune. My brothers were much more kings than I. They have had the enjoyments of royalty, while I have had little but its fatigues."

The eyes of the people of France were now every day more and more earnestly turned toward Elba. Loud murmurs were every where ascending around the Bourbon throne. Louis XVIII. and his friends were alarmed. The royalists felt that it was necessary to put Napoleon out of the way, as his boundless personal popularity endangered the repose of Europe. Many plots were formed for his assassination, which were communicated to him by his friends. Napoleon was defenseless, and the poniard of the murderer was ever suspended over him. The English cabinet was dissatisfied with his place of exile, as not being sufficiently remote from Europe. The British government was in negotiation with the East India Company for the cession to the Crown of the island of St. Helena. It was reported that the Duke of Wellington, who on his voyage to and from India had seen this lonely rock, had suggested it as a strong prison for the exile, whom he unworthily allowed himself implacably to hate. The report was every where, that the Allies were deliberating the project of removing the Emperor from Elba to St. Helena.

"After the retreat of the Emperor to Elba," says Lord Holland, "Lady Holland furnished him with one or two packets of English newspapers, which she was informed that he had been anxious to peruse. It is remarkable that in one of those papers was a paragraph hinting a project among the confederates of transporting him to St. Helena. True it was that such an idea, however inconsistent with honor or good faith, was started and discussed before Napoleon left Elba. I stated this fact in the House of Lords, in the debate on the treatment of General Bonaparte, and *I was not contradicted.* I had it, in truth, from an Englishman of veracity employed at the Congress at Vienna, who told me it after Napoleon's arrival at Paris, but before the battle of

Waterloo. Any well-grounded suspicion of such a proceeding was surely sufficient to release the exiled Emperor from the obligations of his treaty and abdication at Fontainebleau, and to justify his attempt to recover the empire he had so recently lost."

Nothing can more clearly show than this state of things the marvelous power of Napoleon. Here was a man, without arms, without money, quietly dwelling on a little island of the Mediterranean, reading his books, conversing in his cabinet, watching over the interests of a few hundred peasants; and yet the power of his name was such, and there was such a tide of sympathy circling around him from the masses of the people on the Continent, that the combined despots of Europe, in the midst of their bristling bayonets, were trembling for fear of him.

The treaty of Fontainebleau had already been shamefully violated, and Napoleon was consequently no longer bound by its obligations. A crisis was manifestly at hand. France was on the eve of another revolution. The nation was earnestly yearning for its deposed Emperor. Napoleon anxiously watched these portentous signs. He studied the journals. He received reports from his friends respecting the distracted state of France, the universal discontent with the Bourbons, the projects for his assassination, or to kidnap him and consign him to close imprisonment. They told him of the affection with which his memory was cherished by the people of France, and their earnest desire that he would return.

It was now near the close of the month of February. He had been upon the island of Elba ten months. His peril was extreme. The assassin's dagger might any day reach his heart, or a band of kidnappers convey him to imprisonment—a thousand fold more to be dreaded than death. He resolved to return to France, present himself before the people, and let them place him upon the throne or send a bullet through his heart, as to them should seem the best.

Pauline visited the Continent, and the most distinguished of the friends of Napoleon gathered around her. On her return she acquainted the Emperor with the remorse of his old companions in arms for having joined the Bourbons, and of their urgent entreaty that he would return to France. They all agreed in the declaration, that the people, with entire unanimity, would replace him upon the throne.

Early in February Baron Chaboulon, one of the young members of Napoleon's council of state, in disguise, visited Elba. He obtained a private audience with the Emperor, and reports the following conversation as having occurred during the interview:

"I am informed that you have just arrived from France," said the Emperor. "Speak to me of Paris. Have you brought to me letters from my friends?"

"No, Sire—"

Napoleon interrupted him, saying, "Ah! I see they, like the rest, have forgotten me."

"Sire, you will never be forgotten in France," Chaboulon added. "Your Majesty will ever be cherished with emotions of devotion and attachment by all true Frenchmen."

"You are mistaken," said Napoleon. "The French have now another sovereign. Their duty and their happiness command them to think no more of me. They invent a great many fables and falsehoods respecting me in Paris. It is also said that I am to be transferred to Malta or to St. Helena. Let them think of it. I have provisions for six months, cannon, and brave men to defend me, and I shall make them pay dearly for the shameful attempt. But I can not think that Europe will dishonor itself by arming against a single man, who has neither the inclination nor the wish to injure others. The Emperor Alexander has too much regard for the opinion of posterity to lend himself to such a crime. They have guaranteed to me, by a solemn treaty, the sovereignty of the Island of Elba. I am here in my own house. So long as I do not go out to seek a quarrel with my neighbors, no one has a right to come and disturb me. How are the Bourbons liked in France?"

"Sire!" Chaboulon replied, "the Bourbons have not realized the expectations of the French. The number of malcontents increases daily."

"So much the worse, so much the worse," Napoleon sharply rejoined. "But why has not X—— sent me any letters?"

"He was afraid," Chaboulon replied, "that they might be taken from me. He has, however, revealed several circumstances, known only to your Majesty and himself, which I am to give as proof that I am worthy of your confidence."

"Let us hear them," the Emperor added.

"I began my detail," Chaboulon writes, "but he exclaimed without allowing me to finish, 'That's enough. Why did you not tell me that at first? We have lost half an hour.' This storm disconcerted me. He perceived my confusion, and resuming his discourse in tones of mildness, said, 'Come, make yourself easy, and repeat to me minutely all that has transpired between you and X——.'

"I proceeded in my narrative, but the Emperor, who when affected was incapable of listening to any recital without interrupting by his comments at every moment, stopped me by exclaiming:

"'I truly thought, when I abdicated, that the Bourbons, instructed and disciplined by adversity, would not fall again into the errors that ruined them in 1789. I was in hopes the King would govern you as a good man should. It was the only means of making you forget that he had been forced upon you by foreigners. But since the Bourbons have returned to France they have done nothing but commit blunders. Their treaty of the 23d of April has profoundly disgusted me. With one stroke of the pen they have robbed France of Belgium, and of all the territory acquired since the Revolution. They have despoiled the nation of its docks, its arsenals, its fleets, its artillery, and the immense stores which I had collected in the fortresses and ports which they have now ceded. Talleyrand

has conducted them to this infamy. He must have been bribed. Peace on such terms is easy. Had I, like them, consented to the ruin of France, they would not now be on my throne. But I would sooner cut off this right arm. I preferred renouncing my throne, rather than to retain it by tarnishing my glory and the honor of France. A degraded throne is an intolerable burden.

"'My enemies have published every where that I obstinately refused to make peace. They have represented me as a wretched madman, thirsting for blood and carnage. Such language answered their purpose. When you wish to hang your dog, you give out that he is mad. But Europe shall know the truth. I will acquaint it with every thing that was said and done at Chatillon. I will unmask, with a vigorous hand, the English, the Russians, and the Austrians. Europe shall judge between us. She will declare on which side lay the knavery and the thirst for shedding blood. I might have retired with my army beyond the Loire, and enjoyed a mountain warfare to my heart's content. I would not. I was weary of carnage.

"'My name, and the brave men who remained faithful to me, made the Allies tremble even in my capital. They offered Italy as the price of my abdication. I refused. After once reigning over France, one ought not to reign elsewhere. I chose the isle of Elba. They were happy to accord it to me. The position suits me; for here I can watch France and the Bourbons. All that I have done has been for France. It was for her sake, not for my own, that I wished to make her the first nation on the globe. My glory is secure. If I had thought but of self, I would have returned to a private station. But it was my duty to retain the imperial title for my family and son. Next to France, my son is to me the dearest object in all the world.'"

During this glowing discourse the Emperor rapidly paced the room, and appeared violently agitated. He paused a moment, and then continued,

"The emigrants know too well that I am here. I discover new plots every day. They have sent to Corsica one of the assassins of Georges—a wretch whom even the English journals have pointed out to Europe as a blood-thirsty assassin. But let them beware! If he misses me, I shall not miss him. I will send my grenadiers after him, and he shall be shot as an example to others."

There was again a moment of silence, when the Emperor resumed, "Do my generals go to Court? They must cut a sad figure there."

"Yes, Sire!" Chaboulon replied; "and they are enraged to see themselves superseded in favor by emigrants who never heard the sound of a cannon."

"The emigrants will never alter," Napoleon rejoined. "I committed a great error when I recalled that anti-national race into France. If it had not been for me they would have died of starvation abroad. But then I had great motives. I wanted to reconcile Europe to us, and close the Revolution. But what do my soldiers say about me?"

"The soldiers, Sire," said Chaboulon, "never pronounce your name but with respect, admiration, and grief."

"And so they still love me," said Napoleon, smiling.

"Yes, Sire," said Chaboulon; "and I may venture to say that they love you even more than ever. They consider our misfortunes as the effect of treachery, and constantly affirm that they never would have been conquered if they had not been sold to their enemies."

"They are right," said Napoleon. "I am glad to learn that my army preserves the consciousness of its superiority. I see that I have formed a correct opinion of the state of France. The Bourbons are unfit to reign. Their government may be acceptable to priests, nobles, and old-fashioned countesses; but it is utterly worthless to the present generation. The Revolution has taught the people to know their rank in the state; they will never consent to fall back into their former nothingness. The army can never become attached to the Bourbons. Our victories and misfortunes have established between the troops and myself an indestructible tie. The Bourbons are neither loved nor feared. The government is evidently hastening to its fall. The priests and the emigrants are its only partisans. Every man of patriotism or of soul is its enemy. But how will all this end? Is it thought there will be a new Revolution?"

"Sire," replied Chaboulon, "discontent and irritation prevail to such an extent that the slightest effervescence would inevitably cause a general insurrection, and nobody would be surprised if it were to take place to-morrow."

"But what would you do were you to expel the Bourbons?" said the Emperor; "would you establish the Republic?"

"The Republic, Sire!" said Chaboulon, "nobody thinks of it. Perhaps they would create a regency."

"A regency!" exclaimed Napoleon with vehemence and surprise, "am *I* dead!"

"But your absence—" Chaboulon commenced to say.

"My absence," interrupted Napoleon, "makes no difference. In a couple of days I could be back again in France, if the nation were to recall me. Do you think it would be well if I were to return?"

"Sire," said Chaboulon, "I dare not personally attempt to answer such a question; but—"

"That is not what I am asking," impatiently answered Napoleon; "answer Yes, or No."

"Why then, Sire, Yes!" said Chaboulon.

"Do you really think so?" the Emperor inquired with tenderness.

"Yes, Sire, I am convinced," Chaboulon continued, "and so is Mons. X——, that the people and the army would receive you as their deliverer, and that your cause would be embraced with enthusiasm. He had foreseen that your Majesty would make inquiries on this point, and the fol-

lowing is literally his answer. 'You will tell the Emperor that I would not dare decide so important a question; but he may consider it an incontrovertible fact, that the government has wholly lost the confidence of the people and the army—that discontent has increased to the highest pitch; and that it is impossible to conceive that the government can stand much longer against such universal dislike. You will add that the Emperor is the only object of the regret and the hope of the nation. He, in his wisdom, will decide what he ought to do.'"

Napoleon appeared deeply agitated. His far-reaching vision revealed to him the vastness of the impending consequences. For a long time he walked the floor, absorbed in intensity of thought, and then said,

"I will reflect upon it. Come here to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

At the appointed hour Chaboulon presented himself to the Emperor. After a long conversation, essentially the same with that which we have recorded, Napoleon said,

"I will set off. The enterprise is vast, it is difficult, it is dangerous. But it is not beyond my compassing. On great occasions fortune has never abandoned me. I shall set off, but not alone. I will not run the risk of allowing myself to be collared by the gendarmes. I will depart with my sword, my Polanders, my grenadiers. All France is on my side. I belong to France. For her I will sacrifice my repose, my blood, my life, with the greatest joy. I have not settled the day of my departure. By deferring it, I should reap the advantage of allowing the Congress to terminate. But, on the other hand, I run the risk of being kept here a close prisoner by the vessels of the Bourbons and the English, if, as every thing appears to indicate, there should be a rupture between the Allies. Depart, and tell X—— you have seen me, and I have determined to expose myself to every danger, for the sake of yielding to the prayers of France, and ridding the nation of the Bourbons. Say also, I shall leave here with my guard on the 1st of April, perhaps sooner."

The Duke of Rovigo writes in his memoirs: "The main object of M. de Talleyrand's attention at Vienna was the *abduction of the Emperor*, whom he represented as a weight upon France, and as feeding the hopes of all restless minds. In this respect he was right. The subject of the Emperor engrossed the attention of all parties. The more consideration was bestowed upon the details of the events which had occasioned his downfall, the greater was the interest felt for him. Talleyrand had present to his mind the example of the return from Egypt. He dreaded a second representation of that event. It had so often been asserted that the tranquillity of Europe depended upon the repose of France, that it was easy to perceive that the *abduction of the Emperor* was necessary to the general welfare. M. de Talleyrand, therefore, succeeded in securing the adoption of this course. The Emperor of Russia alone showed any difficulty in assenting to the proposal. But he at last tacitly consented to it.

"M. de Talleyrand was wholly bent on accelerating this operation, which was said at the time to be intrusted to the English Admiral Sir Sydney Smith, whose ostensible mission was to be the command of an expedition against the Barbary States, in the Mediterranean. I only learned this circumstance from what was publicly reported in Paris, where a variety of letters received from London communicated details respecting the Congress, toward which all eyes were then turned. The English newspapers also reported that the Emperor was to be removed to St. Helena; and the report was repeated in the German papers, which the Emperor regularly received at Elba. No doubt was entertained that this operation would soon be carried into effect.

"In the emergency, the Emperor formed the plan of returning to France, as he had done on the former occasion. No alternative was left to him. He knew that it was intended to violate his asylum, in which he had no means of defending himself, for any length of time, and where it was now even impossible for him to subsist without the allowance guaranteed but not paid to him."

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXVII.

IN WHICH CLIVE GOES ABROAD.

ALTHOUGH Thomas Newcome was gone back to India in search of more money, finding that he could not live upon his income at home, he was nevertheless rather a wealthy man; and at the moment of his departure from Europe had two lakhs of rupees invested in various Indian securities. "A thousand a year more," he thought, "added to the interest accruing from my two lakhs will enable us to live very comfortably at home. I can give Clive ten thousand pounds when he

* Continued from the July Number.

marries, and five hundred a year out of my allowances. If he gets a wife with some money, they may have every enjoyment of life; and as for his pictures, he can paint just as few or as many of those as he pleases." Newcome did not seem seriously to believe that his son would live by painting pictures, but considered Clive as a young prince who chose to amuse himself with painting. The Muse of Painting is a lady whose social station is not altogether recognized with us as yet. The polite world permits a gentleman to amuse himself with her, but to take her for better or for worse! forsake all other chances and cleave unto her! to assume her name! Many a respectable person would be as much shocked at the notion, as if his son had married an opera dancer.

Newcome left a hundred a year in England, of which the principal sum was to be transferred to his boy as soon as he came of age. He endowed Clive further with a considerable annual sum, which his London bankers would pay: "And if these are not enough," says he, kindly, "you must draw upon my agents, Messrs. Franks and Merryweather, at Calcutta, who will receive your signature just as if it was mine." Before going away, he introduced Clive to F. and M.'s corresponding London house, Jolly and Baines, Fog Court—leading out of Leadenhall—Mr. Jolly, a myth as regarded the firm, now married to Lady Julia Jolly—a park in Kent—evangelical interest—great at Exeter Hall meetings—knew Clive's grandmother, that is, Mrs. Newcome, a most admirable woman. Baines represents a house in the Regent's Park, with an emigrative tendency toward Belgravia—musical daughters—Herr Moscheles, Benedick, Ella, Osborne, constantly at dinner—sonatas in P flat (op. 936), composed and dedicated to Miss Euphemia Baines, by her most obliged, most obedient servant, Ferdinando Blitz. Baines hopes that his young friend will come constantly to York Terrace, where the girls will be most happy to see him; and mentions at home a singular whim of Colonel Newcome's, who can give his son twelve or fifteen hundred a year, and makes an artist of him. Euphemia and Flora adore artists; they feel quite interested about this young man. "He was scribbling caricatures all the time I was talking with his father in my parlor," says Mr. Baines, and produces a sketch of an orange woman near the Bank, who had struck Clive's eyes, and been transferred to the blotting-paper in Fog Court "*He* need'nt do any thing," said good-natured Mr. Baines. "I guess all the pictures he'll paint won't sell for much."

"Is he fond of music, papa?" asks Miss. "What a pity he had not come to our last evening; and now the season is over!"

"And Mr. Newcome is going out of town. He came to me to-day for circular notes—says he's going through Switzerland and into Italy—lives in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. Queer place, ain't it? Put his name down in your book, and ask him to dinner next season."

Before Clive went away, he had an apparatus of easels, sketching-stools, umbrellas, and painting-boxes, the most elaborate and beautiful that Messrs. Soap and Isaac could supply. It made J. J.'s eyes glisten to see those lovely gimcracks of art; those smooth mill-boards, those slab-tinted sketching-blocks, and glistening rows of color-tubes lying in their boxes, which seemed to cry, "Come, squeeze me." If painting-boxes made painters; if sketching-stools would but enable one to sketch, surely I would hasten this very instant to Messrs. Soap and Isaac! but, alas! these pretty toys no more make artists than cowls make monks.

As a proof that Clive did intend to practice his profession, and to live by it too, at this time he took four sporting sketches to a print-seller in the Haymarket, and disposed of them at the rate of seven shillings and sixpence per sketch. His exultation at receiving a sovereign and half a sovereign from Mr. Jones was boundless. "I can do half a dozen of these things easily in a morning," says he. "Two guineas a day is twelve guineas—say ten guineas a week, for I won't work on Sundays, and may take a holiday in the week besides. Ten guineas a week is five hundred a year. That is pretty nearly as much money as I shall want, and I need not draw the dear old governor's allowance at all." He wrote an ardent letter, full of happiness and affection, to the kind father, which he shall find a month after he has arrived in India, and read to his friends in Calcutta and Barrackpore. Clive invited many of his artist friends to a grand feast in honor of the thirty shillings. The King's Arms, Kensington, was the hotel selected (tavern beloved of artists for many score years!). Gandish was there, and the Gandishites and some chosen spirits from the Life Academy, Clipstone Street, and J. J. was vice-president, with Fred Bayham by his side, to make the speeches and carve the mutton; and I promise you many a merry song was sung, and many a health drunk in flowing bumpers; and as jolly a party was assembled as any London contained that day. The *beau monde* had quitted it; the Park was empty as we crossed it; and the leaves of Kensington Gardens had begun to fall, dying after the fatigues of a London season. We sang all the way home through Knightsbridge and by the Park railings, and the Covent Garden carters halting at the Half-way House were astonished at our choruses. There is no half-way house now; no merry chorus at midnight.

Then Clive and J. J. took the steamboat to Antwerp; and those who love pictures may imagine how the two young men rejoiced in one of the most picturesque cities of the world; where they went back straightway into the sixteenth century; where the inn at which they staid (delightful old Grand Laboureur, thine ancient walls are leveled! thy comfortable hospitalities exist no more!) seemed such a hostelry as that where Quentin Durward first saw his sweetheart; where knights of Velasquez or burgomasters of Rubens seemed to look from the windows of the tall-gabled houses and the quaint porches; where

the Bourse still stood, the Bourse of three hundred years ago, and you had but to supply figures with beards and ruffs, and rapiers and trunk hose, to make the picture complete; where to be awakened by the carillon of the bells was to waken to the most delightful sense of life and happiness; where nuns, actual nuns, walked the streets, and every figure in the Place de Meir, and every devotee at church kneeling and draped in black, on entering the confessional (actually the confessional!), was a delightful subject for the new sketch-book. Had Clive drawn as much every where as at Antwerp, Messrs. Soap and Isaac might have made a little income by supplying him with materials.

After Antwerp, Clive's correspondent gets a letter dated from the Hotel de Suède at Brussels, which contains an elaborate eulogy of the cookery and comfort of that hotel, where the wines, according to the writer's opinion, are unmatched almost in Europe. And this is followed by a description of Waterloo, and a sketch of Hougoumont, in which J. J. is represented running away in the character of a French grenadier, Clive pursuing him in the life-guard's habit, and mounted on a thundering charger.

Next follows a letter from Bonn. Verses about Drachenfels, of a not very superior style of versification: account of Crichton, an old Grey Friars man, who has become a student at the university; of a commerz, a drunken bout; and a students' duel at Bonn. "And whom should I find here," says Mr. Clive, "but Aunt Ann, Ethel, Miss Quigley, and the little ones, the whole detachment under the command of Kuhn. Uncle Brian is staying at Aix. He is recovered from his attack. And upon my conscience, I think my pretty cousin looks prettier every day.

"When they are not in London," Clive goes on to write, "or I sometimes think when Barnes or old Lady Kew are not looking over them, they are quite different. You know how cold they have latterly seemed to us, and how their conduct annoyed my dear old father. Nothing can be kinder than their behavior since we have met. It was on the little hill at Godsberg, J. J. and I were mounting to the ruin, followed by the beggars who waylay you, and have taken the place of the other robbers who used to live there, when there came a procession of donkeys down the steep, and I heard a little voice cry 'Hullo! it's Clive! hooray, Clive!' and an ass came pattering down the declivity, with a little pair of white trowsers at an immensely wide angle over the donkey's back, and behold there was little Alfred grinning with all his might.

"He turned his beast and was for galloping up the hill again, I suppose to inform his relations; but the donkey refused with many kicks, one of which sent Alfred plunging among the stones, and we were rubbing him down just as the rest of the party came upon us. Miss Quigley looked very grim on an old white pony; my aunt was on a black horse that might have turned gray, he is so old. Then come two donkeysful of children, with Kuhn as supercargo; then Ethel on donkey back, too, with a bunch of wild flowers in her hand, a great straw hat with a crimson ribbon, a white muslin jacket you know, bound at the waist with a ribbon of the first, and a dark skirt, with a shawl round her feet, which Kuhn had arranged. As she stopped, the donkey fell to cropping greens in the hedge; the trees there checkered her white dress and face with shadow. Her eyes, hair, and forehead were in shadow too—but the light was all upon her right cheek, upon her shoulder down to her arm, which was of a warmer white, and on the bunch of flowers which she held, blue, yellow, and red poppies, and so forth.

"J. J. says, 'I think the birds began to sing louder when she came.' We have both agreed that she is the handsomest woman in England. It's not her form merely, which is certainly as yet too thin and a little angular—it is her color. I do not care for woman or picture without color. O ye carnations! O ye lilia mista rosis! O such black hair and solemn eyebrows! It seems to me the roses and carnations have bloomed again since we saw them last in London; when they were drooping from the exposure to night air, candle light, and heated ball rooms.

"Here I was in the midst of a regiment of donkeys, bearing a crowd of relations; J. J. standing modestly in the background—beggars completing the group, and Kuhn ruling over them with voice and gesture, oaths, and whip. Throw in the Rhine in the distance flashing by the Seven Mountains—but mind and make Ethel the principal figure; if you make her like, she certainly *will* be—and other lights will be only minor fires. You may paint her form, but you can't paint her color; that is what beats us in nature. A line *must* come right; you can force that into its place, but you can't compel the circumambient air. There is no yellow I know of will make sunshine; and no blue that is a bit like sky. And so with pictures: I think you only get signs of color, and formulas to stand for it. That brick-dust which we agree to receive as representing a blush, look at it—can you say it is in the least like the blush which flickers and varies as it sweeps over the down of the cheek, as you see sunshine playing over a meadow? Look into it, and see what a variety of delicate blooms there are! a multitude of flowerets twining into one tint! We may break our color pots, and strive after the line alone: that is palpable, and we can grasp it—the other is impossible and beyond us." Which sentiment I here set down, not on account of its worth (and I think it is contradicted—as well as asserted—in more than one of the letters I subsequently had from Mr. Clive), but it may serve to show the ardent and impulsive disposition of this youth, by whom all beauties of art and nature, animate or inanimate (the former especially), were welcomed with a gusto and delight whereof colder temperaments are incapable. The view of a fine landscape, a fine picture, a handsome woman, would make this harmless young sensualist tipsy with pleasure. He seemed to derive



an actual hilarity and intoxication as his eye drank in these sights; and, though it was his maxim that all dinners were good, and he could eat bread and cheese and drink small beer with perfect good humor, I believe that he found a certain pleasure in a bottle of claret, which most men's systems were incapable of feeling.

This spring-time of youth is the season of letter-writing. A lad in high health and spirits, the blood running briskly in his young veins, and the world, and life, and nature bright and welcome to him, looks out, perforce, for some companion to whom he may impart his sense of the pleasure which he enjoys, and which were not complete unless a friend were by to share it. I was the person most convenient for the young fellow's purpose; he was pleased to confer upon me the title of friend *en titre*, and confidant in particular; to endow the confidant in question with a number of virtues and excellences which existed very likely only in the lad's imagination; to lament that the confidant had no sister whom he, Clive, might marry out of hand; and to make me a thousand simple protests of affection and admiration, which are noted here as signs of the young man's character, by no means as proofs of the goodness of mine. The books given to the present biographer by his affectionate friend, Clive Newcome, still bear on the title-pages the marks of that boyish hand and youthful fervor. He had a copy of "Walter Lorraine," bound and gilt with such splendor as made the author blush for his performance, which has since been seen at the book-stalls at a price suited to the very humblest purses. He fired up and fought a newspaper critic (whom Clive met at the Haunt one night) who had dared to write an article in which that work was slighted; and if, in the course of nature, his friendship has outlived that rapturous period; the kindness of the two old friends, I hope, is not the less because it is no longer romantic, and the days of white vellum and gilt edges have passed away. From the abundance of the letters which the affectionate young fellow

now wrote, the ensuing portion of his youthful history is compiled. It may serve to recall passages of their early days to such of his seniors as occasionally turn over the leaves of a novel; and in the story of his faults, indiscretions, passions, and actions, young readers may be reminded of their own.

Now that the old Countess, and perhaps Barnes, were away, the barrier between Clive and this family seemed to be withdrawn. The young folks, who loved him, were free to see him as often as he would come. They were going to Baden: would he come too? Baden was on the road to Switzerland: he might journey to Strasbourg, Basle, and so on. Clive was glad enough to go with his cousins, and travel in the orbit of such a lovely girl as Ethel Newcome. J. J. performed the second part always when Clive was present: and so they all traveled to Coblentz, Mayence, and Frankfort together, making the journey which every body knows, and sketching the mountains and castles we all of us have sketched. Ethel's beauty made all the passengers on all the steamers look round and admire. Clive was proud of being in the suite of such a lovely person. The family traveled with a pair of those carriages, which used to thunder along the continental roads a dozen years since, and from interior, box, and rumble discharge a dozen English people at hotel gates.

The journey is all sunshine and pleasure and novelty: the circular notes with which Mr. Baines of Fog Court has supplied Clive Newcome, Esquire, enabled that young gentleman to travel with great ease and comfort. He has not yet ventured upon engaging a valet-de-chambre, it being agreed between him and J. J. that two traveling artists have no right to such an aristocratic appendage, but he has bought a snug little britska at Frankfort (the youth has very polite tastes, is already a connoisseur in wine, and has no scruple in ordering the best at the hotels), and the britska travels in company with Lady Ann's caravan, either in its wake, so as to be out of reach of the dust, or more frequently ahead of that enormous vehicle, and its tender, in which come the children and the governess of Lady Ann Newcome, guarded by a huge and melancholy London footman, who beholds Rhine and Neckar, valley and mountain, village and ruin, with a like dismal composure. Little Alfred and little Egbert are by no means sorry to escape from Miss Quigley and the tender, and ride for a stage or two in Clive's britska. The little girls cry sometimes to be admitted to that privilege. I dare say Ethel would like very well to quit her place in the caravan, where she sits circumvented by Mamma's dogs, and books, bags, dressing-boxes, and gimcrack cases, without which apparatus some English ladies of condition can not travel; but Miss Ethel is grown up, she is out, and has been presented at Court, and is a person of too great dignity now to sit any where but in the place of state in the chariot corner. I like to think for my part of the gallant young fellow taking his pleasure and enjoying his holiday, and few sights are more pleasant than to watch a happy manly English youth, free-handed and generous-hearted, content and good humor shining in his honest face, pleased and pleasing, eager, active, and thankful for services, and exercising bravely his noble youthful privilege to be happy and to enjoy. Sing, cheery spirit, while the spring lasts; bloom while the sun shines, kindly flowers of youth! You shall be none the worse to-morrow for having been happy to-day, if the day brings no action to shame it. As for J. J., he too had his share of enjoyment; the charming scenes around him did not escape his bright eye, he absorbed pleasure in his silent way, he was up with the sunrise always, and at work with his eyes and his heart if not with his hands. A beautiful object too is such a one to contemplate, a pure virgin soul, a creature gentle, pious, and full of love, endowed with sweet gifts, humble and timid, but for truth's and justice's sake inflexible, thankful to God and man, fond, patient, and faithful. Clive was still his hero as ever, his patron, his splendid young prince and chieftain. Who was so brave, who was so handsome, generous, witty as Clive? To hear Clive sing as the lad would while they were seated at their work, or driving along on this happy journey, through fair landscapes in the sunshine, gave J. J. the keenest pleasure: his wit was a little slow, but he would laugh with his eyes at Clive's sallies, or ponder over them and explode with laughter presently, giving a new source of amusement to these merry travelers, and little Alfred would laugh at J. J.'s laughing: and so, with a hundred harmless jokes to enliven, and the ever changing, ever charming smiles of nature to cheer and accompany it, the happy day's journey would come to an end.

So they traveled by the accustomed route to the prettiest town of all places where Pleasure has set up her tents; and where the gay, the melancholy, the idle or occupied, grave or naughty, come for amusement, or business, or relaxation; where London beauties, having danced and flirted all the season, may dance and flirt a little more: where well-dressed rogues from all quarters of the world assemble; where I have seen severe London lawyers, forgetting their wigs and the Temple, trying their luck against fortune and M. Bénazet; where wistful schemers conspire and prick cards down, and deeply meditate the infallible coup; and try it, and lose it, and borrow a hundred francs to go home; where even virtuous British ladies venture their little stakes, and draw up their winnings with trembling rakes, by the side of ladies who are not virtuous at all, no not even by name; where young prodigals break the bank sometimes, and carry plunder out of a place which Hercules himself could scarcely compel; where you meet wonderful countesses and princesses, whose husbands are almost always absent on their vast estates—in Italy, Spain, Piedmont—who knows where their lordships' possessions are?—while trains of suitors surround those wandering Penelopes, their noble wives; Russian Boyars, Spanish Grandees of the Order of the

Fleece, Counts of France, and Princes Polish and Italian innumerable, who perfume the gilded halls with their tobacco-smoke, and swear in all languages against the Black and the Red. The famous English monosyllable by which things, persons, luck, even eyes, are devoted to the infernal gods, we may be sure is not wanting in that Babel. Where does one not hear it? "D— the luck," says Lord Kew, as the croupier sweeps off his lordship's rouleaux. "D— the luck," says Brown, the bagman, who has been backing his lordship with five franc pieces. "Ah, body of Bacchus!" says Count Felice, whom we all remember a courier. "Ah, sacré coup," cries M. le Vicomte de Florac, as his last Louis parts company from him—each cursing in his native tongue. O sweet chorus!

That Lord Kew should be at Baden is no wonder. If you heard of him at the Finish, or at Buckingham Palace ball, or in a watch-house, or at the Third Cataract, or at a Newmarket meeting, you would not be surprised. He goes every where; does every thing with all his might; knows every body. Last week he won who knows how many thousand Louis from the bank (it appears Brown has chosen one of the unlucky days to back his lordship). He will eat his supper as gayly after a great victory as after a signal defeat; and we know that to win with magnanimity requires much more constancy than to lose. His sleep will not be disturbed by one event or the other. He will play skittles all the morning with perfect contentment, romp with children in the forenoon (he is the friend of half the children in the place), or he will cheerfully leave the green-table and all the risk and excitement there, to take a hand at sixpenny whist with General Fogey, or to give the six Miss Fogeys a turn each in the ball-room. From H. R. H. the Prince Royal of ——, who is the greatest guest at Baden, down to Brown the bagman, who does not consider himself the smallest, Lord Kew is hail fellow with every body, and has a kind word from and for all.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH CLIVE BEGINS TO SEE THE WORLD.

In the company assembled at Baden, Clive found one or two old acquaintances; among them his friend of Paris, M. de Florac, not in quite so brilliant a condition as when Newcome had last met him on the Boulevard. Florac owned that Fortune had been very unkind to him at Baden; and, indeed, she had not only emptied his purse, but his portmanteaus, jewel box, and linen closet—the contents of all of which had ranged themselves on the red and black against Monsieur Bénazet's crown pieces: whatever side they took was, however, the unlucky one. "This campaign has been my Moscow, mon cher," Florac owned to Clive. "I am conquered by Bénazet; I have lost in almost every combat. I have lost my treasure, my baggage, my ammunition of war, every thing but my honor, which, *au reste*, Mons. Bénazet will not accept as a stake: if he would, there are plenty here, believe me, who would set it on the Trente et Quarante. Sometimes I have had a mind to go home; my mother, who is an angel all forgiveness, would receive her prodigal, and kill the fatted veal for me. But what will you? He annoys me—the domestic veal. Besides, my brother the Abbé, though the best of Christians, is a Jew upon certain matters; a Bénazet who will not *troquer* absolution except against repentance; and I have not for a sou of repentance in my pocket! I have been sorry, yes—but it was because odd came up in place of even, or the reverse. The accursed *après* has chased me like a remorse, and when black has come up I have wished myself converted to red. Otherwise I have no repentance—I am *joueur*—nature has made me so, as she made my brother *dévot*. The Archbishop of Strasbourg is of our parents: I saw his grandeur when I went lately to Strasbourg, on my last pilgrimage to the Mont de Piété. I owned to him that I would pawn his cross and ring to go play: the good prelate laughed, and said his chaplain should keep an eye on them. Will you dine with me? The landlord of my hotel was the intendant of our cousin, the Duc d'Ivry, and will give me credit to the day of judgment. I do not abuse his noble confidence. My dear! there are covers of silver put upon my table every day with which I could retrieve my fortune, did I listen to the suggestions of Satanas; but I say to him, *Vade retro*. Come and dine with me—Duluc's kitchen is very good."

These easy confessions were uttered by a gentleman who was nearly forty years of age, and who had indeed played the part of a young man in Paris and the great European world so long, that he knew or chose to perform no other. He did not want for abilities; had the best temper in the world; was well bred and gentlemanlike always; and was gay even after Moscow. His courage was known, and his character for bravery and another kind of gallantry probably exaggerated by his bad reputation. Had his mother not been alive, perhaps he would have believed in the virtue of no woman. But this one he worshiped, and spoke with tenderness and enthusiasm of her constant love and patience and goodness. "See her miniature!" he said, "I never separate myself from it—O, never! It saved my life in an affair about—about a woman who was not worth the powder which poor Jules and I burned for her. His ball struck me here, upon the waistcoat, bruising my rib and sending me to my bed, which I never should have left alive but for this picture. O, she is an angel, my mother. I am sure that Heaven has nothing to deny that saint, and that her tears wash out my sins.

Clive smiled. "I think Madame de Florac must weep a good deal," he said.

"*Enormément*, my friend! My faith! I do not deny it! I give her cause, night and evening. I am possessed by demons! This little Affenthaler wine of this country has a little smack which is most agreeable. The passions tear me, my young friend! Play is fatal, but play is not so fatal as woman; pass me the

écrévisses, they are most succulent. Take warning by me, and avoid both. I saw you *roder* round the green-tables, and marked your eyes as they glistened over the heaps of gold, and looked at some of our beauties of Baden. Beware of such syrens, young man! and take me for your Mentor; avoiding what I have done—that understands itself. You have not played as yet? Do not do so; above all avoid a martingale, if you do. Play ought not to be an affair of calculation, but of inspiration. I have calculated infallibly; and what has been the effect? Gousset empty, tiroirs empty, nécessaire parted for Strasbourg! Where is my fur pelisse, Frédéric?"

"Parbleu vous le savez bien, Monsieur le Vicomte," says Frederic, the domestic, who was waiting on Clive and his friend.

"A pelisse lined with true sable, and worth three thousand francs, that I won of a little Russian at billiards. That pelisse is at Strasbourg (where the infamous worms of the Mount of Piety are actually gnawing her). Two hundred francs and this *reconnaissance*, which Frédéric receive, are all that now represents the pelisse. How many chemises have I, Frédéric?"

"Eh, parbleu, Monsieur le Vicomte sait bien que nous avons toujours vingt-quatre chemises," says Frederic, grumbling.

Monsieur le Vicomte springs up shrieking from the dinner-table. "Twenty-four shirts," says he, "and I have been a week without a Louis in my pocket! *Bélître! Nigaud!*" He flings open one drawer after another, but there are no signs of that superfluity of linen of which the domestic spoke, whose countenance now changes from a grim frown to a grim smile.

"Ah, my faithful Frédéric, I pardon thee! Mr. Newcome will understand my harmless *supercherie*. Frédéric was in my company of the Guard, and remains with me since. He is Caleb Balderstone and I am Ravenswood. Yes, I am Edgard. Let us have coffee and a cigar, Balderstone."

"Plait-il, Monsieur le Vicomte?" says the French Caleb.

"Thou comprehendest not English. Thou readest not Valtare Scott, thou!" cries the master. "I was recounting to Monsieur Newcome thy history and my misfortunes. Go seek coffee for us, *Nigaud*." And as the two gentlemen partake of that exhilarating liquor, the elder confides gayly to his guest the reason why he prefers taking coffee at the Hotel to the coffee at the great Café of the Redoute, with a *duris urgéns in rébūs égestāss!* pronounced in the true French manner.

Clive was greatly amused by the gayety of the Viscount after his misfortunes and his Moscow; and thought that one of Mr. Baines's circular notes might not be ill laid out in succoring this hero. It may have been to this end that Florac's confessions tended; though to do him justice the incorrigible young fellow would confide his adventures to any one who would listen; and the exact state of his wardrobe, and the story of his pawned pelisse, dressing-case, rings and watches, were known to all Baden.

"You tell me to marry and range myself," said Clive (to whom the Viscount was expatiating upon the charms of the *superbe* young *Anglaise* with whom he had seen Clive walking on the promenade). "Why do you not marry and range yourself too?"

"Eh, my dear! I am married already. You do not know it? I am married since the Revolution of July. Yes. We were poor in those days, as poor we remain. My cousins the Duc d'Ivry's sons and his grandson were still alive. Seeing no other resource, and pursued by the Arabs, I espoused the Vicomtesse de Florac. I gave her my name, you comprehend, in exchange for her own odious one. She was Miss Higg. Do you know the family Higg of Manchesterre, in the comté of Lancastre? She was then a person of a ripe age. The Vicomtesse is now—ah! it is fifteen years since, and she dies not. Our union was not happy, my friend—Madame Paul de Florac is of the reformed religion—not of the Anglican church, you understand—but a dissident I know not of what sort. We inhabited the Hotel de Florac for a while after our union, which was all of convenience, you understand. She filled her salon with ministers to make you die. She assaulted my poor father in his garden-chair, whence he could not escape her. She told my sainted mother that she was an idolatress—she who only idolatrizes her children! She called us other poor Catholics who follow the rites of our fathers, *des Romishes;* and Rome, Babylon, and the Holy Father—a scarlet—eh! a scarlet abomination. She outraged my mother, that angel; essayed to convert the antechamber and the office; put little books in the abbé's bedroom. Eh, my friend! what a good king was Charles IX., and his mother, what a wise sovereign! I lament that Madame de Florac should have escaped the St. Barthélemi, when no doubt she was spared on account of her tender age. We have been separated for many years; her income was greatly exaggerated. Beyond the payment of my debts I owe her nothing. I wish I could say as much of all the rest of the world. Shall we take a turn of promenade? *Mauvais sujet!* I see you are longing to be at the green-table."

Clive was not longing to be at the green-table; but his companion was never easy at it or away from it. Next to winning, losing, M. de Florac said, was the best sport—next to losing, looking on. So he and Clive went down to the Redoute, where Lord Kew was playing with a crowd of awe-struck amateurs, and breathless punters admiring his valor and fortune; and Clive, saying that he knew nothing about the game, took out five Napoleons from his purse, and besought Florac to invest them in the most profitable manner at roulette. The other made some faint attempts at a scruple: but the money was speedily laid on the table, where it increased and multiplied amazingly too; so that in a quarter of an hour Florac brought quite a handful of gold pieces to his principal. Then Clive, I dare say blushing as he made the proposal, offered half the handful

of Napoleons to M. de Florac, to be repaid when he thought fit. And fortune must have been very favorable to the husband of Miss Higg that night; for in the course of an hour he insisted on paying back Clive's loan; and two days afterward appeared with his shirt-studs (of course with his shirts also) released from captivity, his watch, rings, and chains, on the parade; and was observed to wear his celebrated fur pelisse as he drove back in a britzka from Strasbourg. "As for myself," wrote Clive, "I put back into my purse the five Napoleons with which I had begun; and laid down the whole mass of winnings on the table, where it was doubled and then quadrupled, and then swept up by the croupiers, greatly to my ease of mind. And then Lord Kew asked me to supper, and we had a merry night."

This was Mr. Clive's first and last appearance as a gambler. J. J. looked very grave when he heard of these transactions. Clive's French friend did not please his English companion at all, nor the friends of Clive's French friend, the Russians, the Spaniards, the Italians, of sounding titles and glittering decorations, and the ladies who belonged to their society. He saw by chance Ethel, escorted by her cousin Lord Kew, passing through a crowd of this company one day. There was not one woman there who was not the heroine of some discreditable story. It was the Comtesse Calypso who had been jilted by the Duc Ulysse. It was the Marquise Ariane to whom the Prince Thésée had behaved so shamefully, and who had taken to Bacchus as a consolation. It was Madame Médée, who had absolutely killed her old father by her conduct regarding Jason: she had done every thing for Jason: she had got him the *toison d'or* from the Queen Mother, and now had to meet him every day with his little blonde bride on his arm! J. J. compared Ethel moving in the midst of these folks, to the Lady amidst the rout of Comus. There they were, the Fauns and Satyrs: there they were, the merry Pagans; drinking and dancing, dicing and sporting; laughing out jests that never should be spoken; whispering rendezvous to be written in midnight calendars; jeering at honest people who passed under their palace windows—jolly rebels and repealers of the law. Ah, if Mrs. Brown, whose children are gone to bed at the Hotel, knew but the history of that calm dignified looking gentleman who sits under her, and over whose patient back she frantically advances and withdraws her two-franc piece, while his own columns of Louis d'or are offering battle to fortune—how she would shrink away from the shoulder which she pushes! That man so calm and well-bred, with a string of orders on his breast, so well-dressed, with such white hands, has stabbed trusting hearts; severed family ties; written lying vows; signed false oaths; torn up pitilessly tender appeals for redress, and tossed away into the fire supplications blistered with tears; packed cards and cogged dice; or used pistol or sword as calmly and dexterously as he now ranges his battalions of gold pieces.

Ridley shrank away from such lawless people with the delicacy belonging to his timid and retiring nature, but it must be owned that Mr. Clive was by no means so squeamish. He did not know in the first place the mystery of their iniquities; and his sunny kindly spirit, undimmed by any of the cares which clouded it subsequently, was disposed to shine upon all people alike. The world was welcome to him: the day a pleasure: all nature a gay feast: scarce any dispositions discordant with his own (for pretension only made him laugh, and hypocrisy he will never be able to understand if he lives to be a hundred years old): the night brought him a long sleep, and the morning a glad waking. To those privileges of youth what enjoyments of age are comparable? what achievements of ambition? what rewards of money and fame? Clive's happy friendly nature shone out of his face; and almost all who beheld it felt kindly toward him. As those guileless virgins of romance and ballad, who walk smiling through dark forests, charming off dragons and confronting lions; the young man as yet went through the world harmless; no giant waylaid him as yet; no robbing ogre fed on him: and (greatest danger of all for one of his ardent nature) no winning enchantress or artful syren coaxed him to her cave, or lured him into her waters—haunts into which we know so many young simpletons are drawn, and where their silly bones are picked and their tender flesh devoured.

The time was short which Clive spent at Baden, for it has been said the winter was approaching, and the destination of our young artists was Rome; but he may have passed some score of days here, to which he and another person in that pretty watering-place possibly looked back afterward, as not the unhappiest period of their lives. Among Colonel Newcome's papers to which the family biographer has had subsequent access, there are a couple of letters from Clive, dated Baden at this time, and full of happiness, gayety, and affection. Letter No. 1 says, "Ethel is the prettiest girl here. At the assemblies all the princes, counts, dukes, Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, are dying to dance with her. She sends her dearest love to her uncle." By the side of the words, "prettiest girl," was written in a frank female hand the monosyllable, "*Stuff;*" and as a note to the expression, "dearest love," with a star to mark the text and the note, are squeezed in the same feminine characters at the bottom of Clive's page, the words, "*That I do. E. N.*"

In letter No. 2, the first two pages are closely written in Clive's handwriting, describing his pursuits and studies, and giving amusing details of the life at Baden, and the company whom he met there—narrating his *rencontre* with their Paris friend, M. de Florac, and the arrival of the Duchesse d'Ivry, Florac's cousin, whose titles the Vicomte will probably inherit. Not a word about Florac's gambling propensities are mentioned in the letter; but Clive honestly confesses that he has staked five Napoleons, doubled them, quadrupled them, won ever so

much, lost it all back again, and come away from the table with his original five pounds in his pocket—proposing never to play any more. "Ethel," he concludes, "is looking over my shoulder. She thinks me such a delightful creature that she is never easy without me. She bids me to say that I am the best of sons and cousins, and am, in a word, a darling du . . ." The rest of this important word is not given, but *goose* is added in the female hand. In the faded ink, on the yellow paper that may have crossed and recrossed oceans, that has lain locked in chests for years, and buried under piles of family archives, while your friends have been dying and your head has grown white—who has not disinterred mementoes like these—from which the past smiles at you so sadly, shimmering out of Hades an instant but to sink back again into the cold shades, perhaps with a faint, faint sound as of a remembered tone—a ghostly echo of a once familiar laughter? I was looking of late at a wall in the Naples museum, whereon a boy of Herculaneum, eighteen hundred years ago, had scratched with a nail the figure of a soldier. I could fancy the child turning round and smiling on me after having done his etching. Which of us that is thirty years old has not had his Pompeii? Deep under ashes lies the Life of Youth—the careless Sport, the Pleasure and Passion, the darling Joy. You open an old letter-box and look at your own childish scrawls, or your mother's letters to you when you were at school; and excavate your heart. O me for the day when the whole city shall be bare and the chambers unroofed—and every cranny visible to the light above, from the Forum to the Lupanar!

Ethel takes up the pen. "My dear uncle," she says, "while Clive is sketching out of window, let me write you a line or two on his paper, though *I know you like to hear no one speak* but him. I wish I could draw him for you as he stands yonder, looking the picture of good health, good spirits, and good humor. Every body likes him. He is quite unaffected; always gay; always pleased. He draws more and more beautifully every day; and his affection for young Mr. Ridley, who is really a most excellent and astonishing young man, and actually a better artist than Clive himself, is most romantic, and does your son the greatest credit. You will order Clive not to sell his pictures, won't you? I know it is not wrong, but your son might look higher than to be an artist. It is a rise for Mr. Ridley, but a fall for him. An artist, an organist, a pianist, all these are very good people, but you know not *de notre monde*, and Clive ought to belong to it.

"We met him at Bonn on our way to a great family gathering here; where, I must tell you, we are assembled for what I call the Congress of Baden! The chief of the house of Kew is here, and what time he does not devote to skittles, to smoking cigars, to the *jeu* in the evenings, to Madame d'Ivry, to Madam de Cruchecassée, and the foreign people (of whom there are a host here of the worst kind, as usual), he graciously bestows on me. Lord and Lady Dorking are here, with their meek little daughter, Clara Pulleyn; and Barnes is coming. Uncle Hobson has returned to Lombard Street to relieve guard. I think you will hear before very long of Lady Clara Newcome. Grandmamma, who was to have presided at the Congress of Baden, and still, you know, reigns over the house of Kew, has been stopped at Kissingen with an attack of rheumatism; I pity poor aunt Julia, who can never leave her. Here are all our news. I declare I have filled the whole page; men write closer than we do. I wear the dear brooch you gave me, often and often; I think of you always, dear, kind uncle, as your affectionate Ethel."

Besides roulette and trente et quarante, a number of amusing games are played at Baden, which are not performed, so to speak, *sur table*. These little diversions and *jeux de société* can go on anywhere; in an alley in the park; in a pic-nic to this old schloss, or that pretty hunting-lodge; at a tea-table in a lodging-house or hotel; in a ball at the Redoute; in the play-rooms, behind the backs of the gamblers, whose eyes are only cast upon rakes and rouleaux, and red and black; or on the broad walk in front of the Conversation Rooms, where thousands of people are drinking and chattering, lounging and smoking, while the Austrian brass band, in the little music pavilion, plays the most delightful mazurkas and waltzes. Here the widow plays her black suit, and sets her bright eyes against the rich bachelor, elderly or young as may be. Here the artful practitioner, who has dealt in a thousand such games, engages the young simpleton with more money than wit; and knowing his weakness and her skill, we may safely take the odds, and back rouge et couleur to win. Here mamma, not having money, perhaps, but metal more attractive, stakes her virgin daughter against Count Fettacker's forests and meadows; or Lord Lackland plays his coronet, of which the jewels have long since been in pawn, against Miss Bags' three per cents. And so two or three funny little games were going on at Baden among our immediate acquaintance; besides that vulgar sport round the green-table, at which the mob, with whom we have little to do, was elbowing each other. A hint of these domestic prolusions has been given to the reader in the foregoing extract from Miss Ethel Newcome's letter: likewise some passions have been in play, of which a modest young English maiden could not be aware. Do not, however, let us be too prematurely proud of our virtue. That tariff of British virtue is wonderfully organized. Heaven help the society which made its laws! Gnats are shut out of its ports, or not admitted without scrutiny and repugnance, while herds of camels are let in. The law professes to exclude some goods (or bads shall we call them?)—well, some articles of baggage, which are yet smuggled openly under the eyes of winking officers, and worn every day without shame. Shame! What is shame? Virtue is very often shameful according to the English social constitution, and shame honorable. Truth, if yours happens to differ from

your neighbor's, provokes your friend's coldness, your mother's tears, the world's persecution. Love is not to be dealt in, save under restrictions which kill its sweet healthy free commerce. Sin in man is so light, that scarce the fine of a penny is imposed; while for woman it is so heavy, that no repentance can wash it out. Ah! yes; all stories are old. You proud matrons in your May-fair markets, have you never seen a virgin sold, or sold one? Have you never heard of a poor wayfarer fallen among robbers, and not a Pharisee to help him? of a poor woman fallen more sadly yet, abject in repentance and tears, and a crowd to stone her? I pace this broad Baden walk as the sunset is gilding the hills round about, as the orchestra blows its merry tunes, as the happy children laugh and sport in the alleys, as the lamps of the gambling palace are lighted up, as the throngs of pleasure-hunters stroll, and smoke, and flirt, and hum; and wonder sometimes, is it the sinners who are the most sinful? Is it poor Prodigal yonder among the bad company, calling black and red, and tossing the Champagne; or brother Straightlace that grudges his repentance? Is it downcast Hagar that slinks away with poor little Ishmael in her hand; or bitter old virtuous Sarah, who scowls at her from my demure Lord Abraham's arm?

One day of the previous May, when of course every body went to visit the Water-color Exhibitions, Ethel Newcome was taken to see the pictures by her grandmother, that rigorous old Lady Kew, who still proposed to reign over all her family. The girl had high spirit, and very likely hot words had passed between the elder and the younger lady; such as I am given to understand will be uttered in the most polite families. They came to a piece by Mr. Hunt, representing one of those figures which he knows how to paint with such consummate truth and pathos—a friendless young girl, cowering in a door-way, evidently without home or shelter. The exquisite fidelity of the details, and the plaintive beauty of the expression of the child, attracted old Lady Kew's admiration, who was an excellent judge of works of art; and she stood for some time looking at the drawing, with Ethel by her side. Nothing, in truth, could be more simple or pathetic; Ethel laughed, and her grandmother, looking up from her stick on which she hobbled about, saw a very sarcastic expression in the girl's eyes.

"You have no taste for pictures, only for painters, I suppose," said Lady Kew.

"I was not looking at the picture," said Ethel, still with a smile, "but at the little green ticket in the corner."

"Sold," said Lady Kew. "Of course it is sold; all Mr. Hunt's pictures are sold. There is not one of them here on which you won't see the green ticket. He is a most admirable artist. I don't know whether his comedy or tragedy are the most excellent."

"I think, grandmamma," Ethel said, "we young ladies in the world, when we are exhibiting, ought to have little green tickets pinned on our backs, with 'Sold' written on them; it would prevent trouble and any future haggling, you know. Then at the end of the season the owner would come to carry us home."

Grandmamma only said, "Ethel, you are a fool," and hobbled on to Mr. Cattermole's picture hard by. "What splendid color; what a romantic gloom; what a flowing pencil and dexterous hand!" Lady Kew could delight in pictures, applaud good poetry, and squeeze out a tear over a good novel too. That afternoon, young Dawkins, the rising water-color artist, who used to come daily to the gallery and stand delighted before his own piece, was aghast to perceive that there was no green ticket in the corner of his frame, and he pointed out the deficiency to the keeper of the pictures. His landscape, however, was sold and paid for, so no great mischief occurred. On that same evening, when the Newcome family assembled at dinner in Park Lane, Ethel appeared with a bright green ticket pinned in the front of her white muslin frock; and when asked what this queer fancy meant, she made Lady Kew a courtesy, looking her full in the face, and turning round to her father, said, "I am a *tableau-vivant*, papa. I am number 46 in the Exhibition of the Gallery of Painters in Water-colors."

"My love, what do you mean?" says mamma; and Lady Kew, jumping up on her crooked stick with immense agility, tore the card out of Ethel's bosom, and very likely would have boxed her ears, but that her parents were present and Lord Kew was announced.

Ethel talked about pictures the whole evening, and would talk of nothing else. Grandmamma went away furious. "She told Barnes, and when every body was gone there was a pretty row in the building," said Madam Ethel, with an arch look, when she narrated the story. "Barnes was ready to kill me and eat me; but I never was afraid of Barnes." And the biographer gathers from this little anecdote narrated to him, never mind by whom, at a long subsequent period, that there had been great disputes in Sir Brian Newcome's establishment, fierce drawing-room battles, whereof certain pictures of a certain painter might have furnished the cause, and in which Miss Newcome had the whole of the family forces against her. That such battles take place in other domestic establishments, who shall say or shall not say? Who, when he goes out to dinner, and is received by a bland host with a gay shake of the hand, and a pretty hostess with a gracious smile of welcome, dares to think that Mr. Johnson up-stairs, half an hour before, was swearing out of his dressing-room at Mrs. Johnson, for having ordered a turbot instead of a salmon, or that Mrs. Johnson, now talking to Lady Jones so nicely about their mutual darling children, was crying her eyes out as her maid was fastening her gown, as the carriages were actually driving up! The servants know these things, but not we in the dining-room. Hark, with what a respectful tone Johnson begs the clergyman present to say grace!

Whatever these family quarrels may have been, let by-gones be by-gones, and let us be perfectly

sure, that to whatever purpose Miss Ethel Newcome, for good or for evil, might make her mind up, she had quite spirit enough to hold her own. She chose to be Countess of Kew because she chose to be Countess of Kew; had she set her heart on marrying Mr. Kuhn, she would have had her way, and made the family adopt it, and called him dear Fritz, as by his godfathers and godmothers, in his baptism, Mr. Kuhn was called. Clive was but a fancy, if he had even been so much as that, not a passion, and she fancied a pretty four-pronged coronet still more.

So that the diatribe wherewith this chapter commences, about the selling of virgins, by no means applies to Lady Ann Newcome, who signed the address to Mrs. Stowe, the other day, along with thousands more virtuous British matrons; but should the reader haply say, "Is thy fable, O Poet, narrated concerning Tancred Pulleyn, Earl of Dorking, and Sigismunda, his wife?" the reluctant moralist is obliged to own that the cap does fit those noble personages, of whose lofty society you will however see but little.

For though I would like to go into an Indian Brahmin's house, and see the punkahs and the purdahs and tattys, and the pretty brown maidens with great eyes, and great nose-rings, and painted foreheads, and slim waists cased in Cashmere shawls, Kincob scarfs, curly slippers, gilt trowsers, precious anklets and bangles; and have the mystery of Eastern existence revealed to me (as who would not who has read the Arabian Nights in his youth?), yet I would not choose the moment when the Brahmin of the house was dead, his women howling, his priests doctoring his child of a widow—now frightening her with sermons, now drugging her with bang, so as to push her on his funeral pile at last, and into the arms of that carcass, stupefied, but obedient and decorous. And though I like to walk, even in fancy, in an earl's house, splendid, well-ordered, where there are feasts and fine pictures and fair ladies and endless books and good company; yet there are times when the visit is not pleasant; and when the parents in that fine house are getting ready their daughter for sale, and frightening away her tears with threats, and stupefying her grief with narcotics, praying her and imploring her, and dramming her and coaxing her, and blessing her, and cursing her perhaps, till they have brought her into such a state as shall fit the poor young thing for that deadly couch upon which they are about to thrust her. When my lord and lady are so engaged I prefer not to call at their mansion, number 1000 in Grosvenor Square, but to partake of a dinner of herbs rather than of that stalled ox which their cook is roasting whole. There are some people who are not so squeamish. The family comes of course; the most reverend the Lord Arch-Brahmin of Benares will attend the ceremony; there will be flowers and lights and white favors; and quite a string of carriages up to the pagoda; and such a breakfast afterward; and music in the street, and little parish boys hurrahing; and no end of speeches within and tears shed (no doubt), and his grace the Arch-Brahmin will make a highly appropriate speech, just with a faint scent of incense about it, as such a speech ought to have, and the young person will slip away unperceived, and take off her vails, wreaths, orange flowers, bangles and finery, and will put on a plain dress more suited for the occasion, and the house-door will open—and there comes the SUTTEE in company of the body: yonder the pile is waiting on four wheels with four horses, the crowd hurrahs, and the deed is done.

This ceremony among us is so stale and common that to be sure there is no need to describe its rites, and as women sell themselves for what you call an establishment every day, to the applause of themselves, their parents, and the world, why on earth should a man ape at originality and pretend to pity them? Never mind about the lies at the altar, the blasphemy against the godlike name of love, the sordid surrender, the smiling dishonor. What the deuce does a *mariage de convenance* mean but all this, and are not such sober Hymeneal torches more satisfactory often than the most brilliant love matches that ever flamed and burnt out? Of course, let us not weep when every body else is laughing; let us pity the agonized duchess when her daughter, Lady Atalanta, runs away with the doctor—of course, that's respectable; let us pity Lady Iphigenia's father, when that venerable chief is obliged to offer up his darling child; but it is over *her* part of the business that a decorous painter would throw the vail now. Her ladyship's sacrifice is performed, and the less said about it the better.

Such was the case regarding an affair which appeared in due subsequence in the newspapers not long afterward, under the fascinating title of "Marriage in High Life," and which was in truth the occasion of the little family Congress of Baden which we are now chronicling. We all know, every body at least who has the slightest acquaintance with the army-list, that at the commencement of their life my Lord Kew, my Lord Viscount Rooster, the Earl of Dorking's eldest son, and the Honorable Charles Belsize, familiarly called Jack Belsize, were subaltern officers in one of his Majesty's regiments of cuirassier guards. They heard the chimes at midnight like other young men, they enjoyed their fun and frolics as gentlemen of spirit will do; sowing their wild oats plentifully, and scattering them with boyish profusion. Lord Kew's luck had blessed him with more sacks of oats than fell to the lot of his noble young companions. Lord Dorking's house is known to have been long impoverished; an excellent informant, Major Pendennis, has entertained me with many edifying accounts of the exploits of Lord Rooster's grandfather "with the wild Prince and Poyns," of his feats in the hunting-field, over the bottle, over the dice-box. He played two nights and two days at a sitting with Charles Fox, when they both lost sums awful to reckon. He played often with Lord Steyne, and came away, as all men did, dreadful sufferers from those midnight encounters. His descendants incurred the penalties of the progenitor's impru-

dence, and Chanticlere, though one of the finest castles in England, is splendid but for a month in the year. The estate is mortgaged unto the very castle windows. Dorking can not cut a stick or kill a buck in his own park. The good old Major used to tell with tragic accents: "He lives by his cabbages, grapes, and pine-apples, and the fees which people give for seeing the place and gardens, which are still the show of the county, and among the most splendid in the island. When Dorking is at Chanticlere, Ballard, who married his sister, lends him the plate, and sends three men with it: four cooks inside, and four maids and six footmen on the roof, with a butler driving, come down from London in a trap, and wait the month. And as the last carriage of the company drives away, the servants' coach is packed, and they all bowl back to town again. It's pitiable, Sir, pitiable."

In Lord Kew's youth, the names of himself and his two noble friends appeared on innumerable slips of stamped paper, conveying pecuniary assurances of a promissory nature; all of which promises, my Lord Kew singly and most honorably discharged. Neither of his two companions in arms had the means of meeting these engagements. Ballard, Rooster's uncle, was said to make his lordship some allowance. As for Jack Belsize, how he lived; how he laughed; how he dressed himself so well, and looked so fat and handsome; how he got a shilling to pay for a cab or a cigar; what ravens fed him; was a wonder to all. The young men claimed kinsmanship with one another, which those who are learned in the peerage may unravel.

When Lord Dorking's eldest daughter married the Honorable and Venerable Dennis Gallowglass, Archdeacon of Bullintubber (and at present Viscount Gallowglass and Killbrogue, and Lord Bishop of Ballyshannon), great festivities took place at Chanticlere, whither the relatives of the high contracting parties were invited. Among them came poor Jack Belsize, and hence the tears which are dropping at Baden at this present period of our history. Clara Pulleyn was then a pretty little maiden of sixteen, and Jack a handsome guardsman of six or seven-and-twenty. As she had been especially warned against Jack as a wicked young rogue, whose *antécédents* were woefully against him; as she was never allowed to sit near him at dinner, or to walk with him, or to play at billiards with him, or to waltz with him; as she was scolded if he spoke a word to her, or if he picked up her glove, or touched her hand in a round game, or caught her when they were playing at blindman's-buff; as they neither of them had a penny in the world, and were both very good-looking, of course Clara was always catching Jack at blindman's-buff; constantly lighting upon him in the shrubberies or corridors, &c., &c., &c. She fell in love (she was not the first) with Jack's broad chest and thin waist; she thought his whiskers, as indeed they were, the handsomest pair in all his majesty's Brigade of Cuirassiers.

We know not what tears were shed in the vast and silent halls of Chanticlere, when the company were gone, and the four cooks, and four maids, six footmen, and temporary butler had driven back in their private trap to the metropolis, which is not forty miles distant from that splendid castle. How can we tell? The guests departed, the lodge gates shut; all is mystery—darkness, with one pair of wax candles blinking dismally in a solitary chamber; all the rest dreary vistas of brown hollands, rolled Turkey carpets, gaunt ancestors on the walls, scowling out of the twilight blank. The imagination is at liberty to depict his lordship, with one candle, over his dreadful endless tapes and papers; her ladyship with the other, and an old, old novel, wherein, perhaps, Mrs. Radcliffe describes a castle as dreary as her own; and poor little Clara sighing and crying in the midst of these funereal splendors, as lonely and heart-sick as Oriana in her moated grange: poor little Clara!

Lord Kew's drag took the young men to London; his lordship driving, and the servants sitting inside. Jack sat behind with the two grooms, and tooted on a cornet-à-piston in the most melancholy manner. He partook of no refreshment on the road. His silence at his clubs was remarked: smoking, billiards, military duties, and this and that, roused him a little, and presently Jack was alive again. But then came the season, Lady Clara Pulleyn's first season in London, and Jack was more alive than ever. There was no ball he did not go to; no opera (that is to say, no opera of *certain* operas) which he did not frequent. It was easy to see by his face, two minutes after entering a room, whether the person he sought was there or absent; not difficult for those who were in the secret, to watch in another pair of eyes the bright kindling signals which answered Jack's fiery glances. Ah! how beautiful he looked on his charger on the birthday, all in a blaze of scarlet, and bullion, and steel. O Jack! tear her out of yon carriage, from the side of yonder livid, feathered, painted, bony dowager! place her behind you on the black charger; cut down the policeman, and away with you! The carriage rolls in through St. James's Park; Jack sits alone with his sword dropped to the ground, or only *atra cura* on the crupper behind him; and Snip, the tailor, in the crowd, thinks it is for fear of him Jack's head droops. Lady Clara Pulleyn is presented by her mother, the Countess of Dorking; and Jack is arrested that night as he is going out of White's to meet her at the Opera.

Jack's little exploits are known in the Insolvent Court, where he made his appearance as Charles Belsize, commonly called the Honorable Charles Belsize, whose dealings were smartly chronicled by the indignant moralists of the press of those days. The "Scourge" flogged him heartily. The "Whip" (of which the accomplished editor was himself in Whitecross Street prison) was especially virtuous regarding him; and the "Penny Voice of Freedom" gave him an awful dressing. I am not here to scourge sinners; I am true to my party; it is the other side this humble pen attacks; let us keep to the virtuous and respectable, for as for poor sinners they

get the whipping-post every day. One person was faithful to poor Jack through all his blunders and follies and extravagance and misfortunes, and that was the pretty young girl of Chanticlere, round whose young affections his luxuriant whiskers had curled. And the world may cry out at Lord Kew for sending his brougham to the Queen's Bench prison, and giving a great feast at Grignon's to Jack on the day of his liberation, but I for one will not quarrel with his lordship. He and many other sinners had a jolly night. They said Kew made a fine speech, in hearing and acknowledging which Jack Belsize wept copiously. Barnes Newcome was in a rage at Jack's manumission, and sincerely hoped Mr. Commissioner would give him a couple of years longer; and cursed and swore with a great liberality on hearing of his liberty.

That this poor prodigal should marry Clara Pulleyn, and by way of a dowry lay his schedule at her feet, was out of the question. His noble father, Lord Highgate, was furious against him; his eldest brother would not see him; he had given up all hopes of winning his darling prize long ago, and one day there came to him a great packet bearing the seal of Chanticlere, containing a wretched little letter signed C. P., and a dozen sheets of Jack's own clumsy writing, delivered who knows how, in what crush rooms, quadrilles, bouquets, balls, and in which were scrawled Jack's love and passion and ardor. How many a time had he looked into the dictionary at White's, to see whether eternal was spelt with an e, and adore with one a or two! There they were, the incoherent utterances of his brave longing heart; and those two wretched, wretched lines signed C., begging that C.'s little letters might too be returned or destroyed. To do him justice, he burnt them loyally every one, along with his own waste paper. He kept not one single little token which she had given him, or let him take. The rose, the glove, the little handkerchief which she had dropped to him, how he cried over them! The ringlet of golden hair—he burnt them all, all in his own fire in the prison, save a little, little bit of the hair, which might be any one's, which was the color of his sister's. Kew saw the deed done; perhaps he hurried away when Jack came to the very last part of the sacrifice, and flung the hair into the fire, where he would have liked to fling his heart and his life too.

So Clara was free, and the year when Jack came out of prison and went abroad, she passed the season in London dancing about night after night, and every body said she was well out of that silly affair with Jack Belsize. It was then that Barnes Newcome, Esq., a partner of the wealthy banking firm of Hobson Brothers and Newcomes, son and heir of Sir Brian Newcome, of Newcome, Bart., and M. P., descended in right line from Bryan Newcomyn, slain at Hastings, and barber-surgeon to Edward the Confessor, &c., &c., cast the eyes of regard on the Lady Clara Pulleyn, who was a little pale and languid certainly, but had blue eyes, a delicate skin, and a pretty person, and knowing her previous history as well as you who have just perused it, deigned to entertain matrimonial intentions toward her ladyship.

Not one of the members of these most respectable families, excepting poor little Clara perhaps, poor little fish (as if she had any call but to do her duty, or to ask *à quelle sauce elle serait mangée*), protested against this little affair of traffic; Lady Dorking had a brood of little chickens to succeed Clara. There was little Hennie, who was sixteen, and Biddy, who was fourteen, and Adelaide, and who knows how many more. How could she refuse a young man, not very agreeable it is true, nor particularly amiable, nor of good birth, at least on his father's side, but otherwise eligible, and heir to so many thousands a year? The Newcomes, on their side, think it a desirable match. Barnes, it must be confessed, is growing rather selfish, and has some bachelor ways which a wife will reform. Lady Kew is strongly for the match. With her own family interest, Lord Steyne and Lord Kew, her nephews, and Barnes's own father-in-law, Lord Dorking, in the Peers; why should not the Newcomes sit there too, and resume the old seat which all the world knows they had in the time of Richard III.? Barnes and his father had got up quite a belief about a Newcome killed at Bosworth, along with King Richard, and hated Henry VII. as an enemy of their noble race. So all the parties were pretty well agreed. Lady Ann wrote rather a pretty little poem about welcoming the white Fawn to the Newcome bowers, and "Clara" was made to rhyme with "fairer," and "timid does and antlered deer to dot the glades of Chanticlere," quite in a picturesque way. Lady Kew pronounced that the poem was very pretty indeed.

The year after Jack Belsize made his foreign tour he returned to London for the season. Lady Clara did not happen to be there; her health was a little delicate, and her kind parents took her abroad; so all things went on very smoothly and comfortably indeed.

Yes, but when things were so quiet and comfortable, when the ladies of the two families had met at the Congress of Baden, and liked each other so much, when Barnes and his papa the baronet, recovered from his illness, were actually on their journey from Aix-la-Chapelle, and Lady Kew in motion from Kissengen to the Congress of Baden, why on earth should Jack Belsize, haggard, wild, having been winning great sums, it was said, at Hombourg—forsake his luck there, and run over frantically to Baden? He wore a great thick beard, and a great slouched hat—he looked like nothing more or less than a painter or an Italian brigand. Unsuspecting Clive, remembering the jolly dinner which Jack had procured for him at the Guards' mess in St. James's, whither Jack himself came from the Horse Guards—simple Clive, seeing Jack enter the town, hailed him cordially, and invited him to dinner, and Jack accepted, and Clive told him all the news he had of the place—how Kew was there, and Lady Ann Newcome, and Ethel; and Barnes was coming. "I am not very fond of him either,"

says Clive, smiling, when Belsize mentioned his name. So Barnes was coming to marry that pretty little Lady Clara Pulleyn. The knowing youth! I dare say he was rather pleased with his knowledge of the fashionable world, and the idea that Jack Belsize would think he, too, was somebody.

Jack drank an immense quantity of Champagne, and the dinner over, as they could hear the band playing from Clive's open windows in the snug clean little Hotel de France, Jack proposed they should go on the promenade. M. de Florac was of the party; he had been exceedingly jocular when Lord Kew's name was mentioned; and said, "Ce petit Kiou; M. le Duc d'Ivry, mon oncle, l'honore d'une amitié toute particulière." These three gentlemen walked out; the promenade was crowded, the band was playing "Home, sweet Home," very sweetly, and the very first persons they met on the walk were the Lords of Kew and Dorking, on the arm of which latter venerable peer his daughter, Lady Clara, was hanging.

Jack Belsize, in a velvet coat, with a sombrero slouched over his face, with a beard reaching to his waist, was, no doubt, not recognized at first by the noble Lord of Dorking, for he was greeting the other two gentlemen with his usual politeness and affability; when, of a sudden, Lady Clara looking up, gave a little shriek and fell down lifeless on the gravel-walk. Then the old earl recognized Mr. Belsize, and Clive heard him say, "You villain, how dare you come here?"

Belsize had flung himself down to lift up Clara, calling her frantically by her name, when old Dorking sprang to seize him.

"Hands off, my lord," said the other, shaking the old man from his back. "Confound you, Jack, hold your tongue," roars out Kew. Clive runs for a chair, and a dozen were forthcoming. Florac skips back with a glass of water. Belsize runs toward the awakening girl: and the father, for an instant, losing all patience and self-command, trembling in every limb, lifts his stick, and says again, "Leave her, you ruffian." "Lady Clara has fainted again, Sir," says Captain Belsize. "I am staying at the Hotel de France. If you touch me, old man" (this in a very low voice),



"by Heaven I shall kill you. I wish you good-morning;" and taking a last long look at the lifeless girl, he lifts his hat and walks away. Lord Dorking mechanically takes his hat off, and stands stupidly gazing after him. He beckoned Clive to follow him, and a crowd of the frequenters of the place are by this time closed round the fainting young lady.

Here was a pretty incident in the Congress of Baden!



CHAPTER XXIX.

IN WHICH BARNES COMES A WOOING.

Ethel had all along known that her holiday was to be a short one, and that, her papa and Barnes arrived, there was to be no more laughing and fun and sketching and walking with Clive; so she took the sunshine while it lasted, determined to bear with a stout heart the bad weather.

Sir Brian Newcome and his eldest born arrived at Baden on the very night of Jack Belsize's performance upon the promenade; and of course it was necessary to inform the young bridegroom of the facts. His acquaintances of the public, who by this time know his temper, and are acquainted with his language, can imagine the explosions of the one and the vehemence of the other: it was a perfect *feu d'artifice* of oaths which he sent up. Mr. Newcome only fired off these volleys of curses when he was in a passion, but then he was in a passion very frequently.

As for Lady Clara's little accident, he was disposed to treat that very lightly. "Poor dear Clara of course, of course," he said, "she's been accustomed to fainting fits; no wonder she was agitated on the sight of that villain, after his infernal treatment of her. If I had been there" (a volley of oaths comes here along the whole line) "I should have strangled the scoundrel; I should have murdered him."

"Mercy, Barnes," cries Lady Ann.

"It was a mercy Barnes was not there," says Ethel gravely; "a fight between him and Captain Belsize would have been awful indeed."

"I am afraid of no man, Ethel," says Barnes fiercely, with another oath.

"Hit one of your own size, Barnes," says Miss Ethel (who had a number of school-phrases from her little brothers, and used them on occasions skillfully). "Hit Captain Belsize, he has got no friends."

As Jack Belsize from his height and strength was fitted to be not only an officer but actually a private in his former gallant regiment, and brother Barnes was but a puny young gentleman, the idea of a personal conflict between them was rather ridiculous. Some notion of this sort may have passed through Sir Brian's mind, for the baronet said with his usual solemnity, "It is the cause, Ethel, it is the cause, my dear, which gives strength; in such a cause as Barnes's, with a beautiful young creature to protect from a villain, any man would be strong—any man would be strong." "Since his last attack," Barnes used to say, "my poor old governor is exceedingly shaky, very groggy about the head;" which was the fact. Barnes was already master at Newcome and the bank, and awaiting with perfect composure the event which was to place the blood-red hand of the Newcome baronetcy on his own brougham.

Casting his eyes about the room, a heap of drawings, the work of a well-known hand which he hated, met his eye. There were a half-dozen sketches of Baden. Ethel on horseback again. The children and the dogs just in the old way. "D—n him, is he here?" screams out Barnes. "Is that young pot-house villain here? and hasn't Kew knocked his head off? Clive Newcome is here, sir," he cries out to his father. "The Colonel's son. I have no doubt they met by—"

"By what, Barnes?" says Ethel.

"Clive is here, is he?" says the Baronet; "making caricatures, hey? You did not mention him in your letters, Lady Ann."

Sir Brian was evidently very much touched by his last attack.

Ethel blushed; it was a curious fact, but there had been no mention of Clive in the ladies' letters to Sir Brian.

"My dear, we met him by the merest chance at Bonn, traveling with a friend of his; and he speaks a little German, and was very useful to us, and took one of the boys in his britzka the whole way."

"Boys always crowd in a carriage," says Sir Brian. "Kick your shins; always in the way. I remember, when we used to come in the carriage from Clapham, when we were boys, I used to kick my brother Tom's shins. Poor Tom, he was a devilish wild fellow in those days. You don't recollect Tom, my Lady Ann?"

Farther anedotes from Sir Brian are interrupted by Lord Kew's arrival. "How dydo, Kew, cries Barnes. How's Clara?" and Lord Kew, walking up with great respect to shake hands with Sir Brian, says, "I am glad to see you looking so well, Sir," and scarcely takes any notice of Barnes. That Mr. Barnes Newcome was an individual not universally beloved, is a point of history of which there can be no doubt.

"You have not told me how Clara is, my good fellow," continues Barnes. "I have heard all about her meeting with that villain, Jack Belsize."

"Don't call names, my good fellow," says Lord Kew. "It strikes me you don't know Belsize well enough to call him by nicknames or by other names. Lady Clara Pulleyn, I believe, is very unwell indeed."

"Confound the fellow! How dared he to

come here?" cries Barnes, backing from this little rebuff.

"Dare is another ugly word. I would advise you not to use it to the fellow himself."

"What do you mean?" says Barnes, looking very serious in an instant.

"Easy, my good friend. Not so very loud. It appears, Ethel, that poor Jack—*I* know him pretty well, you see, Barnes, and may call him by what names I like—had been dining to-day with cousin Clive; he and M. de Florac; and that they went with Jack to the promenade, not in the least aware of Mr. Jack Belsize's private affairs, or of the shindy that was going to happen."

"By Jove, he shall answer for it," cries out Barnes in a loud voice.

"I daresay he will, if you ask him," says the other dryly; "but not before ladies. He'd be afraid of frightening them. Poor Jack was always as gentle as a lamb before women. I had some talk with the Frenchman just now," continued Lord Kew gayly, as if wishing to pass over this side of the subject. "'Mi Lord Kiou,' says he, 'we have made your friend Jac to hear reason. He is a little *fou*, your friend Jac. He drank Champagne at dinner like an ogre. How is the *charmante* Miss Clara?' Florac, you see, calls her Miss Clara, Barnes; the world calls her Lady Clara. You call her Clara. You happy dog, you."

"I don't see why that infernal young cub of a Clive is always meddling in our affairs," cries out Barnes, whose rage was perpetually being whipped into new outcries. "Why has he been about this house? Why is he here?"

"It is very well for you that he was, Barnes," Lord Kew said. "The young fellow showed great temper and spirit. There has been a famous row, but don't be alarmed, it is all over. It is all over, every body may go to bed and sleep comfortably. Barnes need not get up in the morning to punch Jack Belsize's head. I'm sorry for your disappointment, you Fenchurch Street fire-eater. Come away. It will be but proper, you know, for a bridegroom elect to go and ask news of *la charmante* Miss Clara."

"As we went out of the house," Lord Kew told Clive, "I said to Barnes, that every word I had uttered up-stairs with regard to the reconciliation was a lie. That Jack Belsize was determined to have his blood, and was walking under the lime-trees by which we had to pass with a thundering big stick. You should have seen the state the fellow was in, Sir. The sweet youth started back, and turned as yellow as a cream cheese. Then he made a pretext to go into his room, and said it was for his pocket handkerchief, but I know it was for a pistol; for he dropped his hand from my arm every time I said 'Here's Jack,' as we walked down the avenue to Lord Dorking's apartment."

A great deal of animated business had been transacted during the two hours subsequent to poor Lady Clara's mishap. Clive and Belsize had returned to the former's quarters, while gen-



tle J. J. was utilizing the last rays of the sun to tint a sketch which he had made during the morning. He fled to his own apartment on the arrival of the fierce-looking stranger, whose glaring eyes, pallid looks, shaggy beard, clutched hands, and incessant gasps and mutterings as he strode up and down, might well scare a peaceable person. Very terrible must Jack have looked as he trampled those boards in the growing twilight, anon stopping to drink another tumbler of Champagne, then groaning expressions of inarticulate wrath, and again sinking down on Clive's bed with a drooping head and breaking voice, crying, "Poor little thing! poor little devil!"

"If the old man sends me a message, you will stand by me, won't you, Newcome? He was a fierce old fellow in his time, and I have seen him shoot straight enough at Chanticlere. I suppose you know what the affair is about?"

"I never heard of it before, but I think I understand," says Clive, gravely.

"I can't ask Kew, he is one of the family; he is going to marry Miss Newcome. It is no use asking him."

All Clive's blood tingled at the idea that any man was going to marry Miss Newcome. He knew it before—a fortnight since, and it was nothing to him to hear it. He was glad that the growing darkness prevented his face from being seen. "I am of the family, too," said Clive, "and Barnes Newcome and I had the same grandfather."

"Oh, yes, old boy—old banker, the weaver, what was he? I forgot," says poor Jack, kick-

ing on Clive's bed, "in that family the Newcome's don't count. I beg your pardon," groans poor Jack.

They lapse into silence, during which Jack's cigar glimmers from the twilight corner where Clive's bed is; while Clive wafts his fragrance out of the window where he sits, and whence he has a view of Lady Ann Newcome's windows to the right, over the bridge across the little rushing river, at the Hotel de Hollande hard by. The lights twinkle in the booths under the pretty lime avenues. The hum of distant voices is heard; the gambling palace is all in a blaze; it is an assembly night, and from the doors of the conversation-rooms, as they open and close, escape gusts of harmony. Behind on the little hill the darkling woods lie calm, the edges of the fir-trees cut sharp against the sky, which is clear with a crescent moon and the lambent lights of the starry hosts of heaven. Clive does not see pine-robed hills and shining stars, nor think of pleasure in its palace yonder, nor of pain writhing on his own bed within a few feet of him, where poor Belsize was groaning. His eyes are fixed upon a window whence comes the red light of a lamp, across which shadows float now and again So every light in every booth yonder has a scheme of its own; every star above shines by itself; and each individual heart of ours goes on brightening with its own hopes, burning with its own desires, and quivering with its own pain.

The reverie is interrupted by the waiter, who announces M. le Vicomte de Florac, and a third cigar is added to the other two smoky lights. Belsize is glad to see Florac, whom he has known in a thousand haunts. He will do my business for me. He has been out half-a-dozen times, thinks Jack. It would relieve the poor fellow's boiling blood that some one would let a little out. He lays his affair before Florac, he expects a message from Lord Dorking.

"Comment donc?" cries Florac; "il y avait donc quelque chose! Cette pauvre petite Miss! Vous voulez tuer le père, après avoir délaissé la fille? Cherchez d'autres témoins, Monsieur. Le Vicomte de Florac ne se fait pas complice de telles lâchetés."

"By Heaven," says Jack, sitting up on the bed, with his eyes glaring. "I have a great mind, Florac, to wring your infernal little neck, and to fling you out of the window. Is all the world going to turn against me? I am half mad as it is. If any man dares to think any thing wrong regarding that little angel, or to fancy that she is not as pure, and as good, and as gentle, and as innocent, by Heaven, as any angel there—if any man thinks I'd be the villain to hurt her, I should just like to see him," says Jack. "By the Lord, Sir, just bring him to me. Just tell the waiter to send him up-stairs. Hurt her! I hurt her! O! I'm a fool! a fool! a d—d fool! Who's that?"

"It's Kew," says a voice out of the darkness from behind cigar No. 4, and Clive now, having a party assembled, scrapes a match and lights his candles.

"I heard your last words, Jack," Lord Kew says bluntly, "and you never spoke more truth in your life. Why did you come here? What right had you to stab that poor little heart over again, and frighten Lady Clara with your confounded hairy face? You promised me you would never see her. You gave your word of honor you wouldn't, when I gave you the money to go abroad. Hang the money, I don't mind that; it was on your promise that you would prowl about her no more. The Dorkings left London before you came there; they gave you your innings. They have behaved kindly and fairly enough to that poor girl. How was she to marry such a bankrupt beggar as you are? What you have done is a shame, Charley Belsize. I tell you it is unmanly, and cowardly."

"Pst," says Florac, "numero deux, voila le mot laché."

"Don't bite your thumb at me," Kew went on. "I know you could thrash me, if that's what you mean by shaking your fists; so could most men. I tell you again—you have done a bad deed; you have broken your word of honor, and you knocked down Clara Pulleyn to-day as cruelly as if you had done it with your hand."

With this rush upon him, and fiery assault of Kew, Belsize was quite bewildered. The huge man flung up his great arms, and let them drop at his side as a gladiator that surrenders, and asks for pity. He sank down once more on the iron bed.

"I don't know," says he, rolling and rolling round, in one of his great hands one of the brass knobs of the bed by which he was seated, "I don't know, Frank," says he, "what the world is coming to, or me either; here is twice in one night I have been called a coward by you, and by that little what-d'-you-call'm. I beg your pardon, Florac. I don't know whether it is very brave in you to hit a chap when he is down: hit again, I have no friends. I have acted like a blackguard, I own that; I did break my promise; you had that safe enough, Frank, my boy; but I did not think it would hurt her to see me," says he, with a dreadful sob in his voice. "By —— I would have given ten years of my life to look at her. I was going mad without her. I tried every place, every thing; went to Ems, to Wiesbaden, to Hombourg, and played like hell. It used to excite me once, and now I don't care for it. I won no end of money—no end for a poor beggar like me, that is; but I couldn't keep away. I couldn't; and if she had been at the North Pole, by Heavens I would have followed her."

"And so just to look at her, just to give your confounded stupid eyes two minutes' pleasure, you must bring about all this pain, you great baby," cries Kew, who was very soft-hearted, and in truth quite torn himself by the sight of poor Jack's agony.

"Get me to see her for five minutes, Kew," cries the other, griping his comrade's hand in his; "but for five minutes."

"For shame," cries Lord Kew, shaking away

his hand, "be a man, Jack, and have no more of this puling. It's not a baby, that must have its toy, and cries because it can't get it. Spare the poor girl this pain, for her own sake, and balk yourself of the pleasure of bullying and making her unhappy."

Belsize started up with looks that were by no means pleasant. "There's enough of this chaff. I have been called names, and blackguarded quite sufficiently for one sitting. I shall act as I please. I choose to take my own way, and if any gentleman stops me he has full warning." And he fell to tugging his mustaches, which were of a dark, tawny hue, and looked as warlike as he had ever done on any field-day.

"I take the warning," said Lord Kew, "and if I know the way you are going, as I think I do, I will do my best to stop you, madman as you are! You can hardly propose to follow her to her own doorway, and pose yourself before your mistress as the murderer of her father, like Rodrigue in the French play. If Rooster were here, it would be his business to defend his sister; in his absence I will take the duty on myself; and I say to you, Charles Belsize, in the presence of these gentlemen, that any man who insults this young lady—who persecutes her with his presence, knowing it can but pain her—who persists in following her when he has given his word of honor to avoid her, that such a man is—"

"What, my Lord Kew?" cries Belsize, whose chest began to heave.

"You know what," answers the other. "You know what a man is who insults a poor woman, and breaks his word of honor. Consider the word said, and act upon it as you think fit."

"I owe you four thousand pounds, Kew," says Belsize, "and I have got four thousand on the bills, besides four hundred when I came out of that place."

"You insult me the more," cries Kew, flashing out, by alluding to the money. "If you will leave this place to-morrow, well and good; if not, you will please to give me a meeting. Mr. Newcome, will you be so kind as to act as my friend? We are connections, you know; and this gentleman chooses to insult a lady who is about to become one of our family."

"C'est bien, milord. Ma foi! c'est d'agir en vrai gentilhomme," says Florac, delighted. "Touchez-là, mon petit Kiou. Tu as du cœur. Godam! you are a brave! A brave fellow!" and the Viscount reached out his hand cordially to Lord Kew.

His purpose was evidently pacific. From Kew he turned to the great guardsman, and taking him by the coat, began to apostrophize him. "And you, mon gross," says he, "is there no way of calming this hot blood without a saignée? Have you a penny to the world? Can you hope to carry off your Chimène, O Rodrigue, and live by robbing afterward on the great way? Suppose you kill ze fazér, you kill Kiou, you kill Roostere, your Chimène will have a pretty moon of honey."

"What the devil do you mean about your Chimène and your Rodrigue? Do you mean, Viscount?" says Belsize, Jack Belsize once more, and he dashed his hand across his eyes. "Kew has riled me, and he drove me half wild. I ain't much of a Frenchman; but I know enough of what you said, to say it's true, by Jove, and that Frank Kew's a trump. That's what you mean. Give us your hand, Frank. God bless you, old boy; don't be too hard upon me, you know I'm d—d miserable, that I am. Hullo. What's this?" Jack's pathetic speech was interrupted at this instant, for the Vicomte du Florac in his enthusiasm rushed into his arms, and jumped up toward his face and proceeded to kiss Jack. A roar of immense laughter, as he shook the little viscount off, cleared the air and ended his quarrel.

Every body joined in this chorus, the Frenchman with the rest, who said, "He loved to laugh *même* when he did not know why." And now came the moment of the evening, when Clive, according to Lord Kew's saying, behaved so well and prevented Barnes from incurring a great danger. In truth, what Mr. Clive did or said amounted exactly to nothing. What moments can we not all remember in our lives when it would have been so much wittier and wiser to say and do nothing?

Florac, a very sober drinker like most of his nation, was blessed with a very fine appetite, which, as he said, renewed itself thrice a day at least. He now proposed supper, and poor Jack was for supper too, and especially more drink, Champagne and Seltzer water; "bring Champagne and Seltzer water, there is nothing like it." Clive could not object to this entertainment, which was ordered forthwith, and the four young men sat down to share it.

While Florac was partaking of his favorite écrevisses, giving not only his palate but his hands, his beard, his mustaches and cheeks a full enjoyment of the sauce which he found so delicious, he chose to revert now and again to the occurrences which had just past, and which had better perhaps have been forgotten, and gayly rallied Belsize upon his warlike humor. "If ze petit prétendu was here, what would you have done wiz him, Jac? You would croquer im, like zis écrevisse, hein? You would mache his bones, hein?"

Jack, who had forgotten to put the Seltzer water into his Champagne, writhed at the idea of having Barnes Newcome before him, and swore, could he but see Barnes, he would take the little villain's life.

And but for Clive, Jack might actually have beheld his enemy. Young Clive after the meal went to the window with his eternal cigar, and of course began to look at That Other window. Here, as he looked, a carriage had at the moment driven up. He saw two servants descend, then two gentlemen, and then he heard a well-known voice swearing at the couriers. To his credit be it said, he checked the exclamation which was on his lips, and when he came back to the table, did

not announce to Kew or his right-hand neighbor Belsize, that his uncle and Barnes had arrived. Belsize, by this time, had had quite too much wine: when the Viscount went away, poor Jack's head was nodding; he had been awake all the night before; sleepless for how many nights previous? He scarce took any notice of the Frenchman's departure.

Lord Kew remained. He was for taking Jack to walk, and for reasoning with him further, and for entering more at large than perhaps he chose to do before the two others upon this family dispute. Clive took a moment to whisper to Lord Kew, "My uncle and Barnes are arrived, don't let Belsize go out; for goodness' sake let us get him to bed."

And lest the poor fellow should take a fancy to visit his mistress by moonlight, when he was safe in his room, Lord Kew softly turned the key in Mr. Jack's door.

THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.

ON the morning of the 15th of May, in the year 1756, the sun rose in all its splendor over the fertile plains of Brittany; upon the roof of every house in the little village of Carhaix were reflected the brilliant rays. It was the Sunday, on which sacred day all the schools were closed, and the numerous children belonging to the better class of families in the neighborhood, taking advantage of the beauty of the morning, had assembled together, and, like a flight of birds liberated from their cages, had hastened to the green fields to engage in a sham battle. It was a pretty and interesting sight to behold the juvenile band, in all the buoyancy and joyousness of youth, and enthusiasm of the moment, marching off, *à la militaire*, some in the strict order of a well-disciplined regiment of infantry, and others bestriding pasteboard horses, like the sham steeds at Astley's, prancing about as cavalry, all being clad in paper uniforms, and carrying wooden sabres, and assuming the fierce mustache provided on the occasion by the aid of burnt cork.

The "scene of action" having been reached, the parties took up their respective positions. The attack commenced, and amid the general din a stout battle was fought. Shrill were the pigmy words of command to advance to the charge or retreat given by the youthful leaders, who endeavored in vain to deepen their voices as though to impart solemnity to the mimic scene, and occasionally might be heard the rallying cry after a partial reverse; so that the battle was energetically persevered in, until at length the contending forces, finding themselves exhausted by the severity of the engagement, came to a truce, and sat down upon the cool refreshing grass (the field of battle) for momentary repose.

After a slight cessation of hostilities, one of the most spirited of the army of "young France," who had scarcely recovered his breath (and whose chubby face was besmeared with paint, which the heat had caused to run farther than was anticipated), evinced a seeming inclination to resume the combat ere the rays of the declining sun had disappeared beyond the horizon. The hours of sweet freedom and recreation caused the day to appear short to him, and at length he broke silence, exclaiming,

"What shall we play at now?"

"It's tedious," said another, "to be always playing at the same game."

"Hold!" observed a third, "look yonder at that old blind man approaching toward us; look at his spaniel!"

"Is he not ugly!" cried the children.

At this moment the old man, who was within a few paces of them, approached close to the juvenile camp, and addressing the youngsters in a supplicating tone, said,

"Charity, if you please, my dear little gentlemen, charity;" and his dog, with the intelligence natural to its species, seemed to assume a sorrowful and resigned countenance.

Meanwhile, the mischievous idea entered into the head of one of the children to cut the string attached to the dog's collar and release the animal from its blind owner, for which purpose the boy raised himself from the grass and drew a knife from his pocket. Most of his companions, without reflection, responded to the proposal with loud huzzas, when, on an instant, one of the party started up, pale with anger and indignation.

"You shall not do it," cried he, "you shall not commit so unworthy an action."

"Who dares prevent me?" said the other, at the same moment suiting the action to the word by severing the cord.

The old blind man, feeling himself no longer guided by his faithful dog, uttered lamentable cries, and the poor animal, regretting the liberty that had been given him in spite of himself, licked mournfully the hand of his afflicted master.

"You are a coward thus to attack and insult the blind," cried the boy who had refused to listen to the proposal; and, rushing upon his comrade and throwing him down upon his knees, in which position he held him, he exclaimed,

"Now, repair your fault, and give this old man the money you have in your purse; I hear some crowns chinking in your pocket."

Refusal was out of the question, and the mischievous youngster was obliged to deliver up the contents of his purse to his bold companion, who, after allowing the former—burning with shame and anger—to rise from his vanquished position, advanced toward the blind man, adjusted the cord round the dog's neck, and drawing from his own pocket double the pieces of money he had forced from his thoughtless playmate, said, in good-natured tone,

"Here, my good man, this will purchase you bread for some time to come. My friend is willing through this means to atone for his fault by doing you good."

The venerable recipient of this unexpected donation had not retired many paces, when the children surrounded their generous comrade.

"But," said they, "Maurice did not give half the money that you offered the old man in his name."

"Well, what does that matter?" replied the noble boy, disdainfully; "I could not handsomely accuse my companion of both cowardice and avarice at the same moment."

Some pieces of money which had dropped from the pocket of Maurice during the scuffle, proved he was unwilling to give up all, and hence a general enthusiasm was felt for the young hero of the day.

"*La Tour d'Auvergne!*" exclaimed all, in one loud chorus. "You are a brave fellow; we appoint you our general, and you shall command us!"

But Tour d'Auvergne declined to accept the proffered honor, and laughing, he replied,

"*I prefer to remain a private soldier!*"

No life had ever been turned to better account than that of Tour d'Auvergne, the child—destined in maturer years to figure as a distinguished soldier—no soul could be more generous—no heart more courageous and disinterested. The hero of modern days equaled in his plainness the warriors of ancient times. Like Æschylus—at once a writer and a soldier—Tour d'Auvergne knew how to handle the pen as well as the sword; and the same hand that in the morning had grasped the sabre, was in the evening devoted to writing works of erudition and talent.

In the year 1781, Tour d'Auvergne was admitted as a volunteer into the army of Spain that besieged Mahon, then in the power of the British. He refused to accept of either rank or recompense, although he contributed materially toward the success of the enterprise. He signalized himself by acts of great bravery; nevertheless, he only sought an inward satisfaction, rather than the praise of his superiors or the applause of the crowd.

On another occasion, being surprised and taken prisoner by the English, the officer wanted to deprive him of his cockade; but Tour d'Auvergne, indignantly snatching it from his cap, attached it to the point of his sword, exclaiming, "There it is! tell him to come and take it!"

At the period of the French revolution, Tour d'Auvergne was made a captain, his modesty and simplicity dictating the refusal of a colonelcy which was offered him; and it was at the head of his company, afterward distinguished as "The Infernal Column," that he led the assault, and on several occasions routed the battalions of the enemy. At length, old and fatigued, he quitted the army and returned to Paris, where he learned that the son of his friend was about to depart for the war as a conscript. Tour d'Auvergne, however, without a moment's hesitation, engaged himself as a substitute, and enrolling himself once more as a volunteer, hastened, with knapsack on his back, to rejoin as a private that army in which he had fought as a superior officer.

France was at that time at war with Austria, and Tour d'Auvergne, now fifty years of age, found the opportunity of again displaying his energy and boldness. A party of Hungarian grenadiers were desirous of seizing upon a wind-mill, in which had been placed a store of arms and a quantity of gunpowder; but so sharp and deadly was the fire kept up from within, that the Hungarians were compelled to retire, with much loss. At length, after many hours of heroic defense, the besieged garrison in the mill demanded permission to capitulate; a window opened, and a soldier presented himself. It was Tour d'Auvergne.

"We desire," said he, addressing the enemy, "to evacuate our quarters with all the honors of war; with arms and baggage, drums beating, and colors flying."

These conditions were acceded to by the Austrian chief, who accordingly drew up his men in two lines, to receive the devoted garrison of the wind-mill. Tour d'Auvergne then slowly descended the steps of the mill, with musket shouldered, and passing between the double ranks of the enemy's bayonets, presented himself before the Austrian officer.

"Well!" observed the commander, "where, then, is the garrison?"

"Here it is!" replied Tour d'Auvergne, raising his hand, *à la militaire*, to his cap.

"But *where* is it, then?" again asked the officer.

"Here!" repeated Tour d'Auvergne.

"What! you alone?" observed the Austrian.

"*I* alone was in the wind-mill," rejoined the veteran; "*I* was the only garrison!"

It was then that Napoleon, admiring the courage of the soldier, and not knowing how to recompense him worthily for his gallant deeds, conferred on Tour d'Auvergne the title of "First Grenadier of France;" sending him at the same time a sabre of honor in compliment of his services. The brave grenadier, desiring still further to show his appreciation of the honors thus conferred on him, persisted—in spite of his age and suffering—in remaining with the army of operations.

"I ought not to die in my bed," said he to his friends; "I ought rather to perish on the field of battle, in the midst of my brave comrades!"

These heroic words of Tour d'Auvergne were fulfilled on the 25th of June, 1800. He fell, mortally wounded, having been pierced with a lance: and thus was his prediction realized.

The old soldiers of the army—they of the gray *mustache* and furrowed brow, who had never shed a tear since the days of their childhood, wept for their illustrious companion-in-arms, and went into military mourning for his loss. His sabre of honor was deposited amid pomp in the *Hôtel des Invalides*, in Paris, and his name was honorably retained on the regimental roll. His heart, inclosed in a golden case, was intrusted to the senior sergeant, whose post was that next to the ensign bearing the colors of the forty-sixth demi-brigade; and every day at parade, at the call of the name of "*Théophile-Malo Corret de la Tour d'Auvergne*," the oldest of the grenadier company responded, "*Died upon the field of honor!*"

How much more affecting than any monument of brass or marble is this strange tribute to the memory of a heroic soldier!

BASQUE BLOOD.

THE sun was far too hot to permit me to continue my journey toward the Eaux Bonnes (one of the most celebrated of the Pyrenean baths), for at least another hour; so, not being pressed for time, I decided on a halt. On casting my eyes about to find a shady and convenient spot for my purpose, I discovered, about a hundred yards up one of the slopes, the very place I desired. This perch was soon gained, and from it I commanded a full view of the road and passers by. It was one of those patches of bright emerald-colored grass, which abound among the wild rocks of the Pyrenees. Two or three trees afforded a comfortable shelter; and a clear rill ran through it. "Just the place for a snack," thought I. So, unslinging my knapsack for comfort's sake, and my little pouch for eating's sake, I soon saw my dinner before me. This was quickly dispatched; and a cigarette or two, by way of dessert, left nothing to be desired.

I had not long enjoyed this *dolce far niente*, when, from my elevated position, I saw a little fat jolly looking man coming up the road. The sun was too much for him; he was fanning himself with what at first appeared a piece of flexible slate; but which subsequently turned out to be a wide-awake hat. Seeing that he was seeking some comfortable nook, in which he might rest, I hailed him. He soon spied me out; and in about half the time it had taken me to ascend the slope, was standing puffing and laughing at my side. He was about fifty or sixty years of age, under the middle height, with a complexion clear and fresh. For surer footing he wore the spartille, or hempen-soled shoe. A good-natured, merry look shone all over his countenance; he was covered with dust, of which his mouth and clothes seemed equally full.

I thought I could do no better than offer such a man a few drops of brandy mixed with water in my leather drinking-cup. He drained off this mixture with the best will in the world, returned the cup, wiped his forehead, and sat down beside me. Not until he had finished these operations, and the remainder of my dinner, did he once stop to talk. He then made up for lost time. I have seldom met with so talkative an acquaintance. He told me he was a doctor, and forthwith launched out into an invective against smoking; after which, he smoked five cigarettes, incessantly talking all the time.

I asked him about the traditions of the neighborhood. There were none, he said; or if there were, he was unacquainted with them. He then, at my request, gave me an account of the Basques. They are, he informed me, brave, with a high sense of honor: hospitable and courteous, especially to strangers, but, like their Spanish brethren, extremely passionate, tenacious of their dignity, and vindictive, particularly when women are concerned. He told me he liked the English for their generosity and intelligence; and added, that he thought them not so phlegmatic as generally imagined, but often extremely thoughtless and precipitate when carried away by their passions. These last words he uttered with a certain mysterious air, which roused my curiosity.

Our road lying the same way, we agreed to proceed in company, and trudged along, laughing and chatting merrily, and exchanging *adichats* (good days) with the passing peasantry. After we had walked some distance, my companion proposed our having some milk, and, on my assenting, he again assumed his mysterious air, and said, "Keep your eyes about you, and notice the people of the house we shall enter."

We had arrived at a part of the mountains where the gorge opened out into a green valley about half a mile wide, watered by a brawling Gave (as the mountain torrents are called), well-cultivated, and dotted with cottages. At one of these my friend knocked; the door was opened by a young woman of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. She was excessively handsome, and would have been still more so, but for her perfectly bloodless complexion; her figure was well-made and tall, and she seemed superior to the peasant women I had before seen. She saluted my friend with great cordiality, who forthwith presented me to her as a petitioner for some milk. She seemed averse to conversation, so that I had plenty of time to make my silent remarks.

There were two other women in the room: one evidently her mother: the other might, from the likeness, have been a younger sister. The three women were all dressed in mourning. The house was, like the generality of the more decent houses in these mountains, two stories high. In the room where we were seated, was a large hearth, on which some small wood was burning; and before which a child of two or three years old was playing. The young woman refused to take any thing for the milk she had given us, and returned, with a slight tinge of pride as I thought, the few sous I put into her child's hand—I call the child hers, because it evidently was so.

We thanked her and left the house. "And pray tell me the story that I see belongs to these people," said I to the doctor. "Very well," said the doctor to me; and thus began:

The overthrow of Louis Philippe's government in forty-eight, gave rise, as you must be aware, to many plots, real or imaginary, against the dignity and safety of the infant republic. In one of these, Jacques Lacoste (the father of the young woman you have just seen) was mixed up. He was apprehended, tried, and transported to Cayenne for six years.

The execution of this sentence reduced his family, which had been one of the most prosperous of the small proprietors of the valley, almost to indigence, and awakened them from their former life of ease and well-rewarded industry to one of unremitting labor. The family consisted of the mother, son, and two daughters: the eldest of whom, Julie, was about eighteen when this cruel event befell them. From a child, Julie had attracted attention, not only on account of her great beauty, but for a natural quickness of intellect, and the kindness and sensibility of her disposi-

tion. Her abilities had not escaped the notice of the village priest, who took some slight pains in cultivating them. From him she learned to speak French (the Basque or Bearnais, as you well know, being the jargon of this district), to write, and to read, of which latter acquirement she made good use. Humble as such advantages were, they raised her far above her companions; of whom she soon became the admiration and oracle. The exercise of the intellectual powers has always an effect on the countenance; on Julie's naturally kind face, kindness and sensibility became more strongly stamped: while the merriness of her eye was tamed by a look of thoughtfulness, destroyed, at times, by a demure coquettish glance which would be fixed on you from under her eyelids. Kind and useful in her sphere, of the world she knew nothing; she had never wandered beyond the valley, or the gorge in which the valley terminates. If she had heard of places larger than her own village, it was from some traveled son of the mountains, who had been to Bayonne, or even as far as Toulouse, and who astonished her by his account of the extent and luxury of the cities.

Julie soon began to perceive that, although she might assist her family by remaining at home, she could assist them much more by seeking employment in one of these great towns of which she had heard. It was no selfish feeling which prompted her to this course; too good to be selfish, her every thought was for those she would leave behind her.

Although she had made known her wish on this point to those most able to assist her in it, an accident solved all difficulties, and brought about her desire.

A lady, traveling with a mountain party, had the misfortune to fall from her horse, by the turning of the saddle. She sustained no injury beyond a slight cut on the lips, and a severe shock of the nerves. Her companions led her into the first cottage which presented itself, which happened to be that of Julie's mother. The assiduous and kind attentions of Julie won the sufferer's favor, and she proposed to the delighted girl to become her maid. The offer was joyously accepted; and Julie was instructed to present herself at the lady's house at Pau in a week's time.

The lady into whose family Julie was about to enter, was fond of company, and her house was frequented by her own countrymen, as well as by the numerous English residents, who for health or pleasure invaded the town every winter. She had been long married, but had no family. Lively and witty herself, she chose her company for their being so too; and as long as they contributed to her amusement and the adornment of her rooms, she was not otherwise very particular regarding their characters.

Among the many visitors of Madame Laville, Julie's mistress, was Charles Downham, a young Englishman of good education and polished manners; twenty-two years of age, not very handsome; of the middle height, well made. His voice was remarkably soft and winning, but it was his eyes which gave expression to his countenance; their frank and fearless glance, tempered with great good nature, enlisted all whom he addressed in his favor. He had originally been intended for a collegian, but in consequence of a serious reverse, his father's fortune became insufficient to bear this expense. He had accompanied his parents to Pau to economize, and to perfect himself in speaking French, prior to entering a merchant's office.

Of course, a mountain-girl so beautiful as Julie attracted no slight notice from the various young men who frequented Madame Laville's; but to all little flatteries she turned a deaf ear. She was not influenced, as most young and unsophisticated girls in like circumstances would have been, by the love of dress and finery. What she could spare from her wages was religiously laid aside for those at home. This seemed to be the sole object of her existence, and engrossed her every thought. It would have been well for her if this good motive had continued to occupy her mind. By the death of an unmarried uncle, however, her family became the heirs of his little property, and suddenly recovered their former position.

With this change of fortune, Julie's great object was annihilated; thoughts, which were before strangers to her heart, crowded upon her. The little store she had destined for home, was mostly expended in charity; but some little also in ornaments. She became less reserved, and more lively. The countenance, which had been so unmoved at any casual or impertinent compliment, now sometimes deigned a smile, which was, however, often followed by a contemptuous curl of the lip: whether in derision of herself or of the compliment was doubtful.

Charles Downham was one of the few who had obtruded no attention on this girl, beyond the passing glance which a pretty woman claims. Julie respected his forbearance at first, and ended at last by falling deeply and desperately in love with him. She had many opportunities of seeing that he was the admiration of those with whom he associated, and often noticed the blush of pleasure which the sight of him would raise in some fair cheek. Hers were not the only eyes which followed him as if there were a fascination in his presence. For a long time he was ignorant of her feelings toward him; until one evening the truth flashed upon him, as he raised his head from some pictures at which he had been looking, and accidentally caught her eyes fixed upon him. She, of whom he had seldom thought before, now seemed to be clothed with double beauty. In a word, before the evening was over, he was as desperately in love as Julie herself.

His books grew distasteful, and his mind seemed perfectly incapable of entertaining any other image. At length he gave up the contest. He sought and found several opportunities of speaking with her; nor was it long before he obtained from her the confession of her love for him.

The Basque, like the Spanish women, know

no bounds in their attachments; their love, like their hate, is always in the extreme. Julie's heart and soul, from this hour, were given to her lover; she braved the wrath and scorn of her family for him; dishonor for her seemed to have no terrors weighed against a moment's discontent or sorrow for him. She could not restrain her joy at the sight of him, nor conceal her imprudent attachment from other eyes. It was not long before she was ordered, with every mark of contempt and scorn, to quit the house.

Her lover, in no position to assist her, now felt the selfishness and thoughtlessness of his conduct. To see her suffer was more than he could bear. To counsel her to return home to her family, and trust to her mother's affection, was his first impulse; but Julie dreaded as much to quit him, as to face their upbraidings. At this crisis he received a letter, offering him an advantageous appointment in London.

Here was a release from all their difficulties. He explained to her that he had now an opportunity of extrication; but that he would be obliged to quit her. She implored him to permit her to accompany him to England; she would follow him in any capacity; she would be no expense to him, if she might only be always near to watch and comfort him. He was overcome by her passionate appeal; he really loved her deeply; he assured her that his grief was equal to her own in having to leave her; he explained that it would be ruin to his prospects in England if it were known that she had accompanied him; he pointed out that her present love ought to yield to their future fortune; he assured her that her unborn child and herself, as long as he lived, should share his means and affections; and, finally, seeing her still unconvinced and overwhelmed with grief, promised to return on the first opportunity.

But what was she to do in the mean time? The lovers were relieved from this difficulty, too, by her mother coming to see her at Pau. Ignorant of the disgrace that had befallen her, she went to Madame Laville's; hoping to see her as beautiful and as innocent as when she had quitted her home twelve months before. Here she learned the tidings of her dishonor; she flew to the house where Julie was staying, and found them all too true. The sudden presence of her mother before the guilty girl, was too much for her weak condition; she fainted; and then a revulsion of feeling took place in the mother's heart. She raised the girl from the ground, called her every endearing name, assured her of her forgiveness and love, and besought her to return home immediately. Julie at first refused, in her dread of seeing home again; but when Charles Downham joined his persuasions to those of her mother, and convinced her how impossible it was for her to accompany him to England, she acquiesced. He insisted on her receiving a part of the money which had been forwarded to him for his journey; as she refused, he placed it in her name at a banker's, and told her that it was destined for his and her child, and she had now no right to decline it.

Shortly after this, she returned with her mother, and again beheld her native valley. What a change in herself since she had last seen its unaltered face! She had left it in her beauty and innocence, with a noble object; she returned to it guilty, miserable, broken-hearted—no longer a support to those she loved, but a dishonor and a burden.

Such thoughts as these brought on a serious illness, and she gave birth to a boy, almost as beautiful as herself. Her whole existence was now centred in the child. She would watch it for hours and hours without stirring. She shunned the society of her former companions, and seldom, if ever, showed herself out of doors. No one knew her history since her departure from the village but the priest, her family, and myself, the doctor. Unlike what most women would have done, I think, under similar circumstances, she would talk both to the priest and myself of her lover; often expressing surprise that she had not heard from him, but always firmly holding to the belief that he still loved her, and that he would not be happy as long as they were separated.

Time passed on in this way for a year and a half, without any news of him; still she clung to her immovable conviction that she would see him again.

The weather had been sultry, without rain; and every one was looking forward to some passing thunder-storm to mitigate the overpowering heat. At last, one of the most terrible storms that had passed over the valley for some time burst forth. The rain came down in torrents; the narrow mountain paths were washed away; the gaves were swollen to nearly twice their ordinary volume, and much cattle and several granges were swept away. The thunder leapt down the rocks, waking the echoes with a frightful noise, and to this was added a terrific gale, which long left traces of its fury.

In the midst of this hurricane, a traveler arrived in the village in which Julie's mother dwelt. Their cottage, as you have seen, is the first, as you enter the village. The traveler, without hesitation, walked in drenched to the skin; but, before a good fire, soon dried his clothes and regained his cheerfulness. Julie and her mother happened to have gone to see a sick neighbor that day, and were not in the house when he entered. Before the fire the child was tumbling and playing about; it soon left its own sports to make friends with him. It was quickly seated on his knee, and began caressing him. It bore a strong resemblance to him; and he seemed no less struck by it himself, than Julie's brother and sister were. The storm gave place to one of those drizzling showers of these mountains, which seem endless. Julie's brother proposed to the traveler to stay the night, offering to show him a short cut over the mountains to the Baths, in the morning. The proposition was gladly accepted, and he amused himself by playing with the child, who seemed to have taken a strange liking to him.

Toward evening Julie returned without her mother; who had stopped to tend her suffering friend during the night. Her first look was for her child, who was still on the stranger's knee. She stepped forward to take it from him, when, by the blaze of the fire, she at once recognized its father. A slight scream, which she instantly repressed, startled him; he turned and exclaimed, "Julie!" He did not restrain himself from clasping her in his arms; but there was a warning in her face, and he made no other sign.

Her brother had heard the scream, and seen the emotion which she ineffectually endeavored to suppress. He had heard her name in the strangers's mouth; and now the extraordinary likeness between the stranger and the child was explained to him.

To Julie he had always been the kindest of brothers; when she fell, she had heard no reproaches from him; to her child he had uniformly been affectionate and good. He pretended not to have noticed the meeting between his sister and the stranger. But Julie, who knew her brother to be quick-sighted, watched him steadily, without letting him perceive it, during the evening. She saw the sparkle of some gratified wish in his eye, the flush on his cheek, his close-set teeth, and his clenched hands; and she knew that his Basque blood was up—that he had penetrated her secret, and was determined on revenge. After they had all retired for the night, she stole up to Charles's room, and implored him to dress immediately, and pursue his route to Pau, or any place but that where he had told her brother he was going. He at once arose, and was let out by Julie without noise; after having embraced and entreated her to follow him with her child to Pau. To this she assented. She pointed out the road, and then gave herself up to violent grief.

The hope of speedy vengeance had rendered her brother sleepless; he heard her rouse the stranger; he at once got up, and watched, and, shortly after, saw the man who had ruined his sister leave the house. He sprang into a tree which grew close to his window, and let himself down. The rain had ceased and was succeeded by a fine bright night. The rays of the moon penetrated into the gorge, in spite of the height of the mountains.

Charles walked on quickly, and it was some time before his pursuer came up to him. The Basque hailed him in French, and Charles, who did not recognize him in the distance, stopped.

"You have forgotten something," said Julie's brother, as Charles now perceived him to be; "you have forgotten something, in your flight, sir."

"You mistake, my friend," said Charles, "I have forgotten nothing."

"Yes, you have forgotten the poor girl whom you seduced; you have forgotten that her honor is my honor, and her vengeance my vengeance," said the infuriated young man, drawing his knife. Without saying another word, he made a violent thrust at the object of his hatred. The Englishman, whatever his defects might be, did not want courage. With a blow of his stick, he struck the knife, which went flying over the precipices bordering the road, out of his assailant's hand. With a loud shout, the Basque rushed to close quarters; but was met by a heavy blow of the fist between his eyes, which sent him staggering against the rocks; it was only for a moment; regardless of a second blow, he succeeded in closing with his adversary, and, by the suddenness of his attack, brought him to the ground. In natural strength they were equally matched; but the blow between the eyes had given your countryman somewhat the advantage; and, as they struggled, Julie's brother felt himself the weaker. They rolled to the side of the road, overhanging the gave. With a firm clutch of his antagonist, the Basque, by a strong kick, brought them both to the brink. In vain Charles tried to free himself from the grasp which held him. They crashed together down the rocks, breaking through the slight trees which grew from the clefts, and fell heavily into the gave which flowed beneath. They fell a height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet, in a place where the stream, choked up with rocks and stones, was half a foot deep.

Julie's brother was killed on the spot; Charles, strange to say, still lived. His fall had been somewhat broken by his enemy falling undermost. They were discovered by a fisherman, who was out early to supply the hotels at the baths with trout. He hurried off for assistance, and they were conveyed to the cottage of Julie's mother. I was immediately sent for, and saw that there was not the least hope for the mangled survivor. He told me before he died, that he had unhappily lost the address Julie had given him; but that, in hopes she might have gone to inquire at the post-office in Pau, he had addressed letter after letter to her at the Poste Restante, where, he doubted not, they still remained. It was in her arms, with his head on her bosom, and his child holding one of his hands, that he died.

I never shall forget that girl's curses against her brother. I never shall forget how she refused to be separated from his body, how she clung to it, how she raved and swooned, or the terrible brain-fever that supervened; from the time of her recovery to this hour, her face has retained the bloodless hue you must have noticed. She and her boy are provided for by Charles's parents, to whom I wrote, by his desire. He is buried in the Protestant burying-ground at Pau; and four times a year a fresh crown of bright immortelles is found on the railings which surround his grave.

I thanked my companion for his story; and we parted.

THE REPRIEVE; OR, THE WILD JUSTICE OF REVENGE.

IN the year 18—, the body of a beautiful boy, of about eight or nine years old, was found drowned in a quarry hole in the county of ——, in which I was then stationed. Some marks, which might have been of violence, or received

while struggling for life among the sharp rocks which formed the sides of the hole, but which looked more like the former, made it desirable that the inquest should be conducted with the strictest and most searching minuteness.

Having heard of the occurrence at an early hour in the morning, I at once proceeded to the spot, and was fortunate enough to arrive before any crowd had collected which might have altered the appearance of the place, so as to frustrate me in making such observations as might be of use in tracing the melancholy event to its source. It was generally supposed to have been purely accidental; and as it was known that the boy had been in the habit of resorting to the place for the amusement of fishing, I was not prepared to think otherwise; besides, Edward O'Connor —such was his name—was very justly a prime favorite with the whole parish, and it would be difficult to suppose any motive for violence toward him. I, however, made the police form a cordon for the purpose of keeping off the people, who had by this time begun to assemble in considerable numbers; and by this means, with the assistance of an intelligent member of the force, I was enabled to make such observations as the place admitted of, and the nature of the facts required. We found evident marks of footsteps upon one part of the bank which could not have been the boy's—they were those of a man's shoe, with the usual description of nails worn by the country people; there were also the marks of a foot without any shoe, but which appeared to have had a stocking on; and what struck me as most remarkable was, that in every instance the mark of this foot proved to be that of the left, nor could we, upon the most minute search, find one of those latter marks made by the right foot, while those which were marked by the shoes were right and left indiscriminately. There was also a small fishing-rod found upon the bank, broken. On examining the body, there were found one or two cuts, as if inflicted by sharp stones, upon the face and forehead, and the tops of the fingers were much torn, apparently in the effort to lay hold upon the sides of the rocks, in the struggle between life and death; but there was one cut upon the *back* of the head which it was more difficult to account for. A surgeon was examined, who stated that none of the wounds were sufficient to have caused death, and, in the absence of any further evidence, a verdict of "Found drowned" was recorded. Although I could not quarrel with the verdict, my mind was by no means satisfied upon the subject.

This boy was the son of a very respectable man, named Thomas O'Connor, who had, some years before, proved successful as a rival in courtship with a man named Terence Delany. Delany was a tall, handsome, active young man, and a great favorite among a certain class of young women in the neighborhood. He was, however, wild, thoughtless, and unprincipled, and his habits and occupations were such as to cause the general remark, that he would never turn out well. Certain it is, that no cock-fight, dog-fight, or other disreputable meeting took place in the parish which was not got up and conducted by Terence Delany; and it was soon plainly foretold, that if he did not change his ways, they would bring him to disgrace and shame.

O'Connor was the very reverse of all this; he was a cheerful, gay, industrious, well-principled young man, the pride of his father's cottage, and the delight of all who knew him. He was an only son, and well to do in the world; and although not so tall or so handsome as Delany, it was no great wonder that upon a fair comparison of their respective merits, backed as he was by the good word of every body, he should have carried the heart of Mary M'Kenzie—who was a good, sensible girl—in opposition to his handsomer, but less worthy rival.

Delany had early perceived that his game was lost if left to honorable competition between him and O'Connor; and pretending not to have taken his failure to heart in any way, or indeed to have entertained any further aspirations or intentions toward the object of their common addresses, did all in his power to conciliate O'Connor, and, if possible, to create at least a fair understanding between them, in hopes of being able to induce him to join him and his companions in their amusements, representing them as innocent and manly, fitted for young men of their class and time of life, but with the deep and secret hope of leading him, step by step, into disgrace, or perhaps into committing some transportable crime, so as to get the stage clear for himself altogether. O'Connor was, however, proof against all his temptations, and, ere long, became the husband of Mary M'Kenzie.

Delany now, stung by vexation, disappointment, and wounded pride, plunged more recklessly than ever into excesses; though toward O'Connor he became, perhaps, even more than usually civil, although a vow of revenge, which was limited neither as to extent nor time, was registered in his heart against him. Annoyed, too, by the jests and bantering of his companions at his want of success, he became irritated and morose, and more abandoned in his character every day, giving way to the worst passions of his nature; so that it was not without justice he became suspected of being concerned in most of the daring outrages which took place not only in that immediate neighborhood, but within a range of some miles. It was evident that this, with a police force in the district, which, even at the early period of which I speak, had become well-organized and efficient, could not go on very long without being detected; and, accordingly, one night Delany was apprehended in the act of carrying away a portion of the carcass of a sheep which he had just slaughtered, and divided with his guilty associates. This was a crime which had just then become of frequent occurrence in that district, and very little doubt was now entertained that the ringleader had been caught, and that a remedy for the evil was at hand.

About two hours previous to Delany's having been detected in the above act, a turf-stack in

the rear of O'Connor's house had been set on fire and consumed, and strong suspicion rested upon Delany as the author, as a commencement to the night's work in which the sheep was killed. Upon this latter case, O'Connor was, unfortunately, obliged to be brought forward in evidence against him, and on being examined, swore that he had been from home on the night his turf-stack was burned, and on his return, at a late hour, in company with a friend, he met Delany at a sudden turn of the road, with something like a sack or bag across his shoulder—this was at the corner of a short lane leading into the field in which the sheep was killed, and he saw Delany turning out of the lane into the road before he knew who it was; that upon Delany perceiving him, he appeared very much annoyed and confused, and swore an oath that, "go where he would, O'Connor was there before him;" upon which the other replied, "The next place you go, I hope I'll neither be there before nor after you." This was corroborated by the person who was in company with O'Connor at the time, and with the evidence of the police, who shortly after apprehended Delany. He was convicted, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. Upon his being removed from the dock, he looked fiercely at O'Connor, who was in one of the side-boxes, and exclaimed, "It's a long lane that has no turning; yourself or your son may be at home before me."

More than two years beyond the term for which Delany had been transported had expired, and nothing had as yet been heard of him, which was indeed a subject of much joy to the whole neighborhood. O'Connor had four children, of whom Edward, the boy found drowned, had been the eldest, and peace and happiness pervaded the whole district, until the latter, at least, was interrupted by that melancholy event.

Edward O'Connor had frequently gone over to his aunt's, who lived not far off, and who was very fond of him; and as he had, in case of wet or severe weather, often remained there for the night, his absence on the occasion in question suggested nothing more in the minds of his father or mother, till they were aroused from their sleep at day-break the next morning, by the sad intelligence of what had happened.

Such continued to be the state of things, and poor little O'Connor had been some five or six weeks numbered with the sleeping dead, when at midnight I was awakened by a policeman, who stated that Thomas O'Connor was below stairs, and wished to speak with me in all haste. I instantly ordered him to be sent up, at the same time dressing myself as quickly as possible. On entering the room, he shut the door behind him, and the first thing that struck me on beholding him was, that the poor fellow was out of his mind —madness was in every feature. I asked him with as much calmness as I could assume, "What was the matter? what he had to communicate?" He turned full upon me; and what a sight! His eyes flashed fire, his hands were clenched, his teeth set firmly together, and his whole frame convulsed with fury.

"For heaven's sake, O'Connor," said I, "what is now the matter?"

"Murder! murder!" he whispered, placing his mouth close to my ear. "Delany!" he then cried aloud, still clenching his fists, and rolling his blood-shot eyeballs, which nearly started from their sockets.

"For God's sake, O'Connor, be calm," said I, "what reason have you to suppose that—"

"Calm—calm—reason to suppose—calm!" he cried, looking at me as if I myself had been the murderer. "Reason to suppose!" he repeated, "I know it—I ought to have known it from the first —'tis done—'twas he, the bird of hell, 'twas he; but this world's range shall be too small to hide him from my vengeance. My boy, my boy, my murdered boy!" and he strode through the room with frantic gestures.

There was no use in speaking to him until this fit of fury had in some degree subsided, and I stood, silently meditating upon the possibility of such being the fact, which crossed my mind not now for the first time. At length he threw himself upon a chair, and burst into tears, crying again—"My boy, my boy, my murdered boy!"

I was glad to see the tears, and once more entreated him to be calm, stating that the law would assuredly overtake Delany, if he were guilty. The word "if" again roused the unfortunate man, and seeing the state of mind he was in, I regretted that I had used it.

"The law!" he cried, "the law! if—if—but I want no law; I'll have no law; these hands—these hands alone," and suddenly throwing himself upon his knees, before I could prevent him, he swore a fearful and appalling oath that he would seek no law, or have no law, and rest not day or night, till, with his own hands, he had avenged the blood of his murdered boy. He would have proceeded, apparently, ere he rose from his knees, to have added curses to his oath, but that I seized him round the body, and placing my hand upon his mouth, again implored him to be calm, assuring him that his conduct must altogether frustrate even his own object, and prevent our very best endeavors to trace Delany. This had the desired effect; he paused, and whether it was from conviction, or with a view to deceive me, I could not say, but in a moment he became wonderfully calm; and he who had hitherto been like a hungry tiger, raging for his prey, had now become mild and gentle as a lamb.

"Tell me that again," he said, "persuade me but of that, and you shall lead me like a child."

Of course I was delighted that I had hit upon so fortunate an expression, and with the effect which it produced upon him. It was, in fact, the thing which was most likely to tend to the success of any effort to bring the perpetrator of this mysterious murder (if such indeed it was) to justice; while, upon the other hand, any thing like rashness, or even an admitted knowledge of the fact upon the part of O'Connor or the authorities, might forever frustrate our exertions; secrecy, and an apparent ignorance of the fact, being indispensable to insure success.

O'Connor seemed determined to keep his word, and was now as calm and tractable as I could wish; I could perceive, however, as I thought, in his manner, a steady though unexpressed determination for personal vengeance in preference to the tardy justice of the law, and now and then a bitter smile, not altogether unallied to satisfaction, curled upon his lip, as if anticipating the glory of some desperate and frightful deed. Having apparently settled this point in his own mind, he sat down when I bade him, and detailed the grounds he had for supposing that his child had been murdered, and why he believed that Delany was the author of the deed. He told me that a traveling peddler with whom he was well acquainted, had just returned from the North, and had called at his house, as was his frequent custom; that he had on this occasion made a statement to him which left no doubt whatever upon his mind of the fact. The man had promised to remain at O'Connor's until morning, and to remain up until he should return from me with instructions as to what was best to be done; I therefore prepared myself, and at once accompanied him, not a little glad that it was such an hour of the night as would prevent observation.

On arriving at the house I found the person he had mentioned in a chair, asleep by the fire. O'Connor awoke him, when I recognized him as a man with whom I was already in some degree acquainted, as he had been in the habit of traveling through the country selling linens, table-cloths, toweling, &c. He briefly told me his story; and it was one which, indeed, left not the shadow of a doubt on my mind that Edward O'Connor had been murdered in the most inhuman manner, and by Delany. The words I had myself heard him utter more than nine years before, when convicted of sheep-stealing, came most forcibly and fearfully back upon my mind.

As the peddler's story will be briefly stated in its proper place, I shall not now advert to it further. I may add, however, that he was a respectable and well-informed man for his station, who had for many years been in the habit of traveling to the north of Ireland with a horse and tax-cart, purchasing linens, table-cloths, towels, &c., which he made sale of again upon his return tour through the country; and he was a person the truth of whose statement was not likely to be called in question. He appeared much distressed at the melancholy event which had occurred. Edward O'Connor had been a great favorite with him; and he seemed willing to undergo any personal inconvenience to assist in bringing the guilty author to justice. Having heard this man's statement I left him, desiring that he would not open his lips upon the subject to any person whatever, and that he would drive to my house about ten o'clock on the following morning with his stock of goods, which, as he had heretofore occasionally done it, would not create any suspicion. He did so accordingly; and before he left I had his informations most fully taken by a neighboring magistrate, for whom I had sent early that morning.

The next great object was to secure Delany. It was now certain that he had returned from transportation, his term having expired; and it was as certain that he had murdered young O'Connor, but where was he to be found? Except upon the evening in question, he had never been seen, and then, so far as we could yet learn, by M'Conchy the peddler only. He was not supposed to be, nor was he spoken of as having returned from abroad—so far from it, indeed, that it was universally believed throughout the district he had not and would not return. Matters continued thus for nearly four months; and both O'Connor and myself began to despair of success, when the post one morning brought me a curious-looking letter from Swineford, of which the following is a copy:

"Sir—I am glad to inform you that Delany is in custody in this town. You had better lose no time in coming here, as he is only sent to jail for a week for cutting a couple of young-ash trees in a gentleman's plantation near this; he gave his name to be James M'Guire. I happened to be in the court, where I was waiting to speak to a good customer of mine who was sitting upon the bench, and I knew the villain the moment I saw him, but I said nothing when I found that he was sent to jail for a week. There's no doubt in life but he's the man; so make no delay, and I'll wait here till you come, or until I get a letter from you.—Your obedient servant,

"James M'Conchy."

It is needless to say that I started by the very next coach; and at the end of ten days I had the satisfaction to see Delany in the county jail of ——, to which he was fully committed for the murder of Edward O'Connor.

The day of trial at length arrived, and I stood before the dock while Delany was arraigned. He pleaded "Not guilty" in rather a bold and confident tone—arising, I should say, from ignorance that the peddler was a witness against him. Upon hearing, however, the name James M'Conchy whispered at the crown side of the bar he turned ashy pale; his lips quivered, and he leaned against the rails for support. The witnesses were few. Thomas O'Connor, the boy's father, was the first. He merely proved to the finding of the body, and to its identity as his son Edward. I was the next witness myself, and proved to the marks of the shoes, and the footsteps as of a left foot with a stocking on, as described at the commencement.

James M'Conchy the peddler was then sworn and examined.—Had known the prisoner for some years; had seen him once or twice at O'Connor's house some years ago; witness was traveling late in the evening on the 15th of September last in the neighborhood of O'Connor's; it might be a mile, or perhaps more, from it; believed the place was called Crosdeen; saw a man standing over what appeared to be an old sand-pit or quarry-hole; it was inside a hedgerow to

the right of the road; there was a short, stiff bit of a hill at the place, and, as witness pulled up his horse into a walk, he saw the man throw several stones into the hole, and heard him say, "D—n you, will you never go down?" The man's back was toward him at this time, and witness called out, "Hallo, lad, what's the matter?" The man, without turning round replied "that it was a dog of his own which had torn one of his neighbor's sheep, and he was afraid if he did not destroy it he would get into trouble;" he then walked on at a quick pace inside the hedge, but he did not run, and he came out upon the road at a gap; by this time witness had mounted the hill, and, getting on again at a quicker pace, came within about fifteen or twenty yards of the man as he jumped out at the gap and crossed the road; had a full view of him, and for the first time recognized the prisoner as the man, whom he now identified; observed that the prisoner had not any shoes on him as he passed across the road, but he had stockings on; saw one shoe under the prisoner's left arm; it was the arm next him; he might or might not have had another under his right arm. This witness further stated that he had no doubt at the time that what the prisoner had told him about the dog was true, and went his way. When he returned from the north, and heard of the death of young O'Connor, and the place where the body had been found, he at once mentioned the circumstance to his father, and his belief that the boy had been murdered. The place where the body of young O'Connor was found had since been pointed out to him, and it was the same at which he had seen the prisoner as already described.

This witness was cross-examined at great length and with great ability, principally as to how far he was from the person, and the opportunity he had of seeing him, so as to be positive of his identity; whether there had ever been any quarrel or cause of ill-will between him and the prisoner; how long it had been since he had seen him previous to the transaction detailed in his informations and evidence—in short, every point upon which it might be possible to confuse or upset him; but the learned counsel failed to shake his evidence or disturb his temper in the slightest degree.

Peter Tully was next sworn and examined.—Stated that he was a shoemaker by trade; lived at Derrygeela, about half a mile from Crossdreen, where the body of Edward O'Connor was found; knew the prisoner, Terence Delany; recollected the morning the body of Edward O'Connor was found; was bringing home a pair of shoes the evening before, which had been left to be mended; met the prisoner upon a pathway through a corn-field; the corn was breast high, and met the prisoner face to face; he had no shoes on at the time, but he had stockings on; he had one shoe under his arm; witness said, "Death and ages, is this Terry?" "It is, Peter," said he; "but you need not let on." The prisoner asked witness it he had an old shoe that would match that; witness said he had no odd shoes, and no old ones except what belonged to customers, but that he'd make him a pair; the prisoner replied, "that's 'Live horse and you'll get grass.'" He took the shoes out of witness's hand and looked at them; he *offered* one of them to the sole of his own, and said "it was a pity they were entirely too small, or the man that owned them would never wear them." Asked him what became of his other shoe, and he replied that it was burned. The prisoner then left him, and as he crossed the first ditch he began to run; witness never saw him since until this day. This witness was cross-examined also at great length upon the usual points that suggest themselves to the mind of a zealous and ingenious advocate, but nothing was elicited favorable to the prisoner, and the case for the crown closed.

There were no witnesses for the defense; and at that time prisoners' counsel were not privileged by law to address the jury. It remained, therefore, only for the judge to charge the jury; and when I say that it was the late Sir William Smith who tried the case, I give a full guarantee that, while a legal, able, and lucid recapitulation of the facts was laid before the jury, no point which bore in the remotest degree in the prisoner's favor was lightly touched on or passed by. Alas! there was little of the kind to be found upon his lordship's notes; and at the end of half an hour the jury retired, more to escape the gaze of a crowded court while writing their verdict, than from any doubt that it must be comprised in one fatal word.

In less than ten minutes they returned; and, after the noise occasioned by their getting into their places, and answering to their names, and the bustle of the crowd stretching forward to hear, amidst the hish—hish—h—h of the sheriff, with his hand up, had subsided, I say that the old phrase of "hearing a pin fall," is far too weak to express the silence that reigned, as the foreman uttered the awful word, "GUILTY"

In this verdict the judge, as well as every person who heard the trial, could not but concur; and his lordship, after remaining for three or four minutes as silent and unmoved as a statue, compressed his lips once or twice together, and having assumed the black cap, passed sentence of death and execution upon the prisoner—to be carried into effect upon that day three weeks. This long day formed the subject of some conversation, as, at that period, the extreme penalty of the law was usually carried out in a much shorter time after conviction than is the case at present; and it was supposed not to be without some ulterior object as regarded the prisoner's fate.

Time wore quickly on, and, as it began to enter upon the last week, it was pretty generally whispered that the unfortunate man had made some very important disclosures with respect to two or three desperate transactions, which had taken place within the last twelve months, to the Government magistrate who had frequently visited him in his cell. The magistrate had proceeded to Dublin upon two different occasions since the

trial, it was supposed for the purpose of communicating with the Government upon the subject of these disclosures; and although he did not say any thing upon his return from which to form a decided opinion, it began to be pretty well understood—among the officials at least—that he expected to procure for the unfortunate convict a commutation of his sentence.

About the middle of the last week, I was in the prisoner's cell with the magistrate. There appeared to be a very material point in discussion between them, carried on in that cautionary under-tone so generally observed upon such occasions, and which arose more from habit on the part of the magistrate than from any intention that I should not hear what passed, for he requested me to accompany him. I caught, however, only the following unconnected sentences, as I stood near the door:

Magistrate.—"Can not be more particular—decided—not authorized—positive—strongly recommend—all in my power."

Prisoner.—"If I could be sure—disgrace—informer—die after all—say you'll do it—sworn on the cross to be true—save me—tell all in both cases—God help me!" and he lay back on his bedstead, and appeared to faint. I confess I thought it was shamming. On recovering himself, he seemed altogether averse to speak; and, with his hands firmly clasped upon the crown of his head, he walked backward and forward in his cell.

We retired, and I said to the magistrate—

"That unhappy man knows more than he will tell you without a positive promise of pardon, at least of mitigation."

"He does," replied Mr. ——; "but that is the very point upon which I can not venture to be positive. The Government will not make any promise, not knowing the value or otherwise of the information he may give, or the sincerity or truth of it; and he will never give the information, except upon the distinct condition of his life being spared. He dreads the idea of turning informer, he says, for nothing, and dying with the curse of kin upon his memory; but if he could be assured that his life would be spared, he would tell every thing. I am quite confident that he has knowledge of facts most important for the Government to be in possession of. In the mean time, the day approaches, and I have pressed the Government to yield as far almost as I can venture. I go to Dublin by this night's mail again for a last interview with the Chief Secretary upon the subject—so far I am bound to the unfortunate man, and I will do it. There are one or two matters in particular which I wished him to have been explicit upon; but you see how cautious and determined he is. I will, however, see what can be done. I am not without hope that the last day's post may bring a reprieve. See him again this evening, tell him that I have gone to Dublin, and implore of him to make an unconditional disclosure of all he knows, particularly of Farrel's business; and write to me to the Chief Secretary's office to-morrow, and watch the post for my reply."

Mr. —— started for Dublin at four o'clock; and, after seeing him off, I returned to the prisoner's cell. I found him in a very different state of mind, notwithstanding the few hours which had elapsed since I had seen him in the morning. He would tell nothing; said "he thought the magistrate was only deceiving him for his own purposes; that he heard Mr. —— was a bloody-minded man; that he knew he was to die, and it should never be said he died a traitor; that he had made up his mind to abide his doom, although he was quite sure Mr. —— would give five hundred pounds to know the one-half of what he could tell him, but he would suffer twenty deaths before he'd turn traitor; he knew he had been guilty of many crimes, but he would not add that one to them." Here he snapped his fingers in the most rapid and nervous manner it was possible to conceive, and walked about his cell, attempting to whistle. It was overdone, and I could see—at least I thought so—that he was acting for a purpose, and in fact was ready, nay, anxious, to tell all he knew even upon a mere chance of escaping the fearful death that awaited him. When I told him Mr. —— had gone to Dublin, he said, "He might save himself the trouble;" but immediately asked, in a most anxious tone, "when he would be back?" I said, "it was uncertain; that he would do what he could in his behalf; but I feared it would be vain, as he had not treated the magistrate with the confidence he ought to have done, and that he might say any thing he wished to me." He appeared much disappointed, looked full at me for several seconds, and then said, "It is all over; why did Mr. —— go away? why did he not stay? he'd tell him all he knew, only for the mercy of God to spare his life." I told him again he might tell me any thing he wished, and that I would write to Mr. —— to Dublin, and see him again the moment I heard from him. To this he made no direct reply, but still asked, "Why did he go? why did he go? what can he do? 'tis all over!" It struck me then that he really had nothing to tell; at least nothing that could be depended on as true.

This was on Wednesday evening, and the execution was fixed for the Saturday morning following. That night's mail had already left for Dublin, so that my letter could not go till the following day, and would not reach before Friday morning. There was, however, sufficient time for a reply; and although matters were much as he had left them, I wrote an account of all that had passed to Mr. —— that night before I retired to rest.

The next day the convict was in a very sulky and savage state of mind, apparently unwilling to speak to any one, if I except myself; and the jailer told me he was constantly muttering to himself about "traitors," and "dying true," so that I could add nothing to my letter of the night before. Friday morning's post brought me a letter from Mr. ——, stating that he still feared the worst for the unfortunate culprit; nothing had as yet been done of a decided character; the Chief Secretary could not see sufficient grounds for not

permitting the law to be carried into effect. "I pleaded that there was nothing but circumstantial evidence against him," the letter went on to say, "and the value of the information which I had no doubt he would give, upon several very important cases as regarded the tranquillity of the country. A meeting has been fixed for three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, between the Chief Secretary and the Attorney-General. Sir William Smith, the judge who tried the case, has been requested to attend; of course, I am also to be there." He feared much, however, from the lateness of the hour fixed for the meeting, that matters might not turn out as he wished, but he would, undoubtedly, return by the mail on Saturday morning.

This evening, about seven o'clock, as I was on my way to see Delany, I met the priest, old Father O'Donohoe, coming out of the jail; he was weeping, and threw up his hands and eyes when he met me, and exclaimed, "God pardon him!" I turned with him, and he told me he had been with him for the last two hours; that he had given up all hopes of escaping the last extremity of the law; that instead of this causing him to repent of his sins and think of his poor soul, he was in a morose and almost ferocious state of mind, upon which all he could say had not the least effect, except, indeed, to make him worse. He had not only confessed the murder of young O'Connor, but declared it in the most reckless and exulting manner to all who came near him; but had, in no one instance, expressed the slightest repentance or regret. He added, that he thought the unfortunate man had lost his reason, and that it was an awful thing to send him into eternity in such a state. Here the poor old man wept again, and continued to utter, "God pardon him! God pardon him! God convert him!"

"Mad or not mad, it is indeed an awful thing," said I, "to send him into eternity in such a state."

I was proceeding with the priest in silence some few steps further, when I heard a smart step behind me, and a messenger from the jail, touching his hat, told me I was wanted. I bade Father O'Donohoe good-evening, and returned to the jail. It was Delany who had expressed a wish to see me, and I proceeded to his cell. On the turnkey opening the door, "You may retire," said I. "He may stay where he is," said Delany at once, in a loud tone; "what I have to say the world may hear, and the world shall hear to-morrow." He then turned to me and asked if Mr. —— had returned from Dublin? I said he had not. He asked if he had written? and I said he had. He then walked rapidly about, and said, "If there was any thing good, you would not wait to be sent for; but it's all over now, and I'll show you—I'll show the world, and I'll show O'Connor, if he's not afraid to look, what Terence Delany can do. He knows to his sorrow—and more of that to him—what I have done already; I *did* murder his son; I saw his looks, I heard his dying cries for mercy, but I didn't heed them. I might have been rich beyond the seas, very rich, but for the one longing throb of hatred in my heart. Thousands of miles I have swept the rolling ocean over for revenge; and I have had it. If the coward dares to come here to-morrow in the crowd, before the world, to his face I'll tell it, that he was always a chicken-hearted swaddling rascal, supplanting better men than ever he was, by hypocrisy and lies, but afraid to meet them in fair or open trial—O'Connor! O'Connor, mercy!—ha, ha! mercy—where's my own? Down, down—see the bubbles and the mud—mercy!—ha, ha, ha!—and bursting into an hysterical fit he threw himself upon the floor. My heart sickened within me at such hideous depravity, and I turned to go, when, starting up again with wonderful composure, he continued: "Listen to me, sir. I have one consolation left me, and that is, that O'Connor shall hear from my own lips that it was I who murdered his son. You may tell him, too, that I am aware he swore an oath never to wait for the law; that it should never overtake me—his vengeance should outstrip it—and that he would never rest day or night until, with his own hands, he paid the debt he owed me. I paid the debt I owed him honestly, with every hour's interest that was due. I know he swore this oath to several; it was his boast—'twas but a boast. I didn't fear him; for had he tried it, except from some dark corner, which is just what he would do, father and son had both died by me. Tell him he's foiled; the law will rob him of the skulking cowardly revenge he would have sought; and to-morrow's sun will set upon his perjured lips. He'd be afraid to meet me openly, face to face—he'll be afraid to meet me to-morrow, tied and pinioned though I'll be: his trembling dastardly heart will be afraid to listen to me, ay, to look upon me—ha, ha, ha!—the coward!" and he sank upon his bed exhausted. Shocked and dispirited, I turned toward home. I could not but meditate, as I went, how that man could have accused O'Connor of endeavoring to take a cowardly and skulking revenge upon him—him who had himself taken a silent, dark, cowardly, and murderous revenge, through a helpless and unoffending child, who had not the strength or power to defend himself. I felt that between them I knew which was the coward.

I had not been long at home when O'Connor's wife called and sent in word that she wished to speak with me. I desired her to be admitted at once. She told me her husband had been in a most distracted state of mind all day; he had now become much quieter, and she begged of me to go over and see him, and reason with him, as he seemed determined, in spite of all she could say, to witness the execution the next day; and so sure as he did, she apprehended something would happen to him. She thought that having resolved upon some desperate act had alone been the cause of his apparent calmness. He had been looking at and rubbing the dust off a gun which was hanging up over the fire-place in his own room, and which he had not touched for weeks before; she much feared the poor man

had lost his senses, and she thought he ought to be taken up at once, and kept safe until after the execution. I told her to return without delay, to take no notice of him, and that I would go over in less than half an hour and speak with him.

O'Connor lived about a mile and a half from my quarters; and I got to his house about nine o'clock. I found him just rising up from his supper, and he did not appear to me at all excited, or in the state of mind described by his wife; but then I recollected what she said about his having become much quieter, and what she believed to be the cause. I told him I had been very busy all day, but could not resist, even at that late hour, calling over to see him and ask how he was—knowing how his mind must suffer under such painful circumstances. He thanked me, and said he was much better; that he had been in a very wretched state all day, but he could not help it, he was so fretted. I said it was not to be wondered at, but that he must not permit himself to get excited—it would soon be all over, and he ought now to divest his mind of all malice or ill-will toward the unfortunate being who was about to be hurried into eternity as a punishment, as well as to answer for all his crimes.

"I've tried it, I've tried it," he said. "I have nearly broken my heart trying to forgive that man; but I can't, I can't—it's no use. Oh, my boy! my boy! my darling murdered boy!"

I shall not here detail all the conversation which passed between us, or the arguments used on my part to endeavor to bring him into a proper frame of mind. There was something about him, however, so calm and collected, and so very different from what I expected, that might have been very gratifying had I not suspected the suddenness of the change from what Mrs. O'Connor had so short a time before described to me; and I thought I saw a lurking resemblance upon his lips to the bitter smile of a former period, with which I was not satisfied. I was determined to be plain with him, and to come to the point at once.

"O'Connor," said I, "you can not, of course, intend to witness that unfortunate man's execution to-morrow."

"I did intend to mingle in the crowd," he said, "but I have almost changed my wish. Did I not witness the sad, unmerited end of my darling, only boy, and can you wish to deny me the satisfaction—and *you* know how poor *that* satisfaction must be—of seeing the law fulfilled upon his murderer?"

"I do wish it, O'Connor," said I; "it can not be—it shall not be. You must not, you shall not be among those who will witness the execution."

"Well, be it so; you know best. I'm sure you are for my good; but, oh! remember the—"

"Stop, O'Connor," said I, "you must pledge me your solemn honor that you will not be among the crowd which will assemble to witness the execution to-morrow. If you do not give me this pledge, I must be candid with you, and tell you that you must be kept away, and that I will do it."

"Do not fear, then," said he; "it is not my intention. It would be poor satisfaction—but poor, indeed—after the oath I swore, merely to see the villain hanged; 'twould only tell me that I slept upon my vow, and remind me that my lips were perjured, though my hands were clean. 'Tis past; I pledge what you require."

"Enough," said I, "I shall depend upon your word."

"You may, for my determination is now fixed, and I promise you it will not alter."

I left him, quite satisfied that he would keep his word.

Time and the hour go through the roughest day; and that fatal morning broke upon Terence Delany, the evening of which was destined to close upon his grave. I waited anxiously the arrival of the mail. Mr. —— did not come, as I expected he would have done; there was a letter, however, from him to me, and another to the sheriff. He stated to me that, up to the moment he wrote (a quarter of an hour before the mail started), nothing decisive had been done, but he was not altogether without hope of ultimate success. The informations in the several cases of outrage to which the convict had referred, had been sent for to the clerk of the crown's office, and were to be considered. He had written to the sheriff to say how matters stood, and to request he would delay the execution until the last possible moment—as, should a reprieve be obtained too late for the post, which, if obtained at all, was most likely to be the case, he would send it through the whole way by special express, and for which purpose he had written to prepare horses at the several posting stages along the road.

The jail bell rang twelve o'clock, and it was supposed that the hour drew nigh. The numbers that had, from an early period of the morning, collected in front of the jail, were now increasing every moment, and vast numbers hurried along every approach that could command a view of the gallows. Walls, gates, windows, the tops of houses were crowded—even trees in the adjacent fields and lanes afforded an elevated position for crowds of men and boys—all, all assembled through mere curiosity to see the execution; and I question whether there was one person among the many thousands collected who stood there with the feelings proper for such an occasion. The door from the press-room to the drop stood open—one end of the rope was fastened to a pully some two or three feet above, while the other end passed into the press-room; thus it occasionally swung to and fro in the wind, and at every jerk men's minds were fancying how that other end was about being occupied. The jail bell rang one, and yet the criminal had not been brought forth, and the crowd began to wonder at the delay; and as time crept on they became weary, and evinced signs of general dissatisfaction—indeed, several indications of discontent had been exhibited for upward of the

last hour; and, "Bring him out, bring him out; or is he pardoned, or reprieved?—the sheriff—the sheriff—let us go home—sham to keep us here!" ran through the crowd.

At length a general murmur from the assembled multitude announced that he had come forth. He was attended by two Roman Catholic priests; one of whom said a few words, and stated that the unfortunate man intended to address the people at some length, and he trusted they would listen to him patiently, and attend to what he had to say.

I believe in my heart (indeed I know) that Delany, to the last moment, deceived the priests as to the nature of what he intended to address to the people, and that at the moment they led him forth they were certain it would be in both tone and matter what they had recommended and wished, and what he had led them to believe it would be. Alas! how little did they know the heart of that hard, bad man. His eyes wandered rapidly over the now silent crowd, and the first words he uttered were—"O'Connor, where are you now? now is *your* time, I've had mine. Come forward now, man; don't be afraid; 'twas I, 'twas I, I tell it to your face, if you're here. Silence, boys—silence; let him hear me if he's near enough. O'Connor, it was I that murdered your son, your only son, your darling boy; I owed it to his mother as well as to yourself. Come forward and curse me, if you are a man. Oh! I knew your cowardly heart would not let you come here to-day. Oh! how I wish you were by this hour to listen to the triumph of my revenge, dear bought though it be. I'm going to die, boys; and I'll die like a man. I have one consolation—I know that O'Connor swore an oath to have no law but his own, and with his own hands to have revenge; but he's foiled, and now he's afraid so much as to look at me. He's a coward, and I fear he does not even hear me. Let him come forward now, and listen to the triumph of my dying words, and I'll forgive him all. He's childless—at least he has no son, and 'twas I that left him so, for I, too, swore an oath, and I have kept it—thousands of miles of the salt ocean could not wash it from my heart—but he, the coward, has broken his. The law has snatched the cup of vengeance from his lips, and he will die perjured and unrevenged."

I was quite shocked at such language coming from the lips of a man standing on the brink of eternity. Oh! had O'Connor been within hearing, I knew him too well to believe that any earthly power could have restrained him, and I confess I felt a sudden dread that he had not kept his word; and when I recollected that he had, the night before, been putting his gun (which I knew to be a very good one) in order, I feared every moment some rash and fatal act on his part. Nay, might he not, at that moment, unseen, be bringing it to bear upon the wretched man's heart. I regretted then that I had not secured him for the day. But no stir or movement in any part of the assembled crowd indicated that O'Connor had not kept his word, and I felt reassured.

Such language as that made use of by the miserable culprit might not have been permitted, and doubtless would not have been suffered from a man in his awful situation, had not the sheriff wished to make every possible delay, in hope of the express arriving with a reprieve, and which, from the tenor of the letter he had received from the magistrate, he had every reason to believe would come at last.

The unfortunate man, after the language above described, continued to address the people on other subjects not so immediately connected with O'Connor, and his tone and manner seemed altogether changed. He referred to part of his early life, and the evils arising from idleness and keeping bad company when young. He repeated the same things over and over again, so that I could not help thinking that he had received some hint or indulgence from the sheriff to speak against time, and I began to get heartily sick of, and disgusted with, the whole exhibition.

The high-road to Dublin turned short to the left out of the upper end of the town, and the front of the jail commanded a view of it for nearly a mile. The sheriff's eyes had been for some time steadily fixed upon a certain point of the road, the furthest that could be seen from where he stood; the unhappy culprit appeared exhausted, and had nearly ceased to speak—the awful moment had all but arrived—when the crowd at a distance began to move, and a tremendous shout was heard. Every eye was turned from the culprit to the direction of the cheers. A man was seen galloping at top speed upon a white horse; in one hand he held a long white rod, with a green flag at top, which, as he urged his horse to the utmost, was plainly discernible as it floated backward in the breeze, while upon his hat a red handkerchief was tied, as if from the very contrast of the colors to attract the more speedy and certain attention. As he rapidly drew nearer and nearer, the crowd continued to shout; and "Reprieve!—reprieve!" re-echoed from one end to the other of the assembled thousands. Still he urged his horse; the crowd gave way on either side, and cheered him as he came—crowds will always cheer the man who is contending against time. The wretched culprit gazed upon the scene in bewildered agony; the large blue veins of his bare neck swelled beneath the rope almost to bursting with every effort he made to swallow, and his large, full chest rose and sank in a manner absolutely painful to behold; his ear, too, had caught the word, and he cast back a look at the sheriff, which spoke more than volumes of entreaty to be recalled. The hangman stood at his post in a state of eager and extraordinary excitement, now glancing at the sheriff, now at the culprit, and now upon the messenger of life, if such indeed he should prove to be. At length the man made the turn fronting upward toward the jail, and waving a large white letter over his head, put fresh spurs to his horse. He had now reached almost the very walls of the jail, still waving the letter, and crying, "Reprieve!" at the top of his voice. "Reprieve!—Reprieve!"

re-echoed in one tremendous shout from every mouth. "*Never!*" roared O'Connor, in a voice of thunder; and, with a rapid and convulsive turn of the wheel, he launched Delany into eternity!

In order to explain this strange and most unlooked for *denouement*, it will be necessary for me to take my readers to the day preceding the execution, and narrate what happened in the interval.

It may appear strange, yet such is the fact, that up to this late period—Friday night—when the jail was finally closed, and all, save perhaps the miserable culprit, buried in sleep, no executioner's services had been engaged. This may have arisen from a belief in the sheriff's mind, who had been in constant communication with Mr. ——, that none would ultimately be required, and none had, as is usual in such cases, intimated to him where he would be "heard of;" but so great was now the extremity of the case, and such the difficulty in procuring one as the hour approached, that the sheriff would have guaranteed a large sum of money for the services of such a person. He had the day before sent a special messenger a distance of seventy miles upon a mission in search of one, but he had not yet returned; he had besides given instructions to the jailer—they were not then called governors—to procure the services of such a man upon any terms; up to this moment, however, he had not been able to do so.

It was about one o'clock on this, the last night that Delany was destined to lie upon a bed—the wind moaned feebly through the iron bars in front of the jail; the dim, pale moon peeped out suddenly now and then from behind the fleeting clouds, upon the silent, dismal scene below, and as quickly hid her face again—when the outer turnkey and watchman of the jail perceived a man, muffled in a large coat, worn as a cloak, and a low-crowned hat, pass up and down several times before the gate. He appeared to look cautiously about him in every direction; at length he approached nearer, and stopped immediately beneath the gallows, and looking up for some moments, "Never!" he cried, stamping his foot, and suddenly walked away. He had not proceeded beyond a few yards, when, stamping his foot again more violently, "Coward!" he cried; and returned directly up to the gate.

"Who goes there?" challenged the watch.

"I wish to speak to the jailer," replied the man.

A parley then ensued between them, the watchman declaring the impossibility of disturbing the jailer at that hour of the night, without knowing who required him, and the nature of his business; and the stranger firmly declining to tell either the one or the other to any but the jailer himself; "to whom," he added, "his business was of the greatest importance."

The turnkey, failing to elicit any thing more satisfactory from the man, and, from his last expression, having some suspicion suddenly aroused within him that he might be the sort of person they were in want of, at length agreed to acquaint the jailer; and accordingly did so.

One's own personal and immediate interest often sharpens the perception; and the jailer at once supposed it was one of that dreadful fraternity of whose services he just then stood so much in need; and, dressing himself as quickly as possible, he hurried to the gate. As a necessary precaution, however, he surveyed the stranger through the small slide-window; and having satisfied himself that he had no companion, and was, so far as he could ascertain, unarmed, he desired him to be admitted, and shown after him into the waiting-room. Upon entering, the man appeared nervous and excited, and careful not to remove the muffling from about his face. This the jailer did not much mind; he was not surprised at it; on the contrary, it confirmed him in the belief he had formed. 'Tis a trick with them all, thought he; more, indeed, from habit than timidity, his thoughts added, as he closed the door, and asked the man his business. He replied, in a hurried manner, that he understood "there was a man to be executed on the following day, and that there was great need of a person to perform the task."

The jailer admitted that such were the facts, and hoped he had come to say he could procure a person for the purpose—for there was something about the man which at once and altogether forbade the supposition that he would himself undertake the office.

"None," he replied, "except I perform it myself."

The latter looked rather surprised—at least he felt so; but being well pleased at the prospect of so awkward a difficulty being overcome, proceeded to ask, "if he was up to his business, and what would be his terms for the job."

To these interrogatories the man replied—

"My terms are these: to be permitted to examine the machine for turning off the murderer, and to be asked no further questions."

"But what are your terms with regard to cash?" repeated the jailer.

"I have been already paid for what I am about to perform, and I require nothing more."

He paused, and his quick eye glanced round the room with an impatient and wild anxiety.

"You have seen the sheriff, then?" observed the jailer,

"No," replied the man; "the consideration for which I came here to-night has been supplied by another hand. But be quick; accept my services at once, or I am gone."

There was something, both about his manner and appearance, which the jailer had never before seen in a member of his *profession*; and although he was not exactly the stamp of man he would have selected for the occasion (had choice permitted), there appeared in this case to be no alternative but to accept his services. The fact, too, of his having declared that he had been already paid, at the same time that the sheriff had given an almost unlimited order on his purse for the same purpose, presented an opportunity of *very fairly* pocketing a round sum, which did not often occur, and which the worthy jailer did not

think it prudent should be lost. Be that as it may—

"Follow me," said he; and, taking a lantern in his hand, he led the way to the press-room. This press-room was an apartment about fourteen feet square. From the centre at each side a small, strong iron door, thickly studded with large, round-headed knobs, showed the entrance into two smaller rooms; to the rear, looking into the jail-yard, was a small window, strongly barred, and to the front were eight stone steps leading to the platform, or drop, upon which the culprits stood beneath the gallows. Upon either of these steps there was an iron hand-rail to support those who led them forth, and upon the end of one of these rails, ready for the morrow's use, hung a coil of strong hempen rope, with a loop upon one end. To the immediate right of the steps was a large iron wheel, with a handle attached to one of the spokes, and near to the outward rim. The machinery by which this wheel was connected with the bolts that sustained the drop outside, and upon which it acted, was beneath the steps, and could not be conveniently examined; but the bolts were then set, and the jailer, standing beside the wheel, showed the man that, at a signal which would be given by the sheriff, he had only to lay hold of the handle, and turn the wheel suddenly from him, to cause the drop to fall. He also showed him a roll of penny-cord, hanging upon an iron-hook, with which the culprit's arms were to be tied behind his back, at the elbows. All this the jailer exhibited and explained to the man, having still some doubts, from his appearance and manner, that he was really up to his business.

The man appeared perfectly satisfied, and turned to descend, when the jailer, pointing to one of the small rooms, told him there was a bed inside in which he should sleep, and that he would send him his breakfast in the morning.

"Not for the sheriff's wealth and thine together," exclaimed the man. "Had I anticipated such a proposal, I should have made it part of my terms—and they have not been very exorbitant—sir, to have been permitted to depart, and return again at day-break; and if this point be not at once conceded, I forthwith decline all further connection with the matter."

Here, then, was a new difficulty. The jailer began to fear an attempt to deceive him, perhaps by a friend of the culprit, to prevent any further exertions to procure a person for the purpose required, and probably refusing to act when it came to the point.

"I fear you are deceiving me," said the jailer, "and that you are a friend of the convict's; that your object and wish is to prevent all further endeavors to procure a proper person, in hope of prolonging his time, by refusing to act when it comes to the point. I doubt you, and you see I am plain with you; you are not like a man who has been accustomed to the thing."

"You need not fear," said the man, "I am not a friend of the convict's. I will be plain with *you*, I am *not* accustomed to the thing—few men are; but I will make no mistake, and will go through with it if I have life. Permit me to depart, accepting the offer of my services; and no earthly object—nothing but sickness or death shall prevent my returning at day-break."

He was accordingly suffered to go, and the jailer returned to his *luke*-warm bed to lie awake considering whether he had been tricked and deceived by some friend of the convict's. He determined that if any person of acknowledged abilities or qualifications in his line of business should make his appearance, at once to secure his services, without reference in any way to what had taken place with the stranger; no such person, however, made his appearance, or could be heard of in any of the directions in which he was sought, and the jailer perceived, at the last moment, they would be obliged to put up with the rather doubtful qualifications of the stranger, who had returned true to his word.

O'Connor kept his vow, and this was, indeed, "The wild justice of Revenge!"

NOTE.—O'Connor never left the jail; from the very moment of the last fatal act he lost his senses. He was for some time a confirmed lunatic, from which state he gradually sank into that of hopeless idiocy, and died in the jail at the termination of little more than two years.

THE THIRTEENTH JUROR.

WHEN the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gendarmes, was placed in the dock of the court of assize, there was a general stir among the crowd, which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit, not one of those poor wretches whom the court, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless auditory, and sends to oblivion in the convict prisons of the state. He had figured at length in the columns of the newspapers; and while M. Lépervier had undertaken his defense, M. Tourangin, the attorney-general, was to conduct the prosecution. Now, at the time of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known that they were to be pitted against each other in any cause, crowds immediately flocked to enjoy their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard-balls. It was a perfect riot of tropes and figures, a delicious confusion of periphrases and metaphors. All the figures of rhetoric defiled before the charmed auditory, and sported, jested, and struggled with each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a luxury of epithets, passing even that of the Abbé Delille. Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective, as the great lady of the last century by her train-bearing page. In this pompous diction—a man became a mortal; a horse, a courser; the moon was styled pale Dian. My father and my mother were never called so, but invariably the authors of my being; a dream was a vision; a glass, a crystal vase; a knife, a sword; a car, a chariot;

and a breeze became a whirlwind; all which, no doubt, tended to produce a style of exceeding sublimity and beauty. Pierre Granger was a clumsily-built fellow, five feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with foxy hair, a high color, and small cunning gray eyes. He was accused of having strangled his wife, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to the house, where his three children perished. Such an accumulation of horrors had shed quite a romantic halo round their perpetrator. Ladies of rank and fashion flocked to the jail to look at him; and his autograph was in wonderful request, as soon as it became known that Madame Césarine Langelot, the lioness of the district, possessed some words of his writing in her album, placed between a ballad by a professor of rhetoric and a problem by the engineer-in-chief of the department; neither gentlemen, to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting pet-prisoner.

When Pierre Granger, with his lowering brow and air of stolid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of twelve jurors were drawn by lot, and the president demanded of the counsel on either side, whether they wished to exercise their right of challenge. Both declined offering any objection to twelve such honorable names; but the attorney-general added, that he would require the drawing of a supplementary juror. It was done, and on the paper appeared the name of Major Vernor. At the sound, a slight murmur was heard among the spectators; while MM. Tourangin and Lépervier exchanged a rapid glance, which seemed to say: "Will not *you* challenge him?" But neither of them did so; an officer conducted Major Vernor into his appointed place, and amidst profound silence the indictment was read.

Major Vernor had lived in the town during the last two years. Every one gave him the military title, yet none could tell when, or where, or whom he had served. He seemed to have neither family nor friends; and when any of his acquaintances ventured to sound him on the subject, he always replied in a manner by no means calculated to encourage curiosity. "Do *I* trouble my head about *your* affairs?" he would say. "Your shabby old town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall be most happy to convince you of the fact at daybreak to-morrow morning with gun, sword, or pistol." Major Vernor was precisely the very man to keep his word: the few persons who had entered his lodgings, reported that his bedroom resembled an armory, so fully was it furnished with all sorts of murderous weapons. Notwithstanding this, he seemed a very respectable sort of man, regular in his habits, punctual in his payments, and fond of smoking excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havana. He was tall, excessively thin, bald, and always dressed in black; his mustaches curled to a point; and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right ear. In the evenings, he used to frequent the public reading-room of the town; but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining absorbed in his newspaper until the clock struck ten, when he lit his cigar, twisted his mustaches, and with a stiff, silent bow took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said, "Good-night, major!" Then the major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply, "Good-night, monsieur;" but in so rude and angry a tone, that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation.

It was remarked, that whoever thus ventured to address the major, was, during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange ill-luck. He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a handsome lamp or vase, or in some way to get entangled in a misadventure. So firmly were the good townsfolk persuaded that the major possessed an "evil eye," that their common expression, when any one met with a misfortune, was: "He must have said 'good-night' to the major!"

This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed usually contented with the fare. One day, however, after having eaten some bread-soup, he cast his eye along the table, frowned, and calling the host, said: "How comes it that the dinner to-day is entirely meagre?"

"Monsieur, no doubt, forgets that this is Good-Friday."

"Send me up two mutton chops."

"Impossible, major; there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's in the town."

"Let me have some fowl."

"That is not to be had either."

"What a set of fools!" exclaimed the major, striking his clenched hand on the table with such force that the bottles reeled and rocked, just as if all the wine in their bodies had got into their heads. Then he called the waiter, and said: "Baptiste, go to my lodging, and bring me the inlaid carabine which hangs over my pillow."

The poor host trembled, and grew very pale, when Baptiste returned with a double-barreled gun, beautifully inlaid with silver. The major coolly examined the locks, put on fresh caps cocked both barrels, and walked out, followed at a respectful distance by the guests and inmates of the hotel. Not far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, whose angular projections were haunted by many ravens: two large ones flew out of a turret just as the major came up and took aim for a double shot. Down tumbled both the unclean birds at his feet.

"*Sacrebleu!*" cried he, picking them up; "I'm regularly sold—they're quite lean!"

He returned to the hotel, and, according to his express orders, one moiety of his ill-omened booty was dressed in a savory stew, and the other simply roasted. Of both dishes he partook so heartily, that not a vestige of either remained, and he declared that he had never eaten more relishing food.

From that day the major became an object of uneasiness to some, of terror to others, of curiosity to all. Whenever he appeared on the public promenade, every one avoided him; at the theatre, his box was generally occupied by himself alone; and each old woman that met him in the street, invariably stopped to cross herself. Major Vernor was never known to enter a church, or accept an invitation: at first, he used to receive a good many of these, and the perfumed billets served him to light his cigars.

Such, then, was the thirteenth juror drawn in the cause of Pierre Granger, and it may easily be understood why the audience were moved at hearing the name of Major Vernor.

The paper of accusation, notwithstanding, drawn up by the attorney-general with a force and particularity of description which horrified the ladies present, was read amidst profound silence, broken only by the snoring of the prisoner, who had deliberately settled himself to sleep. The gendarmes tried to rouse him from his unnatural slumber, but they merely succeeded in making him now and then half-open his dull, brutish eyes.

When the clerk had ceased to read, Pierre Granger was with difficulty thoroughly awakened, and the president proceeded to question him. The interrogatory fully revealed, in all its horror, the thoroughly stupid fiendishness of the wretch. He had killed his wife, he said, because they couldn't agree; he had set his house on fire, because it was a cold night, and he wanted to make a good blaze to warm himself: as to his children, they were dirty, squalling little things—no loss to him or to any one else.

It would be tedious to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial. M. Tourangin and M. Lépervier both made marvelously eloquent speeches, but the latter deserved peculiar credit, having so very bad a cause to sustain. Although he well knew that his client was as thorough a scoundrel as ever breathed, and that his condemnation would be a blessing to society, yet he pleaded his cause with all a lawyer's conscientiousness. When he got to the peroration, he managed to squeeze from his lachrymal glands a few rare tears, the last and most precious, I imagine, which he carefully reserved for an especially solemn occasion—just as some families preserve a few bottles of fine old wine, to be drunk at the marriage of a daughter or the coming of age of a son.

At length the case closed, and the president was going to sum up; but as the heat in court was excessive, and every one present stood in need of refreshment, leave was given to the jury to retire for half an hour, and the hall was cleared for the same space of time, in order that it might undergo a thorough ventilation. During this interval, while twelve of the jurors were cooling themselves with ices and sherbet, the Thirteenth lighted a cigar, and reclining in an arm-chair, smoked away with the gravity of a Turk.

"What a capital cigar!" sighed one of the jurors, as he watched with an envious eye the odoriferous little clouds escaping from the smoker's lips.

"Would you like to try one?" asked the major, politely offering his cigar-case.

"If it would not trespass too much on your kindness."

"By no means. You are heartily welcome."

The juror took a cigar, and lighted it at that of his obliging neighbor.

"Well! how do you like it?" asked the major.

"Delicious! It has an uncommonly pleasant aroma. From whence are you supplied?"

"From the Havana."

Several jurors now approached, casting longing glances on Major Vernor's cigar-case.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am really grieved that I have not a single cigar left to offer you, having just given the last to our worthy friend. To-morrow, however, I hope to have a fresh supply, and shall then ask you to do me the honor of accepting some."

At that moment an official came in to announce that the court had resumed its sitting; the jury hastened to their box, and the president began his charge. Scarcely had he commenced, however, when the juror who had smoked the cigar rose, and in a trembling voice begged permission to retire, as he felt very ill. Indeed, while in the act of speaking, he fell backward, and lay senseless on the floor.

The president, of course, directed that he should be carefully conveyed to his home, and desired Major Vernor to take his place. Six strokes sounded from the old clock of the Town-hall as the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict in the case of Pierre Granger.

Eleven gentlemen exclaimed with one voice that the wretched assassin's guilt was perfectly clear, and that they could not hesitate for a moment as to their decision. Major Vernor, however, stood up, placed his back against the door, and regarding his colleagues with a peculiarly sinister expression, said slowly: "I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and you shall all do the same!"

"Sir," replied the foreman in a severe tone, "you are answerable to your conscience for your own actions, but I do not see what right you have to offer us a gratuitous insult."

"Am I, then, so unfortunate as to offend you?" asked the major meekly.

"Certainly; in supposing us capable of breaking the solemn oath which we have taken to do impartial justice. I am a man of honor—"

"Bah!" interrupted the major; "are you quite sure of that?"

A general murmur of indignation arose.

"Do you know, sir, that such a question is a fresh insult?"

"You are quite mistaken," said Major Vernor. "What I said was drawn forth by a feeling of the solemn responsibility which rests on us. Before I can resolve to make a dead corpse of a living moving being, I must feel satisfied that both you and I are less guilty than Pierre Granger, which, after all, is not so certain."

An ominous silence ensued; the major's words

seemed to strike home to every breast; and at length one of the gentlemen said: "You seem, sir, to regard the question in a philosophical point of view."

"Just so, Monsieur Cernau."

"You know me then?" said the juror, in a trembling voice.

"Not very intimately, my dear sir, but just sufficiently to appreciate your fondness for discounting bills at what your enemies might call usurious interest. I think it was about four years ago that an honest, poor man, the father of a large family, blew out his brains, in despair at being refused by you a short renewal which he had implored on his knees."

Without replying, M. Cernau retired to the furthest corner of the room, and wiped off the large drops of sweat which started from his brow.

"What does this mean?" asked another juror impatiently. "Have we come hither to act a scene from the *Memoirs of the Devil?*"

"I don't know that work," replied the major; "but may I advise you, Monsieur de Bardine, to calm your nerves?"

"Sir, you are impertinent, and I shall certainly do myself the pleasure to chastise you."

"As how?"

"With my sword. I shall do you the honor to meet you to-morrow."

"An honor which, being a man of sense, I must beg respectfully to decline. You don't kill your adversaries, Monsieur de Bardine; you assassinate them. Have you forgotten your duel with Monsieur de Sillar, which took place, as I am told, without witnesses? While he was off his guard, you treacherously struck him through the heart. The prospect of a similar catastrophe is certainly by no means enticing."

With an instinctive movement, M. de Bardine's neighbors drew off.

"I admire such virtuous indignation," sneered the major. "It especially becomes *you*, Monsieur Darin—"

"What infamy are you going to cast in *my* teeth?" exclaimed the gentleman addressed.

"Oh, very little—a mere trifle—simply, that while Monsieur de Bardine kills *his* friends, you only dishonor *yours*. Monsieur Simon, whose house, table, and purse are yours, has a pretty wife—"

"Major," cried another juror, "you are a villain!"

"Pardon me, my dear Monsieur Calfat, let us call things by their proper names. The only villain among us, I believe, is the man who himself set fire to his house, six months after having insured it at treble its value, in four offices, whose directors were foolish enough to pay the money without making sufficient inquiry."

A stifled groan escaped from M. Calfat's lips as he covered his face with his hands.

"Who are you, that you thus dare to constitute yourself our judge?" asked another, looking fiercely at Vernor.

"Who am I, Monsieur Pérou? simply one who can appreciate your very rare dexterity in holding court-cards in your hand, and making the dice turn up as you please."

M. Pérou gave an involuntary start, and thenceforward held his peace. The scene, aided by the darkness of approaching night, had now assumed a terrific aspect. The voice of the major rang in the ears of eleven pale, trembling men, with a cold metallic distinctness, as if each word inflicted a blow.

At length Vernor burst into a strange sharp hissing laugh. "Well, my honorable colleagues,' he exclaimed, "does this poor Pierre Granger still appear to you unworthy of the slightest pity? I grant you he has committed a fault, and a fault which you would not have committed in his place. He has not had your cleverness in masking his turpitude with a show of virtue: that was his real crime. Now, if after having killed his wife, he had paid handsomely for masses to be said for her repose—if he had purchased a burial-ground, and caused to be raised to her memory a beautiful square white marble monument, with a flowery epitaph on it in gold letters—why, then, we should all have shed tears of sympathy, and eulogized Pierre Granger as the model of a tender husband. Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Norbec?"

M. Norbec started as if he had received an electric shock. "It is false!" he murmured. "I did not poison Eliza: she died of pulmonary consumption."

"True," said the major; "you remind me of a circumstance which I had nearly forgotten. Madame Norbec, who possessed a large fortune in her own right, died without issue, five months after she had made you her sole legatee." Then the major was silent. They were now in total darkness, and the throbbing of many agitated hearts might be heard in the room. Suddenly came the sharp click of a pistol, and the obscurity was for a moment brightened by a flash; but there was no report—the weapon had missed fire. The major burst into a long and loud fit of laughter. "Charming! delightful! Ah, my dear sir," he exclaimed, addressing the foreman, "you were the only honest man of the party, and see how, to oblige me, you have made an attempt on my person, which places you on an honorable level with Pierre Granger!" Then having rung the bell, he called for candles, and when they were brought, he said: "Come, gentlemen, I suppose you don't want to sleep here; let us make haste, and finish our business."

Ten minutes afterward the foreman handed in the issue paper—a verdict of Not Guilty; and Pierre Granger was discharged amidst the hisses and execrations of the crowd, who, indeed, were prevented only by a strong military force from assaulting both judge and jury. Major Vernor coolly walked up to the dock, and passing his arm under that of Pierre Granger, went out with him through a side-door.

From that hour neither the one nor the other was ever seen again in the country. That night there was a terrific thunder-storm; the ripe har-

vest was beaten down by hailstones as large as pigeons' eggs, and a flash of lightning striking the steeple of the old ivy-covered church, tore down its gilded cross.

This strange story was related to me one day last year by a convict in the infirmary of the prison at Toulon. I have given it verbatim from his lips; and as I was leaving the building, the sergeant who accompanied me said, "So, sir, you have been listening to the wonderful rhodomontades of Number 19,788?"

"What do you mean?—This history—"

"Is false from beginning to end. Number 19,788 is an atrocious criminal, who was sent to the galleys for life, and who, during the last few months, has given evident proofs of mental alienation. His monomania consists chiefly in telling stories to prove that all judges and jurors are rogues and villains. He was himself found guilty, by a most respectable and upright jury, of having robbed and tried to murder Major Vernor. He is now about to be placed in a lunatic asylum, so that you will probably be the last visitor who will hear his curious inventions."

"And who is Major Vernor?"

"A brave old half-pay officer, who has lived at Toulon, beloved and respected, during the last twelve years. You will probably see him to-day, smoking his Havana cigar, after the table-d'hôte dinner, at the Crown Hotel."

THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"THERE is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be pawnbroking," said Martha Hownley to her brother; "and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable. You are a sober man: since I have kept your house, I never remember seeing you beside yourself; indeed, I know that weeks pass without your touching beer, much less wine or spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would. And were you to leave "the Grapes" to-morrow, it might be taken by those who would not have your scruples. All the gentry say your house is the best conducted in the parish—"

"I wish I really deserved the compliment," interrupted Mathew, looking up from his day-book. "I ought not to content myself with avoiding beer, wine, and spirits; if I believe, as I do, that they are injurious alike to the character and health of man, I should, by every means in my power, lead others to avoid them."

"But we must live, Mathew; and your good education would not keep you—we must live!"

"Yes, Martha, we must live! but not the lives of vampires;" and he turned rapidly over the accounts, noting and comparing, and seemingly absorbed in calculation.

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity—the small, low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother wise in most things; but in her heart of hearts she thought him foolish in worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she said, "Mathew, what *is* vampires?"

Mathew made no reply; so Martha—who had been "brought up to the bar" by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unproductive farm—troubled as usual about "much serving," and troubling all within her sphere by worn-out and shriveled-up anxieties, as much as by the necessary duties of active life—looked at Mathew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he be thinking of giving up his business, because of that which did not concern him!—but she would "manage him." It is strange how low and cunning persons do often manage higher and better natures than their own.

"Martha," he called at last in a loud voice, "I can not afford to give longer credit to Peter Croft."

"I thought he was one of your best customers: he is an excellent workman; his wife has much to do as a clear-starcher; and I am sure he spends every penny he earns here"—such was Martha's answer.

"And more!" replied Mathew, "more! Why, last week the score was eighteen shillings—besides what he paid for."

"He's an honorable man, Mathew," persisted Martha. "It is not long since he brought me six tea-spoons and a sugar-tongs, when I refused him brandy (he will have brandy). They must have belonged to his wife, for they had not P. C. on them, but E.—something; I forget what."

Mathew waxed wroth. "Have I not told you," he said—"have I not told you that we must be content with the flesh and blood, without the bones and marrow of these poor drunkards? I am not a pawn-broker to lend money upon a man's ruin. I sell, to be sure, what leads to it, but *that* is his fault, not mine."

"You said just now it *was yours*," said his sister, sulkily.

"Is it a devil or an angel that prompts your words, Martha?" exclaimed Mathew, impatiently; then leaning his pale, thoughtful brow on his clasped hands, he added, "But, however much I sometimes try to get rid of them, it must be for my good to see facts as they are."

Martha would talk: she looked upon a last word as a victory. "He must have sold them whether or not, as he has done all his little household comforts, to pay for what he has honestly drunk; and I might as well have them as any one else. My money paid for them, and in the course of the evening went into your till. It's very hard if, with all my labor, I can't turn an honest penny in a bargain sometimes, without being chid, as if I were a baby."

"I am sorely beset," murmured Mathew, closing the book with hasty violence; "sorely beset; the gain on one side, the sin on the other; and she goads me, and puts things in the worst light: never was man so beset," he repeated, helplessly; and he said truly he was "beset"—by *infirmity of purpose*—that mean, feeble, pitiful frustrator of so many good and glorious intentions

It is at once a blessed and a wonderful thing how the little grain of "good seed" will spring up and increase—if the soil be at all productive, how it will fructify! A great stone may be placed right over it, and yet the shoot will forth—*sideways*, perhaps, after a long, noiseless struggle amidst the weight of earth—a white, slender thing, like a bit of thread that falls from the clipping scissors of a little heedless maid—creeps up, twists itself round the stone, a little, pale, meek thing, *tending upward*—becoming a delicate green in the wooing sunlight—strengthening in the morning, when birds are singing—at mid-day, when man is toiling—at night, while men are sleeping, *until it pushes away the stone*, and overshadows its inauspicious birth-place with strength and beauty!

Yes! where good seed has been sown, there is always hope that, one day or other, it will, despite snares and pitfalls, despite scorn and bitterness, despite evil report, despite temptations, despite those wearying backslidings which give the wicked and the idle scoffers ground for rejoicing—sooner or later it will fructify!

All homage to the good seed!—all homage to the good sower!

And who sowed the good seed in the heart of Mathew Hownley? Truly, it would be hard to tell. Perhaps some sower intent on doing his Master's business—perhaps some hand unconscious of the wealth it dropped—perhaps a young child, brimful of love, and faith, and trust in the bright world around—perhaps some gentle woman, whose knowledge was an inspiration rather than an acquirement—perhaps a bold, true preacher of THE WORD, stripping the sinner of the robe that covered his deformity, and holding up his cherished sins as warnings to the world; perhaps it was one of Watts's hymns, learned at his nurse's knee (for Mathew and Martha had endured the unsympathizing neglect of a motherless childhood), a little line, never to be forgotten—a whisper, soft, low, enduring—a comfort in trouble, a stronghold in danger, a refuge from despair. O what a world's wealth is there in a simple line of childhood's poetry! Martha herself often quoted the *Busy Bee;* but her bee had no wings; it could muck in the wax, but not fly for the honey. As to Mathew, wherever the seed had come from, there, at all events, it was, struggling, but existing—biding its time to burst forth, to bud, and to blossom, and to bear fruit!

The exposure concerning the spoons and sugar-tongs made Mathew so angry, that Martha wished she had never had any thing to do with them; but instead of avoiding the fault, she simply resolved in her own mind never again to let Mathew know any of her little transactions in the way of buying or barter—that was all!

Mathew, all that day, continued more thoughtful and silent than usual, which his sister considered a bad sign: he was reserved to his customers—nay, worse—he told a woman she should not give gin to her infant at his bar, and positively refused, the following Sunday, to open his house at all. Martha asked him if he was mad. He replied, "No;" he was "regaining his senses." Then Martha thought it best to let him alone; he had been "worse"—that is, according to her reading of the word "worse," before—taken the "dumps" in the same way, but recovered, and gone back to his business "like a man."

Peter Croft, unable to pay up his score, managed, nevertheless, to pay for what he drank. For a whole week, Martha would not listen to his proposals for payment "in kind;" even his wife's *last* shawl could not tempt her, though Martha confessed it was a beauty; and what possible use could Mrs. Peter have for it now?—it was so out of character with her destitution. She heard no more of it, so probably the wretched husband disposed of it elsewhere: this disappointed her. She might as well have had it; she would not be such a fool again; Mathew was so seldom in the bar that he could not know what she did. Time passed on; Martha thought she saw one or two symptoms of what she considered amendment in her brother. "Of course," she argued, "he will come to himself in due time."

In the twilight which followed that day, Peter Croft, pale, bent, and dirty, the drunkard's redness in his eyes, the drunkard's fever on his lips, tapped at the door of the room off the bar, which was more particularly Martha's room—it was, in fact, her watch-tower—the door half-glazed, and the green curtain about an inch from the middle division; over this the sharp, observant woman might see whatever occurred, and no one could go in or out without her knowledge.

She did not say, "Come in," at once; she longed to know what new temptation he had brought her, for she felt assured he had neither money nor credit left.

And yet she feared—"Mathew made such a worry out of every little thing." The next time he tapped at the window of the door, her eyes met his over the curtain, and then she said, "Come in," in a penetrating sharp voice, which was any thing but an invitation.

"I have brought you something now, Miss Hownley, that I know you won't refuse to *lend* me a trifle on," said the ruined tradesman; "I am sure you won't refuse, Miss Hownley. Bad as I want the money, I could not take it to a pawn-broker; and if the woman asks for it, I can say I lent it, Miss Hownley; you know I can say that."

Peter Croft laid a BIBLE on the table, and folding back the pages with his trembling fingers, showed that it was abundantly illustrated by fine engravings. Martha loved "pictures;" she had taken to pieces a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and varying the devotional engravings it had contained with abundant cuttings out from illustrated newspapers, and a few colored caricatures, had covered one side of a screen, which, when finished, she considered would be at once the comfort and amusement of her old age. After the drunkard had partially exhibited its contents, he stood by with stolid indifference, while she measured the

engravings with her eye, looking ever and anon toward the screen. "Very well," she said, uttering a deliberate untruth with her lips, while her mind was made up what to do—"very well; what did you say you wanted for it?" He repeated the sum; she took out exactly half, and laid the shining temptation on the table before him.

"Have you the heart, Miss Hownley," he said, while fingering, rather than counting the money—"have you the heart to offer me such a little for such a great deal?"

"If you have the heart to sell it, I may have the heart to offer such a price," she answered, with a light laugh; "and it is only a DRUNKARD'S BIBLE!"

Peter Croft dashed the money from him with a bitter oath.

"Oh, very well," she said; "take it—or leave it."

She resumed her work.

The only purpose to which a drunkard is firm, is to his own ruin. Peter went to the door, returned, took up the money. "Another shilling, miss?—*it will be in the till again before morning.*"

Martha gave him the other shilling; and after he was fairly out of the room, grappled the book, commenced looking at the pictures in right earnest, and congratulated herself on her good bargain. In due time, the house was cleared, and she went to bed, placing the Bible on the top of her table, among a miscellaneous collection of worn-out dusters and tattered glass-cloths, "waiting to be mended."

That night the master of "the Grapes" could not sleep; more than once he fancied he smelt fire; and after going into the unoccupied rooms, and peeping through the keyholes, and under the doors of those that were occupied, he descended to the bar, and finally entering the little bar-parlor, took his day-book from a shelf, and placing the candle, sat down, listlessly turning over its leaves, but the top of the table would not shut, and raising it to remove the obstruction, Mathew saw a large family BIBLE; pushing away the day-book, he opened the sacred volume.

It opened at the 23d chapter of Proverbs, and, as if guided by a sacred light, his eyes fell upon the 29th verse, and he read:

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

"They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

He dashed over the leaves in fierce displeasure, and, as if of themselves, they folded back at the 5th of Galatians: "Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall NOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

"New and Old, New and Old," murmured Mathew to himself—"I am condemned alike by the Old and the New Testament." He had regarded intoxication and its consequences heretofore as a great social evil; the fluttering rags and the fleshless bones of the drunkard and his family, the broils, the contentions, the ill-feeling, the violence, the murders wrought by the dread spirit of alcohol had stood in array before him as *social* crimes, as *social* dangers; but he did not call to mind, if he really knew, that the Word of God exposed alike its destruction and its sinfulness. He was one of the many who, however good and moral in themselves, shut their ears against the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely; and though he often found wisdom and consolation in a line of Watts's hymns, he rarely went to the Fountain of living waters for the strengthening and refreshing of his soul. He turned over the chapter, and found on the next page a collection of texts, written upon a strip of paper in the careful hand of one to whom writing was evidently not a frequent occupation.

Proverbs, the 23d chap.—"For the *drunkard* and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." 1 Corinthians, 6th chap. 10th verse—"Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"Again that awful threat!" murmured Mathew; "and have I been the means of bringing so many of my fellow-creatures under its ban?"

1 Samuel, the 1st chap.—"And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee." Luke 21—"And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so *that day* come upon you unawares."

"Ay, THAT DAY," repeated the landlord—"*that day*, the day that *must* come."

Ephesians, 5th chap.—"And be not *drunk* with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Proverbs, 20th chap.—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "*Woe to thee who selleth wine to thy neighbour, and mingleth strong drink to his destruction.*"

He rose from the table, and paced up and down the little room; no eye but His who seeth all things looked upon the earnestness and agitation of that man; no ear but the All-hearing heard his sighs, his half-muttered prayers to be strengthened for good. He said within himself: "*Who* will counsel me in this matter?—to whom shall I fly for sympathy?—who will tell me what I ought to do?—how remedy the evils I have brought on others while in this business, even when my heart was alive to its wickedness?" He had no friend to advise with—none who would do aught but laugh at and ridicule the idea of giving up a good business for conscience' sake; but so it was that it occurred to him—"You have an Immortal Friend, take counsel of Him—pray

to Him—learn of Him—trust Him; make His Book your guide;" and opening the Bible he read one other passage: "Keep innocency, and *take heed to the thing that is right*, for *that* shall bring a man peace at the last."

Pondering on this blessed rule of life, so simple and so comprehensive, he turned back the pages, repeating it over and over again, until he came to the first fly-leaf, wherein were written the births, marriages, and deaths of the humble family to whom the Bible had belonged; and therein, second on the list, he saw in a stiff, half-printed hand, the name—Emma Hanby, only daughter of James and Mary Jane Hanby, born so-and-so, married at such a date to Peter Croft!

"Emma Hanby"—born in his native village; the little Emma Hanby whom he had loved to carry over the brook to school—by whose side in boy-love he had sat in the meadows—for whom he had gathered flowers—whose milk-pail he had so often lifted over the church-stile—whom he had loved as he never could or did love woman since—whom he would have married, if she, light-hearted girl that she was, could have loved the tall, yellow, awkward youth whom it was her pastime to laugh at, and her delight to call "Daddy"—was *she* then the wife—the torn, soiled, tattered, worn-out, insulted, broken-spirited wife of the drunkard Peter Croft! It seemed impossible; her memory had been such a sunbeam from boyhood up; the refiner of his nature—the dream that often came to him by day and night. While passing the parochial school, when the full tide of girls rushed from its heat into the thick city air, his heart had often beat if the ringing laugh of a merry child sounded like the laugh he once thought music; and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

"And I have helped to bring her to this," he repeated over and over to himself; "even I have done this—this has been my doing." He might have consoled himself by the argument, that if Peter Croft had not drunk at "the Grapes," he would have drunk somewhere else; but his seared conscience neither admitted nor sought an exexcuse; and after an hour or more of earnest prayer, with sealed lips, but a soul bowed down, at one moment by contempt for his infirmity of purpose, and at another elevated by strong resolves of great sacrifice, Mathew, carrying with him the *Drunkard's Bible*, sought his bed. He slept the feverish, unrefreshing sleep which so frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards—blear-eyed, trembling, ghastly spectres, pointing at him with their shaking fingers, while, with pestilential breath, they demanded "who had sold them poison." Women, too—drunkards, or drunkards' wives—in either case, starved, wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, hooted him as he passed through caverns reeking of gin, and hot with the steam of all poisonous drinks! He awoke just as the dawn was crowning the hills of his childhood with glory, and while its munificent beams were penetrating the thick atmosphere which hung as a vail before his bedroom window.

To Mathew the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winging their way through the darkness and chaos of the world for the world's light and life. He had never thought of that before; but he thought of and felt it then, and much good it did him, strengthening his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the poor Drunkard's Bible. Mathew bent his knees to the ground, his heart full of emotions—the emotions of his early and better nature—and he bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed in honest resolve and earnest zeal. The burden of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was—that God would have mercy upon him, and keep him in the right path, and make him, unworthy as he was, the means of grace to others—to be God's instrument for good to his fellow-creatures; to minister to the prosperity, the regeneration of his own kind. Oh, if God would but mend the broken vessel, if he would but heal the bruised reed, if he would but receive him into his flock! Oh, how often he repeated: "God give me strength! Lord strengthen me!"

And he arose, as all arise after steadfast prayer—strengthened—and prepared to set about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed:

"I had," he said, "fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform; I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to the right or to the left; there it was, written in letters of light. I went down stairs, I unlocked the street-door, I brought a ladder from the back of my house to the front, and with my own hands, in the gray, soft haze of morning, I tore down the sign of my disloyalty to a good cause. 'The Grapes' lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination even waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to reclaim and succor those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters had been suddenly struck off; a sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to Heaven; I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called a 'respectable man,' and an 'honest publican,' I *knew* that I was acting a falsehood, and dealing in the moral—perhaps the eternal—deaths of many of those careless drinkers, who had 'sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause,' even while I, who sold the incentives to sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds

without cause, knew that they 'bit like serpents and stung like adders.' What a knave I had been! erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow-creatures! talking of honesty, when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown bouncing brandy, could offer—all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church, as if I were a practical Christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a 'Stand by, I am holier than thou!' in my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families.

"Bitter, but happy tears of penitence gushed from my eyes as the ocean of intoxicating and baneful drinks swelled, and rolled, and seethed around me. I opened the drain, and they rushed forth to add to the impurity of the Thames. 'Away they go!' I said; 'their power is past; they will never more turn the staggering workman into the streets, or nerve his arm to strike down the wife or child he is bound by the law of God and man to protect; never more send the self-inflicted fever of *delirium-tremens* through the swelling veins; never drag the last shilling from the drunkard's hand; never more quench the fire on the cottage hearth, or send the pale, overworked artisan's children to a supperless bed; never more blister the lips of woman, or poison the blood of childhood; never again inflict the Saturday's headache, which induced the prayerless Sunday. Away—away! would that I had the power to so set adrift all the so perverted produce of the malt, the barley, and the grape of the world!' As my excitement subsided, I felt still more resolved; the more I calmed down, the firmer I became. I was as a paralytic recovering the use of his limbs; as a blind man restored to sight. The regrets and doubts that had so often disturbed my mind gathered themselves into a mighty power, not to be subdued by earthly motives or earthly reasoning. I felt the dignity of a mission; I would be a Temperance Missionary to the end of my days! I would seek out the worst among those who had frequented 'the Grapes,' and pour counsel and advice—the earnest counsel and the earnest advice of a purely disinterested man—into ears so long deaf to the voice of the charmer. I was a free man, no longer filling my purse with the purchase-money of sorrow, sin, and death. I owed the sinners, confirmed to lead the old life of sin in my house—I owed them atonement. But what did I not long to do for that poor Emma? When I thought of her—of her once cheerfulness, her once innocence, her once beauty—I could have cursed myself. Suddenly my sister shook the door. She entreated me to come forth, for some one had torn down our sign, and flung it in the kennel. When I showed her the dripping taps and the broken bottles, she called me, and believed me mad; she never understood me, but less than ever then. I had, of course, more than one scene with her; and when I told her that, instead of ale, I should sell coffee, and substitute tea for brandy, she, like too many others, attaching an idea of feebleness and duplicity, and want of respectability to Temperance, resolved to find another home. We passed a stormy hour together, and among many things, she claimed the Drunkard's Bible; but that I would not part with.

"I lost no time in finding the dwelling of Peter Croft. Poor Emma! If I had met her in the broad sunshine of a June day, I should not have known her; if I had heard her speak, I should have recognized her voice among a thousand. Misery for her had done its worst. She upbraided me as I deserved. 'You,' she said, 'and such as you, content with your own safety, never think of the safety of others. You take care to avoid the tarnish and wretchedness of drunkenness yourselves, while you entice others to sin. Moderation is your safeguard; but when did you think it a virtue in your customers?'

"I told her what I had done, that in future mine would be strictly a Temperance house; that I would by every means in my power undo the evil I had done.

"'Will that,' she answered in low deep tones of anguish—'will that restore what I have lost?—will it restore my husband's character?—will it save him, even if converted, from self-reproach?—will it open the grave, and give me back the child, my first-born, who, delicate from its cradle, could not endure the want of heat and food, which the others have still to bear?—will it give us back the means squandered in your house?—will it efface the memory of the drunkard's songs, and the impurity of the drunkard's acts? O Mathew! that you should thrive and live, and grow rich and respectable, by what debased and debauched your fellow-creatures. Look!' she added, and her words pierced my heart—'look! had I my young days over again, I would rather—supposing that love had nothing to do with my choice—I would rather appear with my poor degraded husband, bad as he has been, and is, at the bar of God, than kneel there as your wife! You, cool-headed and moderate by nature, knowing right from wrong, well educated, yet tempting, tempting others to the destruction which gave you food and plenishing—your fine *gin-palace!* your comfortable rooms! your intoxicating drinks! the pleasant company! all, all! wiling the tradesman from his home, from his wife, from his children, and sending him back when the stars are fading in the daylight. Oh! to what a home! Oh! in what a state!'

"'I do think, as you stand there, Mathew Hownley, well dressed, and well fed, and respectable—yes, that is the word, "*respectable!*"—that you are, at this moment, in the eyes of the Almighty, a greater criminal than my poor husband, who is lying upon straw with madness in his brain, trembling in every limb, without even a *Bible* to tell him of the mercy which

Christ's death procured for the penitent sinner at the eleventh hour!'

"I laid her own Bible before her. I did not ask her to spare me, every word was true, I deserved it all. I went forth, I sent coal, and food, and clothing into that wretched room; I sent a physician; I prayed by the bedside of Peter Croft, as if he had been a dear brother. I found him truly penitent; and with all the resolves for amendment which so often fade in the sunshine of health and strength, he wailed over his lost time, his lost means, his lost character—all lost; all God had given—health, strength, happiness, all gone—all but the love of his ill-used and neglected wife; that had never died! 'And remember,' she said to me, 'there are hundreds, thousands of cases as sad as his in England, in the Christian land we live in! Strong drink fills our jails and hospitals with sin, with crime, with disease, with death; its mission is sin and sorrow to man, woman, and child; under the cloak of good-fellowship it draws men together, and the "good-fellowship" poisons heart and mind! Men become mad under its influence. Would any man not mad, squander his money, his character, and bring himself and all he is bound to cherish to the verge of the pauper's grave; nay, into it? Of five families in this wretched house, the mothers of three, and the fathers of four, never go to their ragged beds sober; yet they tell me good men, wise men, great men, refuse to promote temperance. Oh, they have never seen how the half-pint grows to the pint—the pint to the quart—the quart to the gallon! They have never watched for the drunkard's return, or experienced his neglect or ill-usage—never had the last penny for their children's bread turned into spirits—never woke to the knowledge, that though the snow of December be a foot on the ground, there is neither food nor fire to strengthen for the day's toil!'

"Poor Emma! she spoke like one inspired; and though her spirit was sustained neither by flesh nor blood, she seemed to find relief in words.

"When I spoke to her of the future with hope, she would not listen. 'No,' she said, 'my hope for him and for myself is beyond the grave. *He* can not rally; those fierce drinks have branded his vitals, burnt into them. Life is not for either of us. I wish his fate, and mine, could warn those around us; but the drunkard, day after day, sees the drunkard laid in his grave, and before the last earth is thrown upon the coffin, the quick is following the example set by the dead—of another, and another glass!'

"She was right. Peter's days were numbered; and when she knelt beside his coffin, she thanked God for his penitence, and offered up a prayer that she might be spared a little longer for her children's sake. That prayer gave me hope: she had not spoken then of hope, except of that beyond the grave.

"My friends jested at my attention to the young widow, and perhaps I urged her too soon to become my wife. She turned away, with a feeling which I would not, if I could, express. Her heart was still with her husband, and she found no rest until she was placed beside him in the crowded church-yard The children live on—the son, with the unreasoning craving for strong drink, which is so frequently the inheritance of the drunkard's child, the daughters, poor weakly creatures—one, that little deformed girl who sits behind the tea-counter, and whose voice is so like her mother's; the other, a suffering creature, unable to leave her bed, and who occupies a little room at the top of what was 'the Grapes.' Her window looks out upon a number of flower-pots, whose green leaves and struggling blossoms are coated with blacks, but she thinks them the freshest and most beautiful in the world!"

GAMBLING HOUSES IN GERMANY.

THERE are subjects and scenes, in themselves loathsome to contemplate, which are yet suggestive of great moral lessons. And having, in a recent visit to Germany, unexpectedly witnessed the workings, and marked some of the results, of the foul passion for gambling, I shall now attempt to depict the sad reality, with the earnest hope that it may not be without benefit, especially to the young reader.

On a summer afternoon in 1853, I was sauntering with a young companion through a well-known town not far from the Rhine, celebrated for its mineral springs. We had entered the magnificent Kur Haus, the centre of fashionable resort, and walking down the grand *saal* or dining-room, a door opened to the left, unexpectedly ushering us, for the first time in our lives, into a gambling "hell." With a painful feeling of mingled indignation and disgust to find the visible proof before me that gambling was (as I had read in the guide-books) thus publicly sanctioned by law, I entered the room. How shall I describe the scene? I saw a crowd of well-dressed people gathered around a long table, over which was suspended a lamp, which, softened to the eye by a broad green shade (causing a kind of *inferno* gloom through the apartment), threw an intense light on the table beneath. In the midst of this table was a large revolving brazen dish. A ball of ivory rolling rapidly round it, ever and anon fell into a hollow space beneath, marked with certain numbers corresponding with those on the green cloth which covered the table. Around this dish were piled rouleaus of gold and silver coin, and at each side of the table sat two men as *croupiers* or markers, presiding over the game. One, two, or three persons, and often more, from the circle around, were incessantly laying down money. They staked sometimes gold, but more frequently silver. Almost immediately on our entrance, our attention was arrested by a young Englishman, fashionably dressed, but yet of such rakish and sinister aspect, that I set him down at once as a blackleg who had figured at Epsom or Newmarket; a London *roué*, who, having lost character and means at home, now formed one of that base band of English sharpers who are to be found on the Continent, and who initiate our young "bloods" into the mysteries of the gam-

bling-table, borrow their money, or fleece them at private gaming parties without mercy. In eager excitement this person pressed through the crowd, and, bending over the table, rapidly deposited a handful of silver florins, until nearly every yellow line or open space had a stake placed upon it. His recklessness strikingly contrasted with the caution of the other players. It seemed as if he had set "his life upon a cast," and was resolved to take the bank by storm. Within a few minutes, however, his entire cash was lost, and as the *croupiers* remorselessly gathered it with their little rakes into their glittering stores, he turned abruptly away. But whose are the small gloved hand and rounded arm which just at my left are suddenly thrust forward to obtain silver for a Napoleon-d'or, which she gives to the markers? I look round and find a tall and elegantly-dressed French lady standing at my side. Having received a number of silver florins in exchange for gold, she cautiously deposits one or two on the board, and with subdued excitement she watches the progress of the game. At length the silver pieces are all staked in succession, and are lost. And now, with nervous hand, she unfastens the spring of a French silk purse; other gold is produced and changed, until all is gone, and she, too, suddenly disappears. The game, however, has proceeded but a few minutes when our countryman returns, and stakes large sums with the same recklessness as before, and, after some alternations of success, with similar results. Nay, here is also the French lady again, returned with her silk purse recruited with gold pieces, and playing with greater excitement than ever; but, after some winnings, she too loses all. But as I lift my eyes I see two ladies enter the room, and stand for a time in the background. Neither of them is young, but their whole bearing is refined, and their faces are unmistakably English. At last they approach, and after looking on for a time, one after another, as under a sudden fascination, puts down money on the table. I had seen the fierce mastery of the passion for play *over the man* with pain and grief, but this fresh illustration of its power over the *female* heart filled me with indescribable sadness. Here were ladies of whose standing and rank their *tout ensemble* left no doubt, who in a strange land are guilty of conduct for which in their own country they would be hooted out of society. Oppressed and sick at heart, I hastily left the building. We walked through the beautiful grounds connected with the Kur Saal, and along the banks of the stream (now swollen by recent rains into a torrent) which flows through them. But all the while that gambling-table was in my thoughts; and as, from the little temple which crowns a rising ground, I looked on the gay flowers and graceful trees, on the fields white to the harvest, and the hunting-grounds of the reigning duke (whose revenues are largely drawn from the gambling-tables), I said to myself, "All these are beautiful and fair;

'But the trail of the *serpent* is over them all!'

What family wretchedness, what personal degradation and guilt, what an amount of beggary and ruin, and how many cases of suicide, have sprung from this one source!" And as we went forth through the streets of the town, as the golden light of the setting sun played on the flaxen locks of a band of rosy children, whose merry laughter rose upon the air, I could not but contrast their happy, innocent glee with the ever-gnawing and morbid misery of the gamblers whom I had left behind.

But I was yet to have one other glimpse of the German gambling-tables. Our present habitat at W—— was but for a night; and on the morrow we left, and arrived two days after at the fashionable baths of E——, on the banks of the Lahn. Here, as at W——, the government has farmed the gambling-tables to three brothers. The resources of these brothers are understood to be immense, but they have ere now undergone a thorough test. Of this Michael Angelo Titmarsh has given a characteristic version, in the following passage of one of his graphic productions, in which he gives the *soubriquet* of Lenoir to the proprietors.

"There came, at a time when the chief Lenoir was at Paris, and the reins of government were in the hands of his younger brother, a company of adventurers from Belgium, with a capital of three hundred thousand francs, and an infallible system for playing *rouge-et-noir*, and they boldly challenged the bank of Lenoir, and sat down before his *croupiers*, and defied them. They called themselves in their pride the Contrebanque de Noirburg. They had their *croupiers* and punters even as Lenoir had his; they had their *rouleaus* of Napoleons; they had their contrebanquist seal; and they began to play.

"As when two mighty giants step out of a host and engage, the armies stand still in expectation, and the puny privates and commonalty remain quiet to witness the combat; so it is said that when the contrebanque arrived, and ranged itself before the officers of Lenoir—rouleau to rouleau, bank note to bank note, war for war, controlment for controlment—all the minor punters and gamblers ceased their peddling play, and looked on in silence round the verdant plain where the great combat was to be decided.

"Not used to the vast operations of war, like his elder brother, Lenoir junior, the lieutenant, telegraphed to his absent chief the news of the mighty enemy who had come down on him, asked for instructions, and in the mean while met the foeman like a man. The Contrebanque of Noirburg gallantly opened its campaign.

"The Lenoir bank was defeated, day after day, in numerous savage encounters. The tactics of the contrebanquist generals were irresistible, and they marched onward, terrible as the Macedonian phalanx. Tuesday, a loss of eighteen thousand florins; Thursday, a loss of forty thousand florins: night after night, the young Lenoir had to chronicle these disasters in melancholy dispatches to his chief. What was to be done? How was it to end?

"Far away at Paris, the elder Lenoir answered these appeals of his brother, by sending reinforcements of money. Chests of gold arrived for the bank. The prince of Noirburg bade his beleaguered lieutenant not to lose heart: he himself never for a moment blenched in the trying hour of danger.

"The contrebanquists still went on victorious. Rouleau after rouleau fell into their possession. At last the news came. The emperor had joined the grand army. Lenoir himself had arrived from Paris, and was once more among his children, his people. The daily combats continued; and still, still, though Napoleon was with the eagles, the abominable contrebanquists fought and conquered. Like Polyphemus, who only took one of his prisoners out of the cave at a time, and so ate them off at leisure, they contented themselves with winning so much before dinner, and so much before supper, say five thousand florins for each meal.

"At last there came one day when the contrebanquists had won their allotted sum, and were about to leave the tables which they had swept so often. But pride and lust of gold had seized upon the heart of one of these vainglorious chieftains; and he said, 'Do not let us go yet—let us win a thousand florins more!' So they stayed, and set the bank yet a thousand florins. The Noirburgers looked on and trembled for their prince.

"Some three hours afterward, a cheer, a mighty cheer, was heard around the windows of the palace; people rushed into each other's arms; men, women, and children cried and kissed each other. *Croupiers*, who never feel, who never tremble, who never care whether black wins or red loses, took snuff from each other's boxes and laughed for joy; and Lenoir, the dauntless, the invincible Lenoir, wiped the drops of perspiration from his calm forehead, as he threw the enemy's last rouleau into his till. He had conquered."

Thus far Mr. Titmarsh, who albeit not writing what he calls "a treaty of morals," yet is "*wise*" as well as "merry," when he adds: "If you lose, worthy friend, as possibly you will, at Lenoir's pretty games, console yourself by thinking that it is much better for you in the end that you should lose than that you should win. . . . For my part, I hope and pray that every honest reader of this volume who plays at M. Lenoir's table will lose every shilling of his winnings before he goes away."

But the loss of money does not eradicate the passion for play. To have evidence of this, let the reader enter with me the Kur Haus as these splendid chandeliers are being lit up in the grand *saal*, and let it be our last visit to such a scene. There is a motley crowd assembled round the roulette-table. There is a tall thin lady whom I see every morning imbibing the healing waters. This is not the first time she has been at the gambling-table. Her stock of cash is always small; she is never found at the *rouge-et-noir* table, where a Prussian thaler at least must be put down. The modest florin is admitted here; and see how long she considers, how anxiously her eye wanders over the board, and then how cautiously at last she stakes it. Once or twice she wins, and the *croupiers* toss to her the spoil, and her pale cheek is flushed, and her dull eye kindles. But in a short time her little all is gone. She is here for the last time to-night. And to-morrow, and for many days to come, I shall see her sitting apart on one or another of the garden chairs scattered around, with cheeks paler than ever, and that thin form more wasted, and in her whole aspect downcast and half broken-hearted, as if the thoughts of a confiding husband or fond children far away at home oppressed her spirit.

But look again. There is a mother and a young lady by her side. Can it be possible? Yes, that is her daughter, and she is initiating that young girl into the mysteries of the gambling-table. Who would like to marry a young woman thus trained—the daughter of such a mother as this? But who is this man who suddenly enters the room with a little girl clinging to his side? His dress and person are neglected, his face unwashed, his long and grizzled hair falls wildly over a forehead seamed and furrowed by deep wrinkles; his little girl is miserably dressed, and his rank seems but that of a peasant: amidst a throng so gay, what does he here? All ranks may play, and he, a degraded and inveterate gambler, can not live without this fatal excitement. He takes a place near the foot of the table, and draws forth a sum of money, from which he takes a florin from time to time and stakes it. He has a small card, like some other practiced hands at the table, and he carefully marks with a pin opposite red or black lines the results of each rotation of the wheel. For a time familiarity with the game seems to give him the advantage, and with calm satisfaction he rakes together his winnings into a heap, on which the little girl bends her glistening eyes. And there he sits until the evening closes, and in the end departs after a season of feverish excitement, such as has become the element of his being, having lost all. The face of that gambler, and that of his poor child (who was always with him, and who seemed as if she was the only one left of a shipwrecked and ruined family), haunt me to this hour.

But let us now pass into the inner apartment, and mark the group assembled at the *rouge-et-noir* table. Here is a more select class than is generally found playing at roulette; and, as at W——, larger stakes are here deposited. Here are "Russians, Poles, French, English, Germans, with enormous mustaches or without them: the fire of Mammon always burning on his altars, and the doomed flies buzzing about them, and some already with scorched-off wings. It is a scene of external gayety, with all that is internally hollow, and rotten, and deceitful." The lights are burning brightly over-head; the players are nearly all seated, while a constantly shifting company of spectators forms an outer circle round the table. A young Indian officer, who last year ventured and lost, and has had wisdom and principle sufficient to take warning, stands by my

side; and we mark together the company and the progress of the game. As usual, ladies are here, and one of them—can it be! Yes, it is the same who first arrested my attention at the gambling-table of W——! I am now informed that she is a French countess. And here is her husband beside her, polished and elegant in his aspect, and calm and cool in his mien. Every night they are here, until one morning I see a carriage laden with baggage at the door of one of the large hotels, and the gambling pair take their departure, possibly to some other scene where their ruling passion can be gratified, and with the hope that "better luck" awaits them. French only is spoken at this table. See that veteran *croupier* in the centre, who, with impassive face, shuffles the cards, crying out, as he prepares to expose their black or red faces, as it may be, on the table, "*Faites le jeu, Messieurs!*" (Play, gentlemen!) And those who are disposed, put down their money. Here are two gentlemen who are bold players. They never stake silver. A pile of Napoleons lies at the side of each. One of them is about sixty years of age, tall and robust, with red face and close-cropped white hair; the other is a little black-haired, dark-eyed man; and both appear to be *habitués* of the place. Three gold pieces form the first stake, and the player winning, the sum is doubled. One of the six Napoleons now on the cloth is withdrawn, five remain, and a second favorable turn of the cards causes the bank to pay over five more. And now will not this suffice? or, at least, will not the players begin again with a low stake, as before? At this moment is pointed out one of the "brothers Lenoir," who seems to be doing nothing in the background but nodding and chatting, with perfect *nonchalance*, to some acquaintances; but watch him narrowly, and he is peering stealthily at the table, and beginning to be somewhat discomposed, for the game to-night has hitherto gone against the bank. But caution on the part of the players is gone, and golden visions beckon onward. And so that ruby-faced gentleman leaves his ten gold pieces on the cloth; another turn of the cards, and all is gone! But now mark that young Austrian count, with the English military officer in undress, and wearing an imperial, sitting beside him. The young count is of Irish extraction. He is always seen at the wells drinking daily; but, although so gay at night and so gallant by day, as he walks with the leading *belles* on the public promenade, there is a deadly paleness on his cheek at all times. It appears that, on parade at Vienna, he was struck with a musket-ball (whether by accident or otherwise was not stated), which is still unextracted; his health is evidently feeble and failing. But every night he is here; his stakes are modest in their amount, for his funds are not ample. And that English officer, who came here a few days ago, has already lost £180; and has told my young Indian friend that he is determined to win it back again or to lose every thing. To-night he looks nervous, humiliated, and miserable; and, as the young count speaks the English tongue, he seems half-despairingly to cling to him as a counselor and comforter. But it is in vain. The tide is still against him, and he seems destined to drink deeply and justly of the cup of bitterness which his own folly has mingled. And that dark-whiskered English *attaché*, who has lately come here from the court of B——, has also lost a large sum. Alas! these are but specimens of innumerable victims. How true it is in this, and all kindred matters, that "the beginning of sin is like the letting out of water!" How well is this enforced in the picture drawn by a writer already quoted, who, after close personal observation, writes thus: "To watch the first casual glance of a new comer; to see how by degrees his careless air becomes fixed; the gaze darkens; the eye sharpens; the whole man becomes engrossed with the view. To see him make his first hesitating deposit, by degrees go deeper and deeper, and then plunge in, heart, and life, and soul, borne on to conquest or to ruin by the great torrent of excitement. To see here and there one leaving, now something draw off, then yield to the potent fascination, and reseat himself. To see a timid and amiable-looking woman stand behind, hiddenly draw forth her purse as she watches the progress of the play, hand the stake to the gentleman of the party who stands before her, till, fired by the alternations of loss and gain, she pushes by degrees to the front, takes a seat, and from that moment becomes a prey to the worst writhings and spurrings of the human soul."

Before this overmastering passion for play, the barriers of religion and morality are speedily swept away. It is a significant fact, that, at the German watering-places, the gambling-rooms are open in the afternoon and evening of the day which has been divinely set apart for sacred rest, and that the tables are then as crowded as usual. One Sunday afternoon I was at the English service in the Lutheran church. The first lesson was being read, when a man rushed into the church in breathless excitement, and, repairing to the desk, whispered something to the minister, and then, with eager haste, ran rapidly up the stone stairs which led to the steeple. Immediately the great bell began to ring violently. It was the alarm of fire in the town! The congregation was at once dismissed, and, on repairing to the opposite end of the town, we found excited crowds of people ranged in lines, passing buckets of water from the river to the scene of the fire, which had seized on a large house in the rear of one of the hotels. To catch a more distinct view of the scene, I climbed the rocks immediately behind the burning house, and there, too, I found men, women, and young girls all banded together in passing water down from a public fountain, that it might be poured from the cliff above on the flames. The houses near to the burning building were gutted of all their furniture, which was scattered about over the street, and it wanted but the darkness of night to make the scene appalling. As it was, the "phlegmatic Germans" were thoroughly roused, and the whole town was in uproar. At length the flames

were subdued; and, in returning to my lodgings, I suddenly said to myself, "This is the hour when the gambling-tables are open. Can it be possible that they are not deserted? At all events I shall go and see." I entered the open doors, and passed through the outer *saal* into the magnificent ball-room, and there, to my horror and disgust, I saw a crowd of gamblers pursuing with intense eagerness their wonted indulgence, and this within two hundred yards of the spot where the fire had just been raging! That one incident impressed me more deeply than any other hitherto witnessed, with the fearfully absorbing and demoralizing nature of the passion for play; and I hope I shall be excused if, for the moment, I wished that it had been that gorgeous temple of vice itself, under whose roof I now stood, which had been burnt to the ground.

THE LITTLE FLOWER.

HALF the legends of wild countries refer to the exploits, good or evil, of brigands. In general, the tone of such narratives is rather favorable to the lawless than otherwise; and it is easy to understand why this should be. The ranks of Outlawry, when power is in the hands of the violent or the corrupt, are recruited from those very classes which in better times become the warmest friends of society. There is no reason why the Mokan, of whose exploits we are about to speak, should not under more favorable circumstances have become an ornament to his name and country.

The Mokans are wandering shepherds from Transylvania, who come down to the plains of Bulgaria and Wallachia, on permission, to pasture their flocks and herds. They are not necessarily of one tribe, or race, and are indeed joined by many free spirits from the surrounding unsettled countries, who see in that vagabond kind of life a means of escaping the tyranny to which all stationary citizens are liable. Michal the Mokan, as he was generally called after he became famous, was a native of Bulgaria, and was born in the environs of Sophia. Some tyrannical Pasha, when he was very young, endeavored to seize and make a servant of him, but he escaped, and, after wandering as a beggar through Servia, at length crossed the Danube, and proceeding still northward, met a company of Mokans on their way, with herds of cattle, to the lower plains of Wallachia. He at once enlisted himself among them, and having been used to the care of cattle, soon was regarded as a valuable acquisition. In process of time he became a chief herdsman, and prosperously continued his annual voyages in search of pasture, sometimes as far as the levels of Dobritza.

He had reached the age of nearly thirty without having suffered further vicissitudes in his new state than are commonly incident to it, when one autumn he was returning to his elected country with many companions and vast herds. By engaging in the peddlery trade across the Austrian frontier, in addition to his ordinary duties, he had now acquired comparative wealth; and although he was attired in worn leather garments, covered with a sheepskin cloak, the wool of which looked rather dirty, any one who had seen him reclining beneath a temporary tent made of a couple of blankets, supported by two uprights and a cross stick, a little apart from the rest, near the banks of the Dimbouritza, in its lower course, would have at once guessed him to be a man of respectability. It was near the eventide. The sun was setting over the vast plain, covered partially with forest beyond the river. The land around, as far as the eye could reach, was dotted by small groups of men, driving in the cattle that had strayed toward a kind of field inclosed on two sides by the winding stream, and on the other by the straggling camps. Tents, if such they could be called, were scattered here and there. Piles of luggage formed pillows for weary men who had supped, and were smoking their pipes. Fires, fed by half-dried shrubs hastily collected, smouldered rather than blazed; at intervals sending up columns, as it were, to support the canopy that was gathering overhead.

The Mokan looked with pride at certain vast bulls that hustled unwieldily by, some raising up their horns as if to avoid doing damage, others going head down, and goring right and left in their hurry to avoid the goad—the kindly and the egotistical of the herd. He knew that these splendid animals bore his marks; and from much association with Turks, could not repress the self-congratulatory exclamation of "Mashallah!" The word was scarcely out of his mouth, when a sharp cry of pain or fear came across the river. He turned somewhat listlessly in that direction, and beheld upon a slip of level land on the opposite side, a number of forms moving rapidly. They were horsemen galloping; but the sound which had attracted his attention must have come from a nearer point than that at which they had arrived when he first saw them. A lad who had drawn nigh to give an account of the bulls, now directed his attention to something that was struggling in the water just in front. It was a swimmer vainly endeavoring to make head against the current. The light was down, but Michal, who had good eyes, exclaimed. "By my saint, 'tis a child hunted by some robbers—or perhaps an escaped serf! I have been hunted, too, before now." So away went the sheepskin cloak, and a portion of the other garments, and out plunged Michal into the stream—hand-over-hand—now rising to look about him—making obliquely to the place where the current would probably carry the weak swimmer. Before long he saw a face glance upward not far from his; but it went down, and then the arm only was cast into the air. He caught the wrist of the swimming child, and raised its head above the water. "Holy Virgin!" he muttered, "'tis a girl." Though confused with her plunge, the girl had not lost her consciousness, and assented, if she heard what he said, with a wild smile. Michal was swimming powerfully back, when something struck the water sharply close by, making a sound like a pebble on a window-pane. Again

and again the same sound was repeated. "As I live," said Michal to himself, "I heard that before. The villains are shooting at us. If I make the bank, then I shall be riddled to a certainty. Girl, are you afraid to dive?"

The girl whispered that she was not. So, just as several shots were fired at once, they both went under water, to rise many yards down the stream. As it was now nearly dark, this was quite sufficient; but to make matters sure, they dived once more, and at length came up under the shadow of a Wallachian willow that drooped from the bank. Michal caught one of the long, strong branches, and soon got ashore.

"Now," said he, sitting down, and not heeding the shouts that were passing to and fro across the lines, between the pursuing party and the Mokan herdsmen, who, in great alarm, were asking what this attack meant, "now tell me, child, the story of thy misfortunes. Hast thou done any thing wrong? I will protect thee all the same."

His heart was overflowing with the recollection of his own escape, and he made as if he would embrace the child; but the gesture with which she repelled him and moved a little further off on the grass—while, in sign of friendship, she still left her hand upon his arm—showed that he was mistaken as to her age.

"My name is Floriora (the Little Flower)," she replied. "My father's name is Lagir. My mother is dead. I am the slave of the Lord Bibiano. He has sold me to the Pasha, and I have run away. Is this wrong?"

It was not necessary in that country to relate any further incidents. Michal understood the story at once; it is one of the singular parts of his character, and one of the incidents of his life which made him a hero among the people, that immediately, without any fatal delays, he determined to abandon the property he had spent arduous years in amassing, in order to be enabled to save this young girl—who already owed her life to him—from misery and shame. He knew that if he returned with her to the camp, all his companions, however much their feelings might prompt otherwise, would insist that the fugitive slave should be returned to her owners; otherwise they were in danger, not only of the loss of their permission to graze, but of confiscation of all their property. He did not wish to involve a tribe by whose kindness alone he had grown rich, in a dangerous dispute with the authorities of the country; and the idea of giving up the Little Flower never occurred to him.

There was no time to lose. The pursuers, who had lighted torches, were going up the river to a spot where was a ferry-boat, and they would soon be down to search for the girl, alive or dead. Besides, probably in obedience to orders or threats from the other side, a number of the herdsmen were coming along the great hedge of bushes and trees that lined the river at that place, calling for Michal, and telling him to bring out the slave They knew his powers of swimming, and guessed that in the gloom the shots from the enemy could not have taken effect. Michal rose, and taking Floriora by the hand, led her cautiously along the water's edge, round the end of the point.

"Now," said he, "the plain behind is full of people, and we can not cross it without being seen. Some of my friends would let us escape; others, more selfish, would delay us. Can you swim again, down stream, with your hand on my shoulder?"

She answered that she could, submitting herself implicitly to the faith of the stranger who had saved her, and tacitly accepting his sacrifices, perhaps because she knew she could reward them. They dipped noiselessly into the stream, and in a leisurely manner began to cross. The passage was effected without difficulty, and on emerging, they found themselves many hundred yards below the extreme limit of the camp, the position of which could only be distinguished by a mass of smoke, reflecting a dull red glow. Their difficulties were, however, not yet over; the estates of the Lord Bibiano stretched all along that part of the river, "far, far away," said Floriora, and it would be impossible to traverse them during the night. She knew, however, a village of her own people, where she might perhaps hide in safety. But Michal, who probably knew that the Zigans were not always faithful one to the other, said that he preferred hiding in the woods. They accordingly proceeded for some distance—all night long, indeed—and, as the dawn began to whiten the east, hid themselves in a thick mass of trees to pass the day.

When the sun had risen, Floriora saw with some terror that they were not far from the country villa of her lord; but Michal told her this was the place where their pursuers would be least likely to look for them. And in truth they spent the day on the edge of a little glade in the forest, without seeing any living thing, save a few birds, a squirrel on the tree, and some bright green lizards. Michal, as soon as it was light, contemplated Floriora with amazement. Her beauty seemed to increase as the morning broke more cheerily through the trees; and when the sun suddenly darted a sheaf of golden beams through a cleft in the branchy canopy, upon this maiden companion of his, he could scarcely refrain from uttering a cry of wonder. She was small indeed as a child, and delicately formed, but had evi dently attained the age when young girls, as they go down to the springs, look furtively over their shoulders to know if they are followed from afar off. Michal computed the relative value of the treasure he had lost and the treasure he had gained, and found that he was a richer man than on the previous eve. Some will wonder that he should thus at once assume a right of property over the maiden whose life he had saved; but he knew the power of gratitude by the experience of his own heart; and, besides, was there not something in the artless look of admiration which Floriora now and then cast up at his countenance, that told what form her thoughts were taking? One question he asked, to satisfy himself, in a low voice, as he sat looking down attentively at

a blade of grass that was shining in a speck of sunlight: "Has Floriora left any one behind in the village whom she regrets?"

"My father," she replied with emphasis, "is grieving over my loss, and will rejoice to hear of my safety."

This was enough; and though all was doubt and uncertainty for the morrow, their happy hearts throbbed all day long in the embowered recesses of the forest.

Floriora did not remain inactive all the time; but moved here and there gathering nutritious berries, and digging up cool, fresh roots from the earth. Michal did not like the look of these at first; but she bit pieces off them, and said laughing, in allusion to "the cup of black coffee," which sends so many great men out of the world, "I will be your taster." Thus the day wore on; and, when night came, the fugitives continued their journey, taking a northerly direction. Michal had formed a plan for his future life.

On the morning of the fourth day, they reached a mountainous country, and soon entered a deep and gloomy glen with which Michal seemed well acquainted. Advancing a little in front of Floriora, he came to a cave, where, standing on one side with the girl pressed close to him, he cried: "Lenk! Lenk! Come out and surrender."

A bullet whistled past; and a roar, as if a cannon had been fired within, rolled forth.

"Ha! Lenk," again cried Michal, looking shrewd. "If this had been the patrol, what would have been the use of firing before your eyes were open?"

"I have three more charges ready," replied a gruff voice from the interior; "and though you have caught me napping, it would be a hard matter to take me. But I think I know that voice. Is it Michal, playing his foolish jokes?"

"No other."

"Stand out in the light and let me see you."

"I shall make a good mark," said Michal, advancing fearlessly from his cover, while Floriora, trembling with terror, endeavored to restrain him.

Presently the voice from within expressed satisfaction, but wanted to know who the woman was.

"My wife!" said Michal, boldly; and Floriora, though trembling with surprise and pleasure, remained silent.

Presently they entered the cavern, and the newly-betrothed maiden saw indeed that the robber Lenk's boast that he could not easily be taken was well founded. When they had advanced a few paces, and her eyes had become accustomed to the half-light, she saw a dark chasm about three paces wide, stretching across the entrance, and heard a murmur of water far below. Never was there a better moat to a castle. The opposite side of the chasm was several feet above the place where the new-comers stood; and they soon discerned a form engaged in thrusting down a kind of bridge, made of a couple of beams lashed together. Over this they passed; having turned round a huge mass of rock, they found themselves in a cave of considerable size, fitted with a table, a bed, rude cupboards, and other comforts, and lighted by an oil lamp swinging from the roof. In every respect this dwelling-place was superior to the hut to which Floriora had been accustomed.

"It is almost as fine as my lord Bibiano's palace," said she.

Lenk, whose life Michal had saved, some years past, was a jovial host enough. He, too, had been driven to that wild mode of life by an act of tyranny; and, though he did subsist by levying tribute on the surrounding country, was in every other respect a good sort of character. The peasantry whom he always spared—partly, perhaps, because they had nothing worth taking, partly, no doubt, from prudential motives—had never a bad word to say against him; and instead of assisting the police, always gave him due warning of any movement against his liberty. This is the reason of the long impunity which the brigands of Wallachia enjoy. It is not uncommon for them to live to a green old age, and when they do close their career young, it is generally in some skirmish. They are rarely taken and tried.

Lenk soon made his guests quite at home; and showed them, as an especial mark of his confidence, a crevice in the rock, which had formerly been open, but had gradually been filled with earth, and through which he was making a back entrance to his retreat. "I know where it comes out," said he. "It is right on the top of the rock, at a place inaccessible except to birds. Then I will place a rope-ladder, by which I can swing down when I please to the glen on the other side, which I could not reach except by an hour's walk any other way. So if I am ever hard-pressed, I flit; and 'twill be a hard matter to catch me. The earth all goes down the hole you have crossed, and there is no trace of it."

Michal, on the first opportunity, employed Lenk to go and bring a priest from a village down in the plain, and his marriage with Floriora was duly celebrated at the entrance of the glen. He now began to join Lenk in his excursions; and they lived as comfortably as freebooters may. It would be a mistake to suppose that Floriora pined in this state of existence. She thought her husband's calling justifiable, and, indeed, noble; and proudly compared her own independent condition with that to which she was to have been condemned. When Michal remained many days absent, she felt keen misery, and regretted that a more quiet lot had not been vouchsafed to her. But, when she saw him from the entrance of the cave, coming back with a lamb on his shoulder, and Lenk following, driving a bullock laden with spoil, her eyes glistened, and she leaped with as much joy and exultation to the neck of her lord, as if he had been a chieftain of many men, returning covered with laurels from the wars.

In due time a son was born to her, and her cup of happiness was full. It had been decreed that bitters should be again mixed with it. One morning Lenk was about to go forth when he descried bright objects flashing far down the

glen; and his keen eye discovered that they were the weapons of soldiers. He at once suspected that his retreat had been discovered, and withdrawing the bridge, announced the fact to Michal, who was standing in smiling happiness waiting until his little wife should succeed in unfastening the grasp by which his boy had got hold of his black beard. The two banditti made ready their arms, and waited for the near approach of the soldiery. There were about a dozen; but they halted at a respectful distance, and a man moved toward the entrance of the cave, and exhorted the inmates to surrender. A scornful laugh was the answer; but the defenders of the cave did not fire on the herald, because they saw that he was a peasant. Soon after, the soldiers began to pour volley after volley into the cave; they were answered with effect. There was very little danger for Lenk and Michal, but some of the balls rebounded into the chamber where Floriora sat. She was therefore obliged to take refuge in the crevice; and which had, by this time, been completely opened.

When the combat had continued some hours, the besiegers, who knew that their firing had produced no effect, as the guns still answered from within, drew off, and seemed to consult. The new plan they hit upon has often been adopted in that kind of warfare. Some of them climbed the face of the hill, armed with sharp axes, and began cutting away the brushwood, and throwing down the vast mass of dried wood which had been accumulating there for years. They had resolved to smoke out their enemies. Lenk now applauded himself on the idea of a back entrance; and when the bonfire was lighted, the whole party made preparations for an escape. Being perfectly confident that there was no danger, they went up the steep passage laughing, reached the summit of the rock, joked about the foolish police who were roasting themselves that scorching day at the entrance of the cave, coughed a little in the smoke which filled the air, displaced the ladder, and prepared to descend into the valley. Lenk went down first, and sat patiently at the bottom, steadying the ladder; Floriora followed; then came Michael, with his boy strapped firmly on his back. He was only half way down when a shot was fired; Lenk fell dead; Floriora was seized by a man who rushed forward; and a volley was aimed at her unhappy husband. The missiles clattered in the rock around; but he was only slightly wounded, and the child escaped unhurt; he looked down, and saw a whole group of enemies waiting. His first impulse was to cast himself among them; for he thought that Floriora too had been murdered as well as Lenk. But the love of life was strong within him; and he had revenge within him. He saw a ledge of rock at no great distance, and by a desperate leap, in spite of his burden, gained it. The men below stood awe-struck. Another desperate leap. A shot or two was fired without effect. Another gigantic spring, and he reached a place from which he could scramble back toward the summit of the hill. In brief, he escaped, and an hour afterward found himself safe in a distant retreat, where he sat down and wept all the remainder of the day, even until the going down of the sun, for the loss of his Floriora.

It was after this incident that Michal became known in Wallachia as the Mokan. Under that name he committed many ruthless deeds, principally against the Boyards; because he soon learned that the attacking party which had deprived him of his happiness had been directed by the steward of the Lord Bibiano, who, by some means not explained, had discovered that the fugitive slave was living, and had learned the secret of the double entrance. The Mokan tried to ascertain what took place after he effected his escape. He found the body of Lenk, from which the soldiers had cut the head as a trophy; but there was no trace of Floriora. Perhaps the certainty of her doom would have left him less miserable. He tortured his mind with reflections on what might have happened to her. Jealous passion sometimes nearly drove him mad. He inquired of the peasantry. Some said that she had been killed; others that she had been taken away to a prison; others that she had escaped. The last supposition the Mokan treated with contempt, because he believed that if Floriora were at liberty she would soon find her way to his side. Thus time passed, and by degrees Michal hardened and hardened, and the terror of his name filled the whole country.

Nearly ten years afterward, when his son had grown to a tall lithe boy, who looked much older than he was, Michal, at his request, took him to a fair, annually held at a village on the Transylvanian frontier, at the foot of the Krapacks. A convent of women stands at no great distance from the village, and the Mokan, disguised as a Bulgarian merchant, asked permission to sleep in the Hall of Strangers. This was readily granted, and the father and son lay down upon a mat, and reposed after the fatigues of the day. The inhabitants of the convent had all come out, curious to look at him; many had chatted with him while he ate his supper. In the dead of night a woman, a nun by her dress, bearing a lamp, cautiously entered the room, and approaching the sleepers, stood over them and gazed in wonder at their faces—in wonder and love; for, a moment afterward, his wife was on her knees embracing the rough face of the bandit, who awoke. He gazed on the pale suffering face before him; and, as he gazed, a vision of youth and beauty took its place. "Floriora, O my Floriora! Thou art not so changed as I am!" Then they fell into each other's arms, and wept bitterly.

She had contrived to escape from her captors; but, believing that her husband and child were killed, repaired to that convent and asked for hospitality. She had not taken the vail—the pious Wallachian story-tellers particularly insist on this point—because only unmarried and free women were received; but she had remained for ten years as a kind of lay sister, doing menial services for the others. They had even acquired a claim over her something like that which a lord

has over his serf. "I shall not be allowed to go with my lord," said she, faintly smiling, "if the morning finds me here."

Michal arose; and, shaking the boy who still slept, bade him follow. They went forth into the night together. For the second time, the Mokan abandoned the wealth he had amassed, and thought only of preserving the Little Flower. Many were the dangers and sufferings they encountered in the passage of the Carpathian Mountains; for Michal had resolved to try his fortune in another land. The pilgrims traveled on foot, but Floriora never complained of fatigue. On the contrary, she every day seemed to grow younger and younger; and when they at length crossed the frontier, she romped with her son, who was as tall as herself, in a field by the margin of a stream, while Michal sat on a fallen tree, and looked gravely on through tears of joy.

Thus they went on and on in good old story-book style, until they came to the Banat of Temeswar, in the capital of which the late bandit's son contrived to open a shop, and to settle down as a peaceable citizen. The lovers of the marvelous took the Mokan up at a much later period of life, and made him a guerrilla hero in one of the wars between the Turks and the Russians, during which he espoused neither side, but inflicted injury on both. There is no reason, however, for supposing that he ever left Temeswar again. He had enough to do to make the Little Flower happy after her long period of misfortune. We do not understand him, if he did not think her as beautiful ever afterward, as when the dawn first revealed her countenance to him in the forest hiding-place. Michal the younger soon grew up, and had brothers and sisters, some of whose children may be in Temeswar to this day.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

SINCE the passage of the Nebraska Bill the proceedings of Congress have not been of very special importance. The exasperation consequent upon that measure has manifested itself in subsequent debates and "explanations." The members of Congress opposed to the Nebraska Bill issued a protest against that measure, setting forth the reasons for their opposition to it. They declare that it was carried unnecessarily and wantonly, there being no present reason for the establishment of a government in the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas. They say that by this bill the free States "have lost all guarantee for freedom in the Territories contained in former compromises, while all the States, both slave and free, have lost the guarantees of harmony and union which those compromises afforded." They further affirm that this measure looks to the wider extension of slavery in the future—to the annexation of Cuba and portions of Mexico, at any cost whether of money or blood—to a war with England, France, and Spain, and an alliance with Russia—to the immediate annexation of the eastern portion of St. Domingo, with a view to the ultimate conquest of the whole of that island—to an alliance with Brazil and the extension of slavery in the valley of the Amazon—and finally to the withdrawal of the slaveholding States from the Union, and the establishment of a separate empire in the central regions of the Continent. Against this measure the signers of the address appeal to the people of both sections, announcing their readiness to do all in their power to restore the Missouri Compromise, and to execute such measures as may seem advisable "for the recovery of the ground lost to freedom, and to prevent the further aggression of slavery."—In the Senate this address was animadverted upon in very severe terms by Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, who declared that he had "never seen a production which contained in so few words so much fiction and pure imagination" as did this address. He pronnounced the charge that the South had urged the passage of the Nebraska Bill, with the designs alleged, to be wickedly and maliciously false. The bill would have passed had no Southern Senator voted for it. The South wished to do no wrong to the North; it asked only the preservation of the Constitution and an equality of rights. He spoke in terms of severe condemnation of those who had presented petitions for the abolition of the Fugitive Slave Law. This, he said, was equivalent to petitioning for the dissolution of the Union, which could not be preserved for a day after the repeal of that law. Mr. Rockwell, of Massachusetts, replied, defending the petitioners. They asked merely for the repeal of an act of Congress but four years old, which was in addition to one which had been in force for more than fifty years. Public sentiment, he said, was against the law, and demanded its repeal; and the time had gone by when threats of the dissolution of the Union would deter the free States from doing what they believed to be right. The dissolution of the Union, moreover, he believed to be impossible. Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, also replied to Mr. Jones. He said that if the Union could not exist after the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, it ought to come to an end. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Sumner declared that he disavowed any personal obligation to assist in the return of a fugitive slave. This called forth severe replies from Senators Butler and Pettit, who charged Mr. Sumner with repudiating the oath he had taken to support the Constitution. Mr. Sumner subsequently made a set speech in reply, in which he said, that in taking the oath to support the Constitution, he swore to support it as he understood it, not as it was understood by others. He said that the charge against him came with an ill grace from Virginia and South Carolina, of which States the former, in its resolutions of 1798, had undertaken to define its constitutional obligations to the extent of nullifying an act of Congress; and the latter of which, in expelling an eminent citizen of Massachusetts, who had been sent to protect the rights of her colored citizens, had committed an act which one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, a citizen of South Carolina, had characterized as trampling upon the Constitution. He asked how many Senators there were who would assist in surrendering a fugitive

slave; he did not believe there was one. To this question, Mr. Clay, of Alabama, replied, that, lest it should be heralded to the world that no one Senator had the moral courage to say that he would assist in restoring a slave to his owner, he would say that he himself would do so. Mr. Butler rejoined, defending South Carolina from the charges brought by Mr. Sumner.—Mr. Gillette, the newly elected Senator from Connecticut, presented the resolutions of the Legislature of that State censuring Senator Toucey for his vote on the Nebraska Bill. Mr. Toucey replied, vindicating his course on the ground that the Missouri restriction was without any foundation in the Constitution. He spoke in strong condemnation of the recent act of the Connecticut Legislature in reference to the claimants of alleged fugitives, which set at defiance the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial departments of the Federal Government, and trampled under foot the Constitution of the country. He accepted the vote of censure which had been passed upon him as the highest eulogy that he could receive.—Mr. Gillette replied, by a defense of his State in general, and of her recent law in particular, which he believed to be entirely in accordance with the Constitution. He denounced the Fugitive Slave Law, and renounced all obligations to assist in its enforcement.——Among the important measures upon which final action is not yet taken, are the Homestead Bill, the River and Harbor Bill, bills establishing a telegraph to the Pacific, and steam communication between San Francisco and China, and the Canadian Reciprocity and Japan treaties.

The "Gadsden Treaty" with Mexico, as amended in the Senate, has been accepted by Santa Anna. The first article, relating to the new boundary between the United States and Mexico, is as follows: "The Mexican Republic agrees to designate the following as her true limits with the United States for the future: retaining the same dividing line between the two Californias as already defined and established according to the 5th article of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the limits between the two Republics shall be as follows: Beginning in the Gulf of Mexico, three leagues from land, opposite the mouth of the Rio Grande, as provided in the 5th article of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; thence, as defined in the said article, up the middle of that river to the point where the parallel of 31° 47′ north latitude crosses the same; thence due west one hundred miles; thence south to the parallel of 31° 20′ north latitude; thence along the said parallel of 31° 20′ to the 111th meridian of longitude west of Greenwich; thence in a straight line to a point on the Colorado river, twenty English miles below the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers; thence up the middle of the said river Colorado, until it intersects the present line between the United States and Mexico." A commissioner is to be appointed by each government to survey and lay down this boundary, and their decision is to be final, and to be considered as a part of the treaty. The United States are released from the obligation, imposed by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, to protect the Mexican frontier against the Indians. In consideration for this release, and for the territory ceded by Mexico, the United States are to pay $10,000,000, of which $7,000,000 is to be paid on the ratification of the treaty, and the remainder as soon as the boundary line is established. Vessels and citizens of the United States are to have free passage through the Gulf of California and along the Colorado river. The authorization of the construction of a plank road and railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is confirmed, and neither government is to throw any obstacles in the way of the free transit of persons and merchandise of both nations; no higher charges to be made upon the transit of the persons and property of citizens of the United States than upon those of other foreign nations; no interest in the road or in its proceeds to be transferred to any foreign government; and no passports or letters of security to to be required of persons merely crossing the Isthmus. The United States are to have the right of transporting their mails across the Isthmus in closed bags free of all custom-house or other charges by the Mexican government. Arrangements are to be made by which the United States may transport troops and munitions of war by the road. When the road is completed, a port of entry is to be opened at or near its terminus in the Gulf of Mexico. The United States may extend to the road such protection as shall be warranted by public or international law. After considerable debate in Congress, the bill making the appropriation of $10,000,000 requisite to carry into effect the stipulations of the treaty, was passed, by a vote of 102 to 63 in the House, and 34 to 6 in the Senate. ——A treaty has been negotiated between the United States and Great Britain, providing for commercial reciprocity between this country and the British provinces. It provides that the fisheries of the provinces, with the exception of those of Newfoundland, shall be open to American citizens; that disputes respecting fisheries shall be settled by arbitration; that the British shall have a right to participate in the American fisheries as far as the 36th degree of north latitude; that there shall be free commerce between the provinces and the United States in flour, breadstuffs, fruits, fish, animals, lumber, and a variety of natural productions in their unmanufactured state. The St. Lawrence and the Canadian canals are to be thrown open to American vessels; and the American government is to urge upon the States to admit British vessels into their canals upon similar terms. The treaty is to be submitted to the provincial Legislatures of the British provinces, as well as to the governments of the two countries.——The Japan Expedition has been attended with exceedingly favorable results. A treaty of amity, preparatory to a commercial treaty, has been negotiated. This treaty has been submitted to the Senate, but its provisions had not transpired at the date when this Record closes. It is, however, understood that it contains the important stipulations that two ports on different islands shall be open to American vessels; that the steamers from California to China shall be furnished with supplies of coals; and that sailors shipwrecked on the Japanese coasts shall receive hospitable treatment. The negotiations throughout were conducted in a very friendly spirit. It is not supposed that the commerce with Japan will at present be of any very considerable amount, the people having been so long secluded from intercourse with foreigners, that they produce but few articles adapted for exportation. The Russians have also been endeavoring to enter into a treaty, but the Japanese declared that their efforts had been unsuccessful.

The following appointments have been made for the new Territories of Nebraska and Kansas:

For Nebraska.—William O. Butler, of Kentucky (who declines the appointment), *Governor*; Thomas B. Cumming, of Iowa, *Secretary*; Fenner Ferguson, of Michigan,

Chief Justice; Edward R. Hardin, of Georgia, and James Bradley, of Indiana, *Associate Justices;* Experience Estabrook, of Wisconsin, *Attorney General;* Mark W. Izard, of Arkansas, *Marshal.*

For Kansas.—Andrew H. Reeder, of Pennsylvania, *Governor;* Daniel Woodson, of Virginia, *Secretary;* Madison Brown, of Maryland, *Chief Justice;* Sanders W. Johnson, of Ohio, and Rush Elmore, of Alabama, *Associate Judges;* Andrew J. Isaacs, of Louisiana, *Attorney General;* J. B. Donaldson, of Illinois, *Marshal.*

The Legislature of New Hampshire convened at Concord, June 7. In the Senate the Democrats have a decided preponderancy. In the House the Democratic candidate for Speaker was elected by a vote of 156 to 153 cast for his opponent, who was supported by the Whigs and Free-Soilers. The most important business before the Legislature was the election of United States Senators. A number of ballots were had, the regular Democratic candidate lacking from four to seven votes of a majority. It was finally resolved to postpone the election of Senators till the next Legislature. A series of resolutions was passed by the House, bearing upon the Nebraska Bill. The first reiterates the resolution of 1850, declaring "that the people are bound by no compact, express or implied, to suffer the introduction of slavery into Territory now free," and expressing an unalterable opposition to the erection of any Territory without its prohibition by law. The second resolution is directed against the passage of the Nebraska Bill. The third and fourth commend the course of those members of the Congressional delegation who opposed the bill, and censure those who voted in its favor.

A bill has passed the Legislature of Connecticut, punishing with a fine of $5000 and five years' imprisonment any person who shall falsely and maliciously represent any inhabitant to be a fugitive from labor, with the design of procuring his forcible removal. Every such claim is, *prima facie*, presumed to be false and malicious, and this presumption can be rebutted only by testimony equivalent to that of two credible witnesses testifying to facts directly tending to establish the truth of the claim. ——Serious disturbances have arisen in various parts of the country between Americans and foreigners. In New York and Brooklyn, for several successive Sabbaths, encounters took place, occasioned by individuals haranguing in the open air against the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. These difficulties have been further aggravated by the hostility entertained by foreigners to a secret combination designated as "Know-Nothings," who have operated with much success in local elections in many of the larger places. Their action is mainly directed against the election to office of any except citizens of native birth.——The Fourth of July was celebrated with unusual spirit throughout the country. The celebration was attended with fewer accidents than usual. A collision took place on the Susquehanna Railroad, near Baltimore, between a regular and an excursion train, by which about forty persons were killed on the spot or fatally injured.——Frauds to the amount of between two and three millions of dollars have been perpetrated by Robert Schuyler, late President and Transfer Agent of the New York and New Haven Railroad. The larger portion was committed by issuing spurious stock of this road, for which his two-fold position gave abundant facilities. The immediate result of this was a great depreciation in the value of railroad stocks in general.——The cholera has made its appearance in various parts of the country. In some localities at the West it is extremely virulent. In other sections it has as yet assumed a comparatively mild form.——General Quitman and several other persons reputed to be engaged in an organization for the invasion of Cuba, have been arrested and held to bail on a charge of violating the neutrality law.

From *California* we have intelligence of the discovery of gold in new localities, and to a very large amount. Serious difficulties have arisen in San Francisco and other places, growing out of squatter claims.——From *New Mexico* and the *Rio Grande* we receive continued accounts of Indian hostilities.

A revolution has taken place in *New Grenada.* General Melo suddenly rose against the government, seized the President, Obando, and assumed supreme power. It is generally supposed that the success of the *coup d'état* will be but temporary.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Some changes have taken place in the Cabinet, consequent upon the separation of the functions of Secretary of State for the Colonies from those of Secretary of War. The Duke of Newcastle relinquishes the former department, in which he is succeeded by Sir George Grey, retaining the War department. Much disappointment is expressed at this disposition by those who wish a vigorous prosecution of hostilities; they had hoped for the appointment of Lord Palmerston to the department of War. Lord John Russell becomes Lord President of the Council, without, however, being raised to the peerage. His seat in the House of Commons having been vacated by his acceptance of a new office in the government, he was immediately re-elected without opposition, Mr. Urquhart, who had announced his intention of opposing him, not being able to find a man to nominate him. Lord John Russell made a very cautious speech to the electors, in which he said that brilliant naval victories, similar to those won in former wars, were not to be expected over an enemy who entrenched his fleet behind stone walls. But he was confident that the navy would accomplish all that could be reasonably expected. As to the terms upon which peace should be made, much would depend upon the views of the allies, and upon the fortunes of war; but he would say, that no peace ought to be concluded without abundant security against the ambitious designs of Russia. If these designs should be accomplished, it would be fatal to the liberties of England.——In the House of Peers, Lord Lyndhurst made a long and able speech, exposing the dangerous policy of Russia, and urging the necessity of securing some material guarantee against it; such as the capture of the Black Sea fleet, and the occupation of the Russian provinces adjacent to Austria and Turkey. No mere treaty with Russia would be worth the paper upon which it was written. He was followed by Lord Clarendon on behalf of the Ministry, who agreed in the main with Lord Lyndhurst. Lord Aberdeen made a much more moderate reply. He said that there was now no necessity for stimulating the war spirit of the country. The war was essentially one of defense, and should be vigorously urged, though he denied that Europe was greatly endangered by the policy of Russia. Peace should be concluded at the first moment in which it was possible to do so on just and honorable terms.—In the course of a debate upon Canadian affairs, the Earl of Ellenborough urged that steps should be taken toward making the North American colonies free from England. This view was concurred in by Lord Brougham, and warmly opposed by other peers.——The new Crystal Pal-

ace at Sydenham was opened on the 10th of June. The Queen, Prince Albert, the royal family, the young King of Portugal, the foreign embassadors, and an immense concourse of the nobility and people, were present. The edifice is far more imposing than that in Hyde Park. Appearances indicate that the enterprise will prove very successful.——At a public meeting in Sheffield, held to consider the desirability of reconstituting Poland as an independent nation, Kossuth made a speech marked by his usual zeal and eloquence. He said that the question at issue in the present war was not a new one. He passed in review the conduct of England toward Austria, which he declared to have been one of the causes of the present alarming preponderance of Russia. The Turks had all along seen the importance of the national existence of Poland as a barrier against Russia, and had England been as wise, the present crisis would not have occurred. He deprecated all alliance with Austria as unsafe and untrustworthy. The alliance of Poland with Austria, in the time of John Sobieski, was an unnatural one, and sealed the fate of Poland. Poland was the only point at which Russia was vulnerable; and the only available course was for the Western powers to call Poland to arms. Napoleon, in undertaking to check the growing power of Russia, was vanquished, not by frost and snow, but by his alliance with Austria. The alliance of Turkey with Austria would drive Servia and the Sclavonic provinces over to Russia. Sweden also was a natural ally of the Western powers against Russia; but no pledge could be given her which would justify her in arming, except for the Allies to espouse the cause of Poland. On the other hand, an alliance with Austria would be equally embarrassing in case of victory or defeat.

THE CONTINENT.

M. Persigny has retired from the Ministry of the Interior, in France, having been replaced by M. Bilault. The retiring Minister presented to the Emperor a very long and curious report upon his own administration. What had been required in his department, he said, was not so much a man of great administrative experience, as one personally devoted to the Emperor. He prides himself especially upon the change of policy adopted by the government in the matter of elections. Instead of endeavoring to secure the election of its candidates by indirect means, the government now openly named the persons whom it wished to be chosen. He plumes himself upon the success of his policy toward the press, which never manifested so much wisdom, moderation, and patriotism as at present.——The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria have had a personal interview at Teschin. Among the prominent topics considered at this meeting—in addition to the general policy of the two powers—is said to have been the resolution adopted by some of the minor Germanic powers at a conference held at Bamberg. The resolution was to the effect that the demand to be made upon the Emperor of Russia to withdraw his forces from the Principalities, should also be accompanied by a like demand that England and France should withdraw their forces from the Turkish land and water. Austria has concluded a separate convention with the Porte, in virtue of which the Principalities are to be occupied by Austrian forces. In case the Russians voluntarily retire, they are to be replaced by the Austrians, who are to compel them to evacuate the Principalities, if necessary. There is much diversity of opinion as to the ulterior bearing of this measure. Many look upon it as highly advantageous to Russia, since the Austrian forces are interposed between the retreating Russians and the Turks, covering them from an attack in one direction, and enabling them to direct all their force to the defense of the Crimea and the provinces now threatened with attack from the Allies.

THE EASTERN WAR.

Nothing of importance has been accomplished by the Baltic fleets, and the opinion is becoming prevalent that Cronstadt is impregnable to any naval attack. A portion of the fleet which has been cruising in the Gulf of Bothnia has destroyed about fifty vessels, and burned public property to the amount of some £400,000. A detachment, landed to attack Gamle Carleby, fell into an ambuscade, and lost 50 men in killed, wounded, and missing. In the Black Sea the allied fleets have been unable to entice the Russian vessels from Sevastopol, and an attack by sea upon that stronghold is evidently considered impracticable. The British steamer Tiger ran ashore near Odessa, and, with her crew, fell into the hands of the Russians. A detachment of the combined fleets has performed important services upon the Circassian coast, driving the Russians from one of the three strong posts which they have continued to occupy since the general abandonment ordered some three months since. Aid in arms and ammunition has been furnished to the Circassians, who have begun to carry on the war with increased vigor, in conjunction with the Turkish forces. The allied troops have as yet afforded no actual assistance in the field to the Turks, though a large detachment has been dispatched in the direction of the immediate scene of hostilities. Appearances indicate that an attack is meditated upon the Crimea, whither the Russian forces are apparently concentrating. Great complaints are made of the unsuitableness of the dress of the English troops, which is stated to be far less adapted to service in a warm climate than that of the French. Some essential modifications have been ordered. For some weeks the chief interest of the war has been concentrated upon the siege of Silistria. The ultimate fall of this fortress seemed to be assumed on all hands, the only question being as to the time and the loss of life which it would cost. The siege was regularly opened about the middle of May. On the 29th a furious assault was made upon the fortress by about 30,000 men; after a sanguinary conflict, the Russians were repelled. On the 2d of June a mine was sprung, but by some accident it did more damage to the besiegers than to the besieged. In this attack Mussa Pacha, the Commander of the fortress, was killed by a shell. On the 9th the Russians stormed two detached forts, but were eventually repulsed. Prince Paskiewitch was severely injured by a spent ball, and forced to retire from the camp. Four days later, a grand attack was made, but without success, and the Turks succeeded in throwing an additional detachment into the fortress. The Russian Commander, Prince Gortschakoff, and General Schilders, the chief of artillery, were both wounded. On the 15th the garrison, now considerably augmented, assumed the offensive. The Russians, beaten at all points, were driven across the Danube, and the Turks crossing an arm of the river took possession of the works from which Silistria had been bombarded. The entire Russian forces, both east and west of the fortress, immediately recrossed the Danube, and at the latest dates were in full retreat upon Moldavia, while the Turks under Omer Pasha were advancing upon the Danube.

Editor's Table.

"UNION SAVING" has for some time past been a by-word and a reproach. By a certain class of editors and political haranguers it has been employed as a base reflection upon some of our noblest men, as well as their noblest efforts for the perpetuation of our national strength and national glory. It was a taunt which barely spared the memory of Clay, and which haunted the patriot Webster to his grave. Their fears for the dissolution of the American Union were charged with hypocritical cant; their efforts for the aversion of such a calamity were characterized as the acts of unprincipled alarmists. But there can be no mistake about the matter now. That our national union, and along with it our proud national existence, is in the most imminent peril, the blindest must see, the most stupid must acknowledge. The proof of this comes not simply from turbulent Congressional debates, or inflammatory resolutions, or law-resisting riots. The most alarming evidence is in the tone of the press. Can any one be blind to that attitude of fierce defiance which is now assuming a form so sectionally distinct? Can we shut our ears to the furious invectives, the stinging reproaches of meanness and treachery on the one side, and of cowardice and fanaticism on the other—the vindictive taunts expressly designed to arouse the bitterest sectional animosities, and impart to them a virulence which no recollections of a common ancestry, of a common glorious history, can ever heal. The lover of peace, of union, of *compromise*—we will still use the term, although it has fallen into disrepute—might see nothing formidable in this, if regarded in itself or in its intrinsic weight of argument. Its dread significance lies in the fact that it is the sign of a people already divided, and whose hostile sections are beginning to hate each other with an intensity that no mere outward political connection can repress. The South is saying things of the North which no men at the North, whatever be their party ties, will bear. The North is hurling back upon the South vindictive taunts, which can not be forgiven, because they imply charges of what is even worse than corruption of blood, or any form of political dishonor. He who does not see this is blind indeed. We are already divided. The evidence is as direct as that England and Russia are now at war. In fact, we may well doubt whether there really exists between the hostile armies on the Danube, or the hostile fleets on the Baltic, as sore a feeling of personal and sectional rancor as the press is now spreading between the Northern and Southern portions of these United States.

Who is to blame for this most lamentable state of things? It may not be conducive to the great pacification for which every patriot should so earnestly strive, to examine too scrupulously the exact balance of criminations and recriminations. Let common sense, let a knowledge of history, above all, let Christian charity come in here. In all the world's annals have we ever read of a case like this of national strife in which one side was free from blame, while the whole, or even the great preponderance, of guilt was on the other? We know that this is a very old and trite solution, but trite truths are by no means of the least value. Sometimes, too, it requires more independence of thought to state them, and even more research to discover them, than is needed for those assumed occult causalities on account of which they are often neglected and cast out of sight.

But when we speak thus of both sides being to blame, we ought, perhaps, to qualify the declaration. If we have in view the great mass of the people, we might rather say that both sides are equally innocent. The bitter evils of this bitter and suicidal controversy can be mainly traced in their root to a few men at either extreme of the national and sectional scale, whose violence has been wickedly cherished, for the most corrupt purposes, by a still smaller class in the middle. Such are the parties on whom the future historian must visit the just condemnation of this sad work. They are the Northern fanatics who, twenty-five years ago, began to meddle with matters they had no right to touch, and to form treasonable combinations respecting interests with which they were expressly forbidden to interfere. We call them fanatical in the strictest sense of this much-abused term. They mingled a malevolent feeling with the profession of an abstract benevolence. They preached reform, as Christ and Paul had never preached it. We also say their designs were treasonable; for the result at which their combination aimed was the subversion, and not by legal means, of institutions which the political organization had placed exclusively in other and, to them, foreign jurisdictions. Here was one extreme. There were, on the other hand, Southern ultraists who, with equal fanaticism and equal treasonableness, sought to make that national which the Constitution, and the *compromises* of the Constitution, recognized as having a local existence depending on positive local law. Herein we can not help observing a wondrous agreement. Both insisted upon investing slavery with a national character; the one for the purpose of making an unconstitutional assault upon it, the other as the ground of its perpetual maintenance.

It is curious, too, to trace in other respects the striking parallel. One side commenced with false and forced interpretations of the Scriptures, and landed at last, after a series of struggles, in the most undisguised infidelity; the other, setting out with a false interpretation of history and political philosophy, and taking to itself a high conservative aspect, has terminated in that meanest of all species of radical anarchy, the practice and justification of filibustering. They discovered a wondrous excellency in what could be shown to have been the bane of the ancient republics. They made slavery the corner-stone of freedom. Of course, with such a dogma, they became as mad and as fanatical as their Northern counterparts. Each grew by the aliment afforded by the other, and hence the striking analogies presented in the whole course of these mischief-brooding factions. We have the spectacle of men everlastingly mouthing it about their higher law and higher morality, and yet recklessly undermining that only foundation on which the religion and morality of this world has ever yet been able to repose with any thing like a feeling of strength and security. Again, we have seen men whose only title or only security for what may be called, to say the least, an anomalous species of property, rests on the sacredness of constitutions, compacts, compromises, judicial decisions and national unity, ever the first to advocate nullification, secession, and resistance

to law, whenever they supposed it to come in the way of their real or fancied interests. We have had in one latitude, those whose extreme progress had led them to doubt whether there is a real personality in the Deity, or at all events a real personal Providence, who could yet denounce upon their opponents a divine penal retribution with all the fury of a Mucklewrath or a Balfour. A few degrees further south there are to be found their moral and social antitypes—men who can coolly approve the most deliberate treaty-breaking, or what all civilized nations have characterized as the meanest of piracies, and yet these same moral and political anomalies can gravely rebuke the fanaticism of Northern mobs, can talk about the sanctity of law and constitutions, and above all, the inviolability of *property*, with all the conservative dignity of a Grotius or a Mansfield.

The sympathies and congenialities of these two apparent extremes might be discovered in the manner in which they sometimes mutually compliment each other, while jointly reviling all moderate men who stand in the way of their fanatical tendencies. In the rabid abolition conventicle it has been no uncommon thing to hear the praises of the "chivalrous South," the "high-minded" Southern gentleman—somewhat blinded by his position, but so much more worthy of respect than the cautious, time-serving conservative of the North. Thus Calhoun is lauded for his sterling honesty, while Webster is made the subject of the foulest abuse, and even John Quincey Adams sometimes charged with a hypocritical deficiency of "moral courage." Go to the nullifying Southern convention, or take up a fanatical Southern newspaper, and how fraternally do we find the compliment returned. How distinctly comes back the echo! "We like that man Parker—he is honest—he is consistent—he speaks right out."—"With all his errors, and bating a little fanaticism, that Wendell Phillips is really a noble orator."—"We like these men, they tell the truth at all events about the North, and the hypocritical Northern churches, however much they may be mistaken in respect to the institutions of the South." "Give us such antagonists," cries out the "chivalry" on the one side.—"Give us such antagonists," responds the "moral courage" on the other. Give us such antagonists, say both these mischief-loving factions, rather than your sneaking conservatives, whether lay or clerical, or your "time-serving compromisers," as they characterize the peace-loving, law-loving, Union-loving men, whose position in these times is an exhibition of more true moral courage than was ever found in all the ranks of abolition or filibustering fanaticism. We have had abundant evidence of the fraternity of these apparent extremes in the course of the late exciting measure. The satisfaction of both parties, in prospect of the result, was too manifest to be mistaken. No denunciation could conceal the fact that the failure of the Nebraska Bill would have been as grievous a disappointment to the disunionists of Boston as to those of Charleston or New Orleans. This game of mutual laudation has been played long enough. It is beginning to be understood. It ought more and more to open the minds of thoughtful men to the true nature of the great question, and the utter unfitness of these two extreme classes to deal aright with so momentous a national issue.

And yet there are worse men than the abolitionists or the secessionists. Even with these, there would seem to be a species of honesty, of very shallow depth indeed, yet sufficient to acquit them of the charge of base hypocrisy. There is an unselfishness about the extreme anti-slavery position, which, however involved in passion, and carried away by personal vehemence of opinion, is still unselfishness when compared with the base characteristics that disclose themselves in the field of political party corruption. We repeat it—the wildest fanatic is a more respectable person, a higher being every way, than the party demagogue. Filibustering and ultra abolitionism, both seeking in their own mad ways what they would call the progress and higher law of humanity, are better things, more truthful, more manly, more noble every way, than the principles and proceedings that have been lauded under the names of regular nominations and party fidelity. We do not hesitate to say that Wright, and Foster, and Pilsbury, and along with them the renowned Captain Walker of Sonora memory, are more honorable men, higher specimens of humanity, than most of our ingenious contrivers of party platforms, or inventors of circular-letters to presidential candidates.

Of this third class we have already said enough in some former numbers of our Editor's Table. They are the bane of our country. The influence they acquire, and which it is so difficult to prevent their acquiring, is the great vice of our institutions. If the nation can not somehow be cured of this, if there can not be roused against it an indignation that shall pervade the coming generations of young souls, it is all vain and foolish to mourn over the evils of any particular measures. What virtue in local remedies when the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint? Why concern ourselves about African slavery if a vile party *bondage*, only interrupted now and then by some spasmodic effort of reform, is to crush out all freedom and manliness of soul? Odious as is the name of slave, what right-thinking man would not prefer a physical despotism, with its iron yoke for the body, to that spiritual degradation, that befooling of the understanding, which is involved in any party system, with its cant of democracy, destiny, regular nominations, self-government, or the glorious doctrine, as it facetiously styles it, of "popular sovereignty?"

On this Nebraska Bill, we would frankly say—and we know of nothing in our editorial position which should prevent our saying it—we share, and warmly share, the common feeling of the North. Yet still we can not consider it as involving the highest national issues that are pressing for a decision. In one aspect of the case, slavery has more room to stretch herself, in the other she is confined to her formerly settled limits. We are far from being insensible to the great importance even of this subordinate question, or to the wrong done to the North, or the still deeper wrong that has been inflicted on what might be said to be almost the only hope of our country, the remedial spirit of compromise. But these, we still say, even the highest of them, are but minor and subordinate issues. There are two great questions which stand back of all, and overshadow all. How shall we get rid of party political corruption? How shall we settle the great difficulty arising from the fact of two populous races, widely distinct in their physical aspects, existing in the same territory, and under the same political organization, one of which races, it is admitted, can never be on a footing of *social* equality with the other. There stands the monstrous evil, the question of questions, that requires all the statesmanship, all the philosophy, all the piety of the land, for its solution. The novelist may amuse himself

with it; the sentimentalist, whether male or female, may find in it a rich field for pictorial sketching, an inexhaustible mine of the thrilling, the melting, the ludicrous, or the revengeful; the Northern fanatic may make it the theme of his blind and undiscriminating denunciations; the Southern fanatic may maintain that such a condition of things constitutes the highest excellence of the social state; the party demagogue, without any of the false or real feeling of the one, or any of the false or real conscience of the other, may sport with the whole matter, or regard it only as furnishing him with a greater variety of elements in the calculation of his gambling chances. But there, we say again, stands the gigantic evil, waxing more and more portentous, more and more formidable, more and more hopeless of cure, unless by a remedy, which, at present, seems itself as hopeless as the disease—we mean, the combination of all the wise, and good, and conservative, and truly conscientious minds of the nation, meeting in convention from every latitude, and with the determination that the question *shall* be settled, and settled right at all hazards—that the *principles* applicable to it *shall* be calmly and solidly determined, and then that the true and wise *expediencies* through which those principles are to be carried out *shall* be made the subjects of a *compromise*—ay, of a compromise, for it is a good and righteous word however the ultraists of every faction may sneer at it—a compromise which no great or little demagogues shall hereafter dare to meddle with, except at the risk of forfeiting something more than their worthless political lives.

There are those who say—there are many who say—no more compromises; but are they aware of what they are saying? have they looked the issue steadily in the face? Can they not see that it is a question simply of *compromise* or dissolution? Besides, we may charge upon many who use this language, that they directly cut the throat of their own argument. They tell us that this state of things has been brought about by a few political schemers, that the great mass of the people have had nothing to do with it, that the North has been opposed to it, that the South has not asked for it, that, twelve months ago, no man in any latitude would have thought of advocating the measure which has led to it. If this be so, what argument is there against further efforts at compromise by the great masses, North and South, who have been so grossly misrepresented? The opposition would seem to be to the idea itself, and if so, what charity can avoid the suspicion that the wish is father to the thought, and that some who clamor the loudest about the violation of the Missouri Compromise are the enemies of all compromises, and secretly rejoice in their destruction.

We have been somewhat rambling in our Editorial remarks, but our main purpose was to treat of the enormous evils which must follow the dissolution of the American Union. The name of these is legion. There is the wrong done to humanity, to the cause of rational freedom throughout the world; there are the evils which can be estimated in no calculations of cotton and sugar, of dollars and cents; there is the wrong to history, to progress, to the national moral character, in the destruction of its heroic historical reminiscences. There are the evils to the whole confederacy, the evils to the North, the evils to the South, the evils to the Whites, the evils to the Blacks—the evils to the Anglo-Saxon, the immense and overwhelming evils to the African race. The subject is of vast extent, and presents matter enough for a whole volume of Harper's Monthly. We have only room here for the consideration of the last mentioned item in the dark account; and we place it first, because it has been the least adverted to, although the most directly connected with the questions that flow out of this great national issue.

Here are in our midst four millions of human beings of a race widely distinct—whether inferior or not we will not now say—and with whom it is admitted, for reasons we will not now discuss, that social union, social and domestic equality, is not to be thought of. Now put their present servile condition at the worst estimate that was ever made of it; they have in the continuance of the American Union some prospect of amelioration. They have it in the steady and powerful yet regulated sympathy of the North; they have it in that progress of humanity at the South, which is the result of well-established government, and from which there grows up in time a public sentiment giving to those in bondage rights and protection having all the force of law, and which no man would venture to violate who would not be deemed an outcast from humane society. Especially would this be the case in the absence of all angry and insulting intermeddling from without. History has abundantly shown that the servile condition, whether we take our examples from the ancient world, or from the serfdom of Europe, ever grows milder under the influences we have mentioned, ever assumes more and more the form of a state regulated by *general* law, which is the very essence of rational in distinction from licentious liberty—ever attains more and more of fixed personal rights, until it emerges into full civic freedom; or if any apparent shackles may yet remain, they are only the antiquarian memorials of a condition that has passed away.

Such is one aspect of the case; but should peculiar physiological differences be regarded as precluding the idea of complete social emancipation (which is but another name for that social equality and social liberty without which nominal political freedom is only an insult and a degradation), of complete social emancipation, we mean, with continuance on the same territory—then in union, and in union only, is the sole hope of any success in that mighty effort which will be required for the separation of the two races, and the exodus of one of them to some land, remote or near, where their elevation shall not be impeded by physical and social causes that are now so unsurmountable. We know that such an idea is offensive to both of our fanatical extremes. One has its higher law in the way, the other its "strict construction of the Constitution;" but much as the plan has been denounced, it may, in calmer times, and when men begin to see more clearly that they are responsible for expedient action as well as right abstract principle, unite every Christian and every patriot, North or South, in its hearty and successful support.

There is hope, we say, that one or the other of these results might take place in an unbroken union of these States. This once settled, that the Union *must* be preserved, and all irritating discussions being laid aside for higher and better work, as may reasonably be hoped when the exhaustive fruitlessness and positive mischief of such abstractions have been fully proved, the minds of men may be calmly brought to a consideration of what may be called emphatically *the great national problem*. We are strong in the belief that nothing would fur-

nish so sure a beginning to the melioration of the condition of the African race, as some final settlement, or *compromise*, of the agitating sectional questions, which have hitherto resulted in evil, and evil only, to all parties, whether white or black.

And herein consists what seems to us the great evil of the late Nebraska Bill, and which far exceeds any mischievous advantage it may have afforded for the extension of slavery. It has greatly weakened, if not wholly destroyed, the only mode that seemed left to us of dealing with those aspects of the question which were not determined by the Constitution, and could not be so determined, because they have arisen out of circumstances that had no existence, and were not anticipated, when the national confederacy was first formed. The case is similar to that of new property and new domain accruing under old articles of partnership containing no provision for such an event. Nothing can be more absurdly foolish than to call such compromises unconstitutional. The nation forsooth may acquire foreign territory to any extent; for a change so vast and so vital as this, nothing more is required than simply a joint resolution of both Houses; but it has no power, say some of our Solons, to establish any rules for the regulation of such territory when acquired! It would certainly seem that if there were any doubt about the constitutionality it would much more strongly apply to that first act which produces all the necessity for the second. If we can acquire vast territories by purchase, or annex them by conquest, without thinking of the consent of the inhabitants, surely we may legislate, and in favor of freedom too, for what is yet an uninhabited wilderness. Thus grew up in our government the doctrine of compromises. We have had need of them, and shall have need of them again. There is no evading the issues out of which they arise. We must stop acquiring foreign territory, or we must continually amend the Constitution, or we must make compromises and observe them, or else familiarize ourselves at once with the ideas of anarchy and dissolution. In other words, we must come back to the old constitutional agreement which was never made for California or Cuba, or make new stipulations to meet the unanticipated emergency, or we must dissolve partnership. In the present state of our nation, so absolutely inseparable are these ideas of union and compromise, that, whatever they may say, we can not help regarding all who are openly the enemies of the one as being secretly hostile to the other.

But to return to our leading question, What would be the effect of the dissolution of the American Union upon the prospects of the African race? Can any sane man see in it the least ground of hope for their physical and moral elevation? Would it be more likely to be secured in a Southern Confederacy cut off from the North? Would a deluge of fugitive blacks in the Northern States be a desirable acquisition to our population; and would the intercourse between the two races, as far as past experience has shown us, tend to the moral elevation of the inferior? Or take another prospect; would anarchy and revolt, and San Domingan slaughter be the probable harbinger of future African progress. Judging from the history of Hayti and Jamaica, what may we rationally believe will be the condition of the future colored inhabitants of Carolina, when the Union is dissolved, the whites expelled, or some such anarchy in the ascendant as characterizes those charming tropical States with which our angry Southern cousins would seem so fond of forming unions for the conservation of the conservative institution? Can the prophetic eye of the most sanguine reformer see in such a state of things any prospect of more food, more clothing, more education, or any more hope of physical or moral elevation, for the unborn cultivators of the Southern rice-fields? Would these prospects be improved in a confederacy composed of Mexicans, Cubans, Creoles, Guatemalians, and South Americans? If servitude continues, would it be likely to become more mild by a dissolution of all connection with the North, and a *mixture*—we will not call it *union*—with all these meaner elements? Or if a species of emancipation took place, and the two races continued to occupy the same territory, would there be any less toil, less degradation; or, on the other hand, would there probably be more of the family or social feeling, which is one of the bright aspects among the many dark features that characterize slavery as it now exists, and which would become tenfold darker amid the jealousies, the bitter animosities, the incurable anarchies that would follow the dissolution of the American Confederacy?

We see in this direction no cheering prospect for either race. The dissolution of the Union would be productive of the direst evils to the Negro, and no possible countervailing good. Instead of solving the great problem, such a prospect aggravates its difficulties a hundred fold. There yet stands the lowering and portentous issue, with all its physical and social difficulties—its ever-deepening shadow unrelieved by the least illumination growing out of any theory of the abstract rights of man. Whether we pass Nebraska bills or repeal them, it still frowns upon us in all its threatening significance. What shall be done with the four millions of Africans in our midst? Give them political freedom, says the abolitionist, and let them work out the problem for themselves. He ignores whatever comes in the way of his abstract conclusions. He has nothing to do, and he boasts he has nothing to do, with expediencies or consequences. If, however, political freedom with social degradation is a greater mockery of humanity than any form of regulated servitude, then have we not advanced a step? We are in fact further away than ever from the humane, in distinction from the mere political settlement of the question.

But we have not space to dwell on this. To the practical philanthropist there are but three conditions between which he is compelled to choose. We would present them in the briefest possible statement. There is—

1st. Servitude with its rights as well as duties defined by law instead of being left to the individual will—a servitude made as humane as legislation and the social circumstances of mankind can possibly render it, and with an eye to the moral and physical good of the serving race, as well as to the profit of the master—we may even say with a special regard to the former, as more imperatively demanded by the inferior and dependent condition. Such is the only form of slavery in which it can possibly be shielded from the reprobation of every enlightened conscience.

2d. Political freedom with social degradation arising inevitably from the antagonism of two races on the same soil, with social jealousies and contempts unmitigated by the ties of social dependence.

If we can not bear the first—if a true regard for human dignity makes intolerable the thought that

perpetual servitude, even in its mildest form, should be the lot of any portion of the human race—if our souls still more revolt at the second as presenting the worst evils of slavery without any of its more humanizing counteracting traits, there is then but one condition left. We have to choose—

3d. The separation of the two races, and the exodus of one of them, at whatever expense of toil and treasure it may have to be accomplished. Removed to Africa they might acquire, from mere change of locality, a social and political energy that would make them the civilizers of that vast continent. Remaining where they are, they are a cause of degeneracy, and that too to both races. Whether in servitude, or in a nominal and degraded freedom, they have all the vices of civilization without any of the energies or virtues of barbarism. The only remedy, then, that reaches the very core of the evil is, that which is the reverse of the original wrong, in other words, the separation of races so unrighteously and so unnaturally combined; and for this there is needed the countinuance of the American Union. If there were no other reason, this alone should secure for it the best counsels of every patriot statesman, the most ardent exertions of every enlightened philanthropist.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE world has again gone out of town. Our Chair stands in the midst of desertion. The streets are as full as ever, but it is not a familiar crowd. The stray Knickerbockers whom chance or custom retain in the city or bring to it, look sadly around in the great thoroughfares. They do not see, but feel, a loss. "They are all gone, the old familiar faces." Thus these elderly citizens in a manner foretaste the appearance of their accustomed haunts after their own departure. It is the putting into fact of every man's fancy of the state of things after he is gone. Babel will still roar—his own house will remain, more permanent than he—the same gay groups; the traffic: the song: the Sunday hush: the annual retreat to the sea-side and the mountains—all these will be, and for a few years one group among them will wear black clothes, and sit apart sadly in public parlors—then colors and smiles will supervene, and the Knickerbocker who vaguely supposed that somehow the very stability of things was inwoven with his own existence, will be as remote and unreal as Thothmes III., King of Egypt, or the heroes of the Trojan war.

It was while sitting in our Chair, and thus soberly meditating, the other morning, that Corydon came in, and saluted us with a face so ruddy and blooming, that Ceres and Flora might have sent him as their joint embassador to our retreat.

"Will you come and pass a few days in the country?" said Corydon, with the air of a man offering himself to a woman whom he knows to be dying of love for him. There was such hilarious assurance in his manner, such an ineffable sense of superiority, that, willing to admonish our enthusiastic young friend of the vanity of human confidence, we said sententiously,

"No."

"What! not crawl out of this smoky, smelly hole?" cried he, with amused astonishment. "Do you find these hot bricks so alluring; or is it, perhaps, possible cholera that you wish to try? Do you laugh at us in spring for being sloppy, and refuse to behold our summer splendors? Alas! alas! I pity the man in whom the city has smothered even the desire of the country—who lives on poisons until, as to Mithridates, they become a kind of nutriment."

"Corydon," answered we, with a patronizing mildness that betrayed the melting mood, "there is a great deal of nonsense talked about the country, and it would be a great pity that so sensible a young man as you should be guilty of it."

"Easy Chair," he replied, "there has been a great deal of nonsense talked about love, and it would be a great pity if you should ever be overtaken by the passion. Of course there has been great nonsense about the country, as there is about every subject of enthusiastic interest. But observe, if you please, that the nonsense is usually only the warm praise of something you may not chance to care about, and which is therefore tedious to you. A lover's sober eulogy of his mistress is rather doleful to his friend, and the best poetry mere stuff to a man who is detained by it from reaching his office in time for a good investment. The country is good, spite of Cockney skepticism."

"Let us go and see," said we quickly, lest he should take us too seriously at our word, and leave us quite in the lurch.

Corydon lives at an easy distance from town, to which he repairs as often as his fancy inclines, or his affairs demand. He has not set up his Penates in a Grecian temple nor in a Gothic cathedral, seen through the small end of a telescope. He has not suffered his neighbor to build a twin-house upon the next lot, nor has he, by the cramped and narrow aspect of his mansion and domain, betrayed that he has not emancipated himself from the city, and failed to expand to the scope of his changed residence. His house is neither upon the highway, where he gets all the dust, nor in a wood, which excludes the prospect and breeds mosquitoes. It is not possible to survey his domestic arrangements from the exterior, yet he has not surrounded himself with any churlish hedge or fence so high or thick that the traveler can not see and enjoy the beauty of his grounds. Every country proprietor, he insists, who desires that the country shall impress the passer pleasantly, will not exile the chance eye from the smooth lawns and bright gardens, but will so arrange the boundaries of his estate that the traveler will feel a secret flattery as if the lawn had been smoothed and the garden planted for his especial pleasure. Nobody loves a man who hides the beauty of his grounds, and keeps his choice trees as if they were sultanas in a seraglio. The romance of Italy is sadly disturbed by the high plaster walls that impend over the narrow steep ways which climb the hills. Even in Sorrento, nothing but the occasional olive faces of the peasants, looking over, and offering great golden oranges and brown eyes together, could compensate for the ranges of dingy wall that allow of no escape for the eye, and which torture the fancy with the image of the lovely landscape beyond. The Sorrento orange-orchards are Hesperidian gardens, and the dragons are the walls.

Corydon has traveled in his own country and abroad, and he has not thought it necessary to forget that America is not France, nor Italy, nor Germany. Architecture depends greatly, he argues, upon climate and national character. The elaborate aspect of an Italian villa harmonizes strictly with that of the Italian landscape. In each there are the traces of long cultivation. But to put a house which implies an old and elaborate landscape in the midst of a pine-barren, or upon a fern common, would

seem as sensible to Corydon as building a trellis-house to pass the winter in.

Corydon hears his neighbors complain of constant loss, and observes that his city friends joke him about the profits of his farm. Like a sensible man, he laughs with them, and pushes round his superb strawberries, and his blooming continents of peaches, and his luscious pears, and his massive grapes. He hands them the beets, and peas and beans, and asparagus, that have a sweeter taste than the wilted products of city markets.

"Are fish better when taken from the water and instantly cooked and eaten? I find it so with my fruits and vegetables."

Young Mortimer looks waggishly at Corydon, and says,

"Why do the best country things always come from the city?"

"Because they are taken there," replies Corydon, simply, and he presently adds,

"Why are the same things necessarily better in the country, if you can only get them?"

Which question, as nobody replies, he answers gravely,

"Because they have been spared the journey in a jolting car or market-wagon, and have the advantage of being a day or two fresher."

Then his friends remove to the lawn, under the trees, or sit upon the spacious balcony, and watch the landscape, as they smoke and sip their coffee.

"The worst form of nonsense about the country," says Corydon, "is that indulged in by easy gentlemen at clubs and city dinners, to the effect that really every thing can be had more nicely in the city. It is certainly true that if you bring all the materials from the country and prepare them with all the skill and care that the city can furnish, you will have a finer result. But the finest result of all is where the city skill and care are carried to the country, and prepare the materials there."

"Is that true of all country products, or is it strictly confined to fruit and fowl?" inquired Badger, that shrewd man of the world.

"It is universally true," answered Corydon, "as you, of all men, ought to know. What is the farmer's fairest fruit?"

"His daughter," said Badger, with a glance of gallantry, and a half bow to Mrs. Amaryllis Corydon, who sat at a little distance from the group.

"True," replied Corydon. "But a mere country girl is not the nymph of mythology, nor the Chloe of the pastoral poets; she is a good buxom dairy maid, red, rusty, and rollicking. She is no more the charming creature of the poets than the unmitigated country is the Arcadia they describe. Yet I remember when I proposed to remove into the country, certain good friends of mine, who were born in town and had always lived there, said to me that, at least, whatever I lost I should gain the consciousness of a more natural tone of society. It will be so pleasant, after the artificial frivolities of the city, to find yourself among those who think and live simply. Your views of human nature will be improved. You will become a better man. You will go to bed early, you will rise with the lark. Your society will smack of contact with mother earth. It will be graceful and gay as the flowers. Perhaps these friends believed what they said. I certainly did not. They knew the country only by books. When they drove or rode beyond the city, they did not know by experience the dull, drudging labor by which the trim hedges and the fine lawn and the stately grove had been arranged. They had not that consciousness of continuous and unyielding toil which sucks the pleasure from the prospect of a cultivated landscape."

"Treason! treason!" cried Badger. "Why, Corydon, you are defiling your own nest!"

"Wait a moment," replied he, "let me finish. Look at the life of a farmer—a working husbandman. Ask "the reapers reaping late and early" in the meadows near Camelot, what is the tenor of their lives. They will tell you, or you can observe that it is an unmitigated toil. They are up early, and feed and turn out the cattle. They eat a hurried and coarse breakfast, they hasten to plow, or mow, or weed, or sow, and return to dinner. The afternoon repeats the morning. Sunset comes and there is milking and feeding, and they go to bed. Through the long day there is no spiritual stimulus of any kind. They dig and delve in the earth, and the tendency is to become clods. Fineness of nature, elegance of manner, quick sympathy, are not to be found. Cultivation is, of course, out of consideration. With ignorance comes prejudice, hardness, narrowness, and bigotry. Wits are blunted, senses become gross, a general silence settles over life, and a sad stolidity upon character. Will you tell me how many poetic plowmen you know? Will you tell me if the very fact of a poet's being a plowman is not cited with wonder and admiration? Will you say how many real hard-working farmers you know who are not of the earth earthy? I do not mean any thing but an approach to the truth, that the mere fact of living in the country is nothing, if a man is compelled to incessant labor. The coarse hand in the field is no pleasanter an object than the coarse hand in the shop. The sallow face of the 'prentice boy in the close city is no sadder than the dull heaviness of the plowboy in the open country. It is only when the advantages and amenities of society, and of course society in its largest sense, human intercourse and study, are added to the country, that its life becomes truly Arcadian. Then no life is so charming, because none combines so much instructive variety. The pastoral poet's account of the matter was written in cities, and was as true as the painters who represented queens and maids of honor holding shepherdesses' crooks, and sitting pensively under spreading trees. But it is no truer. I don't believe farmers are the happiest class of society—if by farmers you understand the weary and incessant drudges who do the hard work of agriculture. They enjoy, if you please, a monotonous placidity. They may suffer less acutely, but, on the other hand, they enjoy less intensely. I do not find country people so desperately in love with country life. Their children all hurry to the city. They themselves believe in the city as in something too good to be true. It is a mistaken fancy, as we know, but not more so than that of the city drudge, who dreams of green fields as of Paradise. They are so if you can lie among them in clover. They are not so, if you kneel upon their parching ground, under a relentless midsummer sun, to weed young carrots and beets. It is because I love the country so much, and believe in its advantages so fully, that I state in this strong way the worthlessness of the indiscriminate praise of ignorance," concluded Corydon, while Badger looked at him with such a sudden and bland stare that it was perfectly evident he had been asleep.

"Certainly," said Badger, with a serious air, and whiffing his smoke slowly, as if he were still uncertain of some points in Corydon's discourse.

But for ourselves, who did not fall asleep, we

are inclined to believe the whole of it. To live in the country so near the city that its advantages are enjoyed, seems to be quite the happy life. But it is only the man of simple perceptions and true tastes and fine cultivation who can extract the sweet. To be rich only, and live in the country without loving it, though he has all the convenience of a city, no more gives a man what he seeks than to live in a library makes him wise. Such a man is as lost to the place in which he is, as the farmer whose sole interest in season and weather and the aspects of nature, is their relation to mowing and sowing. The beauty of the landscape may be "a mirage seen from the windows of a diligence." But then it can only be beheld by the eyes which have been touched by the spirit of beauty, and which are busied with some lofty work.

In such discourse pass the pleasant days at Corydon's. His hospitality is so large that he can entertain all kinds of conflicting views and differing opinions. The fine country air has given his manners a freshness and grace which it would be well if our young men, and even our young ladies, would acquire.

"If a man lives by the sea or the mountains," says Corydon, "if he can see the sun set and the stars shine over a broad plain or a stately valley, if he is familiar with trees and flowers, and knows the birds and the seasons of the plants, he will surely be apt to have juster estimates of life, and value all kinds of social grimace and affectation at their real value."

"How about the nymphs?" says the pertinacious Badger.

"Unmitigated country girls are not perfect," replies Corydon, with equanimity. "The marble in the quarry is quite as white, but it is not so graceful as when the statuary has wrought it into sculpture. A girl who is born and bred in the exclusively country or rustic way is the simple block of marble, beautiful to behold. But the same girl, graced with all the amenities of cultivation and knowledge, which are best attained by the influences of the city, is the block of marble shaped into ravishing and alluring beauty; is it not the statue warmed into life?"

"It is, indeed, the story of Pygmalion told in real life," exclaims the gallant Badger, with a furtive glance at Mrs. Corydon.

For our own part, it is impossible to wonder at Corydon's rosy cheeks and cheerful smile. He is one of the few men who have learned the secret of life. He is one of the fewer still, who, having learned, are also able to profit by the knowledge. Not every man who builds a villa, whether upon the North river, or at Newport, or along Massachusetts Bay—not every man who hides in a great plantation, or flies into some recess of the Alleghanies or the valley of the Blue Ridge, really enjoys country life, or any other kind of life. Old Cieco could not be a painter, much as he loved painting, and willing and able as he was to devote his life to it and acquire all the means of success, because he had no eye for color. It is so with old Gunnybags his neighbor, in a different way. He has spent thousands upon his country-place, but nothing goes well. It is because he does not cease to be a Cockney, although he is in the country. He has not caught the subtle secret of blending experience with opportunity. Every body calls his extensive and expensive place Gunnybags' Folly. His neighbor Rose has a cottage, and does not spend so much money in a year as Gunnybags in a week. Every body says that Rose's cottage is the very place intended by the poets when they speak of Love in a similar retreat. His flowers do not look staring, nor his trees stiff. Over his small trellis fall the most graceful vines, and hang his home with a tapestry of flowers. People are always happy there. They are not oppressed with the consciousness of a place greater than its master; a place of which the head is but an encumbrance. Poor old Gunnybags looks over the wall and wonders. His lawn is green and smooth. He has vases and statues, and his barn is an architectural triumph. But, unfortunately, it is a triumph over good sense and beauty. He has urns and fountains. There is no contrivance nor ornament which no gentleman's place should be without, that he has not in the greatest profusion.

It is all in vain. It is better to take a third-story back-room in a country tavern, to pass the summer, than undertake a country residence on the great scale, merely because you can afford to buy it. And the Gunnybags is an immense family, if you have observed. Let young Barilla beware.

It was sad to hear that Sontag was dead. Her career had been so brilliant and so singular—her life was so like the tales of which great singers are the heroines—that it was interesting to watch each new development and change. The poor girl, the idolized Prima Donna; the brilliant *Embassadrice*; the Prima Donna *passée*, doing nobly and well to repair the reverses of fortune; and falling in the midst at the least interesting moment of her varied career. There are certain regions in which one would not wish to die; nor is any more entirely such than Central America. It is a mongrel region, totally without interest or character. The charm of the Tropics is much more perfect elsewhere. In India the richness of climate, and the luxuriant vegetation are the glorious setting of associations which are always striking and poetic. Mere tropical fecundity, the rank luxuriance which indiscriminately spawns gorgeous flowers and loathsome reptiles, and all the teeming forms of lowest life, is almost repulsive, as a seeming waste of Nature and of power. When no history, no tradition enlightens the gloom of forests sombre with richness, they are like scales of gold pressed upon the eyes. It is blindness still, though gilded. And of all tropical regions Central America is the least fascinating, the least human or historical. Only the worst forms of Spanish character seem to have been developed there. What poets, what artists, what great men are indigenous there? What new or higher form of life or social condition does the world owe to it? Is it not rather the caricature and shame of human life elsewhere? Spanish America has had its poets; bards of a simple and slight strain, which seems only like a thin voice of wailing or indignation. But their names are known only to the curious student, nor are they familiar to him. Bolivar is a noble remembrance, and he stands among heroes in history. But he is the splendid exception. The tropics and tyranny, combined with the natural sloth of the South, make havoc of Central American history. Traders go there to make money, artists to sketch, politicians to gamble with fate and men; but its name is the synonym of things that are not noble nor inspiring.

And it is in such a country that the gay and graceful Countess, the sweet singer, the handsome, and, in a way, historical woman, has closed her career. The elder of this generation saw her spring

and summer, and the younger her Indian summer of success. Her peers and rivals in song were long gone before her. Her name and meridian triumphs belong to the young European reminiscences of those whose children go to Europe now. The last of a bright constellation sinks in a Southern heaven.

Sontag was by no means old. But age coquets with singers. They touch the height of their fame while they are yet young, and the Sultan Public frowns upon the favorite of yesterday. How well she maintained the struggle and defied Time we have all seen. It was easy to believe that the song which charmed all had touched the edge of the remorseless scythe. "I have not so many singing birds," said Time, "that I can relentlessly destroy them;" and he listened, pleased, until Death struck the singer.

It has been always accounted a happy ending to die in a noble cause. And when we remember the worldly position which Sontag held, courted, flattered, successful in the way for which Nature had commissioned her, then thrown suddenly and entirely down, and looking the reverse calmly in the face, beginning again, at every disadvantage—for a past prestige and greater age have been woeful impediments before now—and renouncing her country and the society she adorned, relying upon her talent to restore to her family what had been lost—we may fairly concede that it must have cost a struggle; some few natural tears must have been wiped away: and that she should not have survived the effort, but have fallen in the midst, imparts a sorrow to her death which it does not require especial friendship to perceive.

Pasta is now the only survivor of the great lyrical days of the earlier part of the century. They who remember her in her prime, and who are well able to judge, declare that not even Mrs. Siddons, in her best moments, was so simply great as Pasta in her triumphs. There was an impassioned breadth of style in her singing and acting which she owed much to her Southern nature, and whose influence was magnetic. This was plain to see in her decline; for this Easy Chair has seen what was Pasta, and treasures the sight among its fairest remembrances. She appeared in London twice within a few years; once, for the benefit of Parodi, her pupil, who afterward came to this country; and once, in a concert, for the benefit of the Italian exiles in England. The Parthenon, reft of its sculptures, but stately and superior still; the Coliseum ruined, but regal in decay; these were the images of the great singer as she sang for the last time to the public. Her voice was shattered; sometimes she could not make herself heard; then the notes would flow as fluently and sweetly as ever. But so simple was her conduct, she accepted so gracefully the inevitable ravages of Time, and half smiled as she found the voice unable to second the will, that there was no feeling of pain while she sang, nor of relief when it was over. Through the whole her traditional massive tragic style revealed itself, and the fragments confirmed the report of those who heard her in her pride and prime, as a solitary marble, although separate in England, shows the pure Greek splendor of the Parthenon.

But although the great artists go—although Sontag is dead and only Pasta lingers, we do not believe that time enriches any one epoch at the expense of another. An age which counts among its children Goethe, Napoleon, Beethoven, and Washington, can not decorously complain of the superiority of any former period. How about Helen of Troy? The son of the comb-maker at the corner finds his mistress more beautiful. Greece, Rome, and all Asia have gone dumb, but what is this voice that fills with its pean the Western heaven? If it comes to that, we are gladder to have heard Jenny Lind in the fullness of her power than any of the famous singers. We shall not say why, here, nor provoke discussion. It is said only that we may not lose heart because we lose men and women of genius—that standing over the too early grave of Sontag, and throwing upon it our funeral garland of remembrance and regret, we may not suppose for a moment that song is buried with her.

With the beginning of summer begin also the reports of cholera in the country. The cases and deaths are reported with gloomy accuracy. Nervous men look solemnly at strawberries, and malignantly at cucumbers; dream of chloride of lime, and keep their stomachs warm. Children must eat green apples surreptitiously, and any fool may eat fresh vegetables who dares.

This is by no means a cheerful frame of mind in which to greet the summer. If July were only dysentery in disguise, and August unblushing colic, they could not be hailed more uncourteously. Even were they so, what sane man who hopes to have a drop of honey out of this mortal struggle, would not be happy to take the risk after an inexorable and appalling winter? If you must take this diseased view of things, will you consider for a moment that the winter is but an arsenal of every frightful form of lung complaint, and count the scores who annually fall, pierced in that tenderest spot. The unkindly season sweeps away delicate women like flowers. It is a merciless tyrant. It extinguishes the landscape, hunts us into our houses, and laughs us to scorn when we fancy ourselves safe in their protection by reaching after us with an icy arrow, and touching our lungs with its tip.

If the summer is fatal it is a Siren. What pictures it hangs in the air to please us, how softly it breathes the breath that you find so poisonous. Even the lovely girl whom the winter struck with death, is glad to survive until the summer days, and die in the arms of June. Faith revives with the spring, and flowers with the summer. The golden harvests, the genial air, the blooming valley, and the universal hilarity and happiness of nature, assure us of a tender and thoughtful power.

Besides, if we look at it through our practical spectacles, it is clear that the cholera must now be ranked among our regular diseases. It appears every summer with all other summer complaints. It is sad and appalling from its suddenness, but its ravages are not such as to justify the vague terror to which certain persons are subjected. It figures in the sanitary reports with small-pox and dysentery; and as we sometimes hear that small-pox is very prevalent, so we may frequently ascertain that cases of cholera are common. Don't let it tarnish the whole summer. Don't suppose that you may not eat peaches and cherries because your neighbor died yesterday. The fruits that Nature ripens in their seasons are surely the food she prepares for us at that time. Bear a cheerful mind, which you can acquire by ridding yourself of the trembling terror arising from ignorance. Look at the facts and the chances, and do not believe that because you are in the vicinity of cholera you must necessarily become a victim. Be ready to resist its first approach. But if you make your whole summer the gilded

ante-chamber of Death, in which you shudderingly await his summons, you will hardly be an agreeable object to sense and health; you will blight as much sunshine as your shadow can; you will feel yourself to be, what every body sees you are—a coward and a churl.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY body reads letters. There are people who have no libraries, and who care little for books: there are those who are intensely practical, and look on literature very much as they look on rainbows; but we never yet heard of a man who, with all his hate of reading, did not read letters.

Whether it be the form, or the post-mark, or the postage, or the seal, there is something certainly about a letter which makes it the most taking viand in the whole range of literary dishes. If only this poor matter which we set down here, came under envelope, to your address, most gentle reader; if you had plucked off a seal, and unfolded a yellowish Chinese sheet, on which were written the very words with which we now court your eye and your ear, we will venture that you would have spent a sympathy and a flattery on your correspondent, which we—tied to type and to magazine pages—must sigh for in vain.

Is it not so? Could your cousin Bob, or your uncle Ben, or your sister Kit, have begun a chance letter better than we have begun this? And yet you never honor us with the comparison. And pray, why not?

Have we not grown into uncleship with you? Does any body, of all your kith and kin, make such ransacking of journals, and lend such close ear to the babble of street folks, for your entertainment, as we—of this old Easy Chair?

Is there any lover of you who wastes so much ink as we, in telling you what the world is doing? Why is it, then, that no sympathy is kindled between us; and that ever, month by month, the pen seems a cold medium—not reaching to your better self; and painting always what it paints, like the journeyman paper-hanger who pictures your walls, and is paid and gone!

It seems to us that part of the secret may lie in the fact that we forego the form of a letter; and distribute our gossip in this monthly patch-work, as if we were addressing no one.

For the nonce, then, and in the hope of winning our way more clearly to your kindness, we will this month take on the form of a letter, and whisper what we have to tell in your ear, as if a stamped envelope had covered it, and an ocean voyage had seasoned it.

Imagine, if you please, that you have some good-natured cousin Tom, or Ned, over the water; and that, in pure kindness of heart, he has promised to tell you, in his own natural way, what was turning up on the other side; and imagine further, that after a month and more of tedious waiting without hearing a word from him, there should come to you one day, in a square fawn-colored envelope, with three heads of the Emperor Napoleon pasted on it, a fat two ounce letter; imagine that your name, in his own familiar hand, is scrawled upon the back, and that the seal bears the stamp of the ring you know he wears upon the little finger of his left hand; and that you break it, and unfold the sheets, and read, in his own crabbed hand—

MY DEAR ——. When I left you in May, I counted on finding sunshine in Paris; but no sunshine has come, though we are now putting mid-June dates in our journals. Who would have thought it? That we should be wearing over-coats and building fires on the Rue Rivoli when July is hardly a fortnight off? Yet they have put the orange-trees in the gardens, and they are blossoming (I can see them from my window with my glass); and the troops of children gamboling, hoop-driving, jumping the rope, are out in summer force, although their mammas have not yet given up their winter silks; and only here and there you see the adventurous stranger hazarding the new *bareges*.

I must confess that I like the good sense of the French women in taking note of the thermometer, and not pushing their fashions athwart the seasons. Isn't it Easter-Sunday in New York, when every lady thinks she must blaze under Dr. Taylor's church-windows in a spring bonnet, making flowery sacrifice to the day? And is any body of your best acquaintance bold enough to wear a muff, or a fur-trimmed cloak after Easter Week? Don't you all (tell me truly) flock after a new style, like so many meek *moutons*, with some Madame Blank for bell-wether?

Very well; I find nothing of the sort about me here. If the weather be cold, people dress warmly; if it be warm, they swim before your eye in muslin flounces. Nor is this all the distinction I want to bring to your eye. There is, hereabout, a quiet appreciation of age and station which renders itself in dress: old age assumes the coquetries of age, and matrons do not ape the girl-ways of misses.

Goldsmith, I think it is (you will put me right if I mistake), somewhere tells a story of some "lark" in London, who followed up the gaunty figure of a woman in flesh colors and tight-laced—growing quite beside himself with admiration for her fine *tournure*, and not recovering his senses until, by a quick step, he managed to get a trifle in advance, and found that the sylph he had been pursuing was an old aunt of his own, whose pinched face might have belonged to his grandmother!

Very well; I have fallen into no such traps on the Boulevard; though I must confess (pray, don't speak of it!) that I *have* done so on Broadway. An old French lady, old enough for sons in the army (and they enter young) doesn't trouble herself with patent corsets which need a hearty wrench at the hands of a stout maid; nor does she use hair-dye, or—what amounts to the same thing—a frontlet (is that the word?) of tidy brown, smooth parted, and recommended by some accomplished Martelle.

I may be mistaken, but I do believe that, in nine cases out of ten, I could tell a French woman's age within a triplet of years, by her walk and her dress, without even a sight under her *chapeau*. Can you do as much on the avenue of a Sunday evening? If you can, and give me proof, I will send you one of Alexandrine's bonnets, which will be the death of Lawson. Then the children: I don't know that French children are prettier than other children, but I have lost my heart ten times over to little girls not higher than my waistcoat button, in plaid silks and pointed pantalets. One secret of the matter is that broad garden of the Tuilleries, where they frolic day after day (between lessons), and catch such a warm brown tint upon their faces, as makes them look like so many pictures of Greuze, in curls, instead of frames.

I never fell in love with a girl of ten years old upon Broadway, that I can remember. I grant you that I have admired the frail little creatures, and wondered at their pale, wan faces, and their large

lustrous eyes; but I only wondered. There must be healthy flesh and blood to make a man joyously in love. Phantoms will do for poets, but not for a stout fellow who drinks (as I do) his bottle of St. Emilion every day to his dinner.

The boys, too, that we see gallopading under the lindens of the Palace garden, are stout rollicking boys; none of the milky-faced youngsters you see bolstered up by a nurse's arm at carriage-windows on the Bloomingdale Road. They like the air, and they love it. They "knuckle down" to marbles on every bit of smooth ground; or they equip French cruisers of small tonnage to traverse the basins of the garden fountains; and they whoop and hurrah, and dash around the marble coping, rejoicing on a good run of their little craft as much as the *Chronicle* rejoices in Hango and Charley Napier.

When is your Jones' Wood (or whatever the new park may be) to become such nursery-ground for stout and ruddy-faced boys at home? Are the Fathers growing wiser? Are the speculators agreed? Have the Council and the Legislature come to terms?

But if I brush away my morning in the Tuilleries, catching the nine o'clock air in the tall avenues, as a quickener to my breakfast appetite, I woo my dinner in a wider bit of wood, and sharpen my taste for mushrooms and filets in the Bois de Boulogne. The wood is changed since you saw it last. You remember the dense scrubby forest that stretched away from the western end of the Champs Elysées, as far almost as the Palace of St. Cloud; and you remember the narrow paths, and the solemn ones which traversed it, looking very dull-like and murderous. Now you would scarce know the place. The paths are opened into winding avenues, carefully graded, and sweeping from end to end. In the middle of the forest they have scooped out the bed of a river, as large as your Croton lake at the dam; they have walled its sides below water-level, and are to fill it all by pumping at the Seine. On a pleasant day, or, for that matter, a clouded one, the roads which trail around the basin of the lake are thronged with equipages of every style, from a two-wheeled trotting-chair of New York make, to the luxurious phaeton and green-coated outriders of the Empress. In time, they say (and Napoleon the Third makes little of time) the edges of lake or river are to be carpeted with as green turf as you could find in Devonshire; the capes and headlands are to be tufted with coppices of pines and firs; the bays are to show weeping wands of willow; and the scattered islets are to make so many Ellen's bowers, toward which rowers of gay barges are to push their gilded prows in the eye of the startled Paris world. Will not all this be a thing worth the seeing? And has not our gay Napoleon brought over garden memories with him—memories of Hyde Park, memories of Windsor, memories of Virginia Water, and of Chiswick, from his British exile, with which to freshen our low-lying Wood of Boulogne?

But, to tell truth, I doubt the success of it all. Very beautiful it may be, as you will see from my poor telling of it; but the brazen air and sunshine of French summer, which makes golden clusters of Chasselas grapes sugared bunches of Champagne *raisins*, is not, after all, the air or the sun which encourages great verdure, or which lends to landscape the vivid contrasts which so startle one through Cumberland and the land of the lakes.

Did it ever strike you how little of real, honest truthfulness there was in French landscape painters, except they have kept to marshes and pollard willows? To be sure, Watteau may have been a partial exception; yet even he was more like a getter up of cottages and autumn leaves for stage scenery, than a hearty and holy worshiper of bare-faced nature. As for Poussin, what can be more dreary than his dismal, blue backgrounds, as classically cold as tight Tacitus to a school-boy's brain?

But you want gossip, not a disquisition about art. We will have a chat, then, about shop-windows.

Did any body ever tire of shop-windows in Paris? Did you ever fail to waste at least two hours of every sunshiny day, in the long-ago time when you played the *flaneur* in the metropolitan city, with looking at shop-windows? I saw the other day our stout Doctor —— (of Divinity) taking a casual look into the shop of Mademoiselle Hocquet, which you will remember is not far from the corner of the *Rue de la Paix;* and I assure you that I never saw a connoisseur at the Louvre assume a more appreciative attitude than did the Doctor, as he regarded a coquettish little hat of Leghorn and lilac trimmings. (Of course, you will say nothing to his wife of this.)

I followed him a step or two further to the windows—so famous in the annals of all stranger shop-goers—of *Jahan*, the maker of carved wood-boxes, of fans, the merchant of rare vases, of jewels, of snuff-boxes, of writing-cases, of *cadeaux* of all sorts. The Doctor lingered here, and gazed, I thought, admiringly upon a little porcelain love-scene of old Sevres work, incased in beautifully carved oak, and forming one side of a vase for flowers. I hardly think the Doctor would have dwelt so long upon the picture (since the damsel of the porcelain wore *rather* a short dress for our notions) upon Broadway; but I remembered that he had come abroad for recreation. Ah, that bronchitis! It is a terrible thing—in the throat; and, for that matter, in the conscience.

Of course, you will say nothing of this to his wife. A clergyman would look very oddly at the opera in New York, would he not? especially if there was a pretty *ballet* between the acts. Well, the other night, you may imagine my surprise at seeing over against me, in the first range of boxes, at the *Academie Imperiale*, no less a personage than our old Sabbath-day teacher, Mr. ——; no, positively, I will not write his name, lest I turn my gossip into sheer scandal.

He has forgiven me many a side coquetry with the little girls of the —— Street church; why should I not forgive him a little pastime on his own account?

But I was telling you of shop-windows. They never made better show than now. I wish I had the knack of describing to you the new gauze-like materials, with interwoven flounces, which promise to flutter among us when the winter has fairly left. They are endless in variety and in beauty. It seems to me that your half of the world are growing nearer and nearer to the butterfly state; and the stiff reeded petticoats (excuse me for naming the word) give the summer bareges a very wing-like extension, and would, I should suppose, enable a lady to take the air without going to the sea-shore. Indeed at Dieppe or Newport (for now the countries lie so near that we may class watering-places together), I should think the gauze materials to which I have alluded, and the underlying extensions (give me

credit for *that* word) would prove very hazardous, and very liable to convert a lady's slipper into a balloon car, and her parasol into a parachute.

As for silks (to come back to the windows again), never was such variety of wreaths, and roses, and patterns of all sorts, known before. Dowager ladies walk about like hot-beds or forcing-houses, and girls swim before you like a fleet of painted lilies.

Jewels keep pace with the silks, and invention has taxed itself to the uttermost to provide new trinkets for the coming balls of Baden and Hombourg. What do you say to a golden beetle, whose eyes are diamonds, whose wings are topaz, whose legs are jet, whose head is torquoise, and whose body is a pearl? As for serpents coiled around the wrist, with jeweled eyes, and with every scale a flake of enamel, they are now so common as to be given over to the Llorettes—to whom they are a most appropriate ornament.

But—as if the English alliance had brought English rural taste—the French jewelers are grafting rusticities upon their bijoux. I have seen brooches in the fashion of a rustic bench, on which two lovers (in enamel) were playing coy. Bracelets are wrought into the shape of a huge twisted tree limb, with the wood of gold, the bark of enamel, the knots of rubies, and the fastening of diamonds. Little lizards in frolicksome attitudes are disporting nowadays (through the jewelers) upon ladies' bosoms and foreheads; and spiders, with long coral antennæ, and eyes of sapphire, and bodies of bloated carbuncle, you see upon the necks of ladies—looking venomous.

In short, the freedom with which the Emperor and the Court spend money has tempted the whole Paris world to follow in their wake; and not since the days of the great Louis XIV. (they say) has there been such show of equipages and splendor of entertainment, and such extravagance of dress and of adornment.

Jules Lecomte, a pleasant story-teller, who every week communicates a *feuilleton* of luxurious gossip to the people of Brussels, says that the fever has now reached such a stage that a few discreet ladies, of simple taste, but of great reputation, have determined to oppose the matter by energetic resolve. They have formed themselves into a society, pledged each to each to limit their number of dresses for the year. They are tired of following after the whims of mantua-makers, and are determined to see if reputation can be maintained independently of the Gavelles and Baronnes. For the coming summer they are determined to separate among the various watering-places, and courageously run a tilt against the disposition of the day. They are determined to set the rare example of a lady at the Springs in search of health and recreation, and not in search of admirers of their toilet. They have bound themselves solemnly, in the matter of hats, not to go beyond two, and furthermore have agreed to discountenance every mantua-maker who shall give more than five hundred francs of credit to any lady whatever.

I suggest this matter in the hope (a very faint one) that some few courageous women of our city may be disposed to take up the association, and give it vitality upon the other side of the water.

By the way, did you ever hear, in the course of all your hearings about this imperial city, that a certain lady (there may be a dozen for aught I know) has fanned herself into an extraordinary annual revenue, in the Chaussée d'Antin, by merely giving advice on matters affecting toilet? It happens this way: A pleasant woman comes up from the country, having just married a wealthy *proprietaire*, whom she teases into a quittance of his vineyard and wine-presses, and being arrived, she finds the nice things she has brought with her from such far away provincial towns as Limoges, will hardly lift her to a dress-level with the pretty maids she sees in the streets. Of course she is *desolée* at the first, and all the more so when she finds that a trial of the riches in the shop-windows only makes her more *outrée* and ridiculous. What is to be done? Her dressmaker says she must hold a consultation; that dress is an art; that the art has its professors; and she gives her the card of the lady in the Chaussée d'Antin. Away goes our nice provincial lady—a mere bag, as it were, of flesh and silks—and appeals to the chief of the establishment in the Chaussée d'Antin. There is an initiative fee; having paid this much the stranger is admitted to a sitting. A daguerreotypist takes her picture as she sits; a ready artist examines her complexion, and reports upon its tone; a dexterous maid takes the height of the lady, and the circumference of her waist; the wife of a recruiting serjeant desires her to pass up and down the room, that she may judge of her gait; an official from the establishment of Boivin takes the measure of her hand; an old lady from Esté's, in the Rue de la Paix, examines her foot; the chief of the establishment takes a final scrutinizing glance through her lorgnette, asks name, age, and address, and our provincial lady is dismissed for a week, with strict injunctions to keep the house and to diet herself. At the expiration of that time she calls again. Her attire is in readiness: she is hatted by Alexandrine, robed by Baronne, *chausséed* by Esté, gloved by Boivin, and, glancing at herself in the mirror, is surprised and delighted to find herself transformed into an elegant woman of Paris.

Beside the dresses and accompaniments, she receives a schedule informing her of the colors she can wear at morning, and by gas-light. She is advised what sort of hair-dressing is becoming to her style of features, is cautioned about long or short dresses (as Esté may have reported), is directed on the score of hats, both as to trimmings and linings, is advised of the desirable color for sunshade within and without, and receives a bill—so large, that it would seem extravagant even beside those of Lawson. Judge then if it be large!

Would it not be well to organize something of the same sort for the young gentlemen of New York? How if Mr. Genio Scott, or some other capable individual, should undertake (and advertise) to give advice on these points to eldest sons of respectable, rich men, just commencing their designs upon up-town ladies and society generally? Would it not succeed? Would not our slender friends Benny T—— and Jemmy X—— gain very much by application, and forego the necessity of prostituting their noble intellects thenceforward, forevermore, to such stale matters as pantaloons and cravats?

Do make a move in the matter. Whisper to R—— to employ one of his junior corps who writes so pleasantly, to broach it in his journal. I am sure Mr. Scott would be grateful, and might in turn (like the lady of the Chaussée d'Antin) come to keep his carriage and his two liveried servants in light-green, with a pretty white broadcloth collar.

Speaking of pantaloons—*me pœnitet!*—have you any stirring in the city with perspective stag-hunts, or portraits of notable characters, or wild animal exhibitions woven into their tissue—black, on gray

ground? They are quite the favorite material here —with grooms; and I should think they might possibly become the steps of the New York Hotel. They would agree capitally with a black velvet morning-coat. Pray, get Mr. R—— to drop a hint of this too. It would quite relieve his morning columns.

Are you tired of dress? If you are, Mr. Mason is not, or Mr. Mann of the State Department, or Mr. Daniels of Virginia. Dress, in fact, is a matter of importance (most of all in the cold weather that oppresses us now). For, would you believe it (and I hinge this period upon the paragraph of the last), I am sitting before a blazing fire—three sticks at the least a-glow—in mid-June, and the sky is as dark and dreary, and March-like, as the skies of Maine.

I spoke a little way back of Jules Lecomte: he is a man of character as a writer. He has recently fallen in with—whom do you think? No less a body than Beau Brummel! Every body thought he was dead; so did I. But it appears that the old gentleman has been living a quiet life in one of the provincial towns of France ever since the day when he gave the unhappy order to the Prince of Wales to perform some menial service for him. It appears that the late attention to dress (has Mr. Marcy's order any thing to do with it, do you think?) has revived the spirits of the old gentleman, and he has made a call upon Lecomte, and I believe breakfasted with him. He seems hale and hearty, and is just as impassioned for starch and waistcoats as he ever was in his life.

I hear it hinted (though I can not vouch for it) that Soulé and Buchanan, and the rest, have made application to him to know what dress *he* would recommend on court occasions? He is said to be gracious even to republicans, and I hope he may give a satisfactory answer, though I fear that Mr. Mason, with his gilt toggery, is beyond the hope of advice.

Have you had gossip enough? If not, let me weave a sombre bit of news into the patch-work I am stitching for your eye. It is no less than a suicide at the Opera. The papers will have brought their mention of it before, but not perhaps with all the terrors of its happening.

It appears (at least so says Lecomte) that a certain Kruine, a Prussian officer, young and well-looking, was troubled some two years since in his native city of Berlin with deafness. The affliction disturbed him excessively, all the more since he was on the eve of a successful suit for the hand of a pretty maiden of Berlin. He was one of those strangely nervous temperaments (you will remember our friend P——), who aggravate a slight ill by their constancy of thought thereabout, and multiply a difficulty into a dozen. The deafness disturbed him strangely; by ingenious arts he kept it concealed from the lady in whose affections he was hopeful of winning a place, and, by strange fatuity, drew out her opinions upon the horror of such an affliction.

"Who could love a deaf man?" said she.

The grief and trouble of poor Kruine was doubled, and, feigning very wide and very false stories, he set off for Paris to consult the first surgeons of the capital. They told him (what occurs very often in troubles of the sort) that there was little hope for its removal. Despairing thus of any help from them, he caught readily at the absurdly promising proposals of a quack (have we not such an one with us?), and submitted to his cruel experiments. Instead of good (which followed indeed for a week), great harm ensued, and he imagined, with a fearful truth, that his hearing was grown even more difficult.

He tested himself in every possible way: he lingered for hours beside the drummers of the Place Vendôme; he hung about the entrance courts of the great barrack of cavalry by the Champs de Mars, hoping to catch the sound of the trumpets; he upset the chairs at his elbow, to reckon day by day his powers of hearing.

Sometimes, as the trumpets of the men of the cavalry by the Champs de Mars gave a louder burst, or as the men of the Place Vendôme touched their drums with a quicker and stronger stroke, he fancied that he was on the gain. On other days, when the sounds told dully on his ear, he annoyed himself almost to madness with the thought that his hearing was passing away from him altogether. At these times he examined his pistols (a friend had watched him do it), and reckoned up the pains of life and of death. Finally—it was hardly a fortnight before the date I have put to my letter—on a day when the evil spirit was on him, and when he recalled more vividly than ever what the Berlinese damsel had said of the terrible affliction, he determined to try himself by the sound of the orchestra music in the famous Prophête. He took a place in the first range of boxes, not very far from the benches of the players. Two ladies (strangers to him) were before him; and alone, he held one of the *fauteuils* which were in the rear of the *stalle*. He listened keenly through an act, but grew more dismally conscious of his growing misfortune; and finally, at a louder burst of music (he knew it by a sight of the score), hearing little or nothing, the thought of his trouble came quick and keen upon him, and he drew his pistol, and placing the muzzle under his chin, blew his head in fragments!

There was a rush in the house; the orchestra ceased its play; the players were aghast; the curtain dropped. The commissary of police made his appearance with his attendants, and removed the body from the *loge*. The floor was streaming with blood; fragments of the skull had fallen far and wide; ladies' dresses were bespattered with blood and brains; and with frightful particularity the French news-chroniclers tell us that a bit of the jaw was lodged upon the limb of the chandelier! Poor Kruine! he had gone where he will hear!

If suicides are to your taste (I hope they are not), I could fill a half dozen sheets with telling you of others: how an old woman of eighty or more, who lost the other day her husband, grew despondent and lonely, and finally worked up her spirit that she could live no longer, but must follow the old man, who had been her companion so long, into the spirit-world where he had gone before her. So she bought a pan of charcoal and lit it, and placed it in her chamber, and laid herself upon the bed and died!

Then, again, the *Débats* tells us of a young woman, and a pretty one, who had a lover (not a husband, which is a different affair altogether), to whom she felt her heart tied strongly and tenderly. But the lover was neither so strong or so tender as she. He fancied other faces as well as the one which lighted her coquettish caps; he lingered at other doors as well as the one which opened upon her garret chamber. She found him unfaithful, and mourned as those mourn who love and are not loved again.

She, too, lit her brazier of coal, and thrust her robes in the poorly jointed doors and windows of her garret room, and wrote a line of adieu, and died.

The adieu she left was simple and touching. I should think it might have harrowed the heart of

the man whose address it bore. It ran thus: "I forgive you with all my heart: pray take care of the little dog you gave me; it is a good dog!"

The Seine, too, with all our March rains (which have come in May and June), is rising fast and high. It touches almost the key of the lower arches of Pont Neuf, and the current is wild, and turbid, and strong. The poor creatures who make a worry of life have found it out and pitch head foremost safely. I say safely—since few boats or boatmen can now stem the torrent to save them; and the chances are that the bodies which once held the unquiet spirits will float down below the city, and be stranded on the field shores where the poplars thrive, and the grain fields wave, and the griefs of the city are unknown.

What do you think of mustaches? A sudden change, to be sure; but you see I write with my pen dipped in the topmost thought of my brain. Do you like mustaches? I ask, because just now there is a serious controversy waging all over England on the score of mustache and beard. There is a disposition to encourage their growth. You know the disposition has been strong enough on the Continent any number of years past; but now it has reached the shores of perfidious Albion. It is perhaps a result of the alliance (what odd things may yet grow out of it!)

The town of Southampton, lying, as you know, very near to France, has been foremost in the beard and mustache movement; and I learn (from capital authority) that a meeting of the chief citizens of the place has formally declared for beard and mustache (and whiskers if desired) as the manifest in tent of nature, and as tokens of manliness which no self-respecting citizen ought to be without.

In London, however, the movement does not meet with extraordinary favor. It is understood that the moneyed men, at the Bank and otherwheres, have declared against it; and not only declared against it on their own account, but absolutely refused to take into their employ any clerk who ventures on the cultivation of beard or mustache. I need not tell you that, under these circumstances, the affair is growing to possess a lively interest.

Did you ever suffer yourself to inquire *when* men first commenced shaving? Or what possible motive could have suggested the maltreatment? Have you any idea that Adam shaved, or Abel (Cain possibly), or Abraham, or Jacob, or the Apostle Paul, or John, or Athanasius, or Irenæus, or Wickliffe, or Martin Luther, or Erasmus, or King Alfred? Then why should I, or the clerks in the Bank of England, or General Quashem, or the Rev. Mr. Brown?

To say we are the prettier for it, is a small reason, and unworthy a strong-minded woman; to say we are more cleanly, is untrue, and liable to create false impressions; to say Mr. Opossum does so, and his father, and his father's father did so, and *his* father's father, is after all the only reason, and a very short-haired reason it is.

There *is* mention of a reason for shaven beards in history, and being the only one I can find for *laymen*, I will give it. The reason dates to a time when people ate broth without spoons; being without spoons, they came nearer to the bowl than now; and coming nearer to the bowl, their beards .... in short, they had no spoons.

You have not forgotten the tragedy of Ecully? It has certainly been in all your papers, as it was in all upon this side of the water. And do you know that things of the sort are very apt to have a more detailed description in the American papers than in those of Europe. Do you know that time and again I catch sight in the New York twopenny journals of a lengthy resumé of an European affair—be it a marriage, a death, or a battle—which was dispatched in the *Débats* or in the *Times* in ten lines? Are not we Americans a little given to over-prattle? Do we not love words better than most? Do you think the secret all lies (or even half of it) in our free press? I wish it were otherwise, for the sake of the type. Are not your eyes worn out with the littleness of the Congress doings, or the foreign letters, or the political summaries?

You see how I am running on, in the same American fashion, with never a thought of your eyes or your patience.

I was talking of the affair at Ecully: it is over. The poor man—Giraud was his name—is dead. A great company—soldiers, and work-people, and women, and the best of the Lyons population—followed him to the grave, where he sleeps with a simple white wood cross above it, telling when he died, and where, and why.

You can have no idea of the excitement which belonged to the story of his burial in the well, and the efforts the stout sappers made to relieve him. It was a deep well, you know, dug through quick moving dry gravel, supported from top to bottom by wooden drums; but when the poor fellows had worked thirty feet below the surface, the drum immediately above them gave way, forming a sort of rude arch over their heads, and the gravel buried them to their shoulders.

The news of it flew among the sympathetic provincials like fire, and shortly a great company were gathered on the ground to consult about the means of recovery. A corps of engineers were sent for from Lyons, and a shaft was undertaken, very near to the pit where the poor fellows lay, half buried and groaning piteously. But it was shortly found that the shaft commenced would never do, breaking, as it were, the firmness of the ground, and sending down fresh showers of sand and gravel upon the buried workmen.

Spot after spot was decided upon, and works commenced and then abandoned. Hope would have been small, if there had not been found a means of communicating, through the rude, self-formed wooden arch above the workmen, not only words of encouragement, but food and wine.

Night and day the works, re-established in a better position, went on. One of the poor fellows died, and it was proposed to pull out his body from the narrow space by main force. They lowered a rope for this, and Giraud (the live one) tied it about the shoulders of his dead companion; but at the first vigorous pull from above, new showers of gravel and stones came furiously down from above, and the attempt to remove the body was reluctantly abandoned.

Meantime the shaft, which the engineers had planned a little way from the pit, was pushed vigorously forward. Food and wine were passed to the moaning lingerer under ground. Day after day went by, and still the poor fellow kept his place beside his dead companion, buried to the shoulders in the compact earth.

Telegraphic reports came to the capital, and the kind-hearted Empress (I believe she is truly so) was painfully interested. She sent special words of encouragement to the sufferer, and to those who labored to relieve him.

Thus two weeks went by; scanty food passing to the buried man; the corpse beside him growing

putrid; the workers at the side-pit pressing their labors with vigor, by night and by day. From the country thereabout there came up crowds to render what help they could, and to watch the progress of the works to bring the buried man to day again. Every day the telegraph sent its tidings to Paris; every day the journals had their paragraph about the progress of the digging, and the chances there might be of saving poor Giraud alive.

All this time, however, he was growing fainter and fainter; but encouraging words were passed down to him in his burial-place, and his poor mother lingered about the mouth of the pit, suffering, maybe, more than the son.

At length it was reported that the works approached completion; the shaft had been sunk to a level with the well, and a side-gallery, carefully protected by wooden shield-work, was pushed toward the point where the buried man lay. The journals expressed hope of a speedy deliverance, and Giraud himself, with the putrid corpse hugging him uneasily, found courage in the near sound of the pickaxes and the voices of the workmen.

It was nine at night, just twenty-one days after the man had been buried, that the foremost workman broke through the last film of earth, and reached his hand toward the fainting well-digger. But the foul air of the narrow place overcame the adventurous soldier (he was of the corps of sappers and miners), and his companions bore him away as if he were dead.

With renewed care they removed the remaining obstructions; a stout man of the corps in attendance grasped the feeble and helpless Giraud by the shoulders, drew him out, dragged him along the narrow causeway, and at the foot of the pit, by the light of torches, they placed him upon a pannier which had been prepared, and by a windlass they drew him to the top.

Thousands were gathered to receive him, and the night air rang with a great shout. A messenger set off for Lyons, and in the various theatres the announcement that poor Giraud was saved was met by a shout of greeting. The tidings came to Paris, and for the evening people talked in salon and in café of the saving of poor Giraud.

He was badly bruised, but the surgeons had hope of saving him. They took him to the great hospital of Lyons, and gave him the best attendance of the city. Every day bulletins of his health reached Paris, and not a man could be found who did not express an interest (even in this stirring war-time) in the welfare of poor Giraud. The Empress settled on him a comfortable pension for life; gifts came in from fellow well-diggers, and his future seemed assured.

But a wound in the foot grew threatening: gangrene attacked the limb, and compelled amputation.

They gave him chloroform, and removed his leg; but the system was in no state to gain force, and to resist the spreading mortification: in short, the poor man died, and was buried, as I have told you.

I dare say you have seen as much of the matter before; but yet it seemed worth the putting down, as a token of French sentiment and of French kindness of heart. You see it every day, even in the midst of their cheatery. My landlady will make me pay double, and my butcher will levy a franc a day upon my ignorance, and my cook (a good, kind woman) will put all the balancing coppers in her pocket, and my broker will charge me extortionate commissions; but if I were to tumble into a well, I am sure they would all make haste to pull me out, and make me pay less for saving my life than I pay day by day for saving my bacon.

In short, the French are an interesting people. If you do not think so, come and see. Adieu.

Editor's Drawer.

ONE must needs see *An Intoxicated Monkey*, that ludicrous image of man in almost all things but reason, fully to appreciate the sorry figure a "human" cuts when his nature is disguised with drink. In Dr. Guthrie's quaint-styled book, the "*Old Year's Warning*," we find the following laughable description of a drunken monkey:

"Jack," as he was called, "seeing his master and some companions drinking, with those imitative powers for which his species is remarkable, finding half a glass of whisky left, took it up and drank it off. It flew, of course, to his head. Amidst roars of laughter he began to hop, skip, jump, and dance. Jack was decidedly drunk.

"Next day, when they went, with the intention of repeating the fun, to take the poor monkey from his box, he was not to be seen. Looking inside, they discovered him crouching in a corner.

"'Come out!' said his master.

"Afraid to disobey, he came shamefacedly out, walking on three legs. One forepaw was laid on his forehead, saying, as plain as words could do, 'What a headache I've got!'

"Having left him some days to get well and resume his gayety, they carried him off to the old scene of revel. On entering, he eyed the glasses with manifest terror, skulking behind the chairs; and on his master ordering him to drink, he 'bolted,' and was on the house-top in a twinkling. They called him down. He would not come. His master shook a whip at him. Jack, sitting astride on the ridge-pole, chattered and grinned defiance.

"A gun, of which he was always afraid, was now brought, and pointed at this new disciple of temperance: he ducked his head, and skipped over to the back of the house. *Two* guns were next leveled at him, one from each side of the house, upon which, seeing his predicament, and less afraid apparently of the fire than the 'fire-water,' the monkey leaped at one bound upon the chimney-top, and getting down the flue, held on with his forepaws. He would rather be singed than drink!

"He triumphed; and although his master kept him for twelve years after that, he never could persuade the monkey to taste another drop of whisky."

Many a young man, just entered upon the downward path of inebriety, with but half the beneficent instinct, not to call it "moral courage," of this poor monkey, might, in resisting the temptation which, in all its forms, was powerless with his ring-tailed brother, have become an honorable and honored member of society, instead of a wretched inebriate!

THE term Yankee was, in times past, a very distinctive appellation in the old Southern States; but the facilities for traveling are rapidly obliterating all local ideas, and merging the citizens of every section into one and the same people. Judge Bullard, who, many years ago, moved to Louisiana from Massachusetts, and in his adopted State received the highest honors it could bestow upon a citizen, was somewhat peculiar, in spite of his Southern associations, in always retaining much of his New England individuality. On one occasion, he with

several distinguished gentlemen, found himself, for a single night, the guest of a hospitable cabin "way down in Georgi-*a*." After supper, the gentlemen were conversing sociably together about some disputed point, when some one, turning to the Judge, remarked, "Come now, Bullard, you are a Yankee, perhaps you can solve our difficulty." The good lady of the house, who had been listening with respectful silence, started up upon hearing the word Yankee, and eying the Judge a moment, she earnestly asked, "Are you really a Yankee?" "I am," said the Judge, with commendable pride. "I am right glad to hear it," said the old lady, with a beaming face; "for you see I have had for many years a clock that won't go, and I thought if a Yankee came along I could have it mended;" and, to the astonishment of all present, she placed the invalid time-piece before the distinguished ornament of the Supreme Court.

At the corner of the Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street, surrounded by an iron railing, is an old pear-tree in tolerable preservation. At the time of its planting, by Peter Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch Governors, it was intended as an useful appendage to a residence in the country; but it is now in the very centre of the city of New York. This tree presents a sad picture of the innovations of modern times, and resembles, in its circumstances, some of the "oldest inhabitants," who still linger among us. Crowded in among bricks and mortar, and covered with the dust of a thousand passing vehicles, it extends its gnarled limbs into the heated atmosphere as if struggling for breath, and bears fearful evidence that its days are drawing to a close. Soon this old pear-tree will be gathered home to its mother earth; and when such is the case, the last veritable monument of the Knickerbockers will have ceased to exist, and the curious public will have nothing at which they can point as a relic of the "early times."

Old "Colonel Warnuck" edited a daily evening paper "out West," and was known by the title of "Father of the Press." He was a man of methodical habits, and his business seemed to have been arranged exactly to suit his humors. He got to his office in the morning at ten o'clock precisely, and after writing "a leader," and "scissorizing" the demanded quantity of "matter," he would walk deliberately over to "the Hotel," and commence drinking and disputing about politics, until he was carried home completely intoxicated and put to bed. This the Colonel had done for years; but upon one occasion he became tremendously excited in some political squabble, and in the midst of it went home, early in the afternoon, to examine some long-neglected papers. His wife was surprised at the unexpected intrusion, and was further alarmed by the Colonel's manners and appearance, for she could scarcely recognize him as her husband. Her fears caused the good lady to send off for the family physician, and demand his immediate attendance. She stated that the Colonel had come home at an unusual hour; that his conduct was exceedingly strange, so that she was afraid that his mind had finally given way from his continued dissipation. The doctor rushed round to the Colonel's house, and into the presence of the patient, and discovered that the cause of all the alarm grew out of the fact that the Colonel was *cold sober;* and had, by this extraordinary circumstance, caused the serious agitation in the bosom of his family.

One of the rarest faculties is that of close observation. It is not an uncommon circumstance to meet with people who can tell very little about the things the most familiar to them by association. There was an immense sight of shrewdness displayed by the farmer, who found fault with the picture of some pigs eating, because none of them had their feet in the trough. One of the best statues of Nelson was pronounced by the British public quite faultless, until an "old Salt" discovered that the ropes, forming part of the accessories, were *coiled the wrong way*. Some years ago, a "cit" had a long ride in company with a country gentleman. Said the "cit" to his friend, "Now, we shall pass on the road to-day at least fifty cows, and as many horses. Now, I will bet the amount of the expenses of our journey, that I can tell how the cows and how the horses will, in every case, get upon their feet when roused from a reclining position. You may take your choice. The cows shall all get up by first rising upon their hind legs, and the horses upon their fore ones; or the horses shall rise first upon their hind legs, and the cows upon their fore ones." The challenged speculated awhile, and said he would take the bet, leaving it to the "cit" to make the choice. The challenger said he would then bet "that the cows would invariably get first upon their hind legs in rising; and that the horses would, without an exception, rise up by getting first upon their fore ones;" and it was accepted. Now, how many readers of our Magazine can promptly decide who won the bet?

Among all of our clergy who, from long residence and great talents, have become a feature of our city society, none have sustained themselves with more dignity and consistent popularity than the Rev. Dr. Hawks. It is related of him that, on one occasion, a congregation "in the suburbs" desired his ministrations, but he declined "the call," on account of the limited salary attached. "The vestry" replied; and, among other things, suggested that the pastor should remember that even the ravens were cared for, and why should he, therefore, be so particular about his pay. The Doctor, evidently desirous to give an answer in the proper spirit, replied, that he had read that the ravens were cared for, but that as nothing was said about the *little Hawks*, he must look after them himself.

Prentiss, the famous orator of the southwest, was very fond of using anecdotes to illustrate his subjects. On one occasion, when he was advocating the claims of Mr. Clay to the Presidency, he had a great many Irishmen among his auditors, who continually interrupted him by loud remarks. Prentiss finally addressed himself to the "dissenters;" and, in a playful manner, went on to say that he could account for their dislike to his political idol in no other way than that it was natural to the Irish to be always in the "opposition;" and then related the following incident. He said that some years ago, when it was the custom in New York city to keep the polls at elections open for three days, as might have been expected, the voters got rather excited at the winding up. A ship, direct from Liverpool and filled with emigrants, was hauled into one of the docks, directly in front of a "poll" where was breeding an election riot, and the first man ashore was a "broth of a boy," shelalah in hand, who, scarcely able to stand upon solid earth after his long confinement on shipboard, was trying to get his legs in subordination, and comprehend the

confusion before him. At the instant, one of the runners about the polls, with a handful of tickets in his hand, rushed up to Pat, and thrusting a vote into his face, asked with vehemence, "Which side are you on?" The threatening row had now broken into a storm; brickbats, clubs, and imprecations prevailed; when Pat seemed to suddenly recover his presence of mind, and replied: "Ye'd know the side I'm on, would ye?" and shaking his stick over his head, and giving a whoop, he concluded, "I'm on the rebilion side, ov coorse!" and he then pitched into the brawl "like one at home."

Cities are no places for sentiment—the never-ceasing wants of the "new comers," like the surging waves of a rising flood, obliterate landmarks and the sacred records of the life that has preceded. Hence it is, that the living carelessly pursue the phantom of the moment, while treading upon the ashes of the dead; and the most thoughtless are sometimes startled by the fearful indifference displayed by the crowd regarding matters that we instinctively feel should be cherished, if we would preserve the divinity within us. Without being over sensitive, we must confess that even our city-encased heart sometimes sinks within us at unexpected sights, and the fine chords of our moral sense, that have so long slumbered in silence, and we fear in insensibility, vibrate for the moment in painful discord. Passing through Grand Street the other day, our attention was arrested by the strange spectacle of a church turned into a stable. Horses were munching their hay "in family pews," and eying with comical expression the street passers, through the clear glass of Gothic windows. Within "the altar" were locked together the vehicles that belong to the "fast men of the town," while adown the isles were reposing the plain buggies that are hired out for a season. On the sacred desk is a lot of well-greased harness. In the porch sit a crowd, the members of which discuss, in no very refined language, the events of the "last race," the best time on the avenues, and "how that 'ere spirited hanimal tried to break another gentleman's neck," and other incidents peculiar to "horse talk." Stable boys and rats revel in "the Sunday-school rooms," and the arched roof, that once echoed with "songs of praise," is disfigured with long, tenacious cob-webs, that swing to and fro from the half-concealed nests of wasps and bats. We tried, while looking upon these things, to be philosophical—to be "practical." It's all right, thought we, assuming a brisker walk—the changes of the city have made this church unnecessary—yet, in spite of our reasoning, we saw rising before us the indignant attitude of One who drove the money-changers from the Temple. We saw also innumerable ragged children, and depraved men and women, who on the Sabbath hung around this "church," and heard and saw not only the profanation, but the utter desecration of holy things. Our thoughts of justification died within us; we heard, in spite of ourselves, the prayers and aspirations that had gone up from that building. We beheld the time when the worshiping congregation cried "Amen" to its solemn dedication to the service of the Almighty. We could imagine the moment when the fire of heaven consumed the sacrifice; but we could not, and can not imagine when the sacred dedication was revoked, and when the building ceased to be set apart for the worship of the living God.

These thoughts, old as the Mexican war, were suggested to the mind of a graphic writer in the *Delta* of New Orleans, who was describing for that journal some of the exciting events of that memorable campaign. War makes the beholder familiar with, and indifferent to death; but this writer goes beyond, and depicts what in hundreds of instances has probably already come to pass with the beholders and actors in the scenes in Mexico:

"But now, what is the 'conclusion of the whole matter?'

"The sword and the scissors are fast hastening to rust, and the nice little soldier-clerk will lay himself down, and his lips grow blue, and his voice feebler, and he will die! The carpenter will plane off shavings, for the rosy-cheeked children to play with, from the boards, and get some of the velvet which that same clerk used to snip, and some nails from the blacksmith's, and make him a coffin.

"The mason, as he looks down upon the procession which bears him to his grave, will for a moment forget his 'mort,' being absorbed in a more serious kind of mort; and perhaps—if the clerk has rich friends—perhaps, I say, the mason may be called upon to build a tomb over him, telling how he had survived the Battle of Mexico only to fall in the great Battle of Life!

"Then, after a while, the children will come around the door of the carpenter's shop, but they will be shut out, for the shaving-makers will all be gone too. The clod he used to turn with the plow will rest heavily on the bosom of the farmer's son. The village will seem dull and lonely, for no more shall you hear the clanging anvil: the blacksmith too is gone, and the ashes moulder, the hammer lies in the black dust on the dirt-floor, the anvil has grown cold, the bellows breathless. The lapstone, too, has ceased its clank.

"But go along soon again, and you see another bob-tailed, fancy-vested clerk, just like ours, only *not he!* The carpenter's shop-door is open too, and you hear the saw ripping through the plank. The children are there too, but they stand aloof, and peep dubiously in, to see if the new carpenter looks kindly upon them, like our old friend. A little sallow-faced, snub-nosed individual has taken the hammer and awl of our merry shoemaker, and high up on the scaffold you hear a strange voice cry out 'Mort!'

"And so it is. All, *all* is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

Doubtless it is Saxe, the humorous and always-ready poet, who, on hearing that Queen Victoria had again honored the Isle of Wight by selecting her wet-nurse from Cowes, wrote as follows:

> "Why now," says Roger, says he,
> "'Tis a thing that Nature allows,
> He being a young Johnny *Bull*, d'ye see,
> Must of course get his nursing from *Cowes!*"

The following example of *Court-Room etiquette* occurred in a certain town in Missouri some ten or twelve years ago. It is to be hoped such scenes are less frequent in that region nowadays, although many laughable occurrences in Western courts of "distant judicature" are even now often reported in the newspapers.

"Judge Somebody, of the county of Somewhere, in this State, is a well-known and very popular man moreover, for he is not above 'taking a hand' at cards, or a glass of whisky either—that is, 'occasionally.' On the bench, however, he is an entirely different individual; a sound lawyer, and

holding the scales of justice with a grave dignity worthy of half a dozen 'Somebodies' rolled into one.

"One day, during a very interesting case, a very tall and very solemn-looking individual, further solemnized by a very broad-brimmed beaver, entered the court-room, walked forward toward the railing, and, without removing his hat, sat down opposite the surprised and offended legal dignitary.

"'Mr. Sheriff,' said the Judge, 'tell that man to take his hat off.'

"The Sheriff walked over to the transgressor, and remarking that 'the rules of the court must be observed,' gently removed the broad-brim from the head, and deposited it in the lap of the owner.

"'Why, Judge,' exclaimed the latter, in a shrill tone of surprise, '*I'm bald!*'—and he immediately replaced his covering.

"The Judge had not perceived this second attempt at the moment, having been engaged in replenishing his mouth with a fresh 'chew' of tobacco, in order to aid his ruminations; but again looking forward, the hat once more loomed up before him.

"'Mr. *Sheriff!*' said he, with even *more* than severity, 'tell that man to take his *hat* off.'

"The officer again waited upon the offender, and removed his beaver a second time.

"'But, Judge, I tell you I'm BALD!' cried the victim, in a tone of increased surprise at the official lack of consideration for his condition; at the same time, once more, and with great determination, '*thatching* himself.'

"The Judge was a picture to look at. 'Mr. Clerk,' said he, in a voice whose solemn calm was 'calculated,' whether it did or not, to 'search' the man, 'enter up a fine of five *dollars* against Mr. C——, for refusing to take his hat off when ordered by the Court.'

"Mr. C—— immediately 'straightened himself up,' walked his six feet six, surmounted by his cloud of beaver, straight up to the bar of the Court, pulled from his pocket fifty cents, and squirting through his teeth a jet of tobacco juice, he 'spake:'

"'Wal, Judge, here's fifty cents, which, with four dollars and a half you owed me when we stopped playing 'poker' last night, makes us about even, I reckon!'

"'Ah-a-um-a-wah-boo-oh, Mr. Sheriff, you will not suffer the Court to be interrupted,' said the Judge.

"Before the 'Court' had recovered its articulation, however, the 'Interruption' had walked out as solemnly as he had entered."

THERE is an astonishing difference between the willingness with which one "puts up" with little annoyances from little folks, whether those same little folks are your own or somebody's else. The speculative bard who wrote the following lines had an idea of this, among other things:

"Baby, crowing on your knee,
While you sing some little ditty,
Pulls your hair, or thumbs your eye.
Would you think it wasn't pretty?
Tell me, could you?
If you *owned* 'the baby,' would you?

"Wife, with arms about your neck,
Says you 'look just like the baby;'
Wants some cash to make a 'spec,'
And you would refuse her—maybe!
Could you? *should* you?
If you owned 'the *woman*,' would you?

"Little labor, little strife,
Little care, and little cot;
Would you sigh for single life?
Would you murmur at your lot?
Tell me, should you?
If you owned the *cottage*, would you?

"Health and comfort, children fair,
Wife to meet you at the door,
Fond hearts throbbing for you there;
Tell me, would you ask for more?
Should you? could you?
If you owned '*the ready*,' would you!"

WE give place to the subjoined in the "Drawer," at the request of a correspondent in Concord, New Hampshire, for the purpose of asking whether it be entirely, or in part, authentic. We doubt very much whether such an anecdote could be "made out of whole cloth;" and we know that it was current as *true* some thirty years ago:

"Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin had chanced to dine with the English and French embassadors, when, as nearly as can be remembered, the following toasts were drunk:

"*By the English Embassador:*

"'ENGLAND—the *Sun*, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth.'

"*The French Embassador*, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the 'premises' of the previous toast, drank:

"'FRANCE—the *Moon*, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in the darkness, and making even their dreariness beautiful.'

"*The American Embassador*, Dr. Franklin, then rose, and, with his usual simplicity, said:

"'GEORGE WASHINGTON—the *Joshua* who commanded the *Sun* and *Moon* to stand still, and they obeyed him!'"

"*The Yankee Horse-Swapper in Old Kentucky*" must have been put into the "Drawer" with some ultimate design upon the risibles of the readers of its multifarious contents:

"The Kentuckian, ready for a trade, exchanges his 'Sorrel' for the peddler's 'Old Gray;' but finding the latter indisposed to move a peg after he has secured him, he denounces the Yankee as a swindler, who only laughs at and tantalizes him in return.

"Presently the 'cute peddler mounts *his* prize, but 'Sorrel' is as immovable as the Mammoth Cave. After trying a long time in vain to start the obstinate animal, the Kentuckian consoles him with:

"'Stranger, you *kin* start him, ef you'll only bring some shavin's and kindle a fire under him! That's the way *I* get him going in the mornings!'"

LITTLE children's reasoning powers, if not always "deep," are sometimes quite "searching." Witness the subjoined juvenile anecdote:

"'Is't true, mamma,' inquired a little girl, 'that a Quaker never takes off his hat?'

"'It *is* true, my dear,' answered the fond mother: 'it is a mark of respect which he thinks he should pay to no man.'

"'But then tell me, mamma,' answered the child, 'how does a Quaker manage when he has to have his hair cut?'"

This was a child's "poser."

THE French people are proverbially polite; nor in any thing do they exhibit their politeness more agreeably to a stranger and a foreigner, than in never laughing at those who make mistakes in their language. We can not help thinking, however, that even a Frenchman would have laughed at an Englishman, had he made the mistake in Paris that a Frenchman made not many months ago in London:

"Newly arrived in the metropolis, he was impatient to see the town, but fearful of not finding his way back to his hotel, he carefully copied upon a card the name painted on the corner-wall of the building, supposing that to be the name of the house, or at least of the street that it was in. This done, he felt himself safe, and set out for a ramble, much upon the principle commonly known as 'following one's nose.'

"The whole day long he strolled and stared to his heart's content. Wearied at last, he jumped into a cab, and with the easy, confident air of a man who feels 'perfectly at home,' he read from the card which he had prudently preserved the name of the street he had dwelt in. The cabman grinned horribly.

"'This English pronunciation is sadly difficult,' said the Frenchman to himself; 'he does not *understand* me!' and he placed the card before the man's eyes.

"The cabman grinned more than ever, gazing into the passenger's astonished face, and ended by sticking his hands into his pockets, and roaring with laughter.

"The foreigner was indignant. He appealed to the passers-by. One and all, they gravely listened to him at first, but upon beholding his card, even *they* joined in chorus with the coachman.

"The Frenchman now became furious. He swore, stamped, and gesticulated like a candidate for Bedlam. He even went so far as to *threaten* the laughers, which only made the matter worse. A crowd assembled, and every body sympathized with the Frenchman until they learned the circumstances of the case, when *they* too joined in the infectious hilarity.

"By-and-by up came the police, those guardian-angels of bewildered foreigners in the great labyrinth of London. The aggrieved Gaul felt sure of sympathy, succor, and revenge. He was never more mistaken. The gentlemen in blue roared with the rest. They evidently could not help it. Compunction mingled with their mirth—nevertheless they guffawed exceedingly.

"To what extremities the desperate Frenchman might have proceeded it is impossible to say, had not a gentleman acquainted with his language appeared upon the scene. *He* too laughed violently on examining the card; and when he had spoken a few words to the Frenchman, the Frenchman laughed likewise, which was the signal for the commencement of a general hilarity.

"The address so carefully copied by the foreigner at the corner of his street, and for which he was inquiring the way, was the following:

"'COMMIT NO NUISANCE!'"

MANY stories have been told of the pranks and tricks of ventriloquists, and especially of Matthews the elder, who delighted to play under different disguises and in different characters. The following very amusing instance was verified by an eye witness:

"I was invited to dine at the Piazza Coffee-house, to meet Matthews. The room we dined in had two doors. Matthews sat on the right hand of our entertainer, by whose desire I seated myself next to Matthews. During dinner, the latter mentioned to me that an acquaintance of his, an obstinate, opinionated old bachelor, whom he had known in the North, was now in town, and that he was exceedingly apprehensive that this person, who was intolerably rude and overbearing, would find him out, and force himself upon the company.

"After dinner Matthews made himself exceedingly agreeable, and we were all in the acme of enjoyment, when the waiter entered, and announced that an elderly gentleman was below, inquiring for Mr. Matthews.

"'What's his *name?*' asked Matthews, in great alarm.

"'He didn't *say*, sir, but he says he knows that you are *here*—and he says he must see you.'

"'It's *Old Thwaites!*—I am *sure* it is him!—I knew he would ferret me out!'

"'Stay!—what sort of a man *is* he?' said our entertainer.

"'Has he a brown great-coat on?' demanded Matthews.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Green specs?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Scratch wig?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Stoops a good deal?'

"'He *do*, sir.'

"'Speaks in a North-country accent?'

"''Zactly, sir; you've hit *'im*.'

"'Ah! I knew it,' interrupted Matthews, shrugging up his shoulders, and shooting away to the head of the stairs.

"'I tell you I *know* he is in the house, and I *will* see him!' vociferated a voice on the stairs.

"'Say Bannister's taken ill!—I'm gone to the theatre!' cried Matthews, rushing in, seizing his hat, and bolting.

"He had scarcely made his exit at one door when *Old Thwaites* appeared at the other. The latter's appearance corresponded in every respect with the description given by Matthews.

"'Where's *Matthews?*' demanded he, abruptly, in a strong North-country accent. 'I know he is *here*,' continued he, hobbling into the room, and looking sharply around; 'and I must *see* him.'

"'Mr. Matthews *was* here, sir,' replied our host, with more politeness than I thought there was occasion for; 'but he has gone now, and I—'

"'That won't pass with *me*, sir, interrupted Mr. Thwaites rudely. 'I know he is in the house—I've ascertained *that*. So here,' continued he, putting down his hat and walking-stick, and seating himself in the chair Matthews had just vacated, 'here I'll *stay* until I've seen him.'

"We all stared at this.

"'You're quite welcome to stay, sir, as long as you please,' said our entertainer, coolly; 'but what I tell you is a fact.'

"'It's a lie, sir!' interrupted Mr. Thwaites again; 'it's *a lie*, sir!' he repeated, striking his fist upon the table until the glasses jingled again, 'and you all *know* it!' concluded he, looking fiercely around.

"Of course we all rose at this.

"'Pray, gentlemen,' said our entertainer, 'be seated, I beg of you. As a friend of Mr. Matthews, as an elderly gentleman, Mr. Thwaites is privileged to—pray resume your seats, gentlemen.'

"We obeyed, though I confess I felt strongly in-

clined, in spite of his years, to kick the rude intruder out of the room on my own responsibility.

"'So you *know* me, do you?' proceeded Mr. Thwaites, filling up a bumper; 'Matthews *mentioned* me, did he? Pah! what stuff is this? what beastly wine! I wonder you can drink such rubbish. Pah!—nothing but sloe-juice and cider. But any thing—*any thing* is good enough for you Cockneys,' added he with a sneer. 'Ha! ha!—but you wouldn't *know* good wine if you *had* it.'

"Some of us ventured to dissent from this. But Mr. Thwaites stuck to his assertion, and maintained it with so much rudeness that it required all the tact of our entertainer to preserve order. No matter what subject was started, Mr. Thwaites was sure to render it a theme for discord; until at length the patience of the company becoming completely exhausted, we rose *en masse*, and were on the point of forcibly ejecting the intruder, when, pulling off his wig and spectacles, there stood Matthews himself!

"I had partly begun to suspect this. My proximity to the supposed Mr. Thwaites enabled me to detect a horse-hair attached to the wig, which, passing under Matthews's nose, entirely changed the expression of his countenance. But no other person except our entertainer, who was in the secret, had the slightest suspicion of the cheat: the admirable manner in which Mr. Matthews supported his assumed character, but above all, the celerity with which he returned, so completely altered in his appearance, precluding the possibility of his being identified."

THE thoughts contained in the ensuing beautiful lines will often suggest themselves to strangers treading the thoroughfares of a great city, amidst the multitudes "that no man can number," the "leagues of light" at night, and the "roaring of the wheels:"

"Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon:
Where, O where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago?

"Who peopled all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church, with faces meek,
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail;
The plot that worked
A brother's hurt:
Where, O where are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?"

There is no answer save the foot-falls of the crowd, "like the low murmuring of the sea."

WE remember seeing in an English newspaper, some months ago, an article upon "*Americanisms, in Language and Pronunciation;*" and among them was the very word "*some*," spoken of below, in an extract from a report of a trial before an English court some fifteen years ago. So that *this* "cant phrase" is at least English:

"A woman had been complained of for disturbing the neighborhood in which she resided, and several witnesses were called to prove the charge. One of them testified that the woman not only talked and sang extremely loud herself, and at very unseasonable hours, but that she had some female acquaintances who visited her, and that they too were far from being as quiet as the peace of the neighborhood demanded.

"The following colloquy took place between the lawyer and the witness:

"LAWYER. 'Do you mean to say that loud talking and laughing disturb the neighbors?'

"WITNESS. 'I do, distinctly.'

"LAWYER. 'You say that the woman who lives in this house has some female acquaintances who visit her?'

"WITNESS. 'I have *said* so, once.'

"LAWYER. 'Who are they, and what are their names?'

"WITNESS. 'Well—there's Mrs. Gadder.'

"LAWYER. 'Does she make much noise?'

"WITNESS. 'Tremendous! You never heard the like.'

"LAWYER. 'Well, who else?'

"WITNESS. 'Can't exactly say just now.'

"LAWYER. 'But you just said there were *some* females who visited the house. Mrs. Gadder, as you call her, isn't "*some.*"'

"WITNESS. '*Aint* she though?'

"LAWYER. 'Of course she isn't.'

"WITNESS. 'Well, if you could *hear* her once, as *I* have, cutting up and going on, *I rayther guess you would think* she was "some," if not more!'"

THE following advertisement once appeared—"it's a good many years ago now"—in a Vermont weekly paper. If Sally didn't go and meet her bridegroom, she certainly deserved to live and die an old maid:

"NOTICE.—SALLY LARRABEE can have an interview with the subscriber by writing to him where she may be found, or coming to his residence, at Timothy Waters', in Whittingham, Vermont, one and a half miles from Jacksonville.

"I have been at a good deal of trouble to find her, and have got almost tired of it; and I have had a good many chances to get married, and *want* to get married as soon as spring opens. I hope she will take no offense if I should be obliged to give up the chase, and have somebody else. I should be very happy to have her come as quick as she could, as I can not bear the thought of forgetting her forever, and can never love any body else as I do her—never, never!"

We faintly remember seeing the marriage recorded some two or three months after the appearance of the foregoing.

A SOUTHERN Adonis, not particularly celebrated for his personal attractions, on completing a somewhat protracted toilet one morning, turned to his servant, and inquired:

"How do I look, Cæsar?"

"'Plendid, massa—'plendid!" was Ebony's delightful answer.

"Do you think I'll *do*, Cæsar?" he asked, surveying himself in a glass, and giving Cæsar a piece of silver.

"Guy! massa, neber see you look so fierce in all my life. You look jis as bold as a lion!"

"A lion? why, what do *you* know about a lion? You never *saw* one, Cæsar."

"Neber see a *lion*, massa! Guy! I see Massa Peyton's Jim ride one ober to de mill ebery day."

"Why, you fool! that's a donkey!"

"Can't help *dat*, massa," said Cæsar, "*you look jis like him!*"

The "colored compliment" was not improved by the amendment.

ITALIAN artists and picture-dealers look to the English and to Americans as their surest and most liberal customers. A worthy Dutch landscape-painter narrated to a quarterly reviewer, in his broken English, the following amusing incident:

"I work in my studio one day, ven one gentleman wid the *lunettes* come in, make one, two, tree bow, very profound, and say:

"'*Gut Mornen, Meinheer!*"

"I make one, two, tree profound bow, and say de same. Den de gentleman he look at all my picture, ver' slow and deliberate: den he say—

"'Dat is goot—dat is beautiful—dat is vondrous fine!' Den he say at last: 'Sare, vill you permit me to bring my friend de Baron von A—— to see your fine work?'

"I say—'Sare, you will do me one favor.'

"Den he make tree more bow, more profound than before, and he go away. De nex' day he bring his friend de Baron, and dey two make six bow, all very profound, and dey say that all is very beautiful, and den de Baron say—

"'Sare, will you let me bring my friend de Count von B—— to see dese so fine vork?' and den dey make de bow, and I see dem no more.

"Dat was one *German* gentleman.

"Anoder day, one little gentleman come in, wid one skip, and he say—

"'Bon jour, monsieur! *charme de faire notre connaissance!*' He take up his lorgnette, and he look at my first picture, and he say—

"Ah, vell Sare! that is one ver' fine morsel?' Den he pass quick to anoder, and he say—'Sare, dis is truly admirable; after dis, Nature is wort' not-'ing; and so in two minute and a half he get t'rough wit dem all. Den he twirl his cane, and stick out his chin, and say—

"Sare, I make you my compliments: you have one great talents for de landscape. I shall have de honneur to recommend to you all my friend: *au revoir, Monsieur;*" but I never see him not again.

"He was one *French* gentleman.

"Anoder day, I hear one loud tap with one stick at my door, and ven I say 'Come in!' one gentleman walk forward, very stiff, and nod his head, but take never his hat off of his head. He say—

"'May I see your pictures?'

"I bow, and I say: 'Wid pleasure, Sare.'

"He no answer, but look at one long time, and say not a vord. Den he look at anoder, and say not'ing. Den he go to anoder, and look, and say—

"'Vat is de price of dis?'

"Den I say, 'Sare, it is sixty Louis.'

"Den he say not'ing, but look at anoder long time. Den he say—

"'Can you give me pen and ink?' and ven I give it, he sit down and he say—

"'Vat is your name, Sare?'

"Den I give him my card, and he write one order on Tortoni for sixty Louis; he give me de order wid his card, and he say—

"'Dat picture is mine—dat is my address—send it home—good-morning.'

"And so he make one more stiff nod, and walk away.

"This was one *English* gentleman!"

IT has been estimated, from established data, that this Great Metropolis, in which it is our happiness to live, doubles its population once every fourteen years. What was true fifteen years ago, therefore, when the following was written, is doubly true now. If the stranger's brain was nearly turned at *that* time, what would it be now? A rush of blood to the head at the very least:

"I like New York. I like it for the very points of difference which distinguish it from all other cities in the Union—its noise—its hurry, its bustle—its mixed population, and the Babel-like confusion of tongues which it inherits. One may walk through Wall Street or Broadway, and hear French, Spanish, Italian, English, German, Turkish, and almost every other language used in the known world, spoken in the same moment. The haste with which every body moves, and acts, and speaks, is another characteristic of New York that I admire. It is contagious, and it has a good effect upon the spirits and health of an idle man. I have strolled into Wall Street, so very lazy and listless, that I had hardly energy enough to move one foot past the other, and in fifteen minutes thereafter, I found myself tearing up and down the street, through Pearl, into Water, up Front Street, skipping over barrels, and boxes, and crates, as if the sailing of an Indiaman, or the credit of a dozen houses, all depended upon the celerity of my movements. The same effects produced by the same causes, I have remarked in others.

"I have a country friend, a retail trader, who visits the city once a year to pay his debts, and lay in a new stock of goods. He only trades at two houses, and generally has but two notes to pay, and as for his purchases—he can make them in a couple of hours. I have seen this quiet, steady, slow-and-easy old gentleman, saunter out of the Ohio Hotel into the street, of a Monday morning, and after carefully perusing all the sign-boards in his immediate vicinity, move along at the grave and judicious pace peculiar to himself. Anon a young clerk would flash by him, and before he could distinguish the precise color of his coat, be out of sight. A countryman would pass him, with the speed of a steam-engine. 'Why!' the old man would exclaim, 'Why, that's neighbor Wilson! Neighbor, neighbor! Mr. Wilson! Bless me! how he walks! He's out of sight already!'

"By this time, his *own* step would be quickened. A little before him, he observes the principal of the house with which he transacts his business. He increases his pace. It is in vain. He can not overtake him. Merchants, clerks, porters, horses, carts, wheel-barrows, whiz past him. His brain becomes confused, his feet begin to fly, and in ten minutes more, I have marked the old man, striding along the street, under full headway—the long skirts of his coat fluttering and flapping in the wind, his hair streaming out from under his hat, drops of perspiration coursing each other down his cheeks—the very picture of a fugitive from justice."

IN these days—as in former days—when patent-medicines for the cure of every known ill to which flesh is heir so abundantly abound, this anecdote of NATHANS, Reuben Nathans—whose "Chinese Balsam of Life," and "Celebrated Hair-invigorating Lotion," made so much noise some fifty years ago, will touch the risibles of many at least among the *older* readers of "The Drawer:"

"When the 'Doctor's' medicines were first announced to the world, a simple-minded laboring

man purchased one bottle of the Lotion and another of the Balsam, for his wife, who had a consumptive cough of many years' standing, and was besides threatened with the total loss of her hair. The woman used both remedies according to directions, and as is usual with ignorant people, in such cases, thought they were really doing her a vast deal of good. The cough seemed to her to be going away rapidly; she 'breathed freer,' while her hair appeared to be coming back again thicker than ever. As a natural consequence, she felt very great confidence in the medicines; and when the first lot of Balsam was all used, she sent her husband to get the bottle filled again. The doctor asked the man how the medicine operated?

"'Oh, grandly!' replied the husband; 'my wife's cough's e'en a'most gone, and her hair's all coming back again as fiery as ever.'

"'Ah,' said the doctor, 'that's the way *my* medicines always work. There's no mistake about *them*. They're just what I call them, the 'greatest wonders of the age.' I 'spose you've no objection to give me your affidavit?'

"'Oh, no,' replied the man; 'that's just what my wife wants me to do.'

"The couple then repaired to the mayor's office, where an affidavit was drawn up, sworn to, and witnessed. On returning to the doctor's shop, the quack took up the empty bottle for the purpose of refilling it. Uncorking it, he put it to his nose and smelt of it.

"'Why, what can this mean?' he exclaimed, in some astonishment; and then, after looking at the label, he smelt of it again. 'Why, sir, this isn't balsam, though the label says so, but the 'hair lotion!'

"'Hair lotion or not,' replied the man, pointing to the bottle, 'that's what cured my wife's dreadful cough, and the stuff in the other bottle at home is what made her hair grow again!'

"'Strange! strange!' repeated the doctor, with a puzzled countenance; 'I don't know what to make of it. Will you be kind enough, sir, just to step back and get me the other bottle—the hair lotion, I mean?'

"The man did so, and soon returned with the lotion bottle. The doctor took it, and applied his nose to the mouth.

"'And this,' said he, 'is just as surely the balsam as the other is the lotion. Don't you think there was some mistake on your part, sir? Are you *sure* that what was in this bottle made your wife's hair grow again?'

"'Just as sartain as I'm alive,' replied the man; 'for I always turned it out myself, while Betsey held the spoon.'

"The doctor sat down in a chair, and, laying a finger on his nose, seemed buried in profound thought.

"'Ah! I see!' he at length exclaimed, and jumping up, he filled the empty bottle again. 'There, sir,' said he, giving it to the man, and hurrying him to the door; 'all's right, sir; I was a little bothered, that's all. Call again when that's gone, and you shall have another for nothing.'

"As soon as he had shut the door on his customer, the doctor called in his 'confidential' man from the 'laboratory.'

"'Moshes,' said he, 'we've made a great mistake in our guess-work, after all. I've been studying ver' hard, lately, and have just discovered that our *lotion* is the stuff to cure the coughs and the consumptions, and the balsam is the besht to make the hair grow! We must change the labels.'

"'That's unlucky,' replied the man, 'for we've got four thousand bottles, two thousand of each kind, all ready to send away to-morrow.'

"'Vel, vel,' said the doctor, 'you can change the labels if you have time; if not, send them off as they are. 'Tisn't mosh matter!'"

A VESSEL in the Mediterranean, loaded to the gunwale with a rich cargo of figs, was wrecked in a tremendous storm—the captain and mate being saved by a miracle. The next day, by one of its sudden changes, the blue ocean was as smooth as glass; scarcely a cat's-paw of wind could be traced as far as the eye could reach. The captain of the wrecked vessel, however, walking along the coast near Lisbon, surveyed the scene with a jaundiced eye:

"Oh, yes!" said he, mighty still *now;* smooth enough *to-day;* but *I* see through you: *I* know what you want—*you want more figs!* You don't catch *me* again though, mind I tell you!"

Two friends were speaking of the celebrated Quaker, Elias Hicks, and of the strong repugnance to slave-products which he manifested in motioning from his dying bed a sheet, which even his darkening eyes recognized as cotton. "But he is in Heaven," said one of the speakers, "where the servant is equal with his lord, and where no repugnant token can offend his tender heart."

"I'm not so sure of *that*," was the reply; "for, supposing the old Puritan worthy to be an occupant of the same blessed region, how is he to endure the presence of *Cotton* Mather?"

IF there is any slander in the following, PUNCH, who stood godfather to the bantling years ago, has had abundant time to repent of his misdemeanor:

"COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

"A POEM, IN TWO CANTOS.

"CANTO THE FIRST.—COURTSHIP.

"Fairest of earth! if thou wilt hear my vow;
Lo! at thy feet, I swear to love thee ever;
And, by this kiss upon thy radiant brow,
Promise affection which no time shall sever;
And love which e'er shall burn as bright as now,
To be extinguished—never, dearest—never!
Wilt thou that naughty, fluttering heart resign?
Catherine! my own sweet Kate! wilt thou be mine?

"Thou shalt have pearls to deck thy raven hair—
Thou shalt have all this world of ours can bring!
And we will live in solitude, nor care
For aught save each other. We will fling
Away all sorrow—Eden shall be there!
And thou shalt be my queen, and I thy king!
Still coy, and still reluctant? Sweetheart, say,
When shall we monarchs be? and which the day?

"CANTO THE SECOND.—MATRIMONY.

"Now, Mrs. Pringle, once for all, I say
I will not such extravagance allow!
Bills upon bills, and larger every day,
Enough to drive a man to drink, I vow!
Bonnets, gloves, frippery and trash—nay, nay,
Tears, Mrs. Pringle, will not gull me now.
I say I won't allow ten pound a week:
I can't afford it; Madam, do not speak!

"In wedding you, I thought I had a treasure;
I find myself most miserably mistaken!
You rise at ten, then spend the day in pleasure:
In fact, my confidence is slightly shaken.
Ha! what's that uproar? This, ma'am, is my leisure;
Sufficient noise the slumbering dead to waken!
I seek retirement, and I find—a riot:
Confound those children, but I'll make them quiet!"

PERHAPS our readers have encountered the following before; but, as a specimen of dry Scotch

humor, it will bear repetition, and is worthy a brief space in our repository of "things new and old." It appeared originally in an amusing article in *Blackwood's Magazine:*

"A painter, the other day, as I am assured, in a country town, made a great mistake in a characteristic, and it was discovered by a country farmer. It was the portrait of a lawyer, an attorney, who, from humble pretensions, had made a good deal of money, and enlarged thereby his pretensions, but somehow or other not very much enlarged his respectability. To his pretensions was added that of having his portrait put up in his parlor, 'as large as life.' There it is—very flashy and very true; one hand in his vest and the other in his breeches-pocket.

"It is market-day: the country clients are called in; opinions are passed (the family being present); and all complimentary, such as:

"'Never saw such a likeness in my life!—never, in the course of all my born days—as like him as he can stare!—Well, sure enough, there he is,' etc.

"But at last there was one dissentient:

"''Taint like—not very; no, 'taint,' said a heavy, middle-aged farmer, with rather a dry look about the corners of his mouth.

"'Not *like?—how* not like?—*where* is it not like?" asked a little toady of the lawyer.

"'Why, don't you see,' said the man, 'he has got his hand in his breeches-pocket. It would be as like again, if he had his hand in *somebody else's pocket!*'

"The family portrait was removed; especially as, after this, many came on purpose to see it. The attorney was lowered a peg, and the farmer obtained the reputation of a connoisseur."

HERE is a leaden messenger from the past, which is certainly worth arresting. General Wooster, to whose memory a monument was not long since erected in Danbury, Connecticut, was killed at Ridgefield, by an English bullet, in 1777. The surgeon at the Danbury hospital, where the dying General was brought, probed his wound, and sought for the bullet in vain, and the ball still remained in the body when it was consigned to the grave. Seventy-seven years afterward, in 1854, when it was sought to remove the remains of Wooster, the exact spot of his interment was uncertain. Digging near the place where a few aged persons supposed the grave to have been, soon the skull and larger bones of a man were found. Then two bunches of of matted wire were thrown out: they were the epaulets of the dead. Next was found a portion of a plume, and finally a lump of clay was tossed up, which, on being broken by the laborer, was found to contain the leaden bullet. This was conclusive proof of the identity of the remains. The bullet was known to be of English manufacture, from its extraordinary size, being much larger than those used by the Americans.

How little the soldier who sent that fatal messenger of death imagined that it would be held up to the gaze of a great concourse of people, and honored by them as a precious relic, seventy-seven years afterward!

SOME people whom we have known, are very fond of narrating their night-mares and horrid dreams; and this person is one of them:

"The other night, after reading an evening paper, I retired late to rest. Scarcely had I laid my head upon the pillow, before I was in Dream-land. By a strange speed in traveling, known only to 'visions of the night,' I soon found myself at Niagara, and presently, after drifting swiftly around the awful 'Whirlpool,' below the Great Cataract, followed by the swollen carcass of a cow, and two green-white human corses, with their arms extended imploringly toward me, as I gradually neared the roaring vortex, around which we were sweeping with the speed of light.

"Suddenly there appeared on the opposite bank a cannoneer, with a 'big gun,' the 'adamantine lips' of which opened directly upon me! He applied his match, when, horrid to relate! an illuminated shot, lighting up the 'Whirlpool' with an awful glare, struck me 'amidships,' and, with a 'lurch to port,' I went down in three thousand fathoms water! When I struck the bottom, I awoke, 'and behold it was a dream!'"

MOST readers have heard of the celebrated George Frederick Cooke, whose remarkable genius in representing the great characters of Shakspeare, was not more marked than his singular eccentricities, and unfortunately, and especially toward the close of his distinguished career, his habitual intemperance.

The annexed most laughable occurrence, happened at a time when he was deeply "in his cups," and when he was talking, in a half-maudlin way, to a friend at whose house he had been dining:

"You don't know me," said Cooke—"the world don't know me. Many an hour that they suppose I have wasted in drinking, I have devoted to the study of my profession—the *Passions*, and all their variations—their nice and imperceptible gradations. You shall see me delineate the passions of the human mind!"

The power of the whisky-punch, however, acted in diametrical opposition to the intent of his strong and flexible features, and only produced contortions and distortions, of which he was himself entirely unconscious. He nevertheless endeavored to illustrate the passions, while his friend was to guess them.

"What's the meaning of *that?*—eh?" said the tragedian, with a most inexplicable twist of his face.

"Sir?" said the timid spectator, puzzled what to call it.

Cooke reiterated: "What's the *meaning* of *that?* What passion does it express? Doesn't it strike you *at once?* There—what's *that?*"

He to whom he appealed could only say:

"*Very fine*, sir?"

"But," persisted Cooke, "what *is* it?"

He was now answered:

"Oh, I *see*, sir; *Anger*, to be sure!"

"To be sure you're a blockhead!" said Cooke, showing him the genuine expression of what he imputed to him before. Fear, sir—it was *Fear!* Now then, what is *that?*"

"Oh, sir, *that*, I think, is meant for *Jealousy!*"

Again the "passionate" man declared that the *guesser* was wrong.

"*Jealousy!*" he echoed, with a withering sneer. "Pooh! man; that was *Sympathy!* You're *very* dull, sir. Now I will express a passion that you *can't* mistake. There, sir—what is THAT?"

Fearing to increase Cooke's anger by another misconception, the young man apologized, blamed the portion of the punch which he had swallowed, declared that it had stolen away his brains, and left

him unfit to judge of Cooke's representations. But Cooke was not in a humor to be so put off.

"Look again, sir—look again, sir!" he exclaimed, in a terrific voice; and then he made up a most hideous face, compounded of malignity and the leering of a drunken satyr, which he *insisted* upon being guessed; and his visitor, trembling for the consequences of another mistake, hesitatingly pronounced it to be "*Revenge!*"

"*Revenge!*" cried Cooke, in his most tragic rage: confound your stupidity! That, sir, was *Love!* LOVE, you insensible idiot! Can't you *see* that it is Love!"

Here he attempted the same expression, in order to strike conviction of its truth; when a mixture of comicality with the first effect so surprised the risible muscles of the young man, that he laughed outright.

IT is the custom in all parts of Scotland to send invitations, when a death occurs in a family, to all the neighbors to attend the funeral. On one occasion, a neighbor was omitted by the bereaved family, in the usual invitations, a feud having arisen between them. On the day of the funeral, while the people were assembling, the slighted "auld wife" stood in her door, and watched the gathering. At length, unable to bear up under the resentment any longer, she exclaimed:

"Aweel, aweel! we'll hae a corpse in our ain house some day! See *then* who'll be invited!"

THE following curious return was sent in to the "Commissioners for the Income Tax, sitting in London," the verity of which may be relied on:

"I, A. B., declare
I have but little money to spare:
I have
1 little house,
1 little maid,
2 little boys,
2 little trade,
2 little land,
2 little money to command;
Rather 2 little is my little all
To supply with comfort my little squall;
And 2 little to pay taxes at all.
By this you see
I have children three
Depending on me,
"A. B."

THAT was a very singular and amusing circumstance which happened several years ago near the town of Northampton, Massachusetts. It will strike the ladies, we think, as an instance of "Popping the Question" under difficulties:

As a party of pleasure were ascending Mount Tom a few days ago, a well-dressed man, furnished with fishing-tackle, accosted a lady, one of the party, who had loitered behind her companions, to enjoy without interruption the beautiful scenery which lay along the rich valley of the Connecticut.

"Good-morning, madam," said the fisherman, touching his hat.

"Good-morning, sir," replied the lady, with a dignity of manner which would have been considered perfect at the court of Queen Elizabeth.

"It is a fine morning, madam," continued the gentleman. "I saw *your bonnet* at the foot of the hill, and I thought I should like to marry the lady who wore that bonnet. It struck my fancy exactly, and I walked up here to ask you if you would like to enter that blessed state with me."

The lady was somewhat startled at the abruptness of this proposition, and her first impulse was to hurry on to her companions; but her dignity and self-possession prevailed, and she quietly turned to the stranger, and said—

"This is a very serious proposal to come from one whom I have never seen, and who has never seen me before."

"But I have seen your *bonnet*," said he, "and I know you will suit me. I have money, and a good house at the foot of yonder hill. My wife and children are dead. I am all alone. If you outlive me, you shall have all my property. I have just got a new grave-stone for the grave of my wife, for which I gave twenty-six dollars! I buy all my things for the house by the quantity. You shall be well provided for in every thing. I don't think you could do better!"

The lady had seen much of the world—had held command in the fashionable circles of the South—and "the chivalry" had bended the knee to her beauty and accomplishments, and the learned to the intelligence and cultivation of her mind. She had sailed triumphant and unconquered every where, and to be thus waylaid, and as it were entrapped into matrimony, was a thing not to be thought of for a moment; and so she raised her form to more than its usual height, and giving additional dignity to the inclination of her head, she bowed "Good-by" to the fishing widower, and left him to bestow himself and his grave-stones upon some one else!

IT requires not especially "sentiment" to appreciate the lines which ensue. *Feeling*, deep, true feeling, is their characteristic; and they who look upon the loved and lost who have gone before, will feel them in their "heart of hearts:"

"THE LONG AGO.

"Oh! a wonderful stream is the river TIME,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

"How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

"There is a magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

"And the name of this isle is the LONG AGO,
And we bury our treasures there:
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

"There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that *she* used to wear.

"There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air:
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

"Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that 'greenwood' of soul be in sight."

Literary Notices.

Atherton, and other Tales, is the title of a new volume (published by Ticknor and Fields), in which charming Miss Mitford brings forward the latest production of her pen, together with several shorter stories, which, though forming a portion of the contents of one of the splendid annuals of the day, have hitherto obtained only a limited circulation. *Atherton* is one of her delightful characteristic narratives, in which lively delineation of character is gracefully blended with fascinating descriptions of the luxuriant and mellow scenery of the English landscape. The circumstances under which it was written will give it a peculiar interest in the eyes of her many readers, who have learned to regard her as a personal friend. About two years ago, Miss Mitford, who has long been the victim of severe rheumatic disease, was thrown from her little pony carriage, while driving on the hard gravel road of a friend's park. Though no bones were broken by the accident, the jar affected her whole nervous system, and, added to her previous sufferings by rheumatism, left the limbs and body almost entirely crippled. The advancing summer brought her no relief, and by autumn she was unable to leave her room, even with the assistance of her friends. She was wheeled with difficulty from the bed to the fireside; could not rise from her seat, or put one foot before another; and even in writing, was often obliged to have the ink-glass held for her, as she was unable to raise her hand to dip the pen in the ink. In this state, with frequent paroxysms of pain, she finished the composition of *Atherton*. The story, however, needs no extrinsic aid to give a charm to its perusal. It will be widely read by Miss Mitford's admirers, with no drawback to their satisfaction, except that it is probably the last literary performance which she will give to the public.

A collection of Elihu Burritt's miscellaneous writings, entitled, *Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad*, has been issued by Phillips, Sampson, and Co., accompanied with a memoir of the author, by Mary Howitt. The subjects treated of by Mr. Burritt in this volume relate chiefly to the various schemes of philanthropy with which his name is identified, and which he urges upon his readers in a tone of mild and affectionate earnestness, sometimes approaching the borders of an innocent fanaticism. Several autobiographical notices are scattered throughout the work, showing the difficulties encountered by the writer in his pursuit of knowledge, and the triumph of a devoted purpose and a strenuous will over external obstacles. Mr. Burritt is certainly a remarkable instance of successful self-education. He appears to be almost wholly free from the overweening conceit of his own merits, which is often the result of literary distinction that is not obtained in the usual routine. The modesty and simplicity of his character have not been damaged by intellectual success. Nor has his zeal for the acquisition of knowledge diverted his attention from the cause of humanity. On the contrary, he neglects no effort which, in his view, will contribute to social melioration. As Mrs. Howitt justly observes, "His many-languaged head is wedded to a large and benevolent heart, every throb of which is a sentiment of brotherhood to all mankind. He has not read Homer and Virgil, and the Sagas of the North, and the Vedas of the East, to admire only, and to teach others to admire, the strong-handed warrior, cutting his way to glory through prostrate and bleeding thousands; he has read, only to learn more emphatically that God made all men to be brethren, and that Christ gave as the sum-total of his doctrines, that they should love one another. This is the end of all his reading and learning; and better by far to have learned thus—with hard hands and swarthy brow, over the labors of his forge and hammer—than to have studied in easy universities, to have worn lawn and ermine, yet to have garnered no expansive benevolence while he became a prodigy of learning."

Leather Stocking and Silk (published by Harper and Brothers), is a tale of rural life in Virginia, remarkable for its free and natural sketching of character, and the dramatic vigor and point with which the story is developed. The hero is a gay and brilliant youth of Virginia, with a dash of recklessness in his composition, who, after running through a variety of adventures, and temporarily disappearing from the stage, at last returns in the character of a discreet professional man, and settles down as an exemplary member of society. A fine contrast to him is presented in the person of an old hunter of the backwoods, who has picked up a certain homely wisdom, in the course of his long experience, and whose heart abounds with no less excellent qualities than his head. The style of this story is unpretending but vigorous—often thrown into the form of short, rapid dialogue—and always terse and expressive. It possesses the great test of excellence, that it well sustains critical examination, revealing new beauties, upon familiar acquaintance, that were not obvious to a superficial inspection. The writer of this work modestly conceals his name, but he little needs the protection of the anonymous.

The Master's House, by Logan (published by T. L. M'Elrath and Co.), is an original story devoted to the description of life on a Southern plantation. Its interest is made to depend on isolated passages of very considerable power, rather than on the artistic development of an elaborate plot. The writer, we should judge, is familiar with the scenes he describes, and has probably obtained his knowledge of them from personal experience. His sketches are marked by their facility and naturalness, and are for the most part left to make their own impression on the mind of the reader, without being interlarded with moral or political reflections.

A new novel, entitled *Ticonderoga*, by the un-use-up-able G. P. R. James, is issued by Harper and Brothers. The scene is laid in North America, prior to the commencement of the Revolution, and gives occasion to the portraiture of Indian, French, and English character, in their combination and contrast. Mr. James's residence in this country appears to have furnished his pen with fresh themes, while it has taken nothing from his fertility of invention and liveliness of description. The plot of this novel is well sustained—the style has all the author's usual brilliancy—and we think it will be read with no less interest than any of his former productions.

The Hive of the Bee Hunter, by T. B. Thorpe. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) These characteristic sketches fully sustain the brilliant reputation of the author as an effective delineator of American scenery and social peculiarities. The work stands in the very highest rank of its kind, and no one who reads it will dissent from our opinion.

Sir Jasper Carew is the title of a new novel by Lever, in which the exhaustless fund of humor

and pathos presented by Irish life serves to present fresh and racy materials for his vigorous pen. The tone of this work is less frolicsome than many of his previous productions, but its animated descriptions of incidents in social life, and its keen touches of good-natured satire, give it a fascinating interest, and can not fail to make it a favorite with all the lovers of Irish stories. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Elements of Character, by MARY G. CHANDLER. (Published by Crosby, Nichols, and Co.) The presence of a thoughtful and richly-cultivated mind entitles this work to a place among the higher productions of American female literature. We believe the name of the author now comes before the public for the first time; but her volume betrays no signs of literary inexperience; she writes from a full intellect; with a decided emphasis of opinion; and with the facility and boldness of a practiced hand. Her themes—which relate to the formation and development of character—are discussed in the light of ethics and religion; showing the suggestive influence of the great Swedish seer; but with perfect freedom from sectarian narrowness. Indeed, the acute common sense of her remarks, and her broad and generous views of human nature, admirably blend with the deep tone of pious sentiment that pervades the work, and temper a certain dash of mysticism which might otherwise be repulsive to the taste of many readers. It is rarely that female authors in this country have entered the sphere of essay-writing. The work before us is a proof that success may be attained in this difficult department, no less than in that of fiction, poetry, and amusing sketches. We should not, however, advise any one to venture upon the experiment, with a less decided tendency to reflection, or a less comprehensive and severe cultivation than are evinced by the present writer. Endowed with uncommon natural gifts, trained in an austere school of contemplation, and enriched by profound and exquisite literary studies, she has made good her claim to the lofty and grave function of an ethical writer; and we sincerely hope that this volume may be the precursor of others with similar intent.

Footprints of Famous Men, by JOHN G. EDGAR (published by Harper and Brothers), gives a popular view of the history of several eminent characters, arranged under the heads of—Men of Action, Men of Letters, Artists, and Men of Science. Among the persons whose biography is briefly related, are Washington, Burke, Pitt, Southey, Moore, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Francis Chantrey, Adam Smith, and others. The work is primarily intended for juvenile reading, and is well adapted for that purpose. It sets forth the examples of distinguished excellence which it commemorates in an attractive and encouraging form, with a variety of illustrations suited to make a pleasing impression on the youthful mind. At the same time, the accurate biographical information which it contains, together with its sound and discriminating comments on eminent public characters, commends it to the attention of all classes of readers. It is one of those books which, on account of its condensation of facts and its popular style, should find a place in every family library.

Africa and the American Flag, by Commander ANDREW H. FOOTE. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) The recent discussions in Congress, with regard to the removal of the American squadron from the coast of Africa, will doubtless increase the interest of this book; although its full and ample information, concerning the history and geography of the African nations, give it a permanent value as an authentic work of reference. Presenting copious details explanatory of the operations of the squadron, with which he was connected by important and responsible functions, Lieutenant Foote has clearly shown its effects in checking the prevalence of crime, and in preparing the way for the civilization of Africa. His narrative challenges the attention of the reader by its liveliness and perspicuity, and richly rewards a careful perusal.

Daniel Boone and the Hunters of Kentucky, by W. H. BOGART. (Published by Miller, Orton, and Mulligan.) The biography of this celebrated backwoodsman was a romance of sylvan life. One of earliest pioneers of civilization in the Great West, he watched the progress of improvement till crowded cities took the place of the ancient forest. Boone was born on the 11th of February, 1735, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. At an early age he removed with his parents to North Carolina. This was in 1753; and from that time commenced the series of bold adventures which signalize his name. They are succinctly related in the present volume, with no attempt on the part of the writer to heighten their effect by rhetorical embellishment. The tale is full of incident, and often diversified by scenes of touching pathos. It shows no small share of good taste, amidst so many temptations to exaggeration, that the narrative for the most part bears the stamp of unpretending simplicity.

The first Number of *Harper's Gazeteer of the World*, edited by J. CALVIN SMITH, is issued by Harper and Brothers. This work, which is intended to furnish the very latest results of geographical and statistical investigation, will be completed in ten Numbers, embracing about eighteen hundred pages in one large octavo volume, and illustrated by a variety of maps, engraved for the publication. It will embody the returns of the social, agricultural, and industrial statistics of the people, collected in the late censuses of the United States and of British North America, in addition to the full and important contributions to geographical science which have been made by the census returns of Mexico, the Central American States, South America, Great Britain, and the countries of Continental Europe, as well as by numerous recent and elaborate works upon statistics and geography, and various special branches of science. A work of this character is greatly needed for general reference. Combining a sufficient degree of fullness with a great economy of space, it presents all the essential points of information in a convenient and accessible form. It will be carried rapidly through the press, in serial Numbers, issued on the 1st and 15th of each month.

A History of Illinois, by the late Gov. THOMAS FORD. (Published by S. C. Griggs and Co., Chicago.) A lively, off-hand narrative, strongly tinctured with personal and party predilections, is here given of the history of Illinois, from its commencement as a State, in 1818, to the year 1847. It abounds in anecdotes of the primitive settlers, graphic sketches of society on the frontier, and a lucid view of the course of events. A full account is presented of the Black-Hawk War, the Alton and Lovejoy Riots, and the career of Joseph Smith and his followers in Illinois. Though hardly aspiring to the character of a regular history, it affords materials of great interest and value to the antiquarian student and the future historian.

Sandwich Island Notes, by a HÄOLE (published by Harper and Brothers), presents the impressions

of an American traveler on the condition of affairs at the Hawaiian Islands during the year 1853. He gives a lively, and apparently a truthful description of scenes that came under his own observation, illustrative of the peculiar manners and customs of the natives. The missionary operations among that people are frequently referred to, and, for the most part, in terms of high respect. The facts related by the author respecting the degraded state of the mass of the population, independent of the influence of the Gospel, are of a striking character, and furnish him with a series of arguments in favor of the annexation of the country to the United States. His book can not fail to attract attention, with the prevailing interest on the subject, and it certainly adds to our stock of authentic information.

The Poets and the Poetry of the Ancient Greeks, by ABRAHAM MILLS. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) This laborious compilation forms a useful volume of reference for students of classical literature. It has evidently been prepared with pains-taking diligence, and a constant and intelligent use of the most trust-worthy authorities. Comprising the extended period from the Homeric Poems to the latest writers of the New Comedy, it presents a complete survey of the development of poetry in ancient Greece. Numerous specimens of the poets are introduced from the versions of approved English translators. A brief glance at the prose literature of Greece is given in a few supplementary lectures. It can not be denied that a certain savor of dryness pervades the work, but this perhaps may not interfere with its utility for purposes of consultation.

Discourses, by ABIEL ABBOTT LIVERMORE, Cincinnati, Ohio. (Published by Crosby, Nichols, and Co.) In this volume we have a luminous and impressive statement of the principles of religion, as understood by the sect of Unitarians. Most of the discourses are of a practical aim, and, with few repulsive doctrinal enforcements, abound with original and striking illustrations.

A series of works called *The Crystal Palace Library*, forming a guide to the different departments of the Exhibition, has been issued in London. The *Hand-book of the Portrait Gallery* has a stringent and rather amusing commentary on CARLYLE.

"Thomas Carlyle, Writer, Critic, Philosopher, Essayist, Censor; the criticism acute, penetrating, severe; the philosophy idol-worship; the essay-writing picturesque, striking, animated, and strongly colored; the censorship furious, testy, useless, if not unmeaning. Saturated with German metaphysics, full of German literature, and delighting in the German form of expression. If Thomas Carlyle would throw off his foreign affectations, and forget *himself* in his labors, he would be one of our most instructive, useful, convincing, and admirable writers; for his heart is large, his intellect strong, and both heart and intellect have long striven to inculcate human love among men, and to build, upon mutual affection, high deeds and benevolent aspirations. But Thomas Carlyle, pen in hand, never did forget himself at any one instant of his life, and never will. To use one of his own Germanisms, he is the very incarnation of 'Ich.' An instructed author will hold the balance fairly between his subject and his reader, dealing with each with intelligent reference to the other. Carlyle usually cares nothing either for his reader or his subject, but swallows up both. Whatever he shows us, we chiefly see Thomas Carlyle. 'The French Revolution' is the best of his works! His pictures there are startling, wonderful, and highly painted; his eloquence is inspiriting, and his imagery grand. As a social and moral Reformer, he beats the air, belonging to that humblest order of architects who are clever enough at destroying houses, but have no power to set up others in their place. Yet the influence of Carlyle has been great, both in England and America. He has forced men to think—he has appealed with irresistible power to their better natures—given vigor and direction to their impulses, and torn the vail from quackery as often as the evil thing has crossed his manly and indignant path. Sad thought that so serviceable an arm should be clogged with fetters of its own forging—that an almost boundless capacity for good should be restricted by a tether of its own fashioning."

The *London Athenæum* remarks of "The Historical Portrait Gallery at Sydenham Palace:"

"A certain feeling of awe creeps over the mind of the spectator who stays even for a few minutes to muse in these long avenues of the 'Pantheon of History.'" It then proceeds to describe the specific impression produced by the portraits of certain eminent men both of the past and the present age.

"The ugliest of all ancient and modern great men seem Galileo, Socrates and Pitt; Machiavelli and Calhoun coming in a good second. Galileo, like Socrates, has a short, thick, fleshy nose, long upper lip, and prominent cheek-bones—Socrates, not unlike a vulgar Silenus, was accustomed to say that his face, in spite of the apparent contradiction, was a great argument in favor of physiognomy, for that by nature he had all those bad passions that his features indicated, but wisdom had taught him to subdue them. Pitt has a bowsprit of a nose, a pert hook-shaped appendage, on which his enemies used to say, 'he dangled the Opposition,' the most unpromising nose that genius ever blew. Machiavelli is a small, wizen, and tight-skinned looking Jesuit, with the cold cunning ferocity of a wild-cat hidden beneath the white-floured skin of a priest. Calhoun is a gaunt, emaciated giant, like a consumptive backwoodsman, and his angular features seem worked by the external machinery of those whip-cord veins and that shriveled cordage of muscles that hang like loose rigging about his hollow-eyed visage. The great Michael Angelo, too, in spite of his pure aspirations and noble extraction, appears scarcely more comely than the illustrious men here selected for their pre-eminence in ugliness. He has the heavy brow, coarse, blunt, almost savage face of a bullying stone-mason, and the protruding cheek-bones of a Highland blacksmith, with the perceptive faculties swelling out in a bar above his deep eyes; in short, he presents the rough sketch of the noble face which we see realized in his friend and contemporary, Sebastian del Piombo, whose front and beard are like the Phidian Jove, and who might have served Buonarotti as model for his Moses. In all the faces you may discern the truth of the remark, made by that acute observer and good pious visionary Lavater, that the eyebrows of the English and the noses of the French are the chief features of their respective great men. Henry the Fourth, Sully, Montaigne, are all remarkable for the bold broad-ridged nose, with its dilatable nostrils; and Shakspeare, Bacon, Newton, have all the low, full, meditative eyebrows, the very reverse of the fantastic, high-arched, wandering ones of Francis the First."

The Rev. Dr. RAFFLES, of Liverpool, one of a party traveling in Italy, was recently arrested there for wearing a white hat, and having in his writing-desk a pen-wiper which assumed the shape and color of a cockade. His books and papers were all seized and submitted to examination; but, after three days' detention, he was liberated, and his papers restored, upon the payment of the expenses of his imprisonment, and the keep and charges of his military guard.

A subscription has been commenced for a monument to the memory of Professor WILSON, of Edinburgh. The honor of a public funeral, at which the magistrates of the city, the Professors of the University, and other public bodies attended, has already attested the high sense entertained of the late Professor's genius and his services to literature. In private life being as much beloved as he was respected in his public character, it is not surprising that his friends have projected some more permanent memorial. Edinburgh is renowned for statues and monuments of its illustrious men, few towns being richer in such public memorials. With the names of Burns, Scott, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, and Jeffrey, that of John Wilson is not unworthy of being thus associated. The subscription-list contains some of the names most distinguished in literature or in public service in the northern part of the island, but many who have elsewhere been delighted by his works or instructed by his lectures may be glad of the opportunity of joining in this monumental tribute. The amount of money already collected is upward of £477.

The journals announce the death of the Dowager Lady DACRE, aged eighty-seven. This lady will be missed in the select literary and artistic society of London, as almost the last of those accomplished women—a group memorable for intellectual grace and cultivation—whose recollections could go back to the days when Johnson's "little Burney" was the novelist elect, and when Mrs. Siddons was still the "handsome and awkward woman in pink" of the morning papers.

The *Literary Gazette* has a favorable notice of *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters*, by ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, recently translated and published in London. "This work," it says, "will materially raise the reputation of Lamartine. Along with the brilliancy of style and warmth of imagination which characterize all his writings, we find here gravity of thought and earnestness of purpose, befitting his maturer years and riper experience. The subject, also, is well suited to his peculiar genius and talents. A formal history requires laborious and patient research in collecting materials, and severe self-restraint in their systematic and impartial exposition. M. Lamartine is deficient in some of the first requisites of a standard historian. But as a sketcher of historical scenes and of historical characters, choosing his own subjects, suggested by his own tastes or sympathies, no living author is capable of greater and more successful efforts. In these volumes we have a gallery of illustrious portraits, drawn in bold and striking style, and most of them glowing with life-like feeling and expression."

VICTOR HUGO is busily engaged, in his exile at Jersey, in putting the finishing touches to a philosophical romance in four volumes, called "Les Misères;" and it is rumored that an eminent publishing firm of Paris has already bargained to give him £4800 for it. It is, however, not yet certain whether, on account of the restrictions on the press, it can be printed at Paris.—The sale of the library of the late celebrated *savant* Arago, is shortly to take place—the number of volumes is 3000.—Isabey, the great painter, is about to produce his "Mémoires," in imitation of so many *celebretés* of one kind or another. It is said that they will be very interesting, inasmuch as his position as an eminent artist has thrown him among the great men who have played a part on the European stage during the last half century. Of the first Napoleon and his first wife, Josephine, in particular, he will, it is expected, be able to tell something new.—The eccentric Dr. Veron has brought out another volume of his "Mémoires;" it contains a good deal of readable gossip about the Grand Opera, of which he was for some years director.—The famous chateau of Monte Christo, which Alexander Dumas built near St. Germains at an expense of £18,000, has just been sold for £1240—no more! The wild manner in which this clever literary charlatan has squandered his enormous earnings is almost incredible.—Proudhon, the once dreaded socialist journalist, is writing a "Universal History" in a financial, material, and economic point of view. In his able hands the book will no doubt be a curious one. He is also preparing a conclusion to his famous "Contradictions Economiques."—M. Berryer, the great parliamentary orator, has at length consented to be formally received in the Académie Française, to which he was elected some time back. He has delayed his reception thus far in order not to be obliged to visit the Emperor Louis Napoleon, as custom requires, he being one of the chiefs of a political party bitterly hostile to him. The two new members of the Academy, the Bishop of Orleans, and M. de Sacy, will be received shortly after M. Berryer.

A correspondent of a London journal, writing from Dresden, May 14, gives an interesting notice of the arrival of the celebrated Danish poet, HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, in that city:

"Yesterday the poet Andersen arrived here, from Copenhagen, on a tour to Italy, accompanied by a young Danish nobleman confided to his care. Andersen was very well-looking, and in good spirits. He went the same evening to the theatre, where a box was offered to him for every night as long as he should remain here. After the play was over he went to the house of Frau von Serre, who had invited his friends to meet him, and among them the poets Gutzkow, Auerbach, Hammer, Otto Roquette, and the well-known traveler, Neigebauer, whose guide-books are to be met with every where, and highly approved of by any body visiting the southern parts of Europe. Andersen is very tall and lank; he surpassed in size every body in the room. He expressed great satisfaction in seeing again so many well-known faces, and put on a great liveliness of manner, not altogether becoming to him. He will only stay a few days, and then go on to Venice; for, unfortunately, he is compelled to hurry, in order to be home again after a lapse of two months, as his proof-sheets are waiting for him. He speaks German very badly, and by no means fluently; still, when telling one of his charming little fairy-tales, his mistakes are so *naive*, and his manner is so well adapted to the thing, that they bear a thousand times' repetition. Singularly enough he has met Dickens here, who was never before in Dresden, we suppose."

The Mosquito War.



THE SURPRISE.



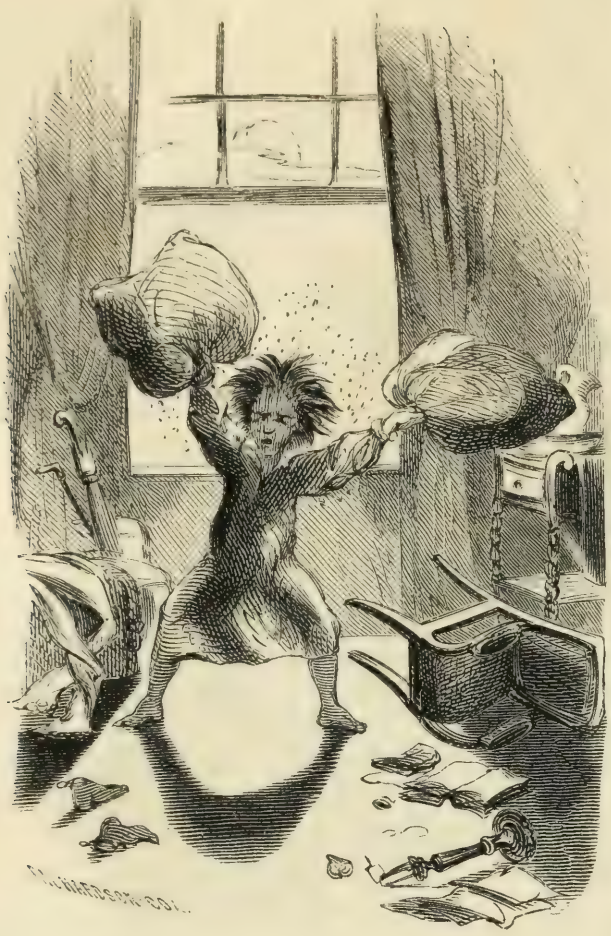
THE ATTACK.



THE RETREAT.



SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES.



HOSTILITIES RENEWED.



REINFORCEMENTS DEMANDED.



ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS.



SURRENDER AT DISCRETION.

Fashions for August.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Promenade Costume and Home Dress.

GREAT latitude exists for choice in respect to outer garments, many varieties presenting almost equal claims upon admiration. That which we present above is one of the most elegant that has appeared, combining the features of both the scarf and the mantilla. It is composed of Chantilly

lace, with a double flounce of the same material, the whole of the fabric being covered with flowers enwoven. These are displayed with great effect when worn above a light-colored dress.—Guipure laces also are in favor. Besides these we may mention *appliquée* silks upon laces, especially of light colors, together with several varieties of Canton crape shawls, with open work designs. The lighter fabrics, such as grenadines and barèges, are also worn.

We have no very special changes to record from the general modes as given in our last. Skirts are very long, and when without flounces, as is the case when the material will admit, they are very full, especially in costumes for the promenade. Jacket bodies retain their hold upon favor; the plaits upon the hips and in front should be wide and flat.—Flowers, when not woven *à disposition*, are ornamented with trimmings of narrow velvet, silk braid, ribbon, or with fullings of the same material.—Pagoda sleeves retain their popularity. We have seen some with three *ballons*, divided with elastic bands, the bottom of the sleeve being vandyked, and falling freely; the position of the arms in the figure as given in our illustration conceals this peculiarity of the sleeves.—In the favorite materials of grenadines and organdines the more chaste and subdued colors are the most in demand. As the season advances, and taffetas of somewhat heavier texture come in vogue, there are some exquisite fabrics which we have had an opportunity of seeing, which can not fail to meet with general approbation. Of these we shall be able to speak more particularly in our next Number. It is not necessary to give any detailed explanation of the second figure further than to observe that the trimming of the dress and coraco consists of Louis XIII. *nœuds*. The sleeves are somewhat longer and wider than the ordinary Duchess sleeve. The undersleeves are of nansouk muslin, embroidered.

We present an illustration of a very elegant parasol. Its chief novelty consists in the top being expanded by a simple pressure upon a small projection in the stalk, which may be seen in the illustration. The handle folds as in the ordinary parasol. It may be used as a sunshade by simply turning the top sidewise upon the handle, which is adjusted for the purpose. The top is of silk brocade, expressly designed for the purpose. This material is made of different colors. That from which our illustration has been taken has a white ground with pink figures. This parasol has a massive fringe both at the top and edge. No small amount of expense is lavished upon many of these elegant parasols. Many have golden figures wrought in the embroidery of the cover. The ring is not unfrequently of gold.



FIGURE 3.—PARASOL.

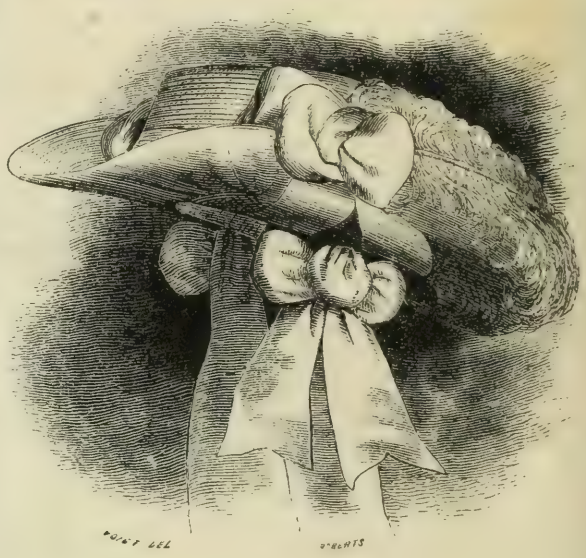


FIGURE 4.—RIDING HAT.

We give a representation on a larger scale of a riding hat similar to the one presented upon the equestrian figure in our last Number, as nothing at all equal to it in point of beauty and convenience has appeared in the interim. It is composed of Leghorn, trimmed with satin ribbon, is looped up at the sides, and adorned with a white plume. The gloves which form the fitting accompaniment to this hat are represented below. The tops, of glazed leather, bordered with a double row of stitching, may be of any shade of color to suit the fancy of the wearer. They are fastened at the wrist by a little leather strap.

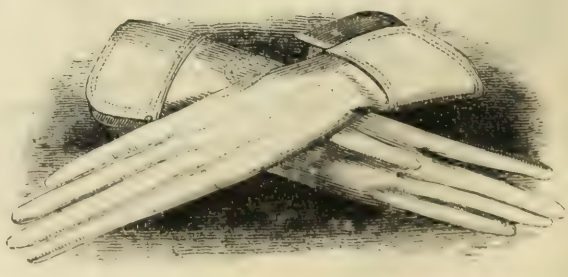


FIGURE 5.—GLOVES.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LII.—SEPTEMBER, 1854.—Vol. IX.



THE HALF MOON AT YONKERS.



HENRY HUDSON.

THE DUTCH ON MANHATTAN.

HIGH upon the walls of the governor's room in the capitol of the Knickerbockers, among the grave chief magistrates of state and city, hangs a small, dingy canvas, in a tarnished frame of antique workmanship. Upon it was depicted, more than two hundred years ago, perhaps by the Vandyke-taught pencil of Van der Helst, a broad-ruffled, short-haired portrait, with an expansive, intellectual forehead, and a countenance full of the dignity and courtly bearing of an honorable gentleman in the time of the First King James of England. They are the features of a navigator, whose history is like a

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

meteor, brief and brilliant, but whose fame is as enduring as the hills from which gush the fountains of the loveliest stream of our New World, bearing his name. He was the discoverer of the *River of the Mountains*, at whose ocean-entrance sits the Queen City of America—the commercial metropolis of the Western Continent.

The picture of that bold navigator is seldom seen, and more seldom noticed, except when some human lion of the hour is caged there for exhibition by the paternal guardians of the town. Most of the children of the Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam are as blissfully ignorant of that work of art (and, perchance, of the subject of it too), as if it hung in the bamboo palace of the "King of the Cannibal Islands." Think you, good cousins of Manhattan, that such a counterfeit of Captain Jones of the *Mayflower*, or the earlier Sir Humphrey of the *Squirrel*, would long remain unnoticed in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth? Would not its advent there be telegraphed to "all creation" as quick as Puck could put a girdle 'round the earth? And would not every fragment of Plymouth rock,

"Wandering through the Southern countries, teaching
The A B C from Webster's spelling-book;
Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,"

roll thither in haste, with or without accumulated moss, to pay reverence, in the Mecca of New England, to the likeness of the sea-king whose vessel bore the precious seeds of free institutions to a virgin soil? Yes! Well, then, let *us* not be insensate to family distinction. We, too, have Pilgrim Fathers worthy of our reverence; and a braver sea-king than Henry Hudson never launched his vessel in a fiord of Scandinavia, to traffic where he might, and conquer where he could. Come, then, go with me up to the capitol this pleasant morning, and, standing before the portrait of the venerated mariner, ponder that exceedingly interesting episode in the chronicles of the world's progress, the story of The Dutch on Manhattan.

When the mind of Europe began to awaken from its medieval slumbers at the birth of the intellectual Messiah—the Printing-Press—it had magnificent dreams of the long caravans of Iran bearing rich merchandise from far-distant Ind, and of Sultan Solomon's "navy of Tarshish with the navy of Hiram," "bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes, and peacocks" from afar. While Western Europe had been slumbering longer and more profoundly than the central and Oriental regions, the merchants of the Adriatic had been meeting those caravans on the Eastern borders of the Euxine; and, growing rich and powerful, had made the traffic of their continent tributary to themselves. Newly-awakened Portugal, Spain, Holland, and Britain, coveted their wealth and power; but the ships of the West were not allowed to float eastward of the Tyrrhene Sea, nor approach nearer the portals of India than the island whereon St. Paul was shipwrecked. What must be done? The African coast stretched away to the fancied region of fire under the equator, and no man had passed beyond Cape Bajador. A bold Prince of Portugal sent a bolder navigator in that direction. The tropical sea was traversed, and Bartholomew Diaz perished off the Cape of Tempests, which De Gama named Good Hope, as, eleven years later, he doubled it on his way to the waters of the East Indies.

Yet it was a long way around that southern headland to the wealthy Cipangi and Cathay of Marco Polo, from whence came the rich merchandise that filled the warehouses of Venice and Genoa; and Columbus, big with a magnificent theory concerning a shorter route, went to Lisbon in search of instrumentalities to prove its truth. He was foiled by ignorance in power. Widowed, disappointed, and poor, he took his little son, Diego, by the hand, turned his back on Portugal, and, through the good offices of a friar of Rabida, he gained the ear of the pious Isabella, Queen of Spain. Her generous, womanly heart beat responsive to his own. She gave him money, and counsel, and friends; and, on a brilliant August morning, in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety-two, he worshiped in the Church of St. George, at Palos, and before meridian he left that port for the unknown regions of the stormy Atlantic. Faith and Hope sat at his prow, and earnest Will at his helm; and seventy days after he left the fields of Andalusia behind him, the perfumes of flowers, borne upon the evening breeze from the shores of a New World, gave their incense to his aspirations, and he was happy.

Columbus went back to Europe with a gospel more acceptable to the human heart than that of the Nazarene, which he proposed to carry to the heathen of the West. It was the glad tidings of Farther India (as he supposed) found in the western wave. The missionaries of mammon-worship spread the news over Europe, and very soon ships were speeding with the course of the sun from the seaboard countries of the Old World, from Cape Trafalgar to the Bristol Channel. Ojeda and Vespucci went down the coast of South America, from the Caribbean Sea; and Cabot, after creeping along the fields of pack-ice in Baffin's Bay, touched Labrador and Newfoundland, and looked into the estuaries and inlets along the shores of our Republic, away to the sunny land of the Carolinas. Verazzani sounded at the mouth of the Cape Fear, sailed northward, cast anchor in the bays of New York, Newport, and Boston, and gave the natives on Manhattan *aqua vitæ*, almost eighty years before Hudson "rode in five fathoms, oozy ground, and saw many salmons and mullets, and rays very great" within Sandy Hook.

Then the Huguenots—the precious seeds of the French Reformation—were borne hither upon the bitter winds of persecution, and sought root in the free soil of Florida. And Walter Raleigh, the gayest ornament of Elizabeth's court, sent men and ships to explore, plant colonies, and dig gold in the beautiful middle region of America; while Cortoreal, and De la Roche, and Roberval, Champlain, Gilbert, Gosnold, Pring, and others, traversed the coast, from Cape Cod to Labrador, in search of a northwest passage to India and the

fancied gold regions of the Occident. The great river of Canada was discovered, and almost every bay and inlet of our Atlantic border had been explored; and yet, until the very year when forty-seven learned men commenced the translation of the Bible into our common version, there was no permanent settlement in America between Newfoundland and St. Augustine.

It was in that remarkable year, one thousand six hundred and seven, that "certaine worshipfull Merchants of London" assembled in the parlor of a son of Sir Thomas Gresham, and bargained with Henry Hudson to go in search of a north-*east* passage to India, around the Arctic shores of Europe between Lapland and Nova Zembla, and ice-ribbed Spitzbergen. Hudson was a resident of London, a friend of the famous Captain John Smith, a bold and skillful mariner and man of science, and a pupil, it may be, of Drake, or Frobisher, or Grenville, in the navigator's art. He had ardently desired the opportunity for adventure and renown now offered. On May-day morning he knelt at the chancel in the old Church of St. Ethelburge, in Bishopgate Street, and partook of the sacrament, and soon afterward he left the Thames for the circumpolar waters. During two voyages he battled the ice-pack manfully, off the North Cape, but without success. Boreal frosts were too intense for the brine, and cast impenetrable ice barriers across the eastern pathway of the sea. His employers praised his skill and courage, but losing faith in their scheme, abandoned the undertaking. The navigator, though foiled, was not disheartened. Finding no encouragement in England he went to Holland, then the first maritime power on the earth. The Dutch East India Company, then sending its uncouth argosies to every clime, gladly employed "the bold Englishman, the expert pilot, and the famous navigator," of whose fame they had heard so much; and his thoughts and hopes were again with the perils of the Arctic seas.

A yacht of ninety tons, called the *Half Moon*, was placed at Hudson's disposal, and with a choice crew he sailed from Amsterdam on the twenty-fifth of March, sixteen hundred and nine, for the coast of Nova Zembla. On the meridian of Spitzbergen, ice, fogs, and tempests disputed his passage, and he turned westward, passed the lower capes of Greenland, and made soundings on the banks of Newfoundland, on the second of July. He sailed along the coast to Charleston Harbor, in search of a northwest passage "below Virginia," spoken of by his friend Captain Smith. In disappointment he turned his prow northward, discovered Delaware Bay, and on the third of September anchored "at two cables' length from the shore," within Sandy Hook. He passed through the gateway of the Narrows on the eleventh, and, from his anchorage in the beautiful New York Bay, he gazed in wonder and hope up the noble Mahicannittuck, whose waters came rolling from the high hills in the north. Toward evening the next day, he entered the broad stream, and at twilight cast anchor at Yonkers. A strong tidal current placed the stern of his vessel upstream during the night. This event, and the assurances of the natives, who flocked to his vessel in canoes, with oysters and vegetables, that the waters came from far beyond the mountains, inspired him with great hope, for he doubted not that the river on which he was borne flowed from ocean to ocean, and would conduct him to the long-sought Cathay.

With a glad heart Hudson voyaged on. The magnificent Highlands were passed, and then hope failed, for the stream narrowed and the water became fresh. Yet there was enough to make his heart beat with highest pulsations of joy. He was voyaging in the midst of a paradise of beauty, on which the eye of a white man had never before gazed. Deputations of dusky men came to visit him, in wonder and awe, from the forest courts of the sachems. The new pathway to Cathay was yet undiscovered by him, but he had penetrated a world undreamed of by European minds, and he had revealed a mystery greater than that of the polar highway. He pressed onward. The stream became narrower and fresher, and the shores lower, when suddenly the blue domes of the lofty Kaatsbergs, encircled with the glories of an autumnal sunset, enchanted him with visions of wondrous beauty. The yacht-voyage ended at Albany, but a boat's crew went on, and gazed upon the foaming Cohoes at the mouth of the Mohawk. Had they penetrated the wilderness a few leagues further, they might have met Champlain, who was then exploring the banks of the lake in northern New York which bears his name.

Hudson returned to New York Bay, and, after a parting salutation with the Manhattans, and taking formal possession of the country in the name of the government of Holland, he hastened to Europe to carry the glad intelligence of his discoveries to his employers at Amsterdam. He first landed in England, and told his story of the glorious land beneath the parallels of the North Virginia Charter. The bigoted Scotch monarch on the throne of Elizabeth, jealous of the advantages which the Dutch might derive from these discoveries, would not allow Hudson to leave England, and for a long time the *Half Moon* lay idle in the harbor of Dartmouth. But the key to those advantages was already in the hands of the Dutch; for the navigator had sent his log-book, charts, and a full account of his voyage, to his Amsterdam employers. And so the "cunning, covetous, wasteful, idle, drunken, greedy, dirty, cowardly, great swearer, and most conceited man on earth," as Dickens calls King James, was foiled in his narrow policy, and the newly-discovered region was possessed by a population tenfold more worthy, as materials for the foundation of a state, than the idle and dissolute men who were, at that moment, lounging and half starving on the fertile banks of the Powhattan, in Virginia.

The fact that the new region discovered by Hudson abounded in beavers, otters, and other fur-bearing animals, excited the keenest commercial cupidity of the Dutch, for they had recently



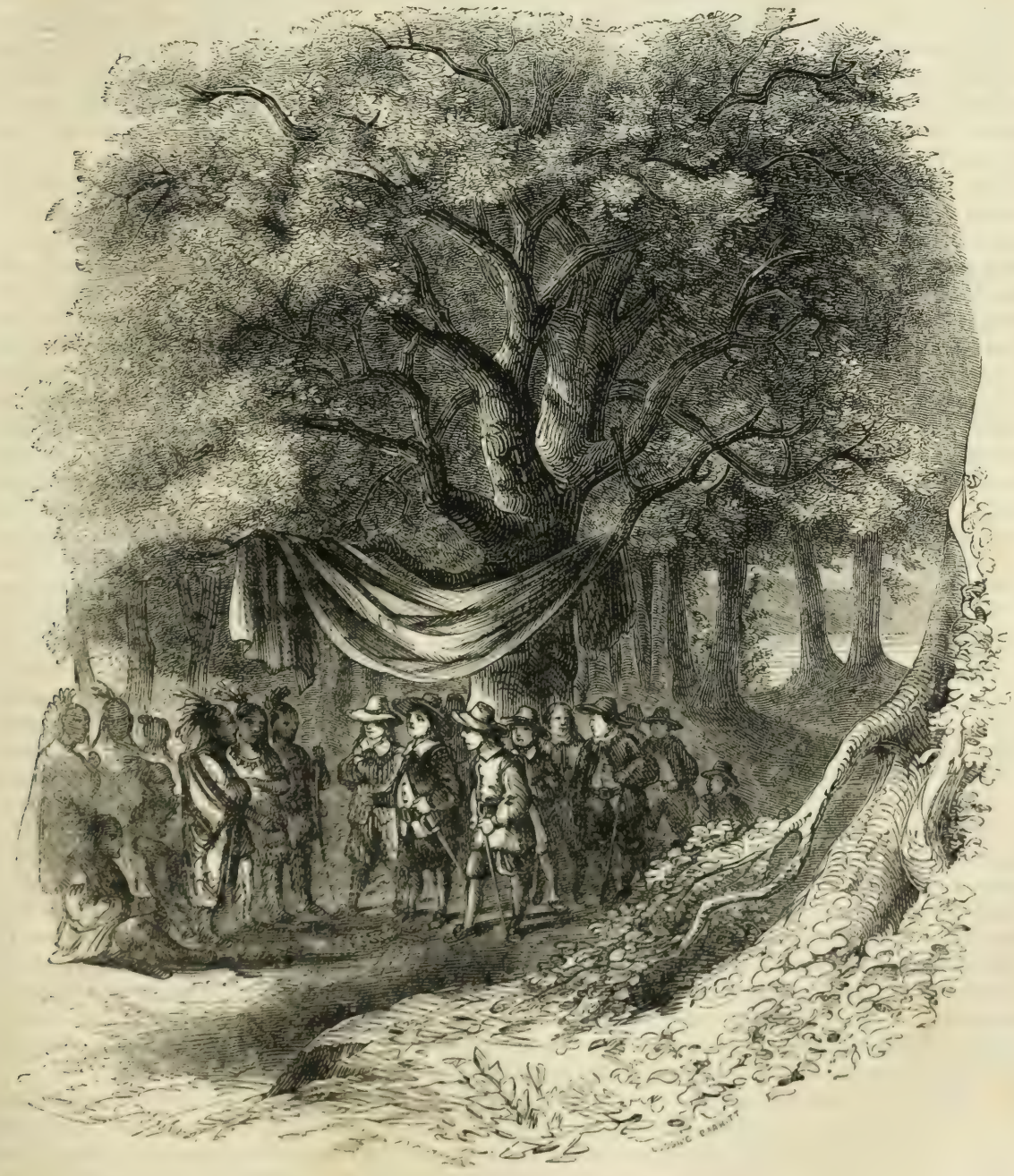
COMMERCIAL BEGINNING OF NEW YORK.

established a fur-trade with the people of Northern Russia, and had realized large profits. As soon as the *Half Moon* reached the Texel she was refitted, and, with a part of the same crew, was sent, with beads and other trinkets, to open a traffic in furs with the Indians on Manhattan and its vicinity. Private adventurers sent vessel after vessel on the same errand, and within two years after Hudson's return a regular and profitable fur-trade was established. It was unrestrained, for no government took cognizance of the matter for some time. The Hongers, and Pelgroms, and Tweenhuysens were getting rich on enormous profits derived from the trade, and Captains Dewitt and Christiansen, Block and Mey, were becoming famous navigators, before the free cities of Amsterdam, Hoorn, Rotterdam, and Enckhuysen, had cast a serious political glance toward the new country. But when the River of the Mountains had been named Mauritius, in honor of the Stadtholder of the Netherlands, and Manhattan had become a central place of deposit of the winnings of skillful Indian trappers, who came from the Delaware, the Housatonic, and even from the far-off Mohawk, with furs, the Dutch government began to perceive the importance of Hudson's discoveries, and thought of political jurisdiction. King James, too, had begun to growl, for he claimed the whole country from Acadie to Florida as English domain.

The little seed of empire, less promising than that of Dido, of Cecrops, or of Romulus, but with a destiny far surpassing them in grandeur, was planted on Manhattan five years after Hudson's departure from the Narrows. Adrian Block, one of the boldest of the Dutch navigators of his time, had filled his good ship *Tiger* with bear-skins, and was about to depart for Amsterdam, when

fire reduced his vessel to a wreck. December snows had already fallen, and thick ice was gathering in the coves. The small store-house of the associated traffickers was an insufficient shelter for his crew, and the wigwams freely offered promised cold comfort for the winter. So the Dutchmen built themselves some rude log huts where the stately warehouses of Beaver Street now stand; and before the Spring blossoms of sixteen hundred and fourteen appeared, the oaks which sheltered bears on the slopes where Wall Street bulls are to-day struggling in the stocks, were fashioned into a trim yacht of sixteen tons. Block named it the *Onrust*—the "Restless"—a title prophetic of that unresting commerce of which it was the tiny germ. Such was the beginning of the city and trade of New York two hundred and forty years ago.

The *Onrust* became a famous explorer. Block guided her through the eddies of Hell Gate and the waters of the Sound, discovered and explored the Quon-eh-ta-cut River, and then visited the shores and islands of the coast to Nahant beach, beyond Boston harbor. Then Captain Hendrickson took her helm, and "discovered and explored certain lands, a bay, and three rivers, situated between thirty-eight and forty degrees of latitude;" and in mid-August, one thousand six hundred and sixteen, he stood before an oval table in the *Binnenhof* of the palace of the ancient Counts of Holland, at the Hague, at which sat twelve "high and mighty lords" of the States General. Before the learned Barneveldt, at that council-board, he spread a "figurative map" of his discoveries, and asked their High Mightinesses to give his Amsterdam employers special trading privileges in the New World. Twenty months before, the Greffin Aersson had drawn a charter



TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

for these and other persons. It bore the seal of the States General, and the title of New Netherland; and so, consistency compelled the government to make an indefinite postponement of Hendrickson's application.

While rulers and rich merchants were busy at the Hague, forming schemes for establishing a State in the New World by prior and permanent occupation, before King James should be able to defend his claims to the region "between New France and Virginia" by the same potent argument, the active trappers and traders on the Mauritius and adjacent territory were laying its foundations broad and strong, not upon parchment, but on the imperishable hills and in the fertile valleys. They had enlarged the trading-house on Manhattan, and amplified the hamlet of huts to a sociable village. They had built fortifications on the River of the Mountains, more than fifty leagues from the Narrows. From that point they had crossed the pine barrens to the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, and formed a trading station at Skanectada. And, better than all, they had met the chiefs of the great Iroquois Confederacy—the "Romans of the Western world"—under a spreading beach at the mouth of the Tawasentha, where Albany now stands. There was made the first treaty of friendship between that savage republic and Hollanders, four years before the armorial distinction of a Count was granted to New Netherland, and the political history of the State of New York began. It was a wise caution that dictated this treaty (which was never violated), for that powerful confederacy always stood as an impregnable barrier against the incursions of the French from the St. Lawrence, and the fierce tribes of Canada and the shores of the Western lakes. Their influence was felt from Ontario to the Gulf of Mexico.

"The fierce Adirondac had fled from their wrath,
The Hurons been swept from their merciless path;
Around, the Ottawas, like leaves had been strown,
And the Lake of the Eries struck silent and lone.

"The Lenape, lords once of valley and hill,
Made women, bent low at their conqueror's will;
By the far Mississippi the Illini shrank,
When the trail of the *Tortoise* was seen on the bank.

"On the hills of New England the Pequod turned pale
When the howl of the *Wolf* swelled at night on the gale;
And the Cherokee shook, in his green smiling bowers,
When the foot of the *Bear* stampt his carpet of flowers."

STREET'S "*Frontenac.*"

One fine morning in June, sixteen hundred and nineteen, an English vessel, for the first time, came floating upon the waters of Long Island Sound, with all the dignity of a supposed first discoverer. It lost its anchor while passing the "most dangerous cataract among small rocky islands" of Hell Gate, and was carried by the swift current of the East River far into the bay of Manhattan. Her commander did not then stop to talk with the Dutch traffickers, who saluted him as he passed; but on his return from Virginia, he felt it to be his loyal duty to go in and warn the Hollanders to leave his English Majesty's domain as quickly as possible. "We found no Englishmen here, and hope we have not offended," replied the good-natured Dutchmen, and went on smoking their pipes, planting their gardens, and catching beavers and otters, as if they had never heard of Captain Dermer, a "loving subject" of King James. The States General manifested equal indifference to the sounds of royal bluster which occasionally came from England, when the importunities of the Plymouth Company for a more liberal charter awakened the sluggard king to the importance of promoting settlements in America. A Dutch West India Company was formed. It was a grand commercial monopoly, and received a charter which gave it almost regal powers to colonize, govern, and defend New Netherland. That charter contained all the guaranties of freedom in social, political, and religious life, necessary to the foundation of a free State. It recognized Republicanism as the true theory of government, and Home, in its broadest and purest sense, as the prime element of political strength. No stranger was ever to be questioned concerning his birth-place or religious creed, as matters which concerned the State; and his best title to equal fellowship and citizenship was a desire to build a house, plant, and thus, by possessing a fee ownership in his home, become identified with the interests and prosperity of the colony.

And who were the people of which this budding colony on Manhattan was the outgrowth? They were inhabitants of a European republic, composed of seven free, sovereign States—made so by a struggle with despotism for forty years, and occupying a territory which their ancestors had reclaimed from the ocean and morass by indomitable labor. It was a republic where freedom of conscience, speech, and the press were complete and universal. The effect of this freedom had been the internal development of social beauty and strength, and vast increment of substantial wealth and power by immigration. Wars and despotisms in other parts of Europe sent thousands of intelligent exiles thither, and those free provinces were crowded with ingenious mechanics, and artists, and learned men, because conscience was there undisturbed, and the hand and brain were free to win and use the rewards of their industry and skill. Beautiful cities, towns, and villages were strewn over the whole country, and nowhere in Europe did society present an aspect half as pleasing as that of Holland. Every religious sect there found an asylum from persecution, and encouragement to manly effort, by the kind respect of all. And at the very time when the charter of the West India Company was under consideration, that band of English Puritans who afterward set up the ensign of free institutions on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, were being nurtured in the bosom of that republic, and instructed in those principles of civil liberty that became a salutary leaven in the bigotry which they brought with them.

Such were the people who laid the foundations of the commonwealth of New York. They were men of expanded views, liberal feelings, and never dreamed of questioning any man's inalienable right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of hap-



LANDING OF THE WALLOONS.

piness" among them, whether he first inspired the common air in Holland, England, Abyssinia, or Kamtschatka. And as the population increased and became heterogeneous, that very toleration became a reproach; and their Puritan neighbors on the East, and Churchmen and Romanists on the South, called New Amsterdam (as the Manhattan settlement was named) "a cage of unclean birds," and obnoxious to the charge made by quaint Andrew Marvell against its protonymic:

"Hence Amsterdam, Turk, Christian, Pagan, Jew,
Staple of sects and mint of schism grew;
That bank of conscience, where not one so strange
Opinion, but finds credit and exchange;
In vain for Catholics ourselves we bear—
The Universal Church is only there."

The West India Company was not fully prepared for action until the winter of sixteen hundred and twenty-three, when it put forth vigorous efforts toward colonization, unmindful of the protest of James's minister at the Hague against further "settlements and occupations" by the Dutch on Hudson's River, as the English now called the Mauritius. Hitherto traffic had been the sole employment of the Dutch in New Netherland, and few thought of being buried there. They must be weaned from the fatherland before they could become founders of a permanent State. Agriculture and the family tie alone could accomplish this desirable result; and to this end, thirty families of Walloons, who had taken refuge in Amsterdam, were sent over in the spring of sixteen hundred and twenty-three to found a colony. These were Protestants from the frontier between France and Flanders, and no better material for a healthful colony could have been found than the one hundred and ten men, women, and children, who landed on Manhattan early in May. Some of them went up the river and seated themselves in the present Ulster County; four couples who had been married on the voyage went to the recently discovered Delaware, or South River; two families and six men sailed up the Connecticut to the site of Hartford, to settle, build a fort, and assert Dutch jurisdiction over that region, by virtue of Block's discoveries; and the larger portion sat down upon lands now covered by the cities of Brooklyn and Williamsburg, on Long Island. There Sarah Rapelje inhaled her first breath, and her memory has been perpetuated as the first white child born in the province of New Netherland.

May and his successor, Verhulst, ruled alone, but in the year sixteen hundred and twenty-six, Peter Minuit arrived as governor, with a council of five grave men; a *Koopman*, or general commissary (who was also secretary of the province), and a *Schout* or sheriff to assist him. His political chart was the will of his employers, expressed in instructions and ordinances, and he at once commenced the work of founding a state, on the basis of law and order, with great vigor. His first care was to strengthen the title of the Dutch to Manhattan. He procured a council of the Indian chiefs, and purchased from them the entire island, of twenty-two thousand acres of land, for hatchets and other things valued at sixty guilders, or about twenty-four American dollars. This just and expedient measure forms a pleasing parallel to Penn's transaction under the Shackamaxon elm, more than half a century later, and contrasts favorably with the injustice which made the New England Indians, the Susquehannocks and Powhatans, and the tribes of the Neuse re-

gion of the Carolinas, lift the hatchet against the English. To defend this property, Minuit caused the skillful Krijn Frederick to build a quadrangular fort of earth and stone, near the Bowling Green of later times, and named the structure Fort Amsterdam. Already Fort Nassau had been built on the South River, a little below the site of Philadelphia, and Fort Orange, on the soil of the State capitol of New York, was well-garrisoned under Commissary Krieckebeeck.

The future of the settlers on Manhattan glowed with bright promises; and when other families came, and society spread its tent of beauty in their midst, every thing appeared roseate and peaceful. They traded, built houses, planted fields, married, had holidays and sports; and at the time when Virginia became a royal province, and the Plymouth settlers were struggling to free themselves from the shackles of their moneyed partners in London, the Dutch on Manhattan were as free as air, and happy as indulged children.

But a brilliant dawn is not always the harbinger of a pleasant day. Early in the morning of New Netherland history small but portentous clouds appeared. They contained the latent elements of a future tempest, which burst from a quarter where the sky appeared most serene. The crime of an individual jeoparded the existence of the State. There was peace with all the Indian tribes. The Manhattans, the Pachamies, the Weckquaesgeeks and Tankiteks of West Chester, the Hackingsacks and Raritans of New Jersey, and the Canarsees, the Rockaways, the Merrikokes, Mattinecocks, Corchaugs, Shinecocks, Secataugs, Marsapeagues, and Nissaquages of Long Island, came freely to the settlement with their skins and oysters to traffic and smoke. One morning a Weckquaesgeek chief, with his little nephew and a warrior, came sauntering, with bundles of beaver skins, along the shores of the tiny lake whose waters once sparkled in the hollow where the Halls of Justice now stand. Three of Minuit's farm-servants robbed them, and then murdered the chief. The boy fled to the thick woods near the East River, and escaped; but left behind a curse upon the white man, while he uttered a vow of vengeance when manhood should give him strength. We shall presently observe how it was fulfilled.

Beyond the mountains a cloud also gathered. Commissary Krieckebeeck foolishly and wickedly joined the Mohegans in a foray upon some Mohawks, and was killed. Distrust ensued. The families abandoned Fort Orange and took up their abode on Manhattan, and only a small garrison of men was left to defend the post. Alarmed by unfriendly indications among the Raritans, the Walloons on South River also fled to Manhattan at about the same time, and a link of the chain of friendship which bound the Hollanders and Indians together was broken forever.

While the Dutch had been busy in forming their settlements a little band of one hundred men, women, and children, of those English Puritans who had been long sheltered in Holland from the storms of persecution, had floated across the Atlantic in the *Mayflower*, and built cabins on the rim of Plymouth Bay. They had been there seven years before intercourse between them and the Dutch on Manhattan was opened. Then Minuit sent a friendly letter to Governor Bradford, proposed interchanges of good-will and good offices, and, with an eye wide open to commercial advantages, offered to accommodate the Puritans with any kind of merchandise which they might stand in need of. The keen Bradford courteously accepted the proffer of friendship; promised to trade with the Dutch at some future time, if it could be done profitably; begged the Hollanders not to come quite so far east as Narragansett Bay to catch beavers and trade with the Indians, and loyally hinted that they had no right to plant or traffic in America above the fortieth parallel. Minuit took fire, and in his reply to Bradford plainly told him that the Dutch knew their rights, and would maintain them. For some time a friendly correspondence was kept up, however, and a deputation went from Manhattan to confer with the English at Plymouth. But as Bradford always insisted upon the superiority of the parchment titles of the English to New Netherland, there was continually a small apple of discord between the Puritans and the Hollanders, while a profitable trade kept them on kissing terms with each other.

The West India Company, in the mean while, had gained vast accessions of wealth and power by the success of its battle-ships against the merchantmen of Spain, with whom Holland was then at war. The fleets of the India Companies composed the right arm of Dutch power, and these commercial monopolies indirectly governed the State. In September, sixteen hundred and twenty-seven, the low-born Peter Heyn purchased an admiral's title by his achievemsnts on the coast of Cuba. He met the Spanish "silver fleet," on its way from Yucatan with the spoils of plundered princes of Mexico and Peru, captured the whole flotilla, and put almost five millions of dollars into the coffers of his employers. Brazil, with all its wealth of soil and mines, was soon afterward added to their possessions, and other brilliant victories on the ocean established, beyond question, the maritime superiority of Holland. Heyn perished in the arms of victory on the sea, and was buried in regal pomp by the side of Prince William of Orange, in the old church at Delft, wherein the "Pilgrim Fathers" last worshiped on the shores of Holland. His grateful government erected a superb marble monument in an aisle of that old fane. His peasant mother, when the States General sent her a letter of condolence, declared—"Ay, I thought that would be the end of him. He was always a vagabond; but I did my best to correct him. He has got no more than he deserved."

Wealth and power made the West India Company more proud and grasping. The small profits derived from New Netherland now appeared insignificant, and they devised new schemes for increasing their gains. The fertile soil of their

domain needed tillers; and a manorial system, similar to that already in use in Holland, was proposed. Wealthy members of the Company were offered special privileges and large domains, on condition that they should take thither at least fifty adults as actual settlers, and establish little colonies in various parts of New Netherland, except on Manhattan, which was to contain the capital of the new empire. These emigrants were to be tenants of the patroons (as the lords of the manors were called) for a certain number of years, to be "entirely free from customs, taxes, excise, imposts, or any other contribution." This feudal scheme was approved by the States General in sixteen hundred and thirty, when a charter of "Privileges and Exemptions" was granted by that body, and several patroon estates were founded. That of Van Rensselaer, near Albany, remains the only relic of a ruder age when capital purchased special political privileges, and special privileges raised a few above the common humanities of the many in the social scale. Those of Godyn and Blommaert on the Delaware, and of Pauw in New Jersey and on Staten Island, opposite New York, have long since been buried with other unsightly fragments of European feudalism, which found their way thither.

Minuit's administration ended in sixteen hundred and thirty-two. It had been successful, and he left the province in the enjoyment of great prosperity. Year after year the fur-trade had increased; and during the last twelve months of his rule, the value of that commodity exported from Manhattan to Amsterdam was more than sixty thousand dollars. Comfortable homes and commodious warehouses had clustered around Fort Amsterdam, and the hand of culture was beautifying the hills, even beyond Smit's Vleye (Smith's Valley), through which Maiden Lane now passes.

An inexperienced, narrow-minded clerk in the Company's warehouse at Amsterdam, who had married a niece of Killian Van Rensselaer, the Albany patroon, was appointed governor of New Netherland in sixteen hundred and thirty-three. The sainted Knickerbocker has left us a portraiture of this "model of majesty and lordly grandeur," as he affectionately calls him. "He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back bone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were very short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that, when erect, he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple. His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty." The name of this governor was Wouter (Walter) Van Twiller.

Van Twiller's administration lasted seven years, during which time the province flourished in spite of him. Dominie Bogardus came to cultivate the hearts of the people; and schoolmaster Roelandsen accompanied him with the light of letters for the murky brains of the children, who were now becoming numerous. Hitherto there had been little use for dominie or schoolmaster, for men's souls were too intent on beaver-catching to listen to topics above the flagstaff of the fort, and children with blue eyes were unknown on Manhattan until the fruitful Walloons came, seven years before. Although it was a long time before church or school-house was erected, it was a clear gain to the colony, in its progress toward the dignity of a State, to have these elements of good society in readiness when needed. This first minister and schoolmaster ought to be canonized, and St. Borgardus and St. Roelandsen should stand high upon the calendar of Manhattan with the tutelar St. Nicholas.

Before the advent of these teachers, active, energetic Democracy had appeared in the person of De Vries, a bold and talented East India captain, who had come to New Netherland to plant a colony on the South River, and catch whales in the bays, on the condition of being made a patroon. His planting and fishing schemes failed, and he went up the James River and shook hands with the loyal Sir John Harvey, the courtly knight who ruled Virginia. Bearing a friendly salutation from Sir John to the Dutch Director, De Vries returned to Manhattan, and took up his abode there, just as the stupid Van Twiller arrived. It was well for the Hollanders that a man of steel like De Vries had come among them at this time, for a former Director, who had commanded at Fort Orange, knowing the impotency of Van Twiller, and being in the service of the English, boldly sailed up the Mauritius to Rensselaerwyck, to traffic with the Indians, in defiance of the Governor's frowns and the ominous fluttering of the Orange flag over the walls of Fort Amsterdam. The "*William*" was the first English vessel that sailed up the Hudson River, and the Dutch regarded her as an impudent intruder.

The insult really aroused the ire of Van Twiller, and he drank full bumpers from a wine-cask at the gate of the Fort, swore terribly in Low Dutch, and called upon the people, who stood



THE WRATH OF VAN TWILLER.

laughing in his face, to wipe out this stain upon Holland's honor. De Vries was intelligently vexed, and called the Governor a fool. The official did not venture a denial, but obsequiously bending to the will of the sturdy Captain, he ordered an expedition to hasten after the "*William*," and bring her back to Manhattan. The brave deed was accomplished in the course of a month, and the English intruder was driven out of the Narrows, and solemnly enjoined never again to attempt interference with the Dutch fur-trade on the North River, as the Mauritius was now called. This was the beginning of trouble with the English.

A little cloud now appeared in the east. The Puritans had refused the invitation of Minuit to leave the barren soil of Massachusetts Bay, and settle upon the meadows and slopes along the Fresh Water River, as Block called the Connecticut. But when the beauty and fertility of that region became certified, the Plymouth Company, unmindful of the claims of the Dutch, granted a charter to certain parties to settle in that lovely valley; and, during the bland Indian summer in the autumn of sixteen hundred and thirty-three, a small company of Puritans, under Captain Holmes, sailed up the Connecticut, in a sloop, to plant a settlement near the Falls. The Dutch had been warned of these movements by the Indians of whom they had purchased the lands, and Van Twiller had sent Commissary Van Curler to raise the arms of Holland upon a tree at the mouth of the Connecticut, and to complete Fort Good Hope, near the present city of Hartford. Van Curler had two cannons planted on his fort when Holmes appeared, and he threatened him with instant destruction if he should attempt to pass. The Yankee filibuster was as careless as a Turk of the shotted cannon, sailed quietly by, while the Dutch "let their shooting stand," and, on the bank where Windsor now flourishes, erected the house which he had brought

with him, palisaded it, and defied the Belgic heroes. The Dutch and English quarreled concerning the ownership of the Connecticut valley, for almost twenty years, and then the former withdrew, and accepted the present line between New York and Connecticut, as the Eastern boundary of New Netherland.

The State yet lacked a prime element of perpetuity. There were no independent farmers in New Netherland, cultivating their own lands, for the soil belonged to the Company, except that of the Patroon estates. Those wealthy monopolists carried on all agricultural operations off the public domain. The tiller might own his house, but he held no fee-title to the soil. Commercial advantages alone occupied the earnest attention of the Company, and thousands of fertile acres in New Netherland offered their unaccepted treasures to the cultivator. This feudal system, coupled with the influences of internal discords and external dangers, began to repress the energies of the common people, narrowed the sphere of their opportunities for action, and many sighed for Fatherland. The Company and the grasping Patroons bickered continually, because each coveted the monopoly of the fur-trade; and the machinery of the local government moved sluggishly, and sometimes wickedly. The Governor lost all influence, and became a target for coarse jests. His conduct, at length, so exasperated the energetic Dominie Borgardus, that he called the Director a "child of the devil," and, in the presence of Gerritsen and Planck, Jansen, Dam, and Van Curler, he told the chief magistrate that if he did not behave himself, he would give him "such a shake from the pulpit" the next Sabbath, as would make him tremble like a bowl of jelly. And Van Dincklagen, the Governor's Schout-fiscal, openly reproached his contemptible Excellency, for which offense the subaltern was sent home to Holland in disgrace, without being paid the amount of three years' salary, then due. It was a sad hour for Van Twiller when Van Dincklagen departed. The Schout-fiscal was a man of pluck and ready pen, and he sent such memorials to the States General as effected the dismissal of the Governor, at the moment when he had purchased Nutten and other islands around Manhattan, in expectation of vegetating and dying in official dignity in New Netherland. We have no memorial of Van Twiller left, in name of State, or village, bank, water craft, or domain, except the Isle of Nuts, which lies in the bay within ear-shot of the place of his departure for the Zuyder Zee. It is called the Governor's Island to this day.

William Kieft, whose portrait had been hanged on a gallows in the city of Rochelle, and whom De Vries has recorded on the list of great rogues, was the successor of Van Twiller, as Director-general of New Netherland. He was energetic, spiteful, and rapacious; fond of quarrels, and was never happy except when in trouble. His first council was composed of men of similar humor, and they acquired so much dignity, that it became a "high crime to appeal from the judgments" of the Governor, his Koopman, Schout, and other cabinet officials. Yet Kieft was a better man for the Company and the people than the swinish Van Twiller. He was as busy as a brooding hen, and attempted reforms in government, society, and religion, on a scale altogether beyond the capacities of himself and his "subjects." He had an exalted opinion of Minuit as a governor, and he resolved to emulate his example; but that same Minuit became the bane of his peace almost from the beginning.

Ussellincx, the original projector of the West India Company, left Amsterdam in a passion, and laid before the enlightened Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, a well-arranged plan for establishing a Scandinavian colony on the South River. The moment was opportune, for the benevolent heart of the king had already suggested the establishment of an asylum for all Protestants, in free America. The plan of Ussellincx delighted him. But while the scheme was rapidly ripening, the monarch was called to marshal his troops in defense of Protestantism against the cohorts of the Pope on the fields of Germany. Yet he did not forget his benevolent scheme, even amidst the din of camps; and only a few days before he fell in battle at Lutzen, he recommended it as the "jewel of his kingdom." The Count of Oxenstierna, who ruled Sweden in behalf of the infant Christina, the "sweet little jasmine bud of the royal conservatory," had been the earliest and most ardent supporter of the enterprise, and four years before the wasp of Rochelle made his advent at Manhattan, he gave a charter to a *Swedish West India Company*; and Peter Minuit, toward the close of sixteen hundred and thirty-seven, sailed from Stockholm, in the *Key of Calmir*, with the first company of emigrants bound for the South River.

Kieft had eaten but few dinners at New Amsterdam, when he was informed of the impertinence of the Swedes in buying enough land between two trees to build a house upon, and then claiming the whole territory west of the South River, from Cape Henlopen to the Falls of Trenton, and inland as far as they pleased. He was was at first astonished, then affronted, and at last he rubbed his hands in delight, for he saw a clear opportunity for a quarrel and diplomatic display. The whole breadth of New Jersey was between himself and the intruders, and that was a comfort; so he fearlessly issued a proclamation, with an imperial flourish, protesting against the intrusion, and declaring that he would not "be answerable for any mishap, bloodshed, trouble, or disaster" which they might suffer from his ire and valor. Minuit laughed at Kieft, and went on to build a fort on the site of Wilmington, and to push a profitable trade with the Lenni-Lenapes. The fiery Director hurled protest after protest against the Swedes; but they were as little heeded as were the paper bulls sent by Clement to bellow excommunication through the realms of the Eighth Harry of England. Swedish vessels, filled with men, women, and children, intent on empire and happiness in the New World, came thicker than Belgic proclamations; and, in spite

of Kieft's majesty, they laid the foundation of the capital of New Sweden on Tinicum Island, near Philadelphia. And more than forty years before William Penn,

> ——"the Quaker, came,
> To leave his hat, his drab, and his name,
> That will sweetly sound from the trump of Fame,
> Till its final blast shall die,"

they spread the tents of empire on the soil where now flourish, in regal pride, the commonwealths of Delaware and Pennsylvania.

Kieft was not indifferent to the interests of his growing capital, while shaking his official fist at the Scandinavians on the Delaware. He caused Fort Amsterdam to be repaired, and new warehouses to be erected. By example and command, he made fruit trees to bud and blossom in gardens where brambles had flourished hitherto. Police ordinances were framed and thoroughly enforced, and Morality made Vice blush with shame. Religion became a cherished "institution" among the people; and Krol and Huyck, the *krank-besoeckers*, who had long ago given place to the ordained minister, became shining lights of piety and pastoral aid. The little barn-like church in Broad Street was made a barrack for soldiers; and, under the direction of Kuyter and Dam, a spacious stone one was built within the Fort, just where "it kept the south wind from the wings of the grist-mill." It was a gala-day in New Amsterdam when the Connecticut architects hung the Spanish bells captured at Porto Rico in the little tower, and the Director gave a supper to the builders and city magnates at his harberg for strangers at Coenties Slip. And it was a proud day for Domine Bogardus, when he ascended the new pulpit and preached from the words (St. John xv. 1), *Ich bien rechter Wienstock, und mein Pater ein Wiengartner*, in the presence of Baxter and other Englishmen from the Puritan East and Cavalier Virginia, who, with French Huguenots and a dozen Danes, had settled in New Netherland, where strangers were welcomed as citizens, when they had taken the oath of allegiance and fidelity to the States General. Know-nothings were unknown and useless in New Amsterdam, and so were Do-nothings; for thrift and industry were seen on every side. When, after a long absence, De Vries returned to Manhattan, he saw much to praise in the management of the new Director-general.

The English on the East became as troublesome as the Swedes on the South. Like busy ants they were spreading over the fertile lands westward of the Housatonic and the plains of Long Island. They disregarded Dutch proclamations and Indian title deeds; and filibusters from Massachusetts cast down the arms of Holland at Cow Bay, and mocked the officials at New Amsterdam. Kieft soon put an end to these encroachments, and peace might have long reigned in New Netherland had not Acquisitiveness arisen



INDIANS BRINGING TRIBUTE.

in active rebellion against Justice, and awakened a terrible storm of vengeance in the forest.

The manifest partiality of the Dutch toward the Mohawks, made the River Indians jealous, and their friendship was greatly weakened by the dishonesty of traders, who stupefied them with rum, and then cheated them in traffic. Kieft not only winked at these things, but, under the false plea of "express orders" from his principals, he demanded tribute of furs, corn, and wampum from the tribes around Manhattan. They sullenly complied; but when they came and cast the costly tribute at the feet of the Hollanders, they turned away with a curse, bitter and uncompromising. When Kieft saw the cloud of vengeance on their brows, his fears and his cruelty were awakened; and, with the usual instinct of a bad nature, he sought an opportunity to injure those he had deeply wronged. The opportunity was not long delayed. Some swine were stolen from De Vries's plantation on Staten Island. Kieft charged the crime upon the innocent Raritans. He sent armed men to chastise them, and several Indians were killed. This outrage aroused all the tribes. The River Indians grasped the hatchet, and refused to pay tribute any longer. The Raritans killed Hollanders whenever they could meet them in the forests of New Jersey, and war, stimulated by the deepest hatred, was kindled.

The time had now arrived when the vow of the savage boy whose uncle was murdered by Minuit's men fifteen years before, must be revenged. He had grown to lusty manhood, and the blood of his kinsman cried to him for vengeance. He came to Manhattan, and at Turtle Bay, where the Beeckmans afterward had their pleasant country-seats, he murdered Claas Smits, a harmless Dutch wheel-wright, and plundered his solitary dwelling. Kieft demanded the murderer; but the chief of the Weckquaesgeecks refused to give him up. Here was a *casus belli* over which Kieft chuckled with delight, and he prepared to treat the Westchester tribes as he did the poor Raritans. But his imprudence was overruled, and his cruel scheme was foiled for the present. The people of New Amsterdam were alarmed by the signs of hostility all around them, and they refused to shoulder the musket at the Governor's bidding. Keift stormed; and his anger was not abated when the people charged him with seeking war in order to "make a wrong reckoning with the Company." The bullying Autocrat was suddenly changed into an obsequious Republican, when he perceived that his own shoulders must bear the whole responsibility of war, if kindled. So he called together all the "masters and heads of families" in New Amsterdam, to consult upon public measures. It was the first popular assembly, for political purposes, ever convened in New Netherland. They chose twelve discreet men to act for them; and now, in the year one thousand six hundred and forty-one, the representative system of modern democracies was implanted in the soil where, four generations afterward, the great Republic of the West was inaugurated. It is an event to be remembered with pride; and the names of Jaques Bentyn, Maryn Adriansen, Jan Jansen Dam, Hendrick Jansen, David Pietersen De Vries, Jacob Stoffelsen, Abram Molenaar, Frederik Lubbertsen, Joaichim Pietersen Kuyter, Gerrit Dircksen, George Rapelje, and Abram Planck—those twelve popular Senators—should never be forgotten. They were all emigrants from Fatherland, and had enjoyed popular liberty in that garden of Western Europe.

The Twelve chose the energetic De Vries to be their president. Although he had been deeply injured by the Indians on South River, and had lost much property on Staten Island, both humanity and expediency made him counsel peace. His colleagues agreed with him, and the sanguinary Director was puzzled. Hostilities were deferred; and, in the mean while, the Twelve had been maturing a plan for establishing the popular form of government in Holland, in the thriving province of New Netherland. Kieft was alarmed; for he was no friend to reform that should abridge the absolute power with which he was clothed. He suggested a compromise, and the confiding Senators relied upon his promises. He offered concessions of popular freedom, on the condition of being allowed to chastise the Indians for the murder of Smits. A reluctant consent was finally given, and when the wily Director had procured this boon, he dissolved the Committee of Twelve, telling them that the business for which they were appointed was completed; and then forbade any popular assemblages thereafter. Thus ended the first attempt to establish popular sovereignty in New Netherland.

Kieft sent armed men to Westchester; but his thirst for savage blood was disappointed by concessions and treaties. It was soon satisfied, however. The River Indians were tributary to the Mohawks; and in mid-winter, in sixteen hundred and forty-three, a large war-party came down from Fort Orange to collect tribute. Full five hundred of the River tribes fled before them, took refuge with the Hackingsacks, at Hoboken, and craved the protection of the Dutch. The Weckquaesgeecks fled across the Harlem River, and sought safety under the wing of the Hollanders at Corlaer's Hoeck, at the foot of Grand Street, on the East River. The humane De Vries proposed to make this event an opportunity for securing the lasting friendship of the neighboring tribes; but his wisdom and mercy were overruled by the folly and ferocity of the Director and some of the ex-Senators, and it was made an opportunity to spill innocent blood.

At the middle of a cold February night, Sergeant Rodolph was sent, with eighty men, to attack the sleeping fugitives at Hoboken; and, at the same hour, Sergeant Adriaensen was dispatched with a smaller number to massacre the slumbering Weckquaesgeecks at Corlaer's Hoeck. For the life of Claas Smits, Adriaensen took forty innocent ones; while Rodolph was making the deep snows at Hoboken red with the blood of unoffending heathens—sparing neither age nor sex in the execution of his cowardly master's will. "Warrior and squaw, sachem and child, mother



MASSACRE OF INDIANS AT HOBOKEN.

and babe," says Brodhead, "were alike massacred. Daybreak scarcely ended the furious slaughter. Mangled victims, seeking safety in the thickets, were driven into the river; and parents, rushing to save their children, whom the soldiery had thrown into the stream, were driven back into the waters, and drowned before the eyes of their unrelenting murderers." Almost a hundred savages perished there. The humane De Vries had witnessed the dreadful scene from the ramparts of Fort Amsterdam, by the light of the burning wigwams, and he told the blood-thirsty Kieft, who was careful to remain in safety within the Fort, that he had now commenced the ruin of the colony. Kieft derided the clemency of De Vries; and when his soldiery returned to the Fort the next morning, with thirty prisoners and the heads of several Indians, he shook their bloody hands with delight, and gave them presents.

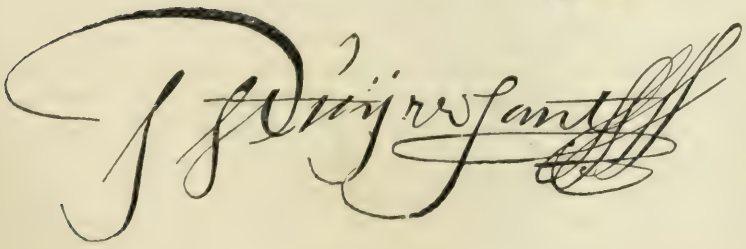
This massacre, and other outrages that followed, aroused the fiery hatred and vengeance of all the surrounding tribes; and a fierce war was soon kindled. Villages and farms were desolated, and the white people were butchered wherever found by the incensed Indians. The Long Island tribes, hitherto friendly, joined their kindred; and the very existence of the Dutch colony was jeoparded. For two years the war continued, and the colony was on the verge of ruin. At length a company of Englishmen, under John Underhill, who had been expelled from New England, assisted the Dutch. The Indians were subdued, and peace was partially restored.

The haughty Kieft was humbled when he saw the fierce blaze which his folly and wickedness had kindled, and he sought the sympathy of the people on whom he had brought ruin, by asking them to appoint a few men to represent the commonalty in council. Eight true citizens were chosen, two of whom had been members of the former Committee of Twelve; and another (Isaac Allerton) was one of the Pilgrims who came in the *Mayflower*, but was now an extensive merchant at New Amsterdam. The people had lost all confidence in the Governor, and their hopes, in the hour of their great distress, rested upon the Council of Eight. Yet they possessed no legal executive power, and the stubborn Governor seldom followed their advice. The distant settlements remained deserted, for parties of Indians were yet roaming even in the forests of Manhattan, with the fire of revenge in their hearts, and the hatchet of destruction in their hands. Disorder every where prevailed. The Swedes were building up a strong empire on the southern border of New Netherland, and the Puritans were

not only claiming absolute title to undoubted Dutch territory, but many were becoming citizens under the liberal charter of the Company, and were wielding considerable influence in public affairs at New Amsterdam. To arrest growing evils which threatened the ruin of the State, the Eight sent an energetic but respectful letter to the States General, asking, in the name of the people of New Netherland, the recall of Kieft. Their prayer was heeded, and Peter Stuyvesant, the Director of the Company's colony at Curraçoa, was chosen to supersede him, with Van Dincklagen, Van Twiller's dismissed Schout-fiscal, as Vice-Director. The people of Manhattan were greatly delighted when they heard of the intended change, and some pugnacious burghers threatened Kieft with personal chastisement when he should "take off the coat with which he was bedecked by the lords his masters."

Stuyvesant was a strong-headed, and sometimes wrong-headed, soldier, who had received a good education in the high-school at Franeker, in his native Friesland. He had won military honors, and lost a leg in war against the Portuguese, while Governor of Curraçoa. Vain as a peacock, fond of ostentatious display, and thoroughly aristocratic in all his notions, he was not well fitted to govern a simple people, with republican tendencies, like those of New Netherland. Yet his administration contrasted most favorably with those of all his predecessors, and he is the most renowned of the officials of the West India Company. His arrival, in the middle of May, sixteen hundred and forty-seven, was hailed with great joy by the people of New Amsterdam, and they exhausted nearly all the breath and powder in the city in shouting and firing. He marched to the Fort in great pomp, and after keeping some of the principal inhabitants who went to welcome him waiting for several hours bare-headed, while he remained covered, "as if he was the Czar of Muscovy," he told the people that he should govern them "as a father his children, for the advantage of the chartered West India Company, and these burghers, and this land." He declared that every one should have justice done him, and then the people threw up their hats and shouted, albeit they feared that his haughty carriage denoted a despot's will rather than a father's tender affection and indulgence.





Stuyvesant was too frank and bold to conceal his opinions and intentions. At the very outset he asserted the prerogatives of the Directorship, and frowned upon every expression of republican sentiment. He declared it to be "treason to petition against one's magistrates, whether there be cause or not." He defended Kieft's conduct in rejecting the interference of the Twelve, and plainly said to the people, "If any one during my administration shall appeal, I will make him a foot shorter, and send the pieces to Holland, and let him appeal in that way." With such despotic sentiments he commenced his iron rule. The morals of the people, the sale of liquors to the Indians, the regulation of trade, and the support of religion in the colony, became subjects for proclamations and ordinances. His energy was

great, and very soon the life-blood of enterprise began to circulate freely through every vein and artery of society. With the same energy he applied himself to the adjustment of his "foreign relations." He dispatched a courier with a decided protest to Governor Printz, of the Swedish colony on the Delaware, and made arrangements to meet Commissioners of New England in council, to determine mutual rights. He treated the Indians with the utmost kindness; and so warm did the friendship of those who were lately brooding, in sullen hate, over the murder of sixteen hundred of their people, become for the new Director, that the foolish story got abroad in the East, that the Dutch Governor was forming a coalition with the Indian tribes to exterminate the English.

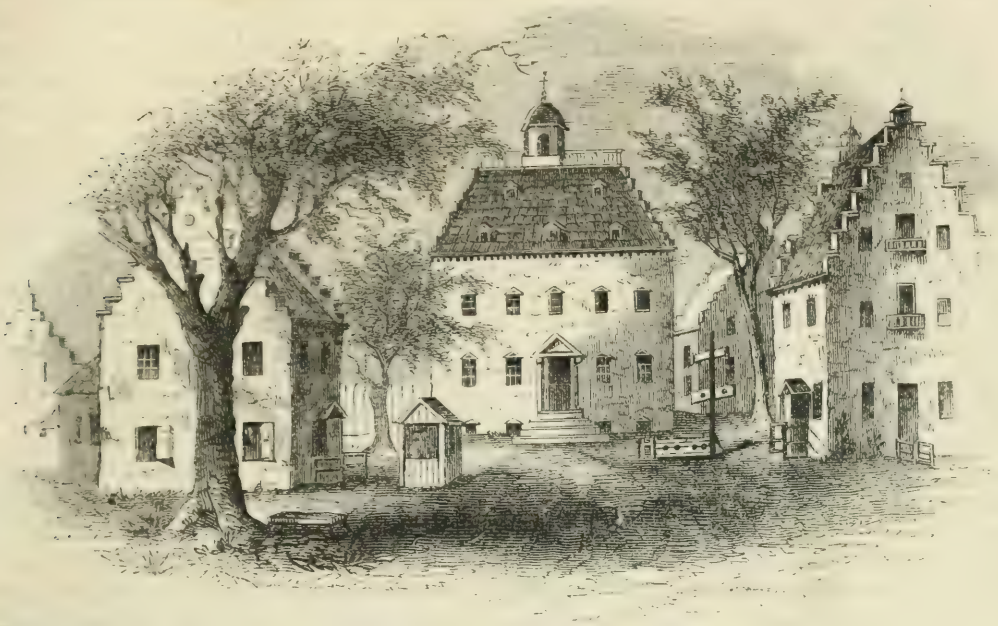
The financial embarrassments in New Netherland were favorable to republicanism. For almost two hundred years Holland had maintained the just principle, that taxation and representation are inseparable. Stuyvesant dared not tax the colonists without their consent, for fear of incurring the displeasure of the States General, so he called a convention of the people, and directed them to choose eighteen proper men, nine of whom he might appoint as their representatives, to form a co-ordinate branch of the local government. Although their prerogatives were hedged round by provisos and limitations, and the first Nine were to nominate their successors without the voice of the Commonalty thereafter, this was an important advance toward the popular government of later times. The Nine formed a salutary check upon the Director, and kept his power within due bounds. They were heard with respect in Fatherland, and they were ever the faithful guardians of the rights of the people. They had far more power and influence than the Twelve under Kieft, and they nourished the prolific germs of democracy which burst into vigorous life in Jacob Leisler's time, fifty years later.

Stuyvesant managed adroitly and prudently with the New England authorities, and in the autumn of sixteen hundred and fifty he settled all boundary difficulties with them in an amicable manner. This cause for irritation on his Eastern frontier being removed, he turned his attention to the Swedes on the Delaware. He visited Fort Nassau the following year, and after holding a satisfactory conference there with the Delaware chiefs, he ordered its demolition, and the erection of a new one, to be called Fort Casimer, on the soil of the present Delaware, four miles below Fort Christina. Governor Printz protested in vain, and finally the two magnates parted with apparent good feelings, mutually promising to "keep neighborly friendship and correspondence together."

The following year an important concession was made to the inhabitants of New Amsterdam, by order of the Holland authorities. The Nine had earnestly sought the privilege of a burgher government for their growing capital. It was granted, and the people were allowed to have "a Schout, two Burgomasters, and five Schepens," who were to form a municipal court of justice, like those of the free cities of Holland. But the people were not allowed to choose these officers; that right was reserved to the Director. In February, one thousand six hundred and fifty-three, the city of New Amsterdam (afterward New York) was formally organized, by the installation of *Schout* Van Tienhoven, *Burgomasters* Hattem and Kregier, and *Schepens* Van der Grist, Van Gheel, Anthony, Beeckman, and Couwenhoven, with Jacob Kip as clerk. Stuyvesant was troubled by this "imprudent intrusting of power with the people." He had scarcely recovered from his chagrin, when, through the influence of the democratic Van der Donck (who had felt the tyranny of the Director), he was summoned to the Hague, to answer concerning his government in New Netherland. The order was soon revoked, however, and Stuyvesant never left Manhattan until after the sceptre had passed from the Dutch.

A new element of social progress had now begun to work vigorously, and in harmony with the free spirit of Dutch policy, in the social and political systems of New Netherland. "Numbers, nay, whole towns," says De Laet, "to escape from the insupportable government of New England, removed to New Netherland, to enjoy that liberty denied them by their own countrymen." Only in Rhode Island—the child of Puritan persecution—was conscience allowed free expression in action. Every where else in New England, he who was not of "the strictest sect of the Pharisees," who made their narrow human creed the "higher law," lost social caste, was not allowed the privileges of a "freeman," and suffered continual annoyance at the hands of bigotry and superstition. Liberal-minded, honorable men, whose spirits could not brook such vassalage, following the example of the wise shepherd of the Pilgrim flock, went where they might enjoy, under Belgic rule, the theoretic liberty of the English constitution. They had lands assigned them all around Manhattan, and English settlements were formed in Westchester and at several points on Long Island. The New Englanders intermarried with the Dutch. Being free to act as citizens, they soon exercised considerable influence in public affairs; and more than ten years before a burgher government was given to New Amsterdam, George Baxter was appointed English secretary of New Netherland. The "strangers" readily adopted the republican ideas of the Dutch Commonalty, and bore a conspicuous part in the democratic movements which gave Stuyvesant so much trouble during the latter years of his administration.

Republicanism, like any other truth, has remarkable vitality. It is nourished by persecution, and it grows vigorously under the pressure of the heel of power. The more Stuyvesant attempted to stifle its growth, the more widely it spread and blossomed. The popular will, fully bent on reforms, became bold enough in the autumn of sixteen hundred and fifty-three to decree a convention of the people at New Amsterdam, in spite of the opposition of the Governor. Nineteen delegates from eight communities were chosen, and



THE STADT HUYS.

assembled in the new Stadt Huys,* at the head of Coenties Slip, in December. They boldly declared the rights of the Commonalty, according to the laws of Fatherland, and all signed a paper, containing a statement of their grievances, and a remonstrance against the tyrannous rule of the Director, and sent it to the Amsterdam Chamber of the West India Company. Stuyvesant's ire was fiercely kindled by these proceedings, but it was like a pebble breasting an ocean wave.

While thus perplexed by domestic annoyances, the tranquillity of the Director's "foreign relations" was disturbed. His neighborly governor of the Swedes had returned to Europe, and a more warlike successor had arrived, with a military force, under the bold Swen Schute. They appeared before Fort Casimer on Trinity Sunday, just two hundred years ago last June. Commander Bikker said he was out of powder, so he made a virtue of necessity, and gave the Swedes a hearty welcome as friends, while he left the gate of the fort wide open. They seized his hand and the fort at the same time, fired two shots over the latter, in token of its capture, blotted out its Dutch garrison and its name, took possession, and called it Fort Trinity. Intelligence of this indignity reached Stuyvesant at a moment when he was expecting an attack from the English, who were then at war with Holland, and he was at his wits' end. But the cloud soon passed, for the English did not come, and the offended Director prepared to wipe out the stain which the "infamous surrender" of Fort Casimer had imparted to Belgic heroism, by annihilating Swedish dominion on South River.

An expedition against the Swedes was fitted out in the course of the summer. A day of fasting and prayer to implore the blessing of Heaven upon the enterprise was observed; and "after sermon" on the first Sunday in September, two centuries and twelve months ago, a squadron of seven vessels, bearing more than six hundred soldiers, under the immediate command of Stuyvesant, sailed from Manhattan for the South River. The cabin of the flag-ship, *The Balance*, contained the Governor, Vice-director De Sille, and Dominie Megapolensis, the successor of Bogardus, who, with Kieft and others, had been wrecked and drowned on the coast of Wales, when voyaging to the Fatherland. There, too, was Anthony Van Corlear, who, since the sleepy days of Van Twiller, had blown the trumpet of Dutch valor with great effect wherever the Director-general's presence appeared. He was a little, jolly, "robustous bachelor," with a pleasant visage, and a nose, according to the veracious Knickerbocker, "of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda; being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon."

With such companions and a brave soldiery, Stuyvesant ascended the Delaware, and landed between Forts Casimir and Christina. He instantly ordered Ensign Smit, with a drummer, to hasten to the fort and demand its immediate surrender; while the trumpeter was kept at his side to sound a fearful retributive blast in the event of a refusal. Schute wished to confer with Governor Risingh at Fort Christina; but the boon was denied, and the passes between the fortresses were carefully guarded by the Dutch. A delay until next morning was allowed, and then Schute surrendered and drank the health of Director Stuyvesant. The Dutch marched into the fort "with flying colors." Dominie Megapolensis preached a sermon to the soldiers, and the Governor sent a courier to the council at New Am-

* This was the *harberg* erected by Kieft in 1642, and known as the City Tavern. It was used for government purposes after Stuyvesant became Director-General, and a pillory and whipping-post, seen in front, on the right, was then erected there.

sterdam with a shout of victory, and an order for the people to observe a day of thanksgiving for "God's providential care." Stuyvesant then went boldly on in the march of conquest, and before the close of September he put an end to Swedish dominion on the Delaware. Like Alfred of England, he wisely made citizens of many of the conquered people, and they generally became the loyal friends of the Dutch. They prospered exceedingly for almost thirty years, and then they welcomed William Penn as their governor, and declared the day of his arrival to be the happiest one of their lives.

During the absence of the expedition, a large party of Indians, provoked by the murder of a squaw, appeared at midnight before New Amsterdam, in sixty-four canoes, and while the inhabitants were asleep spread themselves through the town. The people drove them from the city before sunrise; but the savages swept over the plantations on the Jersey shore and Staten Island with fearful power, and menaced the Dutch on Long Island. Within three days a hundred inhabitants were killed, one hundred and fifty were made prisoners, and the estates of three hundred were utterly desolated, by the dusky foe. Distant settlements were broken up, and the people fled in terror to Manhattan. All was confusion when Stuyvesant returned. His presence restored quiet and awed the savages, and New Amsterdam was never again troubled by the Indians.

Excepting some difficulties growing out of religious intolerance manifested by Stuyvesant, Megapolensis and other ultra churchmen, and the outside pressure of the Puritans and the Maryland proprietors, New Amsterdam progressed rather quietly in business, population, and wealth, until the Duke of York sent a fleet to assert his unrighteous claim to New Netherland. Already a wooden wall or palisade had been constructed from river to river along the present line of Wall Street; and two years after the expedition to the Delaware the city was surveyed, the streets were regulated, and several of them were paved. Boweries or farms began to smile in every direction, neat cottages adorned the suburbs of the capital; and in sixteen hundred and fifty-eight, a palisaded village called New Harlem was founded toward the east end of Manhattan, for the purpose of "promoting agriculture, and affording a place of amusement for the citizens of New Amsterdam." Homes, genuine, happy Dutch homes, in abundance, were found without and within the city, where uncultured minds and affectionate hearts enjoyed life in dreamy, quiet blissfulness, unknown in these bustling times. The city people then rose at dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset, except on extraordinary occasions, such as Christmas eve, a tea-party, or a wedding.



SUMMONING FORT CASIMIR TO SURRENDER.

Then, those who attended the fashionable soirées of the "upper ten" assembled at three o'clock in



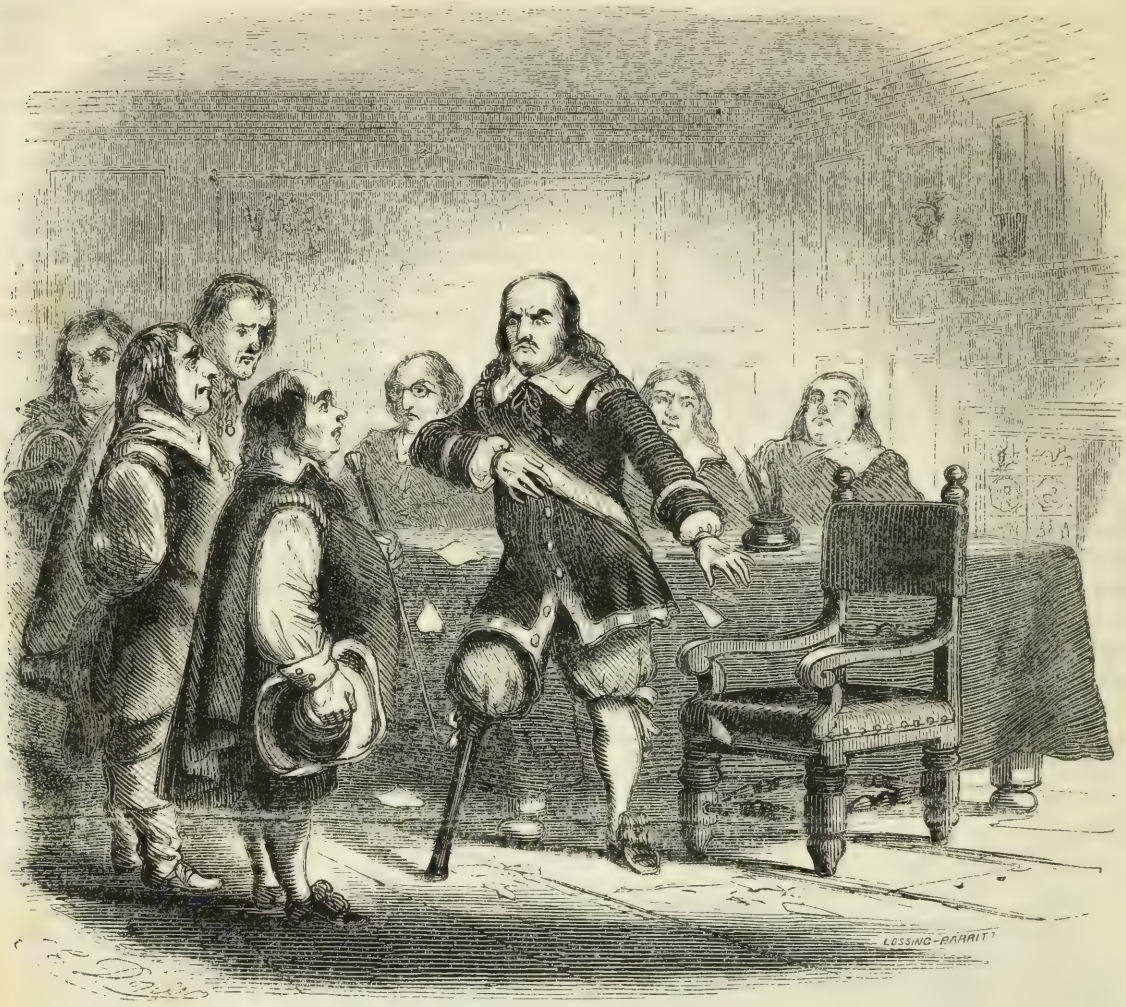
DUTCH COTTAGE.

the afternoon and went away at six, so that daughter Maritchie might have the pewter plates and delft tea-pot cleaned and cupboarded in time for evening prayer at seven. Knitting and spinning held the places of whist and flirting fans in these "degenerate days;" and *utility* was as plainly stamped on all their pleasures, as the maker's name on our silver spoons. Those were days of simplicity, comparative innocence, and positive ignorance, when the "Commonalty" no more suspected the earth of turning over like a ball of yarn, than Stuyvesant did the Puritans of honesty. Society has experienced vast changes here within two hundred years. Unresting activity has taken the place of inertia, and the positive has superseded the negative in every form of social development. And to-day, among our heterogeneous population of more than half a million, there is probably as much virtue and happiness, proportionately, as there was in those "good old times" of stagnation. Who shall strike a balance sheet?

A crisis in the affairs of New Netherland now approached. Cromwell was dead, and the fugitive King Charles was restored to the throne of his father. Early in the year sixteen hundred and sixty-four, he granted to his brother James, Duke of York and Albany, the whole territory of New Netherland, including the whole of Long Island, and a part of Connecticut. The profligate monarch had no more right to the domain thus granted, than had the Tempter to "all the kingdoms of the earth," which he offered to the Redeemer, if he would worship him. "Might makes right"



A DUTCH FAMILY.



DESTRUCTION OF NICOLLS'S LETTER.

is the creed of despots, and the cannon is the "last argument of kings;" and so the royal brother sent ships and men to take possession of the magnificent gift.

Four ships and four hundred and fifty soldiers, under the command of Colonel Richard Nicolls, a court favorite, arrived at the Narrows toward the close of August, sixteen hundred and sixty-



NEW YORK IN 1664.

This sketch is from a map in Van der Donck's description of New Netherland, drawn on the spot by Augustyn Heermans, who came to New Amsterdam in 1633. On the left is seen the Fort, inclosing the double-roofed church built by Kieft, the prison, Governor's house, high flag-staff, and wind-mill. At the river side are seen the gallows and whipping-post; and all around the Fort are clustered many dwelling-houses. On the extreme right is seen the hill over which Fulton Street now passes.

four. Stuyvesant had been warned of their approach, and had taken measures to strengthen the fort and town. But money, men, and will were wanting. English influence had greatly weakened the attachment of the Hollanders to Dutch rule, and they had heard so much of *English liberty*, that many were not averse to a change of government. Stuyvesant, faithful to his employers, resolved to defend the city until the last, and entreated the people to sustain him. But his haughty carriage and despotic rule had deprived him of his real strength—the hearty cooperation of the people. He began to make concessions when it was too late, and the sceptre departed from him.

On Saturday morning, the thirtieth of August, Nicolls summoned Stuyvesant to surrender the fort and city, and sent a proclamation to the inhabitants, at the same time, in which he promised perfect security for the persons and property of all those who should quietly submit. Stuyvesant called his council and the burgomasters together, to consider the matter. They leaned toward submission, but he would not listen to such suggestions, nor allow the proclamation to be seen by the people. The Sabbath passed by, and no answer was returned to Nicolls. The people, in the uncertainty as to what was going on, became much excited, and on Monday the burgomasters explained the matter to them. They demanded a sight of the proclamation, but it was refused, and they were on the verge of insurrection. In the mean while Governor Winthrop, of Connecticut, had joined the English squadron. He was on good terms with Stuyvesant. Nicolls sent a letter by him to the Director, and authorized Winthrop to assure him that Hollanders, as citizens or merchants, should have equal privileges with the English, if he would quietly surrender.

Stuyvesant met Winthrop with a flag of truce at the gate of the fort, and promptly refused compliance. He then withdrew to the council chamber within, and opened the letter before the council and burgomasters. They desired its communication to the people; but Stuyvesant stoutly refused. They as stoutly insisted upon the just measure, when the Director, unable to control his passion, tore the letter in pieces. The people, who were at work on the palisades, on hearing of this, gathered at the Stadt Huys, and sent a deputation to the Fort to demand the letter. The Governor stormed, but they were inexorable. At length a fair copy of it was made from the pieces, and delivered to the burgomasters; and the people went on with the fortifications.

Receiving no reply from Stuyvesant, Nicolls landed some troops "below Breucklen," where the South Ferry house now stands, and anchored two ships of war in the channel, between Fort Amsterdam and the Governor's Island, with their guns all shotted and matches lighted. Stuyvesant saw all this from the ramparts, but would not yield. He knew the extreme weakness of the fort and city, yet his proud will would not bend. And even when Nicolls sent him the message, "I shall come for your reply to-morrow with ships and soldiers," and men, women, and children entreated him to surrender, the brave old Director said, "I would much rather be carried out dead." But at length, when the city authorities, the clergy, all of the principal inhabitants of the fifteen hundred within the palisades, and even his own son Balthazar, urged him to yield, "Peter the Headstrong," who "had a heart as big as an ox, and a head that would have set adamant to scorn," consented to capitulate. On the eighth morning of this same beautiful month of September, two hundred and ten years ago, the last of the Dutch governors led his soldiers from the Fort down Beaver Lane to the place of embarkation for Holland, and an hour afterward the red cross of St. George was floating triumphantly over Fort Amsterdam, now named Fort James, in honor of the Duke. Nicolls was proclaimed Deputy-governor of the province, which, with the city, was named New York in honor of the Duke's title.

Such is the brief history of the Dutch on Manhattan. They made an effort nine years later to recover the lost province, and succeeded, by the help of treason. It was again New Netherland for five hundred days, when it reverted to the English by treaty, and they remained its masters until our War for Independence. The city and State, which the Dutch founded, form the noblest monument that could be erected in honor of the PILGRIM FATHERS of the Knickerbocker race, in whose veins courses the mingled blood of the Teuton, Saxon, Celt, and Gaul. They gave to the New World a more enlarged vision of the rights of conscience and personal freedom than any other people; and their love of far-reaching commerce and adventurous enterprise, has ever hovered like a tutelar deity over the island of Manhattan, during all its social and political vicissitudes, and has made the city of New York the emporium of the Western Continent.

WHO DISCOVERED THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE?

CAPTAIN M'CLURE has been crowned with laurels for his supposed discovery of the Northwest Passage. Yet none ask the question, Was he the first to solve the problem which has puzzled the brains of ambitious navigators for centuries? Is he really the discoverer of this Northwest Passage? His courage and perseverance are undoubtedly to be admired. The credit he has received he justly deserves. I do not wish to depreciate either the one or the other; but I demand for myself, and my former comrades who now lie buried beneath northern snows, a patient hearing and even-handed justice. For I, too, have traveled through the Polar regions, and have wintered in the midst of Polar ice. I, too, have passed from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, through that identical passage whose existence, it is believed, has been only recently established. I performed the feat long before Commander M'Clure

ever stood upon the quarter-deck of the "Investigator!"

The "Northern Light"—three hundred tons register, James Fogg, Master—was as dashing a craft as ever encountered the perils of Baffin's Bay. I was first mate. We always ventured farther north in our expeditions than any other whaler, partly because our craft, built expressly for the ice, was superior to the rest of the fleet, and partly because our men had more metal about them than the average run of sailors. The crew were indeed a set of dare-devils, each one ready with his jack-knife to meet a polar bear in single combat on the ice. They were composed of every nation in Europe, with two exceptions. The captain and myself were Yankees. Our skipper's personal appearance was not prepossessing. Short, and stoutly built, he looked more like a Dutchman than an American. His eyes, small but brilliant, were set close together in his head, the nose was slightly turned up, and the mouth large. When in repose, the lips were always firmly compressed. A physiognomist, at first sight, would have declared him to be a man of decision; and so he was—but a jovial companion withal. I seldom knew him lose his temper. In character he was one who never backed out of any enterprise in which he was once fairly engaged. His courage was of that reckless nature which would lead him into danger simply for danger's sake. When other men were in despair, he was in his native element. Add to this great natural shrewdness, and an experience of thirty years' service in the trade, and you will have before you a complete picture of James Fogg, Captain of the whaler "Northern Light."

We left Hull, in the spring of 1828, for a regular three years' cruise, but were so successful during the first fifteen months, that we contemplated returning at once to the port from which we sailed. Beyond the ordinary excitement of whaling, the only incident in our voyage worthy of notice was boarding a deserted ship. We took thence large quantities of stores in a very good state of preservation; but never discovered the reason why she had been abandoned by her crew. It was now the 25th of July, 1829. As far as I can recollect, we were in lat. 73° 50′ long. 79°, near the entrance of Lancaster Sound, as it is called, at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay. The weather was unusually warm, ranging between 40° and 45°; and how calm and still the ocean was! Spread over its surface were countless bergs of every size and shape. I was leaning upon the larboard bulwark, listlessly watching them as now here, now there, one would suddenly turn over with a splash, that aroused for a moment the slumbering echoes of those shipless, silent seas. To the south, and stretching away in a westerly direction, the land was distinctly visible. It was high, rugged, and entirely covered with snow; nor could we discover, with the aid of a telescope, the faintest trace of any habitation along this desolate coast.

"Wind from the east soon, Mr. Skaites," said the captain, as he suddenly halted. He had been walking rapidly up and down the deck for the last half hour, puffing uneasily at his meerschaum.

I shrugged my shoulders, without making any reply.

"An easterly wind to-morrow, Mr. Skaites," he repeated, with irritation.

I turned round surprised, for he did not often give way to fits of spleen. Something must have gone wrong. He stood there gazing toward the quarter indicated, his short, sturdy legs wide apart, and his red, jolly-looking face half concealed by clouds of smoke.

"Ay, ay, Captain Fogg. We'll have to run into some of those inlets I mark along the coast."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, sir. Inlets indeed—run into the devil, sir!" and he resumed his walk along the deck.

"Mr. Skaites!"

"Sir!"



IN BAFFIN'S BAY.

"The sea's very clear for the 25th of July."

"Very, sir."

"With an easterly wind, we might easily run into Barrow's Straits?"

"Very easily, sir."

"And perhaps discover the Northwest Passage, eh?"

"The what?" said I, looking up hastily.

"The Northwest Passage, sir. What the devil do you mean by looking so astonished? Why shouldn't we?"

He was perfectly serious. The idea had probably weighed upon his mind for some time. We had heard that a large reward was offered for the discovery of the Passage, and I fancied that the skipper had suddenly become avaricious.

"Discover the Northwest Passage! Ahem! Suppose you did, who'd believe it?"

"For that I don't care a cent. I've my own notions on the existence of the Passage, and think we could get through. I've not been a-whaling in these latitudes for twenty years without learning what's what. Jem Fogg knows where the land lies, sir. We've a good craft—all snug for a polar expedition—plenty of provisions, enough to last us, on a pinch, for half a dozen years to come—and a capital crew. What do you say, Mr. Skaites—shall we make the attempt? Speak, can't you?"

I endeavored, of course, to combat his wild scheme. Supposing even that we should escape with life, I had no particular desire to be frozen up at the North Pole for several years to come. The captain, however, was as obstinate as a mule. I returned to the charge frequently, but soon saw that his mind was completely made up. We talked over the plan at different times during the remainder of the day; and, though not convinced of its wisdom, the skipper's energy, and my confidence in his skill and experience, induced me to consent to his wishes. We therefore turned in that night with the understanding that if the wind were favorable on the morrow, the crew should be informed of our design, and the ship's head directed toward those mysterious seas.

I was roused the next morning about three o'clock, by the captain himself shouting, "Wind east-south-east." I jumped up, and was on deck in a trice. The ship had her top-gallant sails set, and, under a steady breeze, was running some seven or eight knots an hour. All the crew were busily engaged. They learned, without displaying any symptoms of dissatisfaction, that we contemplated a voyage to the Polar Sea. An increase of wages was offered, and beyond this they cared for little.

We made a splendid run that day, always keeping the southern coast in sight—our course up the sound being almost due west. We passed several large icebergs, which became more numerous toward evening; and a dense fog coming on about six o'clock, we were obliged to shorten sail, and advanced very slowly during the night. Next day the weather was still thick, and we did not make, in consequence, more than two or three knots an hour—unable to discern the land, but judging, from frequent soundings, that the coast was not far distant. That night our compasses ceased to be of use—a phenomenon which we could not explain—and as we had no opportunity of taking any astronomical observations, we were obliged to lie to. The fog at last cleared away toward midnight, when we discovered very high land bearing S.S.W., known as Cape Yorke.

We were now at the entrance of Prince Regent's Inlet, near the southern extremity of which it was generally believed that the Northwest Passage would be discovered. Captain Fogg had always been of a different opinion. He used to say to me, "Skaites, we'll push on to the westward till we can't get any further—that's our plan;" and accordingly, instead of entering the inlet, we made directly for the opposite shore, crossing with the wind still east-south-east. We encountered here several large floes in a state of decay; and, at one time, had a narrow escape of being nipped. These floes were moving in a northerly direction; but we managed to avoid them by diverging a little and running south.

It has since been clearly demonstrated that our skipper was perfectly correct in his views of the existence of a Northwest Passage; for Sir John Ross circumnavigated this inlet, and sought in vain for an opening on the south or west. It is certainly somewhat singular that his expedition should have penetrated these regions the same year that we did, and neither should have been aware of each other's presence. But we were in advance; and a meeting which might have been very possible up to this time, soon became impracticable. We stood across the mouth of the inlet, as I have said, and hailed the opposite shore, bearing N.N.W., on the 28th, at noon. This was in consequence of our having altered the course of the vessel to avoid being jammed between the floes. We were now in lat. 73° 40′, long. 90°. Rounding the northern extremity of Leopold Island—for the ice between it and the main-land presented no opening through which we might pass—we thence steered W.N.W., still skirting along the shore. Weather cold—the thermometer marking at times as low as ten degrees.

On the morning of the second of August we encountered a severe gale from the eastward. We met also large quantities of ice, drifting from what we believed to be another inlet, for the opposite shore was in sight. At its mouth were large fields of ice, over which the sea broke furiously; while along the outskirts of the pack gigantic floes were almost lifted out of the water, and were dashed against each other with a noise louder than the roar of thunder. The skipper looked anxious, and sent me to the mast-head. We were then under close-reefed topsails, standing out due north to escape the destruction that lay in our direct path. When in the "crow's nest" (as the look-out station is called), I could see that there was no immediate danger. To the north, the Polar Sea, as we thought, was perfectly clear of ice; land to the south, and very high land in the distance, bearing S.S.W., were

discernible. Between these two coasts lay the inlet of which I have spoken. It was choked up with large masses of ice, and might have been easily crossed on foot. At evening we had passed the danger, had rounded the extremity of this large field, and were sailing briskly along in comparatively smooth water on the other side. We were then in lat. 74° 20′, long. 98° (chronometer), the high land which we had previously discovered bearing now E.S.E.

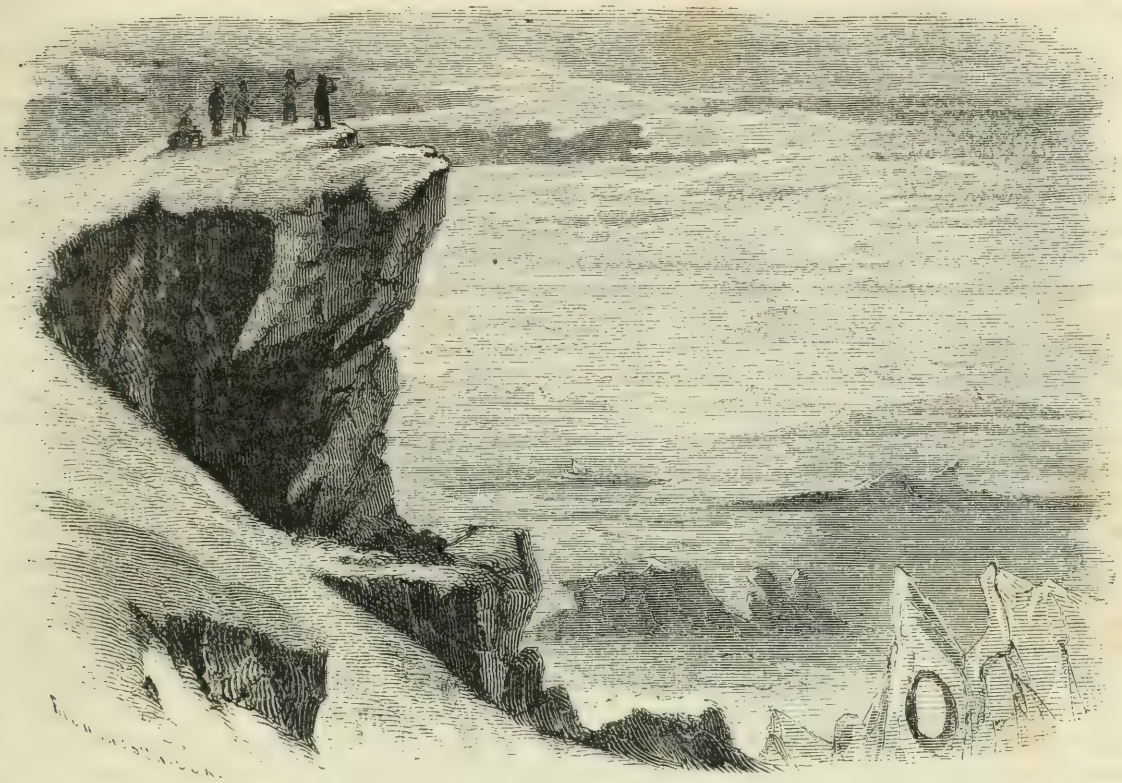
Ten days passed in coasting, during which time we saw several islands on the north. The land on the south looked very hilly, without any trace of habitation. This shore was indented with deep inlets, into one of which we ran on the morning of the 15th of August to escape a fierce northwester. Many of those inlets were so large as to induce me to believe that they might have some outlet at the southern extremity. But our Captain never altered his opinions on the subject. He solemnly declared that he would push on still to the westward as long as it was practicable to do so, and that he would winter wherever the ship was ultimately stopped by the ice.

This arrived sooner than we anticipated. On the morning of the 25th we rounded a high peak projecting far into the sea, in lat. 73° 50′, long. 112°, having thus made upward of a degree to the south, and fourteen to the westward, during the fortnight previous, following always the run of the coast, and when possible keeping it in sight. At six o'clock P.M. on the 28th, discovering that the land broke away abruptly to the south, we at once conceived that this was another inlet of a larger size than those we had already passed. It was too foggy that evening to take an observation, and when on the morning of the 29th a breeze from the northeast cleared away the mist, we found ourselves completely surrounded by large fields of ice, through which there was no opening. We were accordingly obliged to anchor to a floe, and drift with the tide, which appeared to come from the north. Next day land to the westward was seen from the mast-head, and our previous impressions that we had entered an inlet were confirmed. But unable to retreat, we were driven on toward the south, and owing to this circumstance we finally discovered that it was not an inlet but a strait into which we had been carried, and that through it we might possibly reach the sea which washes the northern shores of the American continent. But I must not anticipate.

For eighteen days we drifted slowly with the current, making a southwesterly course. The floe to which we were secured was very thick, so that it prevented our running ashore. Land during all this time was visible on either side, except when concealed by the gloomy fogs which overspread those regions. We passed several small rocky islands on the 10th of September, still impelled by the dense pack of ice by which we were completely surrounded. Thus we continued moving two, and sometimes three knots an hour, until the morning of the 25th, when the thermometer rose to 30°, and the ice clearing away on our starboard bow, we hoisted sail and made for the shore in that direction. At 2 P.M. we came in sight of a rocky headland, rising a thousand feet high, and bearing W.S.W., which we subsequently rounded, and found to be the southern extremity of the land along which we had coasted. Before us, as far as the eye could reach, lay a frozen ocean. Meeting here large fields of ice, drifting inward with a strong northwesterly



FROZEN UP.



LAND IN THE DISTANCE.

wind, we were forced immediately to return, and, under shelter of the headland, hove to for the night. The thermometer fell very low at 12 P.M., and in the morning ice was forming all round the ship. Fearing that we might be frozen up in this exposed situation, we forced a passage through the young ice, entered one of the bays along the eastern coast, and were finally frozen up on the 28th of September in lat. 72°, long. 122° 50′. At this time our calculations were, that we had advanced ninety miles in a southwesterly direction since leaving Barrow's Strait.

Our attention was first directed toward the "Northern Light." She had suffered severely in combating the ice, and required to be carefully overhauled and stowed away for the winter. In this we succeeded. To the north and south the bay was sheltered by rocky cliffs, which rose almost perpendicularly. Our next care was to look out for winter quarters, for it would have been impossible to remain in the vessel, unprovided as we were with any substantial material for covering the deck. We decided on building snow huts after the fashion of the Esquimaux. When finished we lined them with seal-skins, leaving a small aperture for a door-way, through which the men were obliged to crawl on all-fours in order to get in or out. At night this opening was closed up with several skins kept for the purpose. We built three of these huts, each about twelve feet in diameter, removing all our stores from the ship into one, and leaving the other two for our own immediate use. By the first of November, therefore, when the sun warned us of his approaching departure, we were regularly housed. With plenty of provisions there was no fear of starvation, at least for several years to come; and for the rest, we were all a jovial set, accustomed to hardship. Most of us had passed years of our life in northern latitudes, and we looked confidently forward to the next season for a release from our imprisonment.

On the 3d of November, Captain Fogg and I, accompanied by three of the crew, ascended with much difficulty the precipitous headland, already described as forming the southern extremity of our newly-discovered territory. It was some forty miles distant from the ship, and we therefore brought with us six days' provisions, lest we should be detained on the way by any unforeseen accident. On the second day of our journey we reached this summit, whence we purposed taking observations. What a glorious scene was here presented to our view! Down, a thousand feet below us, was the sea—alas! no open sea, but a vast eternity of frozen waters, heaped up like mountains, and stretching away to the south, east, and west. In the midst of these the sun was settling down to his rest. He seemed to pause in mockery, perched upon the summit of a gigantic berg; while the whole landscape was flooded with a coloring warmer than the warmest tints of a southern sky. 'Twas only for a moment; but after he had disappeared—as the purple hue of a Polar night was overspreading the north—the peaks of innumerable snow-drifts, wreathed in every fantastic shape, were yet crimsoned by the reflection. This too disappeared, and the scene once more returned to that of a cold, dreary, monotonous waste, without a single feature on which the eye could find pleasure in lingering.

Shortly before the sunset, Captain Fogg, who

had been looking through his glass intently for some moments, turned to me abruptly:

"Skaites! By Heavens I see the land on the opposite shore! Here, take my glass—it bears S.W. by S.—quick, while there's light enough—an outline scarcely to be seen—Cape Parry, on the North Coast of America, I'll swear!"

I took the telescope, and looked long and earnestly in the direction pointed out, and at last perceived a dim haze along the southern horizon, which the skipper positively declared was land. If so, it must have been full fifty miles distant. But I could hardly credit it. I could not believe that our enterprise had been so successful. If yonder speck *was* land, it must form part of the American Coast. Our object was then accomplished! The Northwest Passage was discovered! When the summer came round it would not be impossible to trace the shores, which we now saw before us, westward to Behring's Straits, in a single season—the distance, according to our calculation, being little more than eight hundred miles.

The sun had set. He had sunk in a fiery redness, which betokened a coming storm. We hastened to return to our winter-quarters, well satisfied with the result of our expedition. But it was now no easy matter to proceed; for a piercing gale from the north sprang up, which, blowing directly on our faces, impeded our progress. We toiled on. About midnight the wind had risen to a hurricane, and the snow drifted round us in the whirlwind, so that we lost our track and wandered hither and thither. It was impossible to take any observation. Though not dark we could not see a yard ahead, for the snow blinded us. I was afterward told that the mercury during the night fell as low as minus 22°, so some idea may be formed of our sufferings. Toward morning my companions showed symptoms of giving way. It was in vain that I urged them to proceed—they were completely exhausted. I shouted to them through the roaring of the storm, that, if they paused an instant, they were lost beyond all redemption. This revived them to a certain extent, but not permanently. We had been obliged to leave our provisions behind us, finding it impossible to drag them after us on the sledge which we had constructed for the purpose, so that death stared us in the face from all quarters. About six A.M. the weakest of our party fell down. We raised him up, shook and beat him; but it was of no use. He became insensible directly, and in this condition we were forced to leave him in order to save our own lives. Half an hour afterward the two others dropped, and the Captain and myself were left to pursue our journey alone. He seized my hand and grasped it nervously. I knew well what the pressure meant—he felt that *his* hour was come. Was there no hope? At last he fell. Worn out myself with suffering, and maddened with despair, I too felt the presence of our last great enemy, and sank down beside my friend. What years of misery I suffered in that passing moment—conquered in body, but battling yet in spirit with Death, as he stood there shrouded in his icy mantle! How awful was it to die upon that desolate land, where man had never trodden until we had taken possession of it for our graves! No earthly sepulchre was to be ours, but the everlasting snow—burying us even now, while yet alive! For successive ages it would still keep on piling layer over layer, until at last a stupendous monument of this drifted snow would cover our bodies, and mark where we died. Perhaps its summit might catch the rosy tints of the setting sun. It soothed me to think so. My sensations became less painful—imagination wandered homeward to the banks of the Hudson. How green and fresh the fields were! was it a dream? If so, how delicious to dream thus for—for—for—ever; and as consciousness ebbed and flowed—ebbed and flowed—there came a glare of light, flashing fitfully before my eyes, and then strange figures moved backward and forward, but I thought I recognized the voices.

I was brought back to life. I awoke with a desperate struggle for breath. It was dark, save where the dim light of three oil lamps suspended from the ceiling, sufficed to render the darkness visible, and betrayed the anxious faces of my old companions grouped around me, watching my resuscitation. I was again in our own encampment. I felt an intense pain dart through my joints and limbs, and would gladly have relapsed into a state of utter insensibility. My first questions were after the Captain. Was he safe? The old boatswain shook his head mournfully.

"Ah, Mr. Skaites, you've had a narrow escape; they were all frozen to death but you."

And so it was. Our brave Captain, who had been the soul of the enterprise—who had brought us thus far, and on whom we all more or less depended, was gone, and our small company was now reduced to twenty-three men.

The fact was, that on the evening of the storm half a dozen of the crew had left Succor Bay (for this was the name we had given to the place where the "Northern Light" was frozen up) to search for us. They too were out all the night on their merciful errand, but, more warmly clad and less fatigued than we, they were enabled to withstand the cold. They searched for ten hours, and discovered us at last, accidentally, as they were returning home under the impression that we had either found shelter or had perished in the snow. A few yards from where I lay they found their comrades, cold and stiffened corpses even then. No other resource was there but to leave them in their unhallowed tomb, shrouded already in the grave-clothes which the Storm-fiend had prepared.

It was more than a week before I was able to move about. I recollect the day well that I ventured into the keen frosty air—it was on the 17th of November. I mark the time, because we witnessed then a brilliant solar phenomenon. Many who hear me describe this will imagine it a fabrication, but those who have traveled in northern latitudes will know that I am strictly speaking the truth. Sir John Ross, who wintered in Prince



THE SEVENTEENTH OF NOVEMBER.

Regent's inlet that season, describes a scene somewhat similar. To us, the sun seemed ten or fifteen times its ordinary size, and of a dark crimson color. A black spot in its centre resembled a hand grasping a dagger, or some other weapon of similar dimensions. From the edge of the sun's disc started forth myriads of daggers in every direction, making the whole look like an enormous asterisk. I can find no other simile. Our men, naturally superstitious, regarded this as an unfavorable omen. Nor were their fears lessened after sunset, when the aurora sprang into life, and gliding through the sky with the rapidity of lightning, left in its track what seemed to us a ghastly array of skeletons, standing out pale and phantom-like from the dark blue clouds in the background, which stretched away toward the north. Grim figures they were, which took every imaginable shape, and seemed always to point threateningly toward our ship, as she lay between two huge masses of ice, frozen up in the bay beneath. More or less impressed with these strange phenomena, we all sought rest that night with drooping spirits. I was suffering great pain, and felt nervous and uneasy; and leaving my companions to sleep, I crawled out through the doorway once more into the open air.

A spectacle of surpassing grandeur—that mass of pale, unearthly light, as it flashed over the vast expanse above, darting from one extent of heaven to the other! Now brooding over the sea—now on the land—settling on the peaks of innumerable hills—as though it would say, See! what an endless blank surrounds you! Where is your hope—where is your courage—where is your energy now? It was comparatively a mild night—milder than any we had yet experienced—and I was muffled up warmly, yet I shuddered and shivered, and crept back into my den, cowed by the wild fancies which that midnight scene had summoned up!

November passed, and with it the sun. A long winter and a long night were now to be our portion. But we were not unprepared. Some of our men on their hunting excursions had killed five deer; six seals and one bear had also been shot upon the ice. The skins of these animals proved very serviceable to sleep on. Moreover, fresh meat was not to be despised, although we were not in want, or likely to be in want, of food. Cooking was the most difficult of our domestic labors; but when pushed, it is astonishing what apparently insurmountable obstacles can be overcome. We had collected by this time a large store of drift-wood, that we valued more than we should have valued mountains of gold. Searching parties were sent out daily to add to the stock, and though they often returned with a very insignificant piece, and sometimes with none at all, yet we had enough, if used sparingly, to last us during the winter. None of course can be discovered at this season, for the little that is scattered along the coast is then covered with eight or ten feet of snow. We used to steep several small pieces in oil, and when well saturated they would burn long enough to answer our purposes.

Besides these we had two small spirit lamps, useful for melting snow, and plenty of oil lamps, with which our hut was heated. We all slept together in the largest hut for warmth, one of the others being set apart for our stores, as we at first intended, and the second used as a kitchen. Thus prepared, as far as our limited means would permit, we looked forward with no slight anxiety to the more rigorous months of winter.

December set in fiercely enough. On the first of the month we caught a glimpse of the sun—a small portion appearing for an instant, but being soon eclipsed by a dark cloud that lay along the southern horizon, we saw him no more that season. We calculated on six weeks of darkness—not total darkness, for the moon shone bright and clear, as it always does in those frozen latitudes. We had as yet discovered no trace of Esquimaux—it must be remembered that we had not traveled further than thirty or forty miles from the ship—nor had we seen any symptom that the south shore, along which we had coasted westward from Prince Regent's inlet, was at all inhabited. It is true that we did not land, except on two occasions after running into small bays when the wind was dead against us, but we always kept a good look-out, and never found aught to induce the belief that man had ventured so far north.

On Saturday, the 25th of December (Christmas-day), a dozen of the crew, weary of this monotonous life, asked permission to explore. I gave my consent, because I thought some excitement was necessary in order to keep them in health; for if health failed us, our doom was certain. The weather too was very favorable. Twelve of our party accordingly started off with leave of absence for a week. Their determination was to travel due west, in the expectation of discovering a frozen sea in that direction. This had been our unfortunate Captain's idea. He always thought that the land on which we had settled was an island, and that the lofty cape whence we had seen the distant coast of America, was its southern extremity. This point it seems has been recently established by Captain M'Clure, who, during the years 1850 and 1851, sailed almost entirely round, and gave it the name of "Baring's Island." I was not aware of this fact until I read his dispatches the other day in the newspapers. However, the party started off on the morning of the 26th, in excellent spirits, provided with stores sufficient to last a fortnight, a chronometer, a compass, and in fact every thing that could be of service on such an expedition. There were only ten of us left in Succor Bay.

The weather continued clear and bright, but the cold was intense, and on New Year's eve the thermometer marked 32° minus. The first day of the year 1830 passed drearily away. On the 3d of January I felt a little anxious about our friends, who had already exceeded their leave of absence. On the 4th, I ascended a hill, distant from our encampment some three or four miles, to see whether they were in sight, but I could discover no trace of them. I had now great misgivings about their safety, and when the morning of the 5th arrived, and they had not returned, I resolved to start at once with the remainder of my companions in search of the lost party. We were not long in making our preparations, and left our now deserted camp with the sickening foreboding that our search would prove futile, and perhaps fatal to ourselves. The men kept up their courage admirably. Over the frozen snow the traveling was good, and we pushed on westward, with the moon shining brightly overhead, until twelve o'clock, midnight, when we halted, and encamped to enjoy a few hours' rest. By four o'clock A.M. we were again *en route*, and at six arrived abruptly at the termination of the land, which rose precipitously about five hundred feet along the coast. From hence westward, as far as the eye could reach, we beheld nothing but a frozen sea, and this fully established that the land we had discovered was bounded on the north, east, and west by water.

But now we were seeking our lost companions, not the solution of geographical or scientific problems. Our Captain, who had been the life of the enterprise, and who had imbued us all with a portion of his own spirit of adventure, was dead already. Like him, I once had a desire to explore these unknown shores and unnavigable seas. But this desire had vanished. The reality was more awful than any of us had anticipated. Partially provided with the means for supporting the inclemency of a Polar winter—in a country producing not even a tree—not a stunted shrub that we could turn to account—our sufferings were intense. A summer's sun or a summer's breeze seemed to us like some fabled vision of the past, never to be recalled. What would we not have given then for the sight of a green field, or to have been once more upon the ocean, though it were in the midst of the most terrific storm the "Northern Light" had ever weathered?

Great as our miseries had been, they were trivial to what we endured now. No sight, not a trace of our friends. For six days we searched along the coast, and at last were forced to give them up as lost, and return homeward. Their fate was shrouded in mystery. Had they encountered hostile Esquimaux, and been murdered? Surely twelve Europeans of the reckless bravery of our men would have defended themselves against any odds. Had they wandered north, and been unable to find their way back to Succor Bay? Such a supposition was highly improbable; for the weather during the last three weeks had been so clear that we might easily have distinguished their tracks along the snow. Had they died of hunger, or were they frozen to death upon this shore, where the wind from the Polar Sea blew so bitterly? Such questions we asked one another, but none could offer any answer.

We gave up the search, wearied and despondingly, and turning homeward, reached our encampment on the fifteenth. From the summit of the hill in rear of the bay, we saw the sun for the first time this year. It was only for a moment that the upper part of his disc was seen above the ho-

rizon—a rising and, at the same time, a setting sun. A glorious scene it was! Gorgeous coloring indeed! But what a mockery to us these summer tints, as we contrasted them with the bay below us, where stood our home. Over it the adjoining hills had cast a gloomy shade; and as we descended into the darkness, it seemed the darkness of despair.

Day after day, week after week, month after month passed away in the same dreary monotony, until summer came round once more, and found us waiting for the ice to break up, and release us from our imprisonment. This hope renewed our energy and revived our drooping spirits. We had spent a great portion of our time during the winter months in hunting; and when June set in we were amply supplied with provisions, and all in very good health. The winter, on the whole, had not been severe; and we expected to be once more upon the water by the end of July. We employed our time now in carefully overhauling the ship. This was satisfactorily concluded by the 20th of June, and on the next day we purposed removing our stores from the snow hut, where they had lain during the previous nine months. The ship's boats were still on the beach, as they were left the season before. With the prospect of a speedy release, our spirits would have been quite restored, could our lost friends have been excluded from our memories forever.

It was our intention, as soon as the sea was sufficiently free from ice, to steer southward for the American shore; and if we found it impossible to coast as far as Behring Straits—a distance of some seven or eight hundred miles—to abandon the ship, and travel by land. The latter scheme was by no means impracticable; for it was well known that there, at least, some tribes of Esquimaux could be found, from whom we might obtain assistance.

On the 30th of June, as I have said, we were seated in our hut, arranging our duties for the next day. The weather had been very mild of late, and the snow was melting rapidly. This evening the thermometer ranged at various periods from plus 30° to 35°. About nine o'clock it commenced blowing rather freshly, but the sky was clear. I went out myself shortly after, and found the wind rising. At midnight it increased to a hurricane. The sky would have been still perfectly clear, were it not for a few scattered clouds driven madly athwart it. How the wind shrieked that night as it careered wildly over the vast area of frozen waters—how it burst ever and anon into our recess, and swept round the bay, howling for escape! Then away again—heaving up large masses of ice in its fury—seeking some object for destruction! The very hills around were trembling to their base. Hark! Louder than the roar of thunder was that crash—the sea



LOSS OF THE NORTHERN LIGHT.

is loosened from its thralldom—its waves rise up—huge icebergs are hurled one against the other. Our ship! Our ship! Now perched upon the summit of a rocking berg, she is seen to reel and stagger to and fro—she disappears—lost to us forever. Our ship! Our ship! Where are our hopes now?

I can not describe the scene—a midnight scene beneath the glare of a meridian sun—a sight seldom witnessed before by man—which the most vivid imagination could not paint. Like feathers blown hither and thither by the wind, those mountains of ice were tossed upon the angry waves. Ocean bursting open its prison-doors—resuming its power—Ocean triumphant. Our small company standing aghast—awe-struck—humbled—crushed.

No, not crushed; for we were nerved by despair. Hope had not altogether left us. We had our boats—there was yet a chance of reaching the American coast. We worked day and night energetically, arranged the larger one—a whaling-boat—and waited impatiently for the ice to clear away. It drifted in large fields for three weeks after the storm. To put to sea during this time would have insured our destruction.

At last, on the 2d of August, Succor Bay was comparatively clear, and we resolved to launch our whaling-boat. Having stowed on board as large a quantity of provisions as it could conveniently hold, we embarked at one P.M., with the wind N.E. by E., and hoisting our solitary sail, bade adieu forever to the spot which had sheltered us during ten long dreary months.

We coasted along the shore, now free from ice, and by eight P.M. reached its southern extremity—the precipitous peak of which I have already spoken. The wind there slackened, and we made but little way during the night, plying at times the oar. Expecting to reach the opposite shore by the third day at furthest, we steered as near as possible for that point of land which the skipper and I had indistinctly seen from the summit of the Cape—our course being S.W. by S.

It was the evening of our second day out. The thermometer marked 5° below the freezing point—the mercury having fallen several degrees during the previous hour. These sudden changes of temperature, as is well known, are quite common in Polar latitudes. I thought this evening that we were in the vicinity of ice, but as the atmosphere was thick and foggy, we were unable to ascertain whether this was or was not the case. The sea, however, was calm, and imagining ourselves near the land, we did not anticipate any danger. Wearied as I was, I stretched myself on some seal skins in the bow of the boat, and there soon forgot recollections of the past, and fears for the future. I slept; and in my sleep there rose up before me a vision, so startling in its semblance of reality, that, though years of excitement, and cares, and troubles have passed away since then, it lives in my memory still, and must live there forever. I dreamed that I had escaped from these ice-bound regions, and after much peril and difficulty had arrived near the spot where once had stood my home. How changed it was! I thought that the mountains were all swept away, and the valleys filled up; and stretched out before me was a wide extended plain, covered with snow. Far away in the distance rose a gigantic rock of granite. It seemed of marvelous size, for it towered up to the very heavens. And while I looked and wondered, it began to tremble, and then to rock to and fro, as though shaken by some supernatural power. Presently it heaved convulsively, and I saw that it was moving toward me! It came slowly on—crushing all in its path. Man and beast, animate and inanimate nature were alike leveled before it. Its speed increased as it rolled along. I stood there horrified—awe-struck—witnessing this annihilating and mysterious power. On—on—on it came—faster and faster at every revolution—shaking the earth. It seemed to fill all space, so that there was not a chance of escape. I was rooted to the spot, unable to stir. See! Crushed beneath its weight were houses—villages—cities. I looked around wildly—no aid was nigh. I crouched down, and hid my face between my hands in an agony of terror. Again I looked up. Onward, still onward rolled that huge mass—the sun was now on its ridge—now hidden behind it—nearer and nearer it came—enveloped in its shadow, it was almost touching me. Oh, mercy! I shrieked—and awoke!

Cowering down in the bottom of the boat were my companions; some on their knees, others helpless with fear. I looked round instinctively for the cause. Great God! save us now! Looming through the dense mist—on either side, and not a dozen yards apart—were two stupendous icebergs, drawn together by an irresistible attraction. I had only time to think an instantaneous prayer when the crash came. I almost felt the grinding together of those two mountains of ice—the realization of my dream. I heard with painful distinctness the shrieks of my companions, and then I was in the water, shivering, gasping in its cold depths. I struggled for life—rose to the top—clutched hold desperately of a large floe, clambered up its rugged surface, and there found myself yet alive, only to regret that I had not died with my friends.

How to account for my miraculous escape I know not, unless it be that the boat's bow, in which I was sleeping, projected so that the stern alone, where the men were seated, lay between the bergs when the collision took place.

My hopes of ultimate relief were faint indeed. My only chance was, that, if near the coast, I might possibly reach it on the ice. But what a straw to grasp! Even if I succeeded in this, but failed in discovering Esquimaux, I must perish with hunger. The atmosphere, too, continued thick and foggy, so that I could not see a dozen yards ahead. The floe on which I lay was about four feet square on the top, rising up pyramidically some twelve or fourteen from the water.

Hour after hour passed by. In vain I strained my eyes toward every point of the compass. I could see nothing, not a particle of ice. Even



THE BOAT CRUSHED.

this would have been a relief. Darkness for a short time succeeded the light; then morning came again, and another day passed, and yet I was not saved. Hunger, which fear had kept aloof, now seized me. I gnawed my seal-skin coat ravenously. My sufferings from thirst were even worse than from hunger. I sucked the ice, but it only excited my cravings. Amidst all this agony, and more—for I was cramped and stiffened with wet and cold—did I yet cling with despairing energy to life. During the night I heard the walruses splashing in the water, and one crawled up the floe, bringing his hideous head so close to mine that I felt his breath upon my cheek. I shrunk from his slimy touch. Day broke mistily as before. My memory becomes dark and clouded now. Madness was at hand. I knew it, and cried aloud for a speedy death. I can remember at that awful moment watching several small pieces of ice with feverish anxiety—it was so curious to see them turn over of their own accord. Was this the beginning of madness? Presently the piece to which I was clinging began to shake and tremble. What! was it about to turn too! As though the last spark of reason flared up to convince me of the fact, I can remember feeling—and oh! with what unutterable horror—that the spot on which I lay was gradually sinking into the water. As it descended the other side rose—and so slowly! I can remember crawling mechanically to the upper edge, and finding the ice there as smooth as glass—not a crevice to which I could cling! Thus I remained an instant, but it seemed like years of intense agony. My hold upon the slippery surface becoming feebler and feebler, at last gave way; but I remained in the same position still. *I was frozen to the floe!* * * * *

Many months afterward I learned, for the first time, that I had thus been discovered by a party of Esquimaux, for I was but a short distance from the shore. I was perfectly insensible; and they carried me with them to their rude homes, and there exercised all their simple skill to bring about my recovery. They succeeded in restoring me to life, but for ten months I was a raving maniac. During this time they traveled on sledges many hundred miles toward the setting sun, always bringing me with them; but I have no recollection of aught that happened then. I had only an indistinct and dreamy feeling that I was dead, and sent to expiate my sins among fiends who inhabited the regions of eternal snow.

When I recovered my reason, I was on the

banks of the Mackenzie River. It was in the spring of 1831. The kind Esquimaux who had taken care of me thus far were going to Fort Good Hope to trade with the Hudson's Bay Company. There I was certain of finding civilized people, and from thence I thought to travel to Vancouver's Island, and reach home by this route. I arrived at Fort Good Hope, but was obliged to remain there two years. At last, in the winter of 1833, a company of hunters and traders started for the South across the Rocky Mountains, and I eagerly joined the party. This overland journey was very uninteresting and monotonous. I had sometimes to remain for months at intermediate stations. Finally, I arrived at the Island on the 12th of June, 1835, having been almost five years performing a land journey of less than two thousand miles; that is, from the place where I was picked up by the Esquimaux.

Thus it was that, twenty-four years ago, I discovered that same passage through the Polar regions which Commander M'Clure is said to have discovered now. The world does not and will not believe my story, because I have no other evidence than my own to substantiate it. But it is nevertheless true. Of the twenty-seven men who entered Baffin's Bay in July, 1829, I only escaped alive. I am the true discoverer of the Northwest Passage! * * * * * *

I listened attentively to this tale of suffering, and broke in as the narrator paused: "But how did you get here from Vancouver's Island?"

"Oh, shortly after my arrival, I found a ship starting for the Sandwich Islands. I embarked in her, and reached Honolulu in due time, where I became so great a favorite with the king, that, to escape the vengeance of his jealous subjects, I was obliged to fly. I sailed thence to China—landed at Canton—headed a rebellion which proved unsuccessful—was captured, thrown into prison, and subjected to every species of torture. Then—"

"Stay—tell me, in the name of Heaven, *who* are you, sir?"

"Who am I?"—with an air of supreme contempt at my ignorance—"I am NOW the Khan of Tartary!"

"Pardon me," said I, hastily, "I have some important business to transact, and must say good-by, with many thanks for your interesting narrative."

The Khan bowed with solemn dignity.

I thought it prudent to leave him to his own reflections. When I last heard of the Khan of Tartary and Discoverer of the Northwest Passage, he was in a mad-house.



FROZEN FAST.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE RETURN FROM ELBA.

ON the morning of the 26th of February, the Princess Pauline gave a banquet to the officers of the army, to distinguished strangers, and to the principal inhabitants of the island of Elba. Napoleon, with all his accustomed frankness and buoyancy, conversed with his guests. He chatted very familiarly, for a long time, with some English travelers, whom curiosity had drawn to Elba. The plans of the Emperor were, however, all locked up in his own heart—revealed to no one. He entered into no conspiracy; but, with sublime self-confidence in the unaided might of his own genius, went forth to the conquest of a kingdom. At a late hour of the evening he retired from the brilliant saloons, taking with him General Bertrand and General Druot. He then said to them privately,

"We leave the island to-morrow. Let the vessels which are at anchor be seized to-night. Let the guard be embarked in the morning. No vessel whatever must be permitted to leave the port until we are at sea. Do not allow my intentions to be revealed to any one."

The two generals passed the remainder of the night in the execution of these orders. At sunrise in the morning, the officers and soldiers, one thousand in all, were embarked on board Napoleon's little brig, "The Inconstant," and in three merchant vessels. They were so much accustomed to unquestioning obedience, that, without inquiry or hesitation, they yielded to these orders, though not knowing on what expedition they were bound.*

At mid-day, the launch of the brig came to the shore, and conveyed the Emperor on board under a salute of cannon. The little fleet of one brig and three transports then weighed anchor. The sails were spread, and a propitious breeze swept them toward the coast of France. The sun shone brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The genial air of a beautiful spring day was peculiarly invigorating. The music of martial bands floated exultingly over the gentle swell of the sea. Napoleon's countenance beamed with confidence and joy. "The die is cast," he exclaimed, as he turned his eye from the vanishing mountains of Elba toward the unbroken horizon in the direction of the coasts of France. With this little band of faithful followers barely enough, as Napoleon characteristically said, "to save him, on his first landing, from being collared by the gens d'armes," he was advancing to reclaim the throne of France, where the Bourbons were sustained by the bayonets of all the combined despotisms of Europe.

Such an enterprise, in its marvelousness, is unsurpassed by any other during his marvelous career. And yet there was nothing in it rash or inconsiderate. He was driven to it by inexorable circumstances. He could no longer remain in safety at Elba. The Allies recognized no sanctity in their oaths. They had already violated their solemn treaty, and were meditating a piratic expedition for the seizure of his person. He could not flee in disguise, to be hunted a fugitive over the face of the earth. There was no resource open before him, but boldly to throw himself into the arms of the people of France, who still loved him with deathless constancy. His resolve was honorable and noble. Napoleon, when the vessels were out of sight of land, stood upon the deck of his little brig, gathered around him the whole ship's company, four hundred in number, and said to them,

"My friends! we are going to France. We are going to Paris."

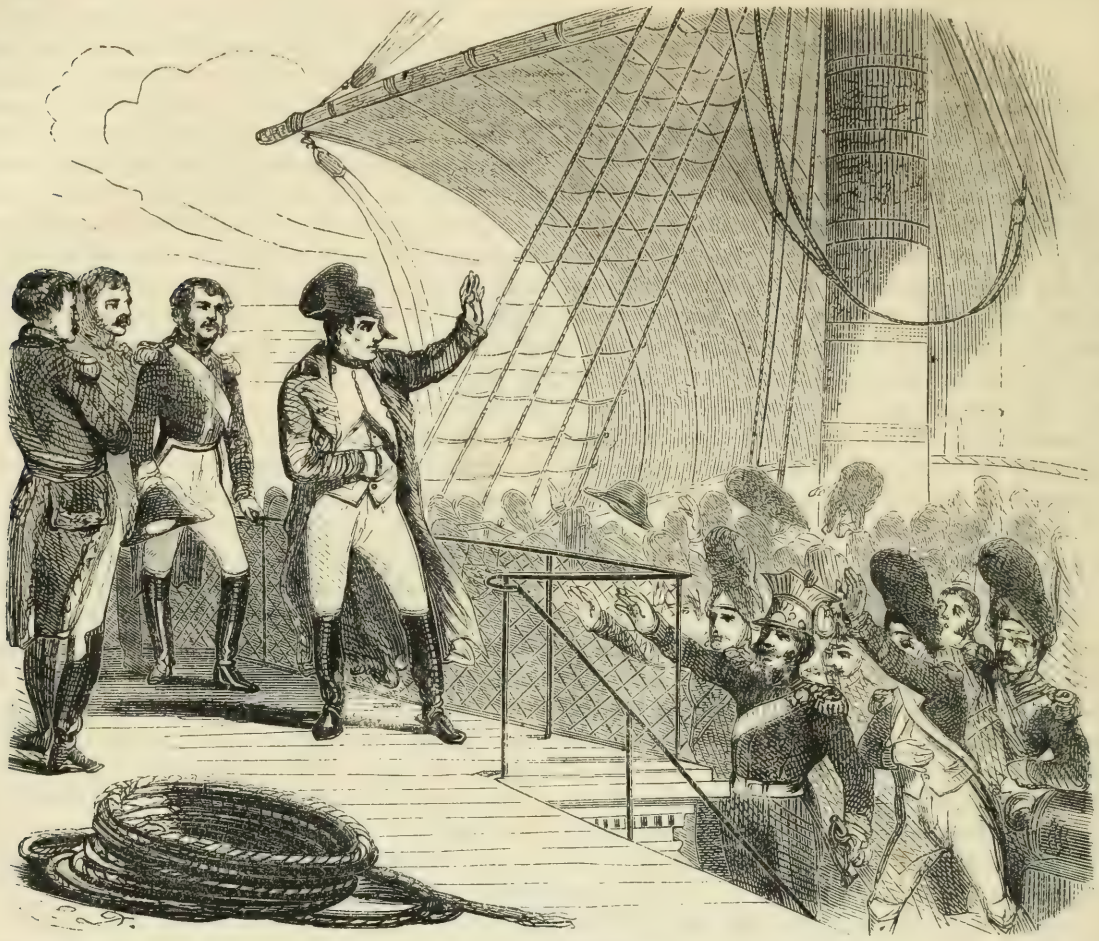
It was the first announcement. The soldiers, with shouts of joy, responded, "*Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!*" Their exultation was boundless. Anxious to appear on their native soil in neat and martial trim, they immediately dispersed throughout the vessel, to burnish their weapons and to repair their uniforms. Napoleon passed along among these groups of his devoted followers, and addressed them in sincere and friendly words, as a father smiles upon his children. Night came. The Emperor entered the cabin, and called for several amanuenses to sit down at the table, each to write a copy of the words he was about to dictate. Then, pacing the floor, with frequent gesticulation, and earnest and rapid utterance, he uttered the following glowing proclamations:

"TO THE ARMY.

"Soldiers! we have not been conquered. Two men from our own ranks have betrayed our laurels, their country, their sovereign, their benefactor. Shall those men, who for twenty-five years have been running over all Europe to stir up our enemies against us; who have passed their lives in the ranks of foreign armies, cursing and assailing our beautiful France—shall they now pretend to enchain our eagles—they, who have never been able to endure their fiery glance? Shall we suffer them to enjoy the fruits of our glorious toils, seize upon our honors and our estates, that they may but calumniate our glory? If their reign were to

* In the following guarded phrases, the English government assigned to Sir Neil Campbell his peculiar commission: "You will pay every proper respect and attention to Napoleon, to whose secure asylum in Elba it is the wish of his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, to afford every facility and protection; and you will acquaint Napoleon, in suitable terms of attention, that you are directed to reside on the island till further orders, if he should consider that the presence of a British officer can be of any use in protecting the island and his person from insult and attack."

That the British commissioner fully understood his instructions, is evident from the following statement of Sir Archibald Alison: "Sir Neil was well aware that Napoleon meditated an outbreak, and some recent indications, particularly the arrival of three feluccas from Naples, made him suspect that it would ere long occur; but, as he had no force at his disposal, and the single British cruiser, the Partridge, of eighteen guns, was wholly unequal to the encounter of the whole flotilla of Napoleon, he contented himself with warning government of the chance of his escape; and had gone to Leghorn, principally to concert measures with Lord Burghersh, the British envoy at Florence, on the means of averting the danger which appeared approaching, by detaching a line-of-battle ship and frigate, which lay at Genoa, to cruise off the island, when, in his absence, it actually occurred."



THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

continue, all would be lost—even the memory of our exalted exploits. With what frantic rage do they misrepresent our deeds! They seek to poison that which the world admires. And if there now remain any defenders of our glory, they are only to be found among those enemies whom we have conquered on the field of battle.

"Soldiers! in my exile I have heard your voice, and I have come to you through every obstacle and every peril. Your General, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and elevated on your shields, is restored to you. Come and join him. Cast away those colors which the nation has proscribed, and which, for five-and-twenty years, have served as a rallying-point to the enemies of France. Mount the tricolored cockade, which you wore at our glorious victories. We must forget that we have been masters of other nations; but let us never suffer them to interfere in our affairs. Who shall pretend to be our master? who is able? Resume the eagles you bore at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Wagram, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmuhl, at Essling, at Smolensko, at Moscow, at Lutzen, at Wurtchen, at Montmirail. Think you that this handful of Frenchmen, now so arrogant, can endure their glance?

"They may return whence they came. There, if they please, they may reign, as they now pretend that they have reigned during the last nineteen years. Your property, rank, glory, the property, rank, and glory of your children, have no greater enemies than those very princes imposed upon us by foreigners. They are the enemies of our glory; since the recital of so many heroic actions, which have rendered the French people illustrious, fighting against them to shake off their yoke, is their condemnation.

"The veterans of the army of the Sambre and of the Meuse, of the Rhine, of Egypt, and of the Grand Army, are humiliated. Their honorable wounds are stigmatized. Their successes are crimes. These brave men will be rebels, if, as these enemies of the people pretend, legitimate sovereigns were among the foreign armies. The honors, rewards, partialities which these princes confer, are for those who have served against us and against our country.

"Soldiers! rally beneath the standard of your chief. His existence is inseparable from yours. His rights are those of the people and of yourselves. His interest, honor, and glory centre but in you. Victory will advance with rapid strides. The eagle with our national colors, shall fly from steeple to steeple, until it alights upon the towers of Nôtre Dame. You may then exhibit your wounds with honor; you may boast of your exploits; you will be the liberators of your country.

"In your old age, surrounded and respected by your fellow-citizens, they will listen with veneration to the recital of your noble deeds. You may proudly say, 'I also was of that Grand Army, which twice entered the walls of Vienna,

and those of Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow; which cleansed Paris from the pollution with which it was contaminated by treason and the presence of an enemy.' Honor to those brave soldiers, the glory of their native France! Eternal shame to those guilty Frenchmen, of whatever rank, who for five-and-twenty years have fought in foreign armies, to rend the bosom of their country. NAPOLEON."

"TO THE PEOPLE.

"Frenchmen! The defection of the Duke of Castiglione surrendered Lyons, without defense, to our enemies. The army which I had intrusted to his command was capable, from the bravery and patriotism with which it was composed, of beating the Austrians, and of taking in the rear the left flank of the enemy's army which threatened Paris.

"The victories of Champaubert, of Montmirail, of Chateau-Thierry, of Vauchamp, of Mormans, of Montereau, of Crayone, of Rheims, of Arcis-sur-Aube, and of St. Dizier; the insurrection of the brave peasantry of Lorraine, of Champagne, Alsace, Franche Comte, and Burgundy, and the position I had taken in the rear of the enemy's army, cutting it off from its magazines, parks of reserve, convoys, and wagons, had placed it in a desperate situation. The French were on the point of being more powerful than ever. The flower of the enemy's army was lost without resource; it would have been entombed in those vast districts it had so pitilessly ravaged, had not the treachery of the Duke of Rugusa surrendered the capital and disorganized the army. The unexpected conduct of these two generals, who betrayed at once their country, their sovereign, and their benefactor, changed the fate of war. The situation of the enemy was such, that, after the affair which took place before Paris, he was without ammunition, being separated from all his parks of reserve.

"Under these new and extraordinary circumstances my heart was lacerated, but my soul remained unshaken. I consulted only the interests of our country, and exiled myself upon a rock in the middle of the sea. My life was still useful to you, and is destined to continue so. I would not permit the vast concourse of citizens desirous of sharing my fate, to accompany me to Elba. I thought that their presence at home would be useful to France, and I only took with me a handful of brave men necessary for my guard.

"Elevated by your choice to the throne, every thing which has been done without your consent is illegal. Within the last twenty-five years France has acquired new interests, new institutions, and a new glory, which can only be guaranteed by a national government, and by a dynasty created by these new circumstances. A prince who would reign over you, seated upon my throne by the power of the same armies which have ravaged our country, would seek in vain to support himself by the principles of feudal power. He could but promote the interests of a few individuals, enemies of the people, who, for the last five-and-twenty years, condemned them in all our national assemblies. Your tranquillity at home, and your estimation abroad, would be lost forever.

"Frenchmen! I heard in my exile your complaints and your wishes. You claim a govern-



COPYING THE PROCLAMATIONS.



PASSING THE ENEMY.

ment of your choice, which alone is legitimate. You accused me of slumbering too long. You reproached me with sacrificing to my repose the great interests of the nation I have crossed the sea, amidst dangers of every description. I come among you to resume my rights, which are identical with yours. All that has been done, written, or said by individuals, since the taking of Paris, I consign to oblivion. It shall have no influence whatever on the remembrance I preserve of the important services they have rendered; for there are events of such a nature as to be too powerful for the organization of man.

"Frenchmen! there is no nation, however small, which has not the right of relieving itself from the dishonor of obeying a prince forcibly imposed upon it. When Charles VII. re-entered Paris, and overturned the ephemeral throne of Henry VI., he acknowledged that he held his crown from the valor of his brave people, and not from a Prince-Regent of England. It is likewise to you alone, and to my gallant army, that I am indebted for every thing.

"NAPOLEON."

Immediately, all who knew how to write among the sailors and the grenadiers of the guard were called, and a hundred pens were busy transcribing these proclamations, that thousands of copies might be distributed at the moment of disembarkation. A feeble breeze tortured their impatience the next day, as they almost imperceptibly moved along over the mirrored surface of the sea. Toward evening a French brig of war, the Zephyr, hove in sight, and bore down upon the flotilla. Napoleon ordered all the grenadiers to conceal themselves below, that no suspicion might be excited. At six o'clock the brigs were within hailing distance. The commanders of the two vessels stood upon the decks with their speaking trumpets in their hands. After the exchange of a few words, the captain of the Zephyr inquired after the Emperor. Napoleon seized the trumpet from the hands of the commander of the Inconstant, and shouted over the waves, "He is marvelously well."

The earliest dawn of the next morning showed a seventy-four gun ship steering toward the flotilla. This for an hour caused much uneasiness, since it would be impossible to resist such an enemy. The ship, however, passed on its way, paying no heed to the little merchant vessels scattered over the deep, and not dreaming of the prize within its grasp. As the cloud-like sail faded away in the distant horizon, Napoleon assembled his generals around him, and said,

"Now, gentlemen, it is your turn to speak to your companions in glory. Come, Bertrand! take the pen, and write your own appeal to your brothers in arms."

The Grand Marshal excused himself, as not being able to find expressions suited to the grandeur of the occasion.

"Very well, then," said Napoleon; "write, and I will speak for you all." He then, without a moment of hesitation, dictated the following address of the Guard to the Army:

"Soldiers! the drums are beating to arms. We are on the march. Come and join us. Join your Emperor and our eagles. If these men, just now so arrogant, who have always fled at the aspect

of our weapons, dare to meet us, where can we find a nobler occasion to shed our blood, and to sing the hymn of victory?

"Soldiers of the seventh, eighth, and nineteenth military divisions, garrisons of Antibes, Toulon, and Marseilles, disbanded officers and veterans of our armies, you are summoned to the honor of setting the first example. March with us to win back the throne, the palladium of our rights. Let posterity proclaim that foreigners, seconded by traitors, having imposed a disgraceful yoke upon France, the brave arose, and the enemies of the people and of the army disappeared and sunk into oblivion."

This address was also rapidly transcribed, that each soldier might have several copies to distribute to the French regiments. Toward evening the blue hills of France emerged from the horizon, in the bright glow of the setting sun. The joy on board the little fleet was inexpressible. Hats and caps waved in the air, and shouts of exultation floated over the water.

"Let us display the tricolored cockade," said the Emperor, "that the country may recognize us."

Immediately the cockade of Elba was tossed into the sea, and every soldier replaced upon his cap the tricolored cockade, which he had preserved as a sacred relic. The excitement and joy were too intense to allow of any sleep. In the dim twilight of the next morning the fleet was gently wafted into the Gulf of Juan, where Napoleon had previously landed on his return from Egypt. At five o'clock the Emperor disembarked upon the lonely beach near Cannes, and immediately established the bivouac for his Liliputian army of invasion in an olive grove at a short distance from the shore. Pointing to the olive-leaf, the symbol of peace, he said, "This is a lucky omen. It will be realized."

A few peasants, astonished by this sudden apparition, crept from their huts, and cautiously approached the encampment. One of these peasants had formerly served under Napoleon. Immediately recognizing his old general, he insisted upon being enrolled in his battalion. "Well, Bertrand," said the Emperor, turning to the Grand Marshal, and smiling, "you see that we have a reinforcement already."

In the course of a few hours this escort of six hundred men, with two or three small pieces of cannon, were safely landed, and were refreshing themselves under the olive grove, preparatory to their strange campaign. They were about to



NAPOLEON AT GRENOBLE



APPROACHING AUXERRE.

march seven hundred miles, through a kingdom containing thirty millions of inhabitants, to capture the strongest capital in Europe. An army of nearly two hundred thousand men, under Bourbon leaders, were stationed in impregnable fortresses by the way. And the combined despots of Europe had two millions of bayonets still glistening in the hands of their soldiers, all of which were pledged to sustain the iniquitous sway of the Bourbon usurpers. Romance in her wildest dreams never conceived of such an enterprise. Yet the adventure had been carefully considered, and profound wisdom guided every step. The millions of France loved Napoleon almost to adoration. He knew it; and he knew that he deserved it. Napoleon was well aware that all the great elements of success were in his favor, and he had no misgivings.

He passed around among his "*children*," chatting and laughing familiarly with them. "I see from this spot," said he "the fright I shall occasion the Bourbons, and the embarrassment of all those who have turned their backs against me." Then, as usual, forgetting all his own perils in solicitude for his friends, he added: "What will become of the patriots before my arrival at Paris? I tremble lest the Bourbon partisans should massacre them. Woe to those who injure them. They shall have no mercy."

It was not until eleven o'clock at night that this little band was enabled to commence its march. The moon shone brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The Poles of the Guard, unable to transport horses from Elba, had brought their saddles, and taking them upon their backs, gayly marched along, bending beneath the weight of their cumbrous luggage. The Emperor purchased every horse he met, and thus, one by one, mounted his cavalry.

Avoiding the large towns, where the Bourbon authorities might be strong, he determined to follow the flank of the mountains. Marching rapidly all night and most of the next day, they arrived in the evening at Grasse, about fifty miles from the coast. Here they encamped for the night. The news of the Emperor's landing spread rapidly, and excited every where joy and surprise. The peasants crowded to meet him, and implored permission to follow in his train. "I could easily," said Napoleon afterward, "have taken two millions of these peasants with me to Paris." But he had no wish to triumph by physical force. The love of France was his all-conquering weapon The next two days, the 3d and 4th, they advanced sixty miles to Digne. The next day they pressed on thirty miles further to Gap. The enthusiasm was now so general and so intense, that Napoleon no longer needed even protection against the Bourbon police. The authorities of the legitimist usurpers were completely overwhelmed by the triumphant people.

Napoleon, in his eagerness, outstripping his Guard, arrived at the city of Gap with but six horsemen and forty grenadiers. There was such a universal burst of love and joy from the inhabitants of this city, as men, women, and children, with shouts and tears, gathered around their own Emperor, that the Bourbon authorities were compelled to fly.

"Citizens!" said Napoleon, "I have been deeply penetrated by all the sentiments you have evinced for me. You are right in calling me your

father, for I live only for the honor and the happiness of France. My return dissipates your disquietude. It guarantees the preservation of all property, of equality between all classes. These rights, which you have enjoyed for twenty-five years, and for which your forefathers have sighed so ardently, now form part of your existence."

Here the proclamations he had dictated at sea were printed. They spread with the rapidity of lightning. The whole population of the country was roused and inflamed, and multitudes which could not be counted were anxious to be enrolled as the Emperor's advance guard. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor resumed his march, accompanied by a vast concourse filling the air with their acclamations. No language can describe the scene of enthusiasm. The inhabitants on the route, trembling for the safety of Napoleon, and fearing that the Bourbons might send troops to crush his feeble escort, prepared to sound the tocsin, and to raise a levy *en masse*, to protect the sovereign of their choice. There were strong garrisons, and formidable arrays of troops under Bourbon commanders, which he must soon encounter. Napoleon, however, declined the service they tendered.

"Your sentiments," said he, "convince me that I have not been deceived. They are to me a certain guarantee of the inclinations of my soldiers. Those whom I meet will range themselves by my side. The more numerous they may be, the more will my success be assured. Remain tranquil, therefore, in your homes."

They were now approaching Grenoble. The commandant of the garrison there, General Marchand, marched with a force of six thousand men to oppose the Emperor. He posted his troops in a defile flanked by the mountains and a lake. It was in the morning of the 7th of March. The crisis which was to decide all had now arrived. Napoleon was equal to the emergency. Requesting his column to halt, he rode, at a gentle pace, and almost alone, toward the hostile army. The peasants, who had assembled in vast numbers to witness this marvelous scene, greeted him with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Napoleon, without any hesitancy, rode calmly along, upon a gentle trot, until he arrived within a hundred paces of the glittering bayonets which formed an impassable wall before him. He then dismounted, handed the reins to one of the Poles who accompanied him, crossed his arms upon his breast, and advanced, unprotected and entirely alone, until he arrived within ten paces of the troops. There he stood, the mark for every gun. He was dressed in that simple costume which every Frenchman recognized, with the cocked hat, the gray over-coat, and the high military boots. The commanding officer ordered the soldiers to fire. They seemed to obey. Every musket was brought to the shoulder, and aimed at his breast. Had there been one single man among those battalions willing to shoot the Emperor, he would have received from the Bourbons boundless rewards. The report of a single musket would then have settled the destinies of France.

Napoleon, without the change of a muscle of his features, or the tremor of a nerve, continued to advance upon the muskets leveled at his heart. Then stopping, and uncovering his breast, he



MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND NEY.



NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

said, in those resounding tones, which, having been once heard, never could be forgotten,

"Soldiers! if there is one among you who would kill his Emperor, let him do it. Here I am."

For a moment there was silence as of the grave. Then the point of one musket fell, and another, and another. Tears began to gush into the eyes of these hardy veterans. One voice, tremulous with emotion, shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" It was the signal for a universal burst, re-echoed by soldiers and by peasantry in a continuous cataract of sound. The troops from Grenoble, the grenadiers of the guard, and the peasants, all rushed in a tumult of joy upon the Emperor, who opened his arms to receive them. In the confusion, the Bourbon commander put spurs to his horse and disappeared. When the transport was somewhat moderated, the Emperor, taking gently by the whiskers a veteran, whose appearance attracted his attention, said to him playfully,

"How could you have the heart to aim your musket at the Little Corporal?"

The old man's eyes immediately filled with tears. Ringing his ramrod in the barrel of his musket to show it was unloaded, he said, "Judge whether I could have done thee much harm. All the rest are the same."

Napoleon then gathered the whole assembly of soldiers and peasants in a circle around him, and thus addressed them:

"I have come with but a handful of brave men, because I rely upon the people and upon you. The throne of the Bourbons is illegitimate. It has not been raised by the voice of the nation. It is contrary to the national will, because it is in direct opposition to the interests of the country, and only exists for the benefit of a small number of noble families. Ask of your fathers, interrogate these brave peasants, and you will learn from their lips the actual state of things. They are threatened with the renewal of the tithe system, of privileges, of feudal rights, and of all those abuses from which your victories had delivered them."

Napoleon now resumed his march, accompanied by a vast crowd of the inhabitants, increasing every moment, and thronging the roads. The battalions from Grenoble acted as the advance guard to the grenadiers from Elba. As he approached the city he was met by a messenger, who said,

"Sire! you will have no occasion for arms. Your riding-whip will be sufficient to scatter all resistance. The hearts of the soldiers are every where your own."

As Napoleon approached the city, one of the most important fortified places of France, the enthusiasm of the populace exceeded all bounds. The tricolored cockade was upon all hats. The tricolored banner waved from the windows, and floated from the battlements and upon the spires of the city. Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" filled



NAPOLEON AT MELUN.

the streets. The soldiers shared the enthusiasm, fraternized with the people, and promised them that they would not fire upon their brothers in arms. It was impossible for the Bourbon officers and magistrates to stem this torrent. In despair they fled, having locked the gates and concealed the keys.

At midnight, from the ramparts of Grenoble, were seen the torches of the multitude, surrounding the Emperor, and advancing toward the city. Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rose from the approaching throng, and were echoed back from the walls of the fortress. The inhabitants, in their ardor, wrenched the gates from the hinges, and Napoleon entered the streets in the midst of illuminations and exultations such as earth has rarely witnessed. A countless crowd, almost delirious with joy, bore him to his quarters in an inn. Throughout the night continuous acclamations resounded beneath his windows. The people and the soldiers, almost delirious with joy, fraternized together till morning, in banquets and embraces. "All is now settled," said Napoleon, "and we are at Paris." Shortly after Napoleon's arrival at the inn, an increased tumult called him upon the balcony. The inhabitants of Grenoble had come to offer him the *gates* of the city, since they could not present him with the *keys*.

His little band was quite exhausted by the rapid march of five days, along dreadful roads, and through defiles of the mountains, often encumbered with snow. He allowed them twenty-four hours for rest in Grenoble.

On the 9th of March, Napoleon resumed his journey toward Lyons. "He marched out of Grenoble," says Lamartine, "as he had entered it, surrounded by his sacred battalion of the Isle of Elba, and pressed on every side by the waves of a multitude which cleared a road for him." He passed the night at a small town half way between Grenoble and Lyons. Bonfires blazed all the night long; and the whole population united, as one man, in the most ardent demonstrations of affection and joy.

The intelligence of Napoleon's landing, and of the enthusiasm with which he was every where greeted, had now reached Paris. The Bourbons and their friends were in great consternation. The tidings, however, were carefully suppressed, for fear that an insurrection might be excited in the metropolis.* Vigorous measures were adopted secretly to arrest all the prominent men in the city who were suspected of fidelity to the

* The Bourbons inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 6th of March the following proclamation, which France must have read with a smile:

"Bonaparte has escaped from the island of Elba, where the imprudent magnanimity of the allied sovereigns had given him a sovereignty, in return for the desolations which he had brought into their dominions. That man who, when he abdicated his power, retained all his ambition and his fury; that man, covered with the blood of generations, comes at the end of a year, spent seemingly in apathy, to strive to dispute, in the name of his usurpations and his massacres, the legitimate and mild authority of the King of France. At the head of a few hundred Italians and Piedmontese, he has dared again to set his feet on that land which had banished him forever; he wishes to re-open the wounds, still but half closed, which he had made, and which the hand of the King is healing every day. A few treasonable attempts, some movements in Italy, excited by his insane brother-in-law, inflamed the pride of the cowardly warrior of Fontainebleau. He exposes himself, as he imagines, to the death of a hero; he will only die that of a traitor. France has rejected him: he returns; France will devour him."

Emperor. They appointed Bourrienne, who subsequently wrote an atrocious memoir of Napoleon, minister of police. "He was," says Lamartine, "an old confidential secretary of Bonaparte, intimately acquainted with his character and secrets, who had been dismissed by the Emperor for malversation, and who was incensed against him with a hatred which guaranteed to the royalists a desperate fidelity."

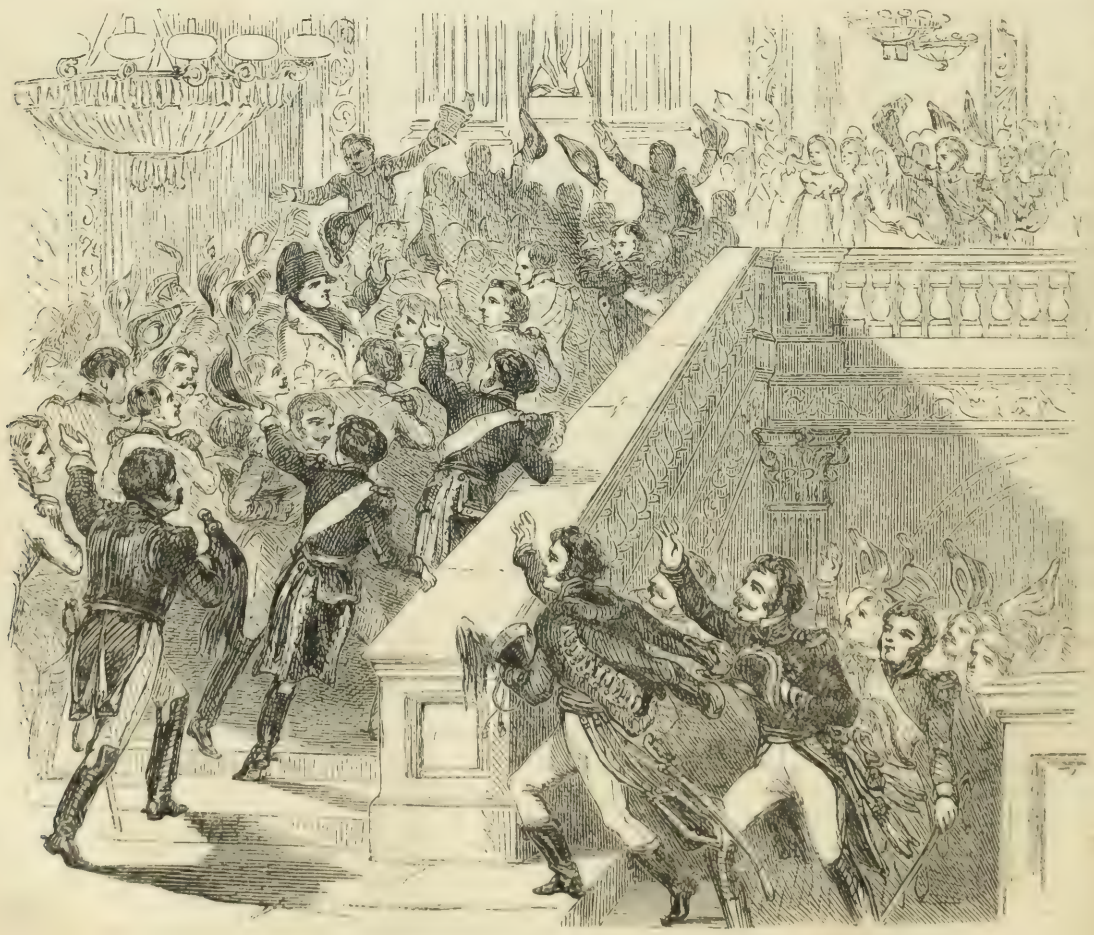
The city of Lyons contains two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is distant 250 miles from Paris. Louis XVIII., on the 5th, had heard of Napoleon's landing, and his advance to Grenoble. The Count d'Artois (Charles X.) had been dispatched to Lyons to concentrate there all the available forces of the kingdom, and to crush the Emperor. He entered the city but a few hours before Napoleon appeared at its gates. Two regiments of the line—one of infantry and one of cavalry—were in the place. Other regiments were advancing by rapid marches. The local national guard, well-armed and well-disciplined, amounted to twenty thousand men. But the Count d'Artois was received coldly by the troops, and still more coldly by the inhabitants. Wine was freely distributed among the soldiers, in the name of Louis XVIII. They drank the wine, shouting "*Long live the Little Corporal!*" The Count was in despair. He reviewed the troops, harangued them, walked around among them. To one veteran covered with scars he said, "Surely a brave old soldier like you will shout "*Vive le Roi!*" "Nay," replied the honest warrior, "no one here will fight against his father. *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The Count was accompanied by a guard of gentlemen, who were his personal friends, and who were pledged for his protection. When they saw the universal enthusiasm in favor of Napoleon, believing the Bourbon cause irretrievably lost, they also perfidiously abandoned the prince, and turned to the Emperor. The Count was compelled to flee from the city, accompanied by only one of his guard. And here again appeared that grandeur of character which was instinctive with Napoleon. *He sent the cross of the Legion of Honor as a reward to this man for his fidelity to the Bourbon prince.* It was accompanied with the characteristic words, "I never leave a noble action without reward." And when his treacherous comrades presented themselves to the Emperor, tendering to him their services, he dismissed them with contempt, saying,

"Your conduct toward the Count d'Artois sufficiently proves how you would act by me were fortune to forsake me. I thank you for your offer. You will return immediately to your homes."

The Bourbons had been forced by foreign bayonets upon the army and the nation, and could claim from *them* no debt of loyalty. But the *personal followers* of the prince were traitors to abandon him in misfortune.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th, Napoleon, with his extraordinary cortége of soldiers, peasants, women, and children, surrounding him with acclaim, waving branches in the air.



ENTERING THE TUILERIES.



THE DEATH OF MURAT.

and singing songs of joy and victory, approached the single bridge which crossed the Rhone. General Macdonald, who, after the abdication of Napoleon, had honorably taken the oath of fidelity to the Bourbons, was in the discharge of his duty in command of two battalions to defend the entrance of the bridge. But the moment Napoleon appeared, his troops, to a man, abandoned him. They tore down the barricades, shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" tumultuously rushed into the midst of the imperial escort, and blended with them in acclamations and embraces. Macdonald, perhaps afraid that his own virtue would be unable to resist the contagion, for he loved and almost adored the Emperor, plunged his spurs into his horse and disappeared.

The entire population of the city, like an inundation, rolled along the quays, the squares, and the streets, welcoming their noble Emperor with thunder peals of acclamation. There was no city in France which had derived greater benefits from his enlightened and profound policy than the city of Lyons. There was no other place in the empire where his memory was cherished with deeper affection. As night darkened, the whole city blazed with illuminations. Napoleon was conducted in triumph to the splendid palace of the Archbishop of Lyons, and the citizens themselves, with the affection of children protecting a father, mounted guard over his person. He slept that night in the same chamber from which the Count d'Artois, in despair, had fled.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when the Emperor entered the palace. He immediately sent for the Baron Fleury, one of the former secretaries of his cabinet, and the following conversation ensued:

"Well," said Napoleon, with a smile, "you did not expect to see me again so soon?"

"No, Sire!" Fleury answered, "your Majesty alone is capable of causing such surprises."

"What do they say of all this at Paris?" inquired Napoleon. "And public opinion, how is that?"

"They are rejoiced at your Majesty's return," Fleury replied. "The struggle between the Bourbons and the nation has revealed our rights, and engendered liberal ideas."

"I know," said the Emperor, "that the discussions the Bourbons have provoked, have diminished the respect for power and enfeebled it. There is pleasure and glory in rendering a great people free and happy. I never stinted France in glory. I will not curtail her liberty. I wish to retain no further power than is requisite to enable me to govern. Power is not incompatible with liberty. On the contrary, liberty is never more entire than when power becomes well established. When weak it is captious; when strong it sleeps in tranquillity, and abandons the reins loose on the neck of liberty. I know what is requisite for the French. But there must be no licentiousness, no anarchy. Is it thought that we shall come to a battle?"

"It is not," Fleury replied. "The government has not the confidence of the soldiers. It is detested even by the officers. All the troops they may send to oppose your Majesty, will be so many reinforcements to your cause."

"I think so too," said the Emperor; "and how will it be with the Marshals?"

"Sire," Fleury answered, "they can not but be apprehensive that your Majesty will remember the desertion at Fontainebleau. Perhaps it would be well to remove their fears, and personally make known your Majesty's intention of consigning every thing to oblivion."

"No," the Emperor replied, "I will not write to them. They would consider me as under obligations. I will not be obliged to any one. The troops are well disposed. The officers are in my favor. And if the Marshals wished to restrain them, they would be hurried along in the vortex. Of my Guard I am sure. Do what they will, that corps can never be corrupted. What is Ney doing? On what terms is he with the King?"

"I think he has no command, Sire," said Fleury. "I believe that he has had reason to complain of the court on account of his wife."

"His wife is an affected creature," said Napoleon. "No doubt she has attempted to play the part of a great lady, and the old dowagers have ridiculed her. False tales have been spread respecting my abdication. It has been said that Ney boasted of having ill-treated me, and laid his pistols on my table. I read at Elba that Augereau, when I met him, loaded me with reproaches. It is false. No one of my generals would have dared, in my presence, to forget what was due to me. Had I known of the proclamation of Augereau, I would have forbidden him my presence. Cowards only insult misfortune. His proclamation, which I was reported to have had in my pocket, was unknown to me till after our interview. But let us forget these things. What has been done at the Tuileries?"



MURAT.



MARSHAL LEFEBVRE.

"They have altered nothing, Sire. Even the eagles have not been removed," said Fleury.

Napoleon smiled, and replied, "They must have thought my arrangement of them admirable. And the king—what sort of a countenance has he? Is his coin handsome?"

"Of this your Majesty may judge. Here is a twenty-five franc piece," Fleury replied, presenting the piece of money to the Emperor.

"What! they have not recoined Louis?" said Napoleon. "I am surprised. (Turning the piece over.) He does not look as if he would starve himself. But observe, they have taken away '*God protect France,*' to restore their '*Lord preserve the King.*' This is as they always were. Every thing for themselves, nothing for France. Poor France! Into what hands hast thou thrust thyself! Have we any individuals in this vicinity who were nearly attached to my person? Make inquiry, and conduct them to me. I wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the spirit of the times, and with the present state of affairs. What does Hortense do?"

"Sire," said Fleury, "her house is still the resort of all who know how to appreciate wit and elegance. The queen, though without a throne, is not less the object of the respect and homage of all Paris."

"She did a very foolish thing," rejoined the Emperor, "in accepting from the Bourbons the title of duchess. She should have called herself Madame Bonaparte. That name is full as good as any other. If poor Josephine had been alive she would have advised her better. Was my deceased wife much regretted?"

"Yes, Sire," Fleury replied; "your Majesty knows how much she was honored and admired by the whole French nation."

"She deserved it," said Napoleon. "She was an excellent woman. She had a great deal of good sense. I also regretted her most sincerely. The day when I heard of her death was one of the most unhappy of my life. Was there public mourning for her?"

"No, Sire," said Fleury. "Indeed, I think that she would have been refused the honors due to her rank, had not the Emperor Alexander insisted that they should be accorded her. Alexander generously showed himself the protector of the Empress, the Queen, Prince Eugene, the Duke of Vicenza, and numerous other persons of distinction, who but for him would have been persecuted."

"You love him, it seems," said the Emperor. "What is it supposed the Allies will think of my return?"

"It is thought," Fleury answered, "that Austria will connect herself with your Majesty, and that Russia will behold the disgrace of the Bourbons without regret."

"Why so?" inquired the Emperor.

"It is said, Sire," Fleury replied, "that Alexander was not pleased with the Bourbon princes while at Paris. It was thought that the predilection of Louis for England, and his attributing the regaining of his crown to the Prince Regent, offended him."

"It is well to know that," said the Emperor. "Has he seen my son?"

"Yes, Sire," said Fleury. "I have been assured that he embraced him with a tenderness truly paternal, and exclaimed, 'He is a charming fellow! How have I been deceived!'"

"What did he mean by that?" inquired Napoleon eagerly.

"They say," Fleury replied, "that he had been informed that the young prince was rickety and imbecile."

"Wretches!" exclaimed the Emperor; "he is an admirable child. He gives every indication of becoming a distinguished character. He will be an honor to his age."

Napoleon remained in Lyons four days. During all this time the exultation and transport in the city no language can describe. With noble frankness he spoke to his auditors of the perplexities and the errors of the past.

"I am not," said he, "altogether blameless for the misfortunes of France. I was forced on, by imperious circumstances, in the direction of universal empire. That idea I have renounced forever. France requires repose. It is not ambition which has brought me back. It is love of country. I could have preferred the tranquillity of Elba to the cares of a throne, had I not known that France was unhappy, and stood in need of me. I am returned to protect and defend those interests to which our revolution has given birth; to concur with the representatives of the nation in a family compact, which shall forever preserve the liberty and the rights of Frenchmen. It is my ambition and glory to effect the happiness of the great people from whom I hold every thing."

The hours passed in Lyons were not devoted to rest. All the tireless energies of Napoleon's mind were employed in reconstructing, upon its popular basis, the Imperial throne. Decree followed decree with a rapidity which astounded his enemies, and which fanned the flame of popular enthusiasm. Even the most envenomed of Napoleon's historians are compelled to admit the admirable adaptation of these decrees to the popular cause. The magistrates of the Empire were restored to their posts. The tricolored flag and cockade were reinstated. The vainglorious cock of the Bourbons gave place on the flag-staff to the Imperial eagle. All feudal claims and titles were suppressed, and the purchasers of the national domains confirmed in their possessions. The two Chambers established by the Bourbons were dissolved, and the people were requested to meet, throughout the empire, to choose representatives for an extraordinary assembly, to deliberate on present emergencies. These decrees gave almost universal satisfaction. They recognized the rights of the masses, as opposed to the claims of the privileged orders. And consequently now, as throughout his whole career, the masses surrounded Napoleon with their love and adoration.

The preamble to the decree dissolving the Bourbon Chambers was in the following words:

"Considering that the Chamber of Peers is partly composed of persons who have borne arms against France, and are interested in the re-establishment of feudal rights, in the destruction of the equality of different classes, in the nullification of the sale of the national domains, and finally, in depriving the people of the rights they have acquired, by fighting for five-and-twenty years against the enemies of their national glory;

"Considering that the powers of the deputies of the Legislative Body have expired, and that the Chamber of Commons has no longer a national character; that a portion of the Chamber has rendered itself unworthy of confidence, by assenting to the re-establishment of feudal nobility, abolished by the popular constitution; in having subjected France to pay debts contracted with foreign powers, for negotiating coalitions and subsidizing armies against the French people; in giving to the Bourbon family the title of *legitimate king*, thereby declaring the French people and its armies *rebels;* and proclaiming also those emigrants who, for five-and-twenty years, have wounded the vitals of their country, as alone good Frenchmen, thus violating all the rights of the people, by sanctioning the principle *that the nation is made for the throne, not the throne for the nation;*

"We have decreed, and do decree as follows."

The consummate genius and tact of Napoleon were peculiarly conspicuous in these decrees, which created confidence, dispelled apprehensions, confirmed attachments, and inspired the people and the army with boundless enthusiasm. Napoleon still appeared, as ever, the dauntless champion of equality and popular rights.

Baron Fleury, who was an eye-witness of these scenes, says: "Though I have more than once witnessed popular displays of enthusiasm and infatuation, yet never did I behold any thing comparable to the transports of joy and tenderness that burst from the Lyonese. Not only the quays and squares near the palace of the Emperor, but the most distant streets rung with perpetual acclamations. Workmen and their masters, the common people and citizens, rambled about the city, arm-in-arm, singing, dancing, and abandoning themselves to the impulse of the most ardent gayety. Strangers stopped one another, shook hands, embraced, and offered congratulations on the return of the Emperor. The National Guard, a body similar to our local militia, affected by the confidence Napoleon had displayed by intrusting to it the care of his person, participated in the general intoxication. The day of his departure was that of sorrow to the city, as that of his arrival had proved the signal of unfeigned festivity."

While these scenes were transpiring, the Bourbons had promulgated an ordinance against "the miserable adventurer and his band," in which Napoleon was denounced as an outlaw, and a price set upon his head, and all his abettors were declared rebels. When Napoleon was triumphantly entering Grenoble, the *Moniteur* announced that the royal cause was every where triumphant, that the invader was already stripped of nearly all his followers, and was wandering a fugitive among the mountains, where, in the course of a few days, he would certainly be made prisoner. The Bourbons immediately made application to Marshal Ney, who was residing in quiet at his country-seat, several miles from Paris, to join his corps and hasten to arrest the advance of Napoleon. Faithful to his trust, he proceeded without delay to Besançon. Upon taking the command, the officers told him that it would be impossible to induce the soldiers to fight against the Emperor. He reviewed the troops. To his utter bewilderment they greeted him with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" that animating cry which he had so often heard ringing over the field of battle, as he guided the eagles of France to victory. Every hour intelligence was reaching him of the supernaturally triumphant progress of the Emperor. Every city and every village through which he passed espoused his cause. The nation was shouting a welcome. The army was every where his. The cause of the Bourbons was irrevocably lost. The suspense of the Marshal amounted to anguish. He afterward said that death itself would have been a relief, to have rescued him from his perplexity. He thought of Krasnow, where Napoleon, with but ten thousand men, rushed upon the batteries of eighty thousand troops, to fight his way back into the wilds of Russia, that he might rescue his loved companion in arms. In the torture of his suspense he assembled his generals in council. "What can I do?" he exclaimed; "it is impossible for me to stop the waters of the ocean with the palm of my hand."

The officers, without hesitation, assured him that the attempt to oppose Napoleon was hopeless. The temptation was too strong for ordinary human virtue to resist. History records, with weeping eyes, that Ney fell into dishonor. He proved faithless to the trust which he had allowed himself to assume, and thus affixed to his name a stigma which must forever remain uneffaced. Every generous heart will contemplate his fall with grief and compassion. Yielding to the universal impulse, he issued the following proclamation to his troops:

"Soldiers! the cause of the Bourbons is forever lost. The legitimate dynasty, which the French nation has adopted, is about to reascend the throne. It is to the Emperor Napoleon, our sovereign, that the sole right of reigning over our beautiful country belongs. Liberty is at last triumphant, and Napoleon, our august Emperor, is about to consolidate it forever. Soldiers! I have often led you to victory. I am now about to lead you to that immortal phalanx which the Emperor Napoleon is conducting to Paris, where it will be in a few days, and then our hope and happiness will be forever realized. *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The excitement of the troops during the reading of this proclamation was irrepressible. All discipline was for a moment at an end, while prolonged shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" burst from the tumultuary ranks.

On the 13th of March, the very day on which this proclamation was issued, Napoleon left Ly-

ons, to continue his progress toward Paris. A countless multitude were assembled to witness his departure. Stepping upon a balcony, he thus addressed them:

"Lyonese! At the moment of quitting your city to repair to my capital, I feel impelled to make known to you the sentiments with which your conduct has inspired me. You always ranked foremost in my affections. You have uniformly displayed the same attachment, whether I have been on the throne or in exile. The lofty character which distinguishes you, merits my cordial esteem. At a period of greater tranquillity I shall return to consider the welfare of your manufactures and of your city. Lyonese! I love you."

These unaffected words, the sincere utterance of a glowing heart, touched the fountains of feeling. Thousands of eyes were flooded, and voices tremulous with emotion shouted adieu. Napoleon pressed on that night about twenty-five miles to Villefranche, where he slept. The next day, outstripping his army, he advanced some sixty miles further, passing Macon, to Chalons. He was here traversing one of the most densely peopled regions of France. The roadsides were thronged. Triumphal arches spanned the village streets. One continuous roar of acclaim accompanied him all the way. Napoleon entered Chalons in the midst of a cold and drenching storm. Still nearly the whole population issued from the gates, to meet and welcome their beloved Emperor. He was surprised to see several artillery pieces and ammunition-wagons approaching. "They were sent by the Bourbons," said the populace, "to oppose you. But we have taken them, and offer them to you as a present."

In receiving the congratulations of the authorities he said, in the course of the conversation,

"My court, it is true, was superb. I was an advocate for magnificence, but not as regarded myself. A plain soldier's coat was good enough for me. I was fond of magnificence because it gave encouragement to our manufactures. Without magnificence there can be no industry. I have abolished, at Lyons, all *the parchment nobility*. Nobility is a chimera. Men are too enlightened to believe that some among them are born noble and others not. The only distinction is that of talents and services rendered to the State. Our laws know of no other."

On the 15th he went thirty miles further, to Autun, and on the 16th drove sixty miles, to Avalon, encountering congratulations and gratitude every step of his way. The opposition to him was so exceedingly small, that it was nowhere visible. On the 17th he continued his journey, in a simple open barouche, twenty-five miles further, to Auxerre. The people were so universally enthusiastic in his favor, that no precautions for his personal safety seemed to be necessary. He rode along, in advance of his troops, accompanied by a few friends, and with hardly the semblance of guards or attendants.

A few hours after his arrival at Auxerre, he met Marshal Ney. Napoleon, who cherished the nicest sense of honor, had sent to the Marshal, before he knew that he had abandoned the Bourbons, the decrees which he had issued at Lyons. "Napoleon sent him," says Lamartine, "no other communication; for, believing in his honor, he did not insult his fidelity by proposing to him to betray his duty toward his new masters, the Bourbons."

The Marshal, as he presented himself before the Emperor, was much confused. He remembered his apparently unfeeling desertion of the Emperor at Fontainebleau. His present position was bewildering and embarrassing in the extreme. He had been untrue to the Bourbons, to whom he had sworn allegiance. And yet he felt that he had been true to his country. It was a period of revolution and of astounding changes. The Marshal was a brave soldier, but not a man of clear and discriminating views in nice questions of morals. Still an instinct reproached him, and he was exceedingly troubled and unhappy. He began to offer some justification for his unceremonious departure at Fontainebleau. But Napoleon, generously forgetful of all, grasped his hand, and said,

"Embrace me, my dear Ney. I am glad to see you. I want no explanations. My arms are ever open to receive you, for to me you are still the bravest of the brave."

"Sire," said Ney, "the newspapers have told many untruths. My conduct has always been that of a good soldier and a true Frenchman. Your Majesty may always depend upon me, when my country is concerned. It is for my country I have shed my blood. I love you, Sire; but I love my country above all."

"I never doubted your attachment to me," Napoleon replied, "or to your country. It is also love of country which brings me to France. I learned that our country was unhappy, and I came to deliver it from the emigrants and from the Bourbons. I shall be in Paris, without doubt, by the 20th or 25th. Do you think that the royalists will attempt to defend themselves?"

"I do not think, Sire, that they will," Ney replied.

"I have received dispatches," continued Napoleon, "this morning from Paris. The patriots expect me with impatience, and are on the point of rising. I am afraid of some quarrel taking place between them and the royalists. I would not for the world that my return should be stained by a single drop of blood. Write to your friends, and say that I shall arrive without firing a single musket. Let all unite to prevent the effusion of blood. Our triumph should be as pure as the cause we advocate."

The royalists entered into many plots to assassinate the Emperor on the way. The vigilance of Napoleon's friends, however, protected him. He seemed himself to have no thought of danger, but plunged without reserve into the midst of the crowds who continually surrounded him. In reference to these plots against his life, he said to Baron Fleury,

"I can not conceive how men, liable to fall into my hands, can be incessantly urging my assassination, and setting a price upon my head.

Had I been desirous of getting rid of them by similar means, they would long ago have mingled with the dust. Like them, I could have found such assassins as Georges, Brulart, and Maubreuil. Twenty times, if I had so wished, persons would have brought the Bourbon princes bound hand and foot, dead or alive. But I have uniformly despised their atrocious plots. My blood, however, boils when I think that they have dared to proscribe as outlaws, without a trial, thousands of Frenchmen who are marching with us. Is this known to the army?"

"Yes, Sire," Baron Fleury replied; "some persons have had the imprudence to inform the soldiers that we are all proclaimed outlaws; and that some of the King's body-guard and other royalists have set out to assassinate you. The troops have therefore sworn to give no quarter."

"This is very bad, very bad," exclaimed Napoleon; "I can not permit it. It is my ardent wish that not one single drop of French blood may be shed, and that not a single gun be fired. The soldiers must be restrained."

He immediately dictated the following dispatch to General Girard, who had command of the advance guard:

"I am informed that your troops, being made acquainted with the decrees of Paris, have resolved, by way of reprisals, to murder all the royalists they meet. You will encounter none but Frenchmen. I forbid you to fire a single musket. Calm your soldiers. Contradict the reports by which they are exasperated. *Tell them that I will not enter Paris at their head, if their weapons be stained with French blood.*"

To General Cambronne he wrote: "To you I intrust my noblest campaign. All Frenchmen expect me with impatience. You will every where find friends. Do not fire a single musket. I will not have my crown cost the French one drop of blood."

On the 19th he continued his route toward Fontainebleau, which was distant about seventy-five miles from Auxerre. Napoleon traveled in an open barouche, accompanied only by the carriage of General Drouot, which preceded him, and that of Baron Fleury, which followed. A few Polish lancers galloped by the sides of the carriages. His army followed several hours' march behind. He had met, advancing in strong array, the dragoons of the king's regiment. They had abandoned their Bourbon officers, and mounting the tricolored cockade, and unfurling the tricolored banner, with exultant music and shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were hastening to meet their legitimately-elected sovereign. Napoleon alighted, and addressed them in a strain of sincere and parental affection, which redoubled their enthusiasm. Driving rapidly through the night, he arrived at four o'clock in the morning at Fontainebleau. He was cautioned against exposing himself so recklessly, since it was reported that two thousand of the king's troops were stationed in the forest. He strangely replied, pointing with his finger to the heavens, "Our fate is written on high."

He immediately, in silence and thoughtfulness, wandered through the garden, then enveloped in the shades of night, which had been the scene of his almost more than mortal agony in the hours of his desertion and his forced abdication. He then visited the library, where he had passed so many hours with Josephine, and had conceived so many plans for the promotion of the grandeur of France. He then retired to the same little chamber, in an angle of the castle, which not a year before had witnessed the anguish of his overthrow, and casting himself upon a couch, indulged in a few hours of repose. While the Emperor was entering the forest of Fontainebleau, Louis XVIII., dismayed by the enthusiasm with which all France was greeting Napoleon, entered his carriage and fled, to seek again the aid of those banded despots, who, with bayonets dripping with blood, had placed him on his throne. Again he implored the tyrants of Europe to send their armies to inundate France with the horrors of fire and the sword. This was congenial work for Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the bandit powers of Europe. They had learned to trample popular rights beneath an iron hoof, as they had swept the whirlwind of war over Hungary and Poland. But the cheek tingles with indignation and shame, in contemplating constitutional and liberty-loving England dragged by her aristocracy into an outrage so infamous.

About the middle of the day Napoleon entered again his carriage, and set out for Paris. And now ensued perhaps the most marvelous scene of this whole unparalleled enterprise. At Melun, about half way between Fontainebleau and Paris, the Bourbons had decided to make their last attempt to arrest the progress of this one unarmed man. The number of National Guards, volunteers, and other troops, assembled at this place, amounted to nearly one hundred thousand. The royal army was drawn up in three lines, the intervals and flanks being armed with batteries, while the centre, in great force, blocked up the passage to Paris. The Duke de Berri had command of this force. In approaching Melun from Fontainebleau, one emerges from a forest upon the brow of a long declivity, where the spectator has a clear view of the country before him, while those below can easily discern any one who appears upon the eminence. Napoleon, entering his carriage like a private citizen, and with no army to accompany him, set out to meet this formidable army. Profound silence reigned throughout the Bourbon army, interrupted only by the music of the martial bands, as they endeavored, by playing the airs of the ancient monarchy, to rouse enthusiasm. At length, about noon, a light trampling of horses was heard, and a single open carriage, followed by a few horsemen, emerged from the trees, and rapidly descended the hill. Soon the soldiers discerned the small cocked hat and gray surtout of their beloved Emperor. A simultaneous sound passed over the mighty host, like the sighing of the wind; then all again was breathless silence. The carriage rapidly approached. Napoleon was now

seen, standing in the carriage, uncovered, with his arms extended as if to embrace his children. The pent-up flood of love and enthusiasm immediately burst all bounds. Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" resounded, like thunder peals, from rank to rank. At that moment the Emperor's guard appeared upon the brow of the hill. They waved their eagles, and the band struck up the Imperial March.

All discipline was now at an end. The soldiers broke their ranks, and rushed tumultuously toward their Emperor. Napoleon eagerly leaped from his carriage, and received them to his arms. The soldiers embraced, as brothers, in the midst of universal shouts and tears. The Bourbon officers, in dismay, with a few hundred cavaliers of the King's household, put spurs to their horses and fled. The Emperor now continued his progress toward Paris, accompanied by a host of soldiers and citizens which could not be numbered.

Pressing rapidly on, in advance of the bands who followed him, about nine o'clock in the evening he entered Paris. A few cavaliers surrounded his carriage, bearing torches. The streets were thronged with excited multitudes, greeting him with acclamations. Crossing the bridge of Concorde, and dashing at full gallop along the quay of the Tuileries, he entered the court-yard of the palace by the arched gallery of the Louvre. Here he found himself surrounded by a vast concourse of devoted friends, almost frantic with joy. "The moment that the carriage stopped," says Alison, "he was seized by those next the door, borne aloft in their arms, amidst deafening cheers, through a dense and brilliant crowd of epaulets, hurried literally above the heads of the throng up the great staircase into the saloon of reception, where a splendid array of the ladies of the Imperial court, adorned with a profusion of violet bouquets, half concealed in the richest laces, received him with transports, and imprinted fervent kisses on his cheeks, his hands, and even his dress. Never was such a scene witnessed in history."

Thus had Napoleon marched, in twenty days, seven hundred miles, through the heart of France, and had again entered in triumph the Imperial apartments of the Tuileries. Boundless enthusiasm, from citizens and soldiers, in cities and villages, had greeted him during every step of the way. He had found no occasion to fire a single musket, or to draw a sword. Alone and unarmed he had invaded a kingdom of thirty millions of inhabitants. A bloodless conqueror, he had vanquished all the armies sent to oppose him, and had, simply by the magic power of that love with which France cherished his memory, driven the Bourbon usurpers from the throne. Was there ever such an invasion, such a conquest as this before? Will there ever be again? A more emphatic vote in favor of a sovereign could by no possibility be given. A more legitimate title to the throne than this unanimous voice of a nation no monarch ever enjoyed. And yet the Allies immediately poured an army of a million of foreigners into France, to drive from the throne this sovereign enshrined in a nation's love, and to force again the detested Bourbons upon an enslaved people. And in the perpetration of this high-handed deed of infamy, they had the unparalleled effrontery to assert that they were contending for the *liberties of the people* against the *tyranny of a usurper*. There was a degree of ignobleness in this dishonorable assumption which no language can condemn in sufficiently indignant terms. They, however, accomplished their purpose; and there are thousands of voices which still echo their infamous cry, that Napoleon was a "*usurper*."

This triumphal journey of Napoleon from Cannes to Paris, exhibits by far the most remarkable instance the world has ever witnessed of the power exercised over human hearts by one mighty mind. Napoleon was armed with the panoply of popular rights. He had returned to France to break down the reconstructed fortresses of despotism, and to rescue the people from their oppressors. The heart of France beat sympathetically with his own. In view of such achievements, almost too marvelous for the dreams of fancy, we can hardly wonder that Lamartine should say that, as a man, "Napoleon was the greatest of the creations of God."

The Emperor, notwithstanding the Bourbons had set a price upon his head, issued special orders that *they should not be molested; that they should be permitted to retire without injury or insult*. He could with perfect ease have taken them prisoners, and then, in possession of their persons, he could have compelled the Allies to reasonable terms. But his extraordinary magnanimity prohibited him from pursuing such a course. Louis XVIII., accompanied by a funereal procession of carriages, containing members of his family, his ministers, and the returned emigrants, trembling and in dismay, retired to Lille, on the northern frontier of France. The inhabitants of the departments through which he passed gazed silently and compassionately upon the infirm old man, and uttered no word of reproach. But as soon as the cortége had passed, the tricolored banner was run up on steeple and turret, and the air resounded with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" There were powerful divisions of the army distributed through the fortresses of the north. But the moment they heard of the landing of Napoleon they mounted the tricolored cockade, and impatiently demanded to be led to his succor. The Bourbons were well aware that they had nothing to hope from the masses of the people. Their only strength lay in the caressed nobility and in the bayonets of their soldiers. For a year they had been attempting, by disbanding old troops and organizing new battalions, and by placing in command their picked friends, to constitute a band which would be pledged for their support. But love for Napoleon was a principle too strongly implanted in the hearts of all the common people of France to be in any way effaced. Notwithstanding the prayers and the tears of the Bourbon officers, the soldiers unhesitatingly, tumultuously, enthusiastically turned to the undisputed monarch

of popular suffrage. The King sought an asylum in the Netherlands. The government of Holland coldly assigned him a retreat at Ghent, a silent and deserted town of aristocratic memories and of decayed grandeur.

The Duchess of Angoulême, the unfortunate daughter of Maria Antoinette, was at Bordeaux. Her long imprisonment in the Temple, and her dreadful sufferings, had moved the sympathies of every generous heart. She was in a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, and surrounded by an army of ten thousand men. Hearing of the landing of Napoleon, she immediately ordered the officers to lead the army to crush the audacious adventurer. They returned to her with the announcement that the soldiers declared that they would not march against the Emperor. With the heroism of her grandmother, Maria Theresa, she descended to the barracks, formed the soldiers in a hollow square around her, and, with tears and sobs, harangued them. The souls of the soldiers were moved. They were mute with respect and compassion. They would not insult a noble and an unfortunate woman. But they loved the independence of France, and the right of choosing their own monarch and of adopting their own national policy. Silence was their only response to the affecting appeal. She then endeavored to raise some volunteers. "Those of you," said she, "who are willing to be faithful to your honor and your King, come out from your ranks and say so." Not a man moved. A few officers, however, raised their swords, as if offering them in her defense. The Duchess counted them, and said, sadly and in despair, "You are very few." She then exclaimed indignantly, "O God! after twenty years of calamity, how hard it is to be again expatriated! I have never ceased to offer up prayers for the welfare of my country, for I am a Frenchwoman. But ye are no longer Frenchmen. Go; retire from my sight." One single voice replied, "We answer nothing. We know how to respect misfortune."

The Duchess immediately gave orders for her departure. Accompanied by the roll of drums she repassed the frowning batteries of the fort, and, with a heart torn by the keenest emotions, embarked on board an English sloop of war, and was conveyed to London. From thence she was sent in another ship to join her friends at Ghent. Immediately upon her departure the tricolored banner was run up upon battlement, spire, and turret, and shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" resounded through the emancipated streets. When Napoleon heard of the heroic conduct of this princess, whose whole life, from the cradle to the grave, was an unceasing conflict with misfortune and woe, he exclaimed, "*She is the only man of her race.*"

Her husband, the Duke d'Angoulême, son of Charles X., on the 10th of March had left Bordeaux with thirteen thousand troops, hoping to reconquer Lyons and Grenoble. But the people rang the tocsin, and rallied as volunteers from hill and valley, from peasant's hut and workman's shop. The soldiers under the Duke went over to their brethren, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The Duke d'Angoulême was taken captive.

The Bourbons on the 6th of March had published an ordinance, which was reiterated by the Congress of the Allies at Vienna on the 13th, declaring Napoleon and his friends outlaws, whom any one might shoot. Napoleon, declining to dishonor himself by engaging in this infamous war of assassination, wrote the following letter to General Grouchy, who held the Duke a prisoner:

"The ordinance of the King of the 6th of March, and the convention signed at Vienna, would warrant me to treat the Duke d'Angoulême as this ordinance and this declaration would willingly treat me and my family. But, persevering in the resolution which had induced me to order that the members of the Bourbon family might freely depart from France, my wish is that the Duke d'Angoulême be conducted to Cette, where he shall be embarked, and that you watch over his safety, and protect him from all ill treatment. You will only be careful to keep the funds which have been taken from the public treasury, and to demand of the Duke d'Angoulême his promise to restore the crown diamonds, which are the property of the nation."

Queen Hortense and her two children, one of them the present Emperor of France, were at the Tuileries to welcome Napoleon. Hortense and her noble brother Eugene were cherished with tender affection by their illustrious father. Napoleon devoted a few moments to the full flow of joy and affection. He then, with his accustomed energy—an energy which ever amazed those around him—devoted the rest of the night to expediting orders, re-arranging the government, and composing his cabinet. "When engaged in mental occupation," says Caulaincourt, "he neither felt fatigue nor the want of sleep. He used to say that twenty-two hours out of twenty-four ought to be usefully employed."

At nine o'clock the next morning the garden of the court-yard, the staircases, the saloons, were thronged by multitudes, in the delirium of excitement and joy. The Emperor was frequently called for, and occasionally made his appearance at the window, when he was received with frantic acclamations and clapping of hands. The grenadiers of Elba, who in twenty days had marched seven hundred miles, arrived during the night, and bivouacked in the court of the Tuileries, where but a few months before hostile battalions had shouted their insulting triumphs, and had encircled with their bayonets the usurping Bourbons. Every moment regiments from a distance were marching into Paris, with unfurled banners and exultant music, till the whole neighborhood of the palace was covered with troops. As these devoted bands successively arrived, they were received by citizens and soldiers with shouts of welcome, which reverberated long and loud through the streets of the metropolis.

At twelve o'clock the Emperor, attended by an immense retinue of staff-officers, descended the great stairs of the Tuileries to review the troops. As he rode along the lines a burst of enthusiasm

greeted him which it is impossible to describe. He answered with smiles, with an affectionate nod of the head, and occasionally with those ready words ever at his command, and which never failed to rouse the enthusiasm of those to whom they were addressed.

The Old Guard of Napoleon, now bivouacking in the metropolis, occasionally threw out bitter taunts against the National Guard of Paris, for surrendering so promptly to the Allies. Napoleon enjoined it upon his grenadiers to keep silence upon that point. To obliterate all traces of unkindness, and to cement their friendship, he requested the Imperial Guard to invite the national troops to a dinner. This festive occasion assembled fifteen thousand soldiers in the *Field of Mars*. At the close of the joyous repast the whole multitude of soldiers, accompanied by a vast concourse of the citizens of Paris, proceeded to the Tuileries, bearing the bust of Napoleon, crowned with laurel. After saluting the Emperor with reiterated acclamations, they repaired to the Place Vendôme, intending to replace the statue upon that proud monument from which the Allies had torn it down. Napoleon interrupted the work, saying, nobly, "It is not at the close of a banquet that my image is again to ascend the column; that is a question for the *nation* to decide."

The nation has decided the question. The statue of the Emperor, at the bidding of united France, again crowns that majestic shaft. Every evening martial bands, at the foot of the monument, in those strains which were wont to thrill the soul of Napoleon, salute the image of the most beloved monarch earth has ever known. And now, after the lapse of forty years, upon his birth-day, loving hearts still encircle his statue with their annual tribute of garlands of flowers.

There are, however, some who can speak contemptuously of Napoleon Bonaparte. They are to be pitied rather than blamed. Some persons can not discern difference of colors; others can not perceive discord or harmony. And there are those who are incapable of appreciating *grandeur of character*. They are not to be judged harshly. It is their *misfortune*.

It will be remembered that Murat, in order to save his crown, had joined the Allies, and turned his arms against Napoleon. He had not supposed it possible that the Allies, whom Napoleon had so often treated magnanimously in the hour of victory, would proceed to such lengths as to depose the Emperor. The impulsive King of Naples found his alliance with the feudal despots utterly uncongenial. His energies were paralyzed as he drew his sword against his old companions in arms. As blow after blow, from the multitudinous and unrelenting enemy, fell upon the doomed Emperor, remorse began to agitate the bosom of Murat. When Napoleon was struggling, in the terrific campaign of Paris, against a million of invaders, the King of Naples was hesitating between his apparent interest and a desire to return to heroic duty. On the evening of the 13th of April, two days after Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau, Murat was walking thoughtfully and sadly in the garden of his country seat. He was freely unbosoming his perplexities and his anguish to General Coletta. A courier arrived and placed a note in his hands. He read it in silence, turned pale, and seemed struck as by a thunderbolt. Then pacing rapidly backward and forward for a moment, he again stopped, gazed intensely upon the ground, turned, seemed utterly bewildered. General Coletta and several officers of his suite, astonished at the strange appearance of the King, gathered around him. With an expression of indescribable wildness and anguish, he fixed his eyes upon them, and said,

"*Gentlemen! Paris has capitulated. The Emperor is dethroned and a captive.*"

The fearless warrior could say no more. Burying his face in his hands, he burst into a flood of tears. All the memory of the past came rushing upon him, and he sobbed like a child. His irrepressible emotion overcame the whole group, and every eye was dimmed.

The Allies, with characteristic perfidy, defrauded poor Murat of the wages of his treachery. The Bourbons of France immediately determined, at every sacrifice, in order to strengthen the principle of legitimacy, to dethrone Murat, and to effect the restoration of the Bourbons of Naples. The Allies never allowed any treaties which they had signed with the popular party to stand in the way of their enterprises. Upon the pretext that Murat had joined them merely to subserve his own interests, and that he had rendered them but little assistance, England, France, and Austria, at the Congress of Vienna, entered into a secret convention for his expulsion from Naples, and for the restoration of the imbecile Ferdinand and his infamous queen. Thus they refused to pay their dupe even his poor thirty pieces of silver.

Murat, trembling in anticipation of the approaching storm, was, on the evening of the 4th of March, surrounded by his generals and friends, in the queen's drawing-room, when a messenger brought him the intelligence of the Emperor's landing at Cannes, and of his march upon Paris. The countenance of the King became radiant with joy. New hope dawned upon him. With characteristic imprudence, he resolved immediately, without waiting for any advices from the Emperor, to make an attack upon the Allies. He hoped that the promptness of his zeal would be some atonement for past defection. Deaf to all remonstrances, and as impetuous as when making a cavalry charge, he said to his ministers,

"Italy waits only for a signal and a man. I have eighty thousand soldiers inured to war, and a powerful provincial militia. All the countries washed by the Po invite a liberator. The generals of the old army of Eugene, at Milan, and those of Piedmont, write me word that they are ready to revolt, and, beneath the tricolored banner, to form the league of Italian independence. The Congress at Vienna has dissatisfied all people, on both sides the Apennines. Genoa is in-

dignant. Venice is humbled. Piedmont, thrown back into the slavery of the priests and nobles, struggles beneath the double yoke imposed upon it. The Milanese murmur deep and loud at their subjection to the old slavery of Austria and Rome. Its provinces are falling again under that sacerdotal tyranny, which besots while it enchains a people who had been for a moment free."

In vain it was represented to him that he could make no effectual headway against the million of soldiers whom the Allies had under arms. Had he waited until the proper moment, he might, aided by the judicious counsel and co-operation of the Emperor, have accomplished great results. But, with characteristic daring, he made a premature and a headlong charge, and was overwhelmed with numbers. His army was cut to pieces. Murat, in his despair, sought death in the midst of the bullets, but could not find it. "Death," he exclaimed indignantly, "will not touch me." He returned, a fugitive, to his palace, threw his arms around the neck of his wife, and, yielding himself to uncontrollable emotion, exclaimed, "All is lost, Caroline!" "No," replied the queen, in the lofty spirit of her Imperial brother, "all is not lost. We still preserve our honor, and constancy remains to us in adversity."

On the 20th of May, as Napoleon, in triumph, was entering Paris, Murat, in disguise, and in a fisherman's boat, was escaping from Naples. He reached France. The speedy overthrow of Napoleon left him a fugitive, pursued by all the vigilance of despotism. After wandering about for many weeks in disguise, enduring every privation and peril, he, while Napoleon was being conveyed a captive to St. Helena, made a desperate endeavor, characteristically bold and injudicious, to regain his throne. He was arrested, summarily tried by a court-martial, and condemned to immediate death. With composure he listened to the sentence, and then sat down and wrote the following letter to his wife:

"My Dear Caroline—My last hour has sounded. In a few moments I shall have ceased to live, and you will no longer have a husband. Do not forget me. My life has been stained by no injustice. Farewell, my Achille; farewell, my Letitia; farewell, my Lucien; farewell, my Louisa! Show yourselves to the world worthy of me. I leave you without kingdom or fortune, in the midst of enemies. Be united. Prove yourselves superior to misfortune. Remember what you are, and what you have been, and God will bless you. Do not reproach my memory. Believe that my greatest suffering, in my last moments, is dying far from my children. Receive your father's blessing. Receive my embraces and my tears. Preserve always in your memory the recollection of your unhappy father. "Joachim.

"Pizzo, 13*th October*, 1815."

In this dread hour, when Murat was about to enter the world of spirits, he felt, as every soul not bestial must feel, the need of religious support. All pride of stoicism, and all the glory of past achievements, dwindled into nothingness as the tribunal of final judgment and the retributions of eternity opened before him. He called for a clergyman, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and wrote, with his own hand, "I declare that I die a true Christian."

With a firm step he then walked to the place of execution. A company of soldiers was drawn up in two lines before him, with loaded muskets. He refused to have his eyes bandaged. For a moment he serenely, and with a smile, contemplated the instruments of his execution; then pressing to his lips a picture of his wife and children, which he always wore in his bosom, he said to the soldiers, "Save my face. Aim at my heart." A volley of musketry answered his words, and, pierced by bullets, Joachim Murat fell dead. He was in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Murat, notwithstanding his impetuous bravery, had much sensibility and gentleness of heart. He made the extraordinary declaration to Count Marbourg, his friend and very able minister:

"My sweetest consolation, when I look back on my career as a soldier, a general, and a king, is, that I never saw a man fall dead by my hand. It is not, of course, impossible that in so many charges, when I dashed my horse forward at the head of the squadrons, some pistol shots, fired at random, may have wounded or killed an enemy; but I have known nothing of the matter. If a man fell dead before me, and by my hand, his image would be always present to my view, and would pursue me to the tomb."

The name of Murat will never die. His faults were many; and yet there was much in his character to win affection. With but ordinary intellectual capacities, tender affections, and the utmost impetuosity of spirit, and exposed to every temptation which could crowd upon a mortal soul, it is not strange that his career should have been sullied. Much that passes for virtue is but the absence of temptation. God alone can adjust the measurement of human guilt. At his tribunal all these warriors who deluged Europe in blood have appeared. From his lips they have received that righteous judgment from which there can be no appeal.

THE BATTLES OF THE NILE AND TRAFALGAR.*

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

BONAPARTE embarking at Toulon an expeditionary force, on board the most formidable fleet that had navigated the Mediterranean since the Crusades, left the English ministers in doubt as to the object he had in view. Did he propose to pass the Straits and attack Great Britain in one of her European islands, or in the Indies? Was it his intention to seize Constantinople, and from thence to dictate to Russia and Austria, and to command the seas of Europe? Lord St. Vincent,

* From the Life of Nelson, in Lamartine's *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters*. In the press of Harper and Brothers.

the admiral in chief command of the naval forces of England on the coasts of France, Italy, and Spain, dared not abandon the blockade of Cadiz and the French ports; he therefore dispatched Nelson, as the bravest and most skillful of his lieutenants, to watch, pursue, and, if possible, destroy the French armament. Nelson, successively reinforced by sixteen sail of the line, hoisted his flag in the *Vanguard*, and hastened after the enemy without any certain indication of their course. After touching at Corsica, already left behind by Bonaparte, and examining the Spanish seas, he returned to Naples on the 16th of January, 1798, discouraged by a fruitless search, and in want of stores and ammunition. While there, the reports of the English consuls in Sicily apprised him of the conquest of Malta by the French, with the subsequent departure of the fleet as soon as that island was reduced, and directed his thoughts toward Egypt.

The intrigues of Lady Hamilton, animated by her double attachment to the Queen and to Nelson, obtained from the court of Naples, notwithstanding their avowed neutrality, all the supplies necessary for the English squadron before they resumed their dangerous cruise. In a few days Nelson was ready to put to sea; he touched at Sardinia, coasted the shores of the Peloponnesus, searched the Levant in its full extent, dispatched small vessels to look into the road of Alexandria, where the French had not yet appeared, traversed the Egyptian sea, sailed along one side of Candia while the Republican fleet passed by on the other, came close to Malta, vainly interrogated every ship or boat coming from the Archipelago, learned that there was already an outcry against him at home for his dilatoriness or incapacity (accusations which redoubled his anxiety), exclaimed against the winds, crowded additional sail, braved continual tempests, and finally, on the 1st of August, at early dawn, discovered the naked masts of the French fleet at anchor in the Bay of Aboukir, six leagues from Alexandria, and close to the mouth of the Nile.

Bonaparte had already disembarked the army and marched across the desert toward Cairo. Admiral Brueys commanded the fleet, which consisted of seventeen large men-of-war, four frigates, and a great number of lighter vessels. Every instant he expected the appearance of the English squadron. His superiority in the number of ships and weight of metal, in the equalized quality of his crews, would, under any other circumstances, have induced him to seek an encounter with Nelson in the open sea, and dispute the sovereignty of the Mediterranean. But naval battles are subject to casualties, which the positive instructions of Bonaparte and the objects of the expedition forbade him to encounter. The French fleet, at once the support and arsenal of the land army, constituted the sole base of their operations. The destruction of this fleet deprived them of their only means of communication and hope of succor. They had no other bridge between France and Egypt. To expose the ships, therefore, to be destroyed in open sea, would be to betray at one blow the army they had transported, and the country that expected their return. Brueys, after fruitless attempts to enter the inner harbor of Alexandria, which was not then supposed deep enough to receive vessels of so much draught of water, determined to moor his fleet in the Bay of Aboukir, the sand-banks of which he had fortified. Six vessels at anchor, ranged in a concave crescent, according to the sweep of the shore, were supported on one flank by the little island of Aboukir, a natural fortress armed with cannon; on the other, by an advanced arm of the bay. They formed so many immovable citadels, presenting their broadsides to the sea. Their combined force might be brought to bear upon each single ship of the advancing enemy: unattackable from the land-side, according to the conviction of Brueys, this line of defense gave to a naval battle the solid impregnability of a rampart of fire.

At two P.M. on the 1st of August, Brueys, apprised by signal of the appearance of Nelson in sight of the Egyptian coast, recalled every sailor of his crews on board. He ordered two brigs, the *Alerte* and *Railleur*, which drew little water, to reconnoitre the English fleet within cannon shot, then to seek refuge in the bay, over the shoals, hoping that the leading vessels of the pursuing enemy would follow their exact course, and run aground in the mud of the Nile. But Nelson was well aware of these dangers, and escaped the snare. Without bestowing any attention on the brigs, he advanced in order of battle against the head of the French line, as to a direct assault upon the centre of a position. Then varying a little from his course, without sounding, hesitating, or firing a shot, he passed between the moorings of Brueys and the islet of Aboukir, in full sail, with half his squadron, leaving only the *Culloden* behind, which went aground on the sand-banks. As his ships cleared the passage, they anchored successively in rear of their opponents. The remaining half divided, and ranged up on the outer side in front of the French vessels, who were thus attacked simultaneously on both flanks, and the thunder of a double fire poured into their immovable hulls. The French fleet thus deprived, by the error of their chief, of the protection they expected from the land, and without the power of motion by being at anchor, saw at once the disaster that awaited them. Nothing remained but to perish gloriously, and to envelop in their own destruction as many of the enemy's ships as possible. They proved themselves worthy of their fate. Commanded still by the brave warriors of the Revolution, they raised themselves to the level of ancient heroism, and presented another Salamis, to which nothing was wanting but the presence of Themistocles! The *Spartiate*, the *Franklin*, the *Orient*, the *Tonnant*, responded on the right and left to the double broadsides of the English seventy-fours, strewed the decks of Nelson with shattered masts and yards, with dead and wounded sailors. Victory was less the prize of naval superiority than the consequence of the fatal mistake of engaging at anchor. The French marine never conquered more gloriously than they now

submitted. Every single ship became a Thermopylæ, for the combatants fought no longer for victory, but for death. On every deck the captains, the officers, the gunners fell successively at their posts, and left nothing to the English but lifeless bodies and enormous funeral piles. Admiral Brueys, severely wounded by an early discharge of grape-shot, remained erect on the poop of his flag-ship, the *Orient*, surrounded by the remains of his staff, and invoking death to cover his misfortune. A cannon ball from the *Vanguard* cut him in two; still with his dying hands he opposed the action of those who would have carried him below. "No! no!" exclaimed he; "a French admiral ought to die upon his quarter-deck." His flag-captain, Casa-Bianca, fell a moment after on the body of his chief. The *Orient*, deprived of her commander, still fought as if of her own accord. Nelson fell, wounded in the head by a splinter; the blood covered his face, and the skin of his forehead falling over his remaining eye, plunged him in total darkness, which for a moment he conceived to be the harbinger of death.

Confident of the victory, but believing his hurt to be mortal, he summoned the chaplain of the *Vanguard*, and charged him to deliver his last remembrances to his family. A moment of terrible and anxious silence pervaded the ship while the surgeon probed the wound. A cry of joy burst from every mouth when they declared that it was only superficial, and that the conqueror would be preserved to his country. Night had fallen for about three hours, but was unheeded in the fury of the combat and the reflected light of the cannonading. The French ships were silenced, one by one, for want of hands to man the guns. They drifted from their cables toward the shore, or foundered on the rocks. The *Orient*, in flames above, still fired from her lower decks, ready to be consumed in the impending conflagration, hastened and excited by the freshening of the night-breeze. The English ships ceased to respond, and retired to a distance to escape the vortex of the inevitable explosion. Captain Dupetit-Thouars, commanding the *Tonnant*, never slackened his fire for a moment at sight of this disaster. He no longer fought for glory or life, but for immortality. One arm carried off by a cannon shot, and both legs broken by grape, he called upon his crew to swear never to strike his flag, and to throw his body overboard, that even his remains might not become captive to the English. The *Tonnant*, as well as the *Franklin*, covered with the bodies of their officers, became, in a short time, little better than floating corpses.

The increasing flames of the *Orient* served to light the entire bay, covered with the relics of battle. The sailors of this vessel flung themselves from the port-holes into the sea, and clung to broken masts and yards, in the hope of floating on shore. They implored their commandant, Casa-Bianca, who was covered with wounds, to allow them to save him. Whether he was unable to move his shattered limbs, or was stoically determined not to survive the loss of his ship, Casa-Bianca rejected their entreaties. They wished at least to preserve his son, a noble youth of twelve years old, who had been induced, by affection for his father, to embark with him. The brave boy, embracing the body of his parent, resisted their prayers and efforts, and preferred death in the arms of him who had given him life.

The catastrophe, which now approached rapidly, compelled the generous sailors to leave the melancholy group. The *Orient* blew up at eleven o'clock, with an explosion which made the land of Egypt tremble to Rosetta, and with a burst of flame that long illuminated the surrounding horizon. Her masts, spars, rigging, timbers, and cannon, fell down in a storm of fire into the bay, like fragments from heaven, bursting in a counter-blow among the human combatants. The rising sun discovered nothing in the Bay of Aboukir but the hulls of stranded or burning vessels scattered at the mercy of the heaving swell. The fleet of Nelson himself, dismasted, and almost without sails, could with difficulty move away from the scene of action. Two of his ships, which had sustained little damage, secured the spoils of the night. Several French captains ran their vessels ashore, and burned them, to prevent their falling into the hands of the conquerors. The French army, from that moment, became prisoners in the Egypt they had conquered. The subsequent capitulation of that army may be considered the second victory of Nelson. Fortune refused to give all to a single nation. To one she assigned the land, to the other the sea.

This victory of Nelson is admitted by the French historians who witnessed it to have been the most complete that had ever been won at sea since the invention of gunpowder. He was indebted for it to his bold attack, and the immobility of the fleet of Brueys. The heroic defense of that fleet at anchor shows how they would have fought had they been under sail. They were not beaten, but immolated; in their sacrifice they bore with them thousands of their enemies, and obtained for the French navy respect equivalent to the glory of victory.

Nelson, after returning thanks to the God of battles, occupied eighteen days in the repairs of his squadron before he was ready to put to sea. Fast-sailing vessels carried home intelligence of the triumph. Scarcely cured of his wound, he returned to Naples to enjoy his victory in the delirium of love. The royal family, restored to confidence, received him in the bay as a saviour, and conducted him in joyful procession to the palace. Lady Hamilton, overpowered by emotion, fainted in the boat, and was carried inanimate to his feet. She speedily advocated the departure of the court with all the ascendency she possessed over the mind of Nelson. The French were approaching, the royal family contemplated flight, and the populace watched their movements narrowly.

TRAFALGAR.

Nelson appeared before Cadiz, and learned with transports of joy that Villeneuve was still there. He established his cruising ground at a

sufficient distance from the land to keep his forces out of sight, and to encourage the sailing of the combined fleet by the appearance of an open sea. While waiting the approach of the decisive hour, Nelson animated his officers and crews with emotions of loyalty, glory, and impatience, in expectation of the impending combat. His orders were few, his tactics simple; they were to engage in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight ships.

The only manœuvre recommended to his captains was to cut the opposing line at about the tenth or twelfth sail from the admiral's flag, while he fell upon the centre, and the leading vessels engaged the head. "But as the smoke of the broadsides," he added, in his order of the day, "may hide the signals and prevent them from being clearly understood, every captain of a ship will be sure to do right in engaging whatever vessel of the enemy he finds the closest to his own." He concluded by issuing an order that the name of every officer, sailor, or marine, killed or wounded in the battle, should be immediately communicated to him, that, being transmitted without delay to England, they might become subjects of national gratitude.

At daybreak on the 20th of October, the frigates stationed by Nelson between the coast of Spain and his own position, announced by signal that the combined fleet had issued from the harbor of Cadiz. From hour to hour they indicated also the course taken by the enemy, who appeared undecided whether to incline toward the Straits of Gibraltar, or to steer boldly into the open sea. Toward evening, a heavy gale from the southwest seemed to alter their movements, and compel them to tack about, so as to return to Cadiz. Under any circumstances, it was evident they intended to keep this retreat open in case of accidents. Nelson passed alternately from hope to disappointment as the varying signals were reported to him. The night closed in uncertainty.

Traversing his quarter-deck with the earliest dawn, the first signals of his frigates which were discernible informed him that the combined fleet was still at sea, and steering toward the north. His anxiety increased, and he hoisted all sail, hastening obliquely in the same direction. At sunrise, Captain Blackwood, of the *Euryalus*, a particular friend of the admiral, made a telegraphic signal that Villeneuve had changed his course, and was now inclining toward the south and the Straits. "And that is exactly what he shall not do, if Nelson can prevent it," said he. The English admiral, having inserted this paragraph in his journal, re-entered his cabin.

A few minutes later, the sun, which rose from a misty but calm horizon, striking upon the lofty sails of the combined fleet, made them appear successively through the haze, and exhibited to the sight of Nelson and his crews the extended line of Villeneuve, consisting of forty-two men-of-war and eight frigates. A distance of eight leagues separated the rival armaments; a light breeze swelled their sails. A heavy sea, with a long swell but without foam, beat against the sides of the vessels with sullen murmurs, soon to be overpowered by the bellowing of reiterated broadsides. It was the morning of the 21st of October, a happy anniversary in the family of Nelson. On that same day and hour, his uncle and early patron, Captain Suckling, had signalized his career by a gallant combat, in which four French vessels were made prizes. Nelson partook of the superstition common to all great men, who feel and understand more strongly than others can the vast disproportion between their actual weakness and the great deeds they are permitted by Providence to accomplish. Anniversaries are, to elevated minds, a compelled acknowledgment of the controlling interference of the Divine power in human affairs. Nelson partook of this religious sentiment peculiar to true heroes; he felt assured of victory, since chance had offered him battle on a day so fortunate in the annals of his race.

While the English fleet was hastening under a crowd of canvas to diminish the distance which divided it from the enemy—Nelson, in the *Victory*, leading one column, and Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, at the head of the other—the admiral descended once more to his cabin, and inscribed the following prayer in his private journal:

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may his blessing light upon my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

After thus committing his life to the hands of his Creator, the thoughts of Nelson returned to her who, whether for good or evil, for happiness or remorse, had ruled his destiny, and whose image at that moment stepped between him and death. He hastily penned the following note, in the form of a testament, or last request to his country:

"October the twenty-first, one thousand eight hundred and five, in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.

"Whereas, the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honorable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to our king and country, to my knowledge, without her receiving any reward from either our king or country—first, that she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother, the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England, from which letter the ministry sent out orders to then Sir John Jervis to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets. That neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton. The opportunity might have been offered. Secondly, the British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples

caused letters to be written to the Governor of Syracuse that he was to encourage the fleet being supplied with every thing, should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply, went to Egypt, and destroyed the French fleet. Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my king and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson, and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only. These are the only favors I ask of my king and country at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my king and country, and all those whom I hold dear. My relations it is needless to mention; they will, of course, be amply provided for.

"NELSON AND BRONTE.

"Witness—HENRY BLACKWOOD.
T. M. HARDY."

Having bestowed the necessary attention on those he expected to survive him, Nelson returned to his quarter-deck, and stood there, surrounded by his most attached companions in arms, with every thought now concentrated on the approaching enemy. He appeared to be calm and serious, presenting a contrast to his usual gay and animated manner at the commencement of an action. He was no longer the fiery warrior of Aboukir, communicating a portion of his own ardent soul to the thunder of his broadsides.

The combined fleet advanced in close order, with a determination and speed which rapidly diminished the intervening distance, and placed beyond a doubt the certainty of immediate battle. Nelson felt equally confident of victory to his country and death for himself. He spoke freely of the expected result in conversation with his officers. "How many of the enemy's ships do you think we ought to take or destroy?" demanded he of his friend Blackwood. "Twelve or fifteen," replied the gallant captain. "That will not do," retorted Nelson; "less than twenty will not satisfy me."

A few minutes before the two fleets were within range, Nelson, who had reserved for the last moment the signal of encouragement he was accustomed to issue to his sailors, and eagerly expected by them, exhibited from the mast-head of the *Victory* his memorable word of battle, embracing in one short sentence the grand emotions which lead the brave to rush fearlessly on to death—patriotism, a sense of duty, and confidence of triumph. The signal ran thus: "ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY."

A cry of enthusiastic admiration burst from every deck as these words became legible. The soul of Nelson, inspired by the sense of duty, appealed to those under him through the same principle which animated himself. He was understood and answered. Every officer and sailor in the fleet responded to the call, with the fullest confidence in their leader. We may parallel this brief harangue of Nelson with the similar address of Bonaparte to his troops in Egypt. In these the genius of the two nations and the two leaders is mutually characterized. "Soldiers!" said Napoleon, "from the summit of those Pyramids forty ages are looking down upon you." "England," said Nelson, addressing his hardy mariners by signal, "England expects every man to do his duty." In the one case, the appeal is made to glory, in the other to patriotism. The Englishman can not separate his own fame from that of his country. The Frenchman combats for the applause of the whole world. Renown intoxicates the one, duty is sufficient for the other. Posterity will judge both according to their endowments and deeds.

"And now," exclaimed Nelson, as his ear caught the acclamations with which his signal was received, "I can do no more. May the Almighty Disposer of all things decide the event according to His will and the justice of our cause. I thank Him humbly for this great occasion of discharging my duty."

He wore embroidered upon his usual uniform the stars of the four orders with which he had been decorated by his own and by foreign governments. These ornaments pointed him out as a conspicuous mark for the riflemen posted in the tops of the French vessels. The officers upon the deck of his ship trembled for the life of their commander, who thus exposed himself to a premeditated aim, and whispered to each other an anxious desire that some one should entreat him to cover them. No one was found bold enough to do so. It was remembered that on a former occasion he had indignantly rejected a similar proposal. "No! no!" he replied; "in honor I gained, and in honor I will die with them!"

It was merely suggested to him that his position as commander-in-chief was too important to the success of the day to justify him in running the gauntlet through the whole of the enemy's ships by leading the van, and that by shortening sail he might suffer the *Leviathan*, which followed the *Victory*, to pass to the front and receive the first fire. "Let it be so," exclaimed he; "let the *Leviathan* go ahead of us if she can." At the same time, he ordered his flag captain, Hardy, to crowd more sail, and burst like a tempest upon the French line. His captains then quitted the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, and each repaired to his own vessel. On taking leave of them, he pressed Captain Blackwood warmly by the hand, who assured him by anticipation of a glorious victory. "Adieu, Blackwood," said he; "may God bless you; I shall never see you again."

A few minutes afterward, the head of the column led by Admiral Collingwood, his second in command, distant from his own about half a mile, broke the line of the combined fleets. Collingwood's flag-ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, singled out the three-decker, the *Santa Anna*, engaged her at close quarters, and was soon enveloped in his own and the enemy's fire. "Look!" exclaimed Nelson, with exulting joy, "see how that gallant fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into ac-

tion! He has cleared the way; let us hasten after him."

While Nelson uttered these words on the poop of the *Victory*, Collingwood, reveling in the storm of thunder and the clouds of smoke that enveloped him, observed to his own captain, Rotherham, "What would Nelson give to be here!"

He was not long behind his second in command. Already the fire from some of the enemy's vessels passed over his head, tore his sails, and fell like a storm of hail on the decks of the *Victory*. The first who fell dead at his feet was his secretary, Scott, at that moment in conversation with Captain Hardy. While they were removing the body from the Admiral's sight, a chain-shot killed eight men on the quarter-deck. "This is too warm," said he to Hardy, "to last long." The wind of a cannon ball intercepted his speech, and carried a group of sailors between him and the captain. The *Victory* was still silent, reserving her fire, and advancing gradually. All at once she was poured into by the French *Redoutable*, commanded by Captain Lucas, the *Bucentaur*, bearing the flag of Villeneuve himself, and the Spanish *Santissima Trinidada*, of 150 guns, the largest floating fortress that the sea had ever borne. Hardy inquired of the Admiral which vessel he should first engage, to break this line of fire, and open the way for his own column. "Take the nearest," replied Nelson; "it is of little consequence: choose for yourself." Hardy ordered the steersman to lay him alongside the *Redoutable*. The two ships, having vomited forth their mutual broadsides, closed with a shock, augmented by the swell of the waves, and each prepared to board the other. The force of the attack and the power of the wind filling the sails at the same moment, compelled the *Redoutable* to fall a little out of the line, and the *Victory* followed her. The ships immediately following Nelson passed through the opening, and ranging up on the right and left, separated the compact order of the combined fleet into detached squadrons. The rapidity of their motion, the accuracy of their manœuvres, the cool self-possession of the sailors, the skill with which they handled their sails, multiplied their number at pleasure, and carried them in a moment wherever there was an enemy's vessel to attack, or an English ship to rescue. The sea and the wind, adverse to all others, seemed to act in concert with these lords of the ocean. Nelson trusted to them to secure the victory, and now thought of nothing but of fighting his own three-decker.

Villeneuve, his centre already penetrated and thrown into confusion by Nelson, with his column of fifteen line-of-battle ships, made repeated but fruitless signals through his frigates to the squadron of reserve, consisting of ten sail, which he had imprudently stationed too far off to be available in the combat. These ships, motionless and as if petrified by terror, beheld from a distance the extremity to which their commander was reduced, and his vain efforts to recover the weather-gage. Many others, breaking from the line, and floating with the tide beyond the range of shot, fired ineffective broadsides, and from want of ready intelligence, or unity of conception, were unable to attempt any of those bold counter-strokes which often change the features of a battle.

In the mean while, a few stout vessels, animated by determined leaders, sustained the full shock of the two columns led by Collingwood and Nelson. Lucas, the captain of the *Redoutable*, worthy of being opposed to a hero, had covered the deck of the *Victory* with killed and wounded before he was attacked himself. He was soon compelled by superior weight of metal to close his lower ports, and the two ships became so closely jammed together that the combatants engaged almost man to man. Lucas made preparations to board, and armed his most intrepid mariners that he might be ready to take advantage of opening or opportunity, as either should occur. The proximity of the ships inundated the decks of both with blood and carnage, while the combatants were enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke, which the wind had not sufficient force to disperse. There was the darkness of night at midday, interrupted only by the flashing of repeated discharges, and the thunder of the cannonade.

But, at the moment when the French captain endeavored to lock his yard-arms with those of the enemy's ship, so as to form a single bridge of their united decks, and placed his boarding ladders against the side of the *Victory*, another English vessel, the *Téméraire*, commanded by Captain Harvey, pressed up to the assistance of his admiral, and, ranging across the flank of the *Redoutable*, poured into her his entire broadside. Nelson, then veering off to a half-cable's length, commenced a cross fire in conjunction with the *Téméraire* against the *Redoutable*, carried away her ensign, and three times extinguished her fire in the blood of her slaughtered crew. The *Redoutable*, after a short interval of silence, nailed fresh flags to her masts and reopened her fire, as if determined to perish rather than ask or receive pity or favor. Her sharp-shooters, posted in the rigging, on the tops, and on the yards, kept the victorious enemy at a distance.

Villeneuve, during this duel between Nelson and his best ships, was engaged himself in the *Bucentaur*, at a short distance. By an accident, his bowsprit had become entangled, at the commencement of the action, in the stern gallery of the huge colossus of the fleet, the *Santissima Trinidada*, from which impediment he had made many fruitless efforts to disengage himself.

Attacked in this terrible state of forced inaction, at first by the *Victory*, and afterward by four other English ships, these two vessels, presenting a combined force of 160 guns and 3000 men, succeeded by their double broadsides in keeping at bay the assailants who endeavored to overwhelm them from a distance. Villeneuve, recovering, in the despair of his situation and the ardor of battle, the firmness which had failed him in his earlier proceedings, now equaled Nelson himself in intrepidity, and in the desperate resolution with which he braved death on the poop of his flag-ship. Bursting with rage and anguish at his utter inability to get free from the *Santis-*

sima Trinidada, and hasten to the support and encouragement of his fleet, he vainly implored the Spanish commander to try, by hoisting a crowd of sail, to tear himself from the attaching bowsprit, even though his own prow should be carried away along with it. But the sails of the huge Spaniard were by this time so torn by shot, and her masts so completely disabled, that she lay like a helpless log, the mere sport of the waves, and a butt for the fire of the enemy. Villeneuve saw his best officers and 600 of his crew perish around him. His masts fell overboard in succession, carrying away shrouds, tops, yards, rigging, and every vestige of his sails. At this moment a sudden gust of wind dissipated the thick mantle of smoke which concealed from the unfortunate admiral the state of the battle in other quarters. He saw at least one half of his fleet, motionless spectators of the destruction of the rest. He made signals to them to hasten instantly into the thickest of the fire. These ships were sufficient in number to change defeat to victory. Either they misunderstood or intentionally disobeyed his orders, and continued to steer, as if by chance, wherever the breeze directed, without fixed object, and as far from the scene of action as they could possibly remove themselves. Villeneuve, seeing the *Bucentaur* dismasted, stripped like a pontoon, and on the point of sinking, called in vain upon his own crew, and the crew of the *Trinidada*, to lower a boat, that he might fly in person to the reserve, and force them into the combat. The boats suspended from the poop, shattered by bullets, foundered when they reached the water: his vessel, completely silenced, emitted from her port-holes empty smoke in place of deadly broadsides. A long-boat from the English line-of-battle ship *Mars* approached without opposition to save the relics of the crew and to receive the admiral. Villeneuve, unable to find a ball in this storm of iron and lead to terminate his existence, but reserved by still heavier misfortune for suicide, surrendered at last, when he had neither a cannon under his hand nor a plank beneath his feet. The English received him as an enemy disarmed, with the respect due to his calamity and his courage. The Spanish admiral's ship, the *Santissima Trinidada*, abandoned by her seven companions of the same nation, struck her colors after fours hours of determined but solitary resistance. At the sight of the English ensign floating above this colossus, the remains of the Spanish squadron made all sail and fled toward the roads of Cadiz.

As soon as the two admirals had surrendered, the English fell with their disengaged and victorious ships on the remains of the enemy's centre, still equal to cope with them in numbers and weight of metal. Again they broke the line by an irresistible attack, and, cutting it up into detached squadrons, engaged in a succession of single combats. In these, each individual captain, actuated by weakness or despair, distinguished himself by timidity or hardihood, and tarnished or adorned his personal character without a hope of serving the public cause, but anxious only to embellish the glory of the day. The *Fougueux*, commanded successively by three officers who fell one after the other on the poop, surrendered only when her decks were strewed with 400 slain. The *Pluton*, commanded by Captain Cosmao, was on the point of boarding the *Mars*, the vanquisher of the *Bucentaur*, and of delivering Villeneuve, who was a prisoner on board that vessel, when two of her masts fell under the fire of three other English ships advancing to the rescue of their companion. The rear-admiral Magon, the Achilles of the combined fleet, hastening to anticipate the attack of the enemy, when his own line gave way at their approach, fell upon the English *Tonnant*, of eighty-four guns, plunged his bowsprit into her main-shrouds, and rushed upon her forecastle, at the head of his boarders; but the broadsides from two heavy ships, one on each side, overwhelmed him with an iron storm, and forced him to retire upon his own poop behind a rampart of dead. Three times, with his boarding hatchet in his hand, he drove back the English who had gained half the deck, and three times hurled them from his bulwarks into the sea. Struck by a *biscayan** in the right arm, he fought with his left. A second shot broke his leg; he was then taken between decks to stanch the blood; but the rents in the sides of the *Pluton* allowed the showers of grape to penetrate even into this refuge of the wounded: a ball entered his breast, and he fell dead in the arms of his supporters. His death was the signal for the surrender of his vessel. Eight others struck at the same time.

Admiral Gravina, commander-in-chief of the Spanish squadron, fell mortally wounded while defending his ship, the *Prince of Asturias*, with the characteristic courage of his race. The crew of the *Achille*, the last of Villeneuve's fleet, who still resisted with the fury of despair, had allowed her upper decks to take fire during the combat. Their whole attention engrossed with dealing destruction on the enemy, they had entirely neglected their own impending fate. The flames increased beyond their power to subdue them; instant explosion threatened, and the English ships withdrew to a distance to escape from the consequences. The crew of the *Achille* still continued firing, and casting into the sea some spars, bulwarks, and floating portions of their vessel, prepared at the last moment to jump overboard and cling to them. In a few moments the *Achille* blew up, like an exploding volcano, in the vacant space, and became the voluntary tomb of 500 brave men. The English mariners faithfully obeyed the orders of Nelson—allowed their anger to cease with opposition, and instantly lowered their boats to resue their drowning enemies. This sudden thunderbolt terminated the battle in the centre of the contending squadrons.

Rear-admiral Dumanoir—who might still have struck a blow, if not with success, at least with honor—hauled off from the head of the line with his four splendid ships, which had not been engaged; he fired a few useless broadsides as he

* A *biscayan* is a particular kind of long musket, which carries an iron ball.—Tr.

retired unharmed and inglorious from the field of battle. He expected to reach Brest in safety with his detachment, but he was disappointed; the squadron of Strachan intercepted and took him before he doubled Cape Bretagne.

The battle was now over, except with the group of seven ships, in the centre of which the *Redoutable* still struggled in despair against the united attack of the *Téméraire* and the *Victory*. Captain Lucas, of the *Redoutable*, jammed close against the *Victory*, and enfiladed at the same time from prow to poop by two other English vessels, was unable to use his broadside, and the combat between him and Nelson's flag-ship resolved itself into a close fire of musketry on both sides. The upper deck of the *Redoutable*, higher than that of the *Victory*, swept the latter with a shower of balls. The French had also stationed riflemen in their tops and on the yards, who picked off the officers, rendered conspicuous by their decorations. Captain Hardy was wounded, with 200 others. Nelson, remarkable above all by his stars and gestures of command, was standing in the blood of his companions, when a musket-shot from the mizen-top of the *Redoutable* struck him between the shoulder and the neck, and threw him, as if by the impulse of an invisible hand, face foremost upon the deck. Three sailors and Captain Hardy, who covered him with their bodies, ran forward to lift him up. He raised himself on one knee with his remaining arm, and looked at Hardy with a steady gaze. "I am killed, my friend," said he; "the French have done for Nelson at last." "I hope not," replied his captain. "Hope nothing," rejoined Nelson; "the ball has pierced my spine." His indomitable spirit and the animation of battle still supported him, and he continued to issue orders while they were carrying him below. Observing that the tiller ropes had been shot away, he directed them to be replaced. As he passed through the middle deck, he covered his face with his handkerchief, lest his crew should recognize him and be discouraged by his fall. The lower deck was strewed with killed and wounded men, through whom it was necessary to clear a passage for the admiral. He was then placed on a cot in one of the midshipmen's berths. The surgeons probed the wound, and saw at once that it was mortal. The melancholy fact was concealed from all, except only Captain Hardy, that no discouragement might be conveyed to the fleet through the knowledge that their beloved chief had fallen.

Convinced himself, by internal sensation, that his last hour was approaching, and that the resources of art were unavailing, he commanded the surgeons to leave him to his fate, and carry their aid to those who could still profit by it. "For me," said he, "you can do nothing." The only relief they administered was by fanning him, and endeavoring to assuage his burning thirst with a few drops of water. His own thoughts were entirely occupied with the progress and events of the battle, of which he made incessant inquiries from all who entered. As the enemy's ships struck in succession, the crew of the *Victory* raised a shout of triumph; as these joyful cries reached his ears, his eyes flashed with delight, and a ray of glory lighted up his dying features. Captain Hardy had reascended to the quarter-deck to attend to his duty. "Where is Hardy?" repeatedly inquired Nelson. "Why does he not come to me? Doubtless he is killed, and you fear to tell me." In another hour, Hardy returned, and bent over his dying chief. They looked on each other with moistening eyes, and clasped hands in a long silence. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, at length, "how goes the day?" "Admirably well," replied the commander of the *Victory*; "ten ships have already struck; the others fight singly, or disperse altogether. Five fresh vessels appear disposed to bear down on the *Victory* (this was the squadron of Dumanoir), but I have called some of our own about us, and we shall soon dispose of them." "I hope," said Nelson, "that none of our ships have struck." "There is no fear of that, my lord," replied his faithful captain. Satisfied that the victory was secure, his spirits sank for a moment. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I feel that I am going fast; in a few moments it will be all over with Nelson." His friend endeavored to encourage him with false hopes, which he was far from feeling himself, pressed his hand, already clammy with the near approach of death, and with a saddened heart resumed his post on the quarter-deck.

Nelson then spoke of his state with his medical attendant, who watched anxiously the changing symptoms of life and death. "I feel something here," said he to the surgeon, placing his hand upon his heart, "which tells me that my end approaches." "Do you suffer much pain, my lord?" inquired the doctor. "So much," answered the wounded admiral, "that death would be a relief. Nevertheless," added he, in a more feeble tone, "every body wishes to live a little longer! Alas! what would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew the state I was in at this moment!" His country, his renown, and his fatal love, disputed the possession of his last thoughts.

An instant after, Hardy came down again, his face beaming with joy, and, taking Nelson by the hand, announced to him a complete and undisputed victory. He could not yet name exactly the number of vessels that adorned his triumph, but he could answer for fifteen or sixteen at least. "'Tis well! 'tis excellent!" exclaimed Nelson; "but yet"—as he thought of his conversation in the morning with Blackwood—"I had bargained for twenty." Then, raising his voice, and speaking with great rapidity and decision, "Anchor, Hardy," said he; "bring the fleet to an anchor before night." Hardy signified that this care would devolve on Collingwood, who, by his rank, would now command the fleet. "No, no; not while I live!" replied the admiral, making an effort to raise himself in his bed; "obey my orders, and anchor! Anchor before night—have every thing in readiness to anchor!" He had predicted from the early morning a heavy gale of wind, which he expected to come on at night, and which would prove equally dangerous to the victors and

the vanquished. The thought of placing the fleet in safety by bringing them to anchor was never for a moment absent from his mind. "Don't fling me overboard," said he to Hardy; "I wish to repose with my family in the church-yard of my native village—unless," he added, thinking of Westminster Abbey, "my king and country may be pleased to order otherwise. But, above all, my dear Hardy," continued he, with a burst of tender regard, increased by the near prospect of eternal separation, "take care of Lady Hamilton! Hardy, watch over the unfortunate Lady Hamilton!"

After a moment of silence, as if to receive from his friend a pledge that his last wishes should be faithfully executed, "Embrace me, Hardy," he said. Hardy bent forward and kissed him on the cheek. "It is well," added Nelson; "I am now satisfied. Thank God, I HAVE DONE MY DUTY!" Hardy, seeing his eyelids close, remained a moment longer watching his failing respiration, inclined once more toward him, and kissed him on the forehead. "Who is that?" inquired Nelson, opening his eyes. "It is Hardy, who takes leave of you," replied the captain. "God bless you, Hardy," murmured the dying admiral, endeavoring to recognize the features of his friend. Hardy returned to his post, and saw him no more in life.

The chaplain knelt in prayer by the side of his cot. Nelson saw, and made a sign that he recognized him. "Doctor," said he, "I have not been a very great sinner." Then, after a long silence, "Remember," he added, "I bequeath Lady Hamilton, and my little daughter Horatia, to my country." He then fell into a sort of sleep, while his lips uttered inarticulate sounds, in which the names of Emma, Horatia, and his country were partly distinguishable. Then, raising himself with a final effort, he repeated three times the last words of his memorable signal, "Thank God, *I have done my duty!*" Immediately afterward he expired, as he had lived, a noble and undaunted warrior.

It was now half past four in the afternoon. The last distant cannon resounded across the seas. A salvo of artillery announced the departure of his soul from the scene of combat, and heralded its entrance into a glorious immortality.

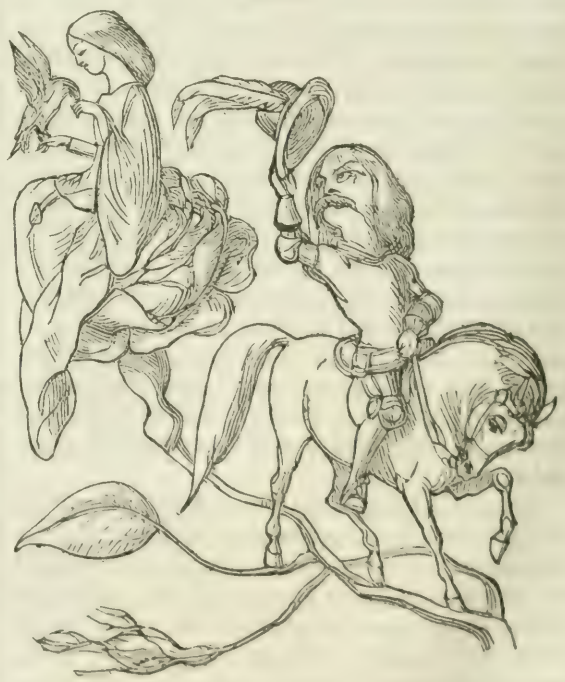
Night and tempest assisted to complete the victory, but the waves disputed the possession of the trophies. Six English ships, without sails, masts, or rigging, like those of the French and Spaniards, exhibited, in their crushed ribs and slaughtered crews, an evidence of dearly-bought triumph. With difficulty they were enabled to float upon the heavy swell, which rapidly got up with the wind on the setting of the autumnal sun. Admiral Collingwood, who had succeeded to the command, depressed by the loss of his chief, instead of bringing the fleet to an anchor, as Nelson had emphatically recommended, employed himself in manning the seventeen prizes taken during the battle, and in pursuing the relics of the combined fleet. Darkness and the storm surprised him while endeavoring to secure his spoils. The sea, the winds, the thunder, the lightning, and the rocks, rendered that night, the following day, and the second night after the battle, more terrible than the combat itself. The enraged elements sported at pleasure during sixty hours with the three fleets, which, the evening before, had proudly covered the ocean with their flags.

Several of the prizes taken by Nelson, separated by the fury of the waves from the English ships to which they were attached, broke from the cables that towed them, and sought to escape by flight, or went ashore on the rocks of Cape Trafalgar. The *Bucentaur* was dashed to pieces as she touched the coast. The *Indomptable* broke from her anchors during the night, and marked her funereal course by the light of her own poop lanterns toward Point Diamond, where she perished with her entire crew, who uttered but a single cry of despair as they went down. Collingwood, fearing to lose all his trophies, set fire to the *Santissima Trinidada*, and heaped upon the same enormous pile the three three-deckers, the *St. Augustin*, the *Argonauta*, and *Santa Anna*. The *Berwick* foundered, with all hands on board. Others floated at the mercy of the winds and waves, from bay to bay on the shores of Africa or Spain. The English admiral with difficulty carried the remainder to Gibraltar, chained to the coffin of Nelson. The flag of England reigned triumphant for many years on the wide ocean, and throughout the extent of the Mediterranean. While Bonaparte subjugated Continental Europe to his arms, Nelson had gained for England the dominion of the seas.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXX.

A RETREAT.

AS Clive lay awake revolving the strange incidents of the day, and speculating upon the tragedy in which he had been suddenly called to

* Continued from the August Number.

take a certain part, a sure presentiment told him that his own happy holiday was come to an end, and that the clouds and storm which he had always somehow foreboded, were about to break and obscure this brief pleasant period of sunshine. He rose at a very early hour, flung his windows open, looked out no doubt toward those other windows in the neighboring hotel, where he may have fancied he saw a curtain stirring, drawn by a hand that every hour now he longed more to press. He turned back into his chamber with a sort of groan, and surveyed some of the relics of the last night's little feast, which still remained on the table. There were the Champagne flasks which poor Jack Belsize had emptied, the tall Seltzer-water bottle, from which the gases had issued and mingled with the hot air of the previous night's talk; glasses with dregs of liquor, ashes of cigars, or their black stumps, strewing the cloth; the dead men, the burst guns of yesterday's battle. Early as it was, his neighbor J. J. had been up before him. Clive could hear him singing as was his wont when the pencil went well, and the colors arranged themselves to his satisfaction over his peaceful and happy work.

He pulled his own drawing-table to the window, set out his board and color-box, filled a great glass from the Seltzer-water bottle, drank some of the vapid liquor, and plunged his brushes in the rest, with which he began to paint. The work all went wrong. There was no song for him over his labor; he dashed brush and board aside after a while, opened his drawers, pulled out his portmanteaus from under the bed, and fell to packing mechanically. J. J. heard the noise from the next room, and came in smiling, with a great painting-brush in his mouth.

"Have the bills in, J. J.," says Clive. "Leave your cards on your friends, old boy; say good-by to that pretty little strawberry girl whose picture you have been doing; polish it off to-day, and dry the little thing's tears. I read PPC. in the stars last night, and my familiar spirit came to me in a vision, and said, 'Clive, son of Thomas, put thy traveling boots on.'"

Lest any premature moralist should prepare to cry fie against the good, pure-minded little J. J., I hereby state that his strawberry girl was a little village maiden of seven years old, whose sweet little picture a bishop purchased at the next year's Exhibition.

"Are you going already?" cries J. J., removing the bit out of his mouth. "I thought you had arranged parties for a week to come, and that the princesses and the duchesses had positively forbidden the departure of your lordship!"

"We have dallied at Capua long enough," says Clive; "and the legions have the route for Rome. So wills Hannibal, the son of Hasdrubal."

"The son of Hasdrubal is quite right," his companion answered; "the sooner we march the better. I have always said it; I will get all the accounts in. Hannibal has been living like a voluptuous Carthaginian prince. One, two, three Champagne bottles! There will be a deuce of a bill to pay."

"Ah! there *will* be a deuce of a bill to pay," says Clive with a groan, whereof J. J. knew the portent; for the young men had the confidence of youth one in another. Clive was accustomed to pour out his full heart to any crony who was near him; and indeed had he spoken never a word, his growing attachment to his cousin was not hard to see. A hundred times, and with the glowing language and feelings of youth, with the fire of his twenty years, with the ardor of a painter, he had spoken of her and described her. Her magnanimous simplicity, her courage and lofty scorn, her kindness toward her little family, her form, her glorious color of rich carnation and dazzling white, her queenly grace when quiescent and in motion, had constantly formed the subjects of this young gentleman's ardent eulogies. As he looked at a great picture or statue, as the Venus of Milo, calm and deep, unfathomably beautiful as the sea from which she sprung; as he looked at the rushing Aurora of the Rospigliosi, or the Assumption of Titian, more bright and glorious than sunshine, or that divine Madonna and divine Infant, of Dresden, whose sweet faces must have shone upon Raphael out of heaven; his heart sang hymns, as it were, before these gracious altars; and, somewhat as he worshiped these masterpieces of his art he admired the beauty of Ethel.

J. J. felt these things exquisitely after his manner, and enjoyed honest Clive's mode of celebration and rapturous fioriture of song; but Ridley's natural note was much gentler, and he sang his hymns in plaintive minors. Ethel was all that was bright and beautiful, but—but she was engaged to Lord Kew. The shrewd kind confidant used gently to hint the sad fact to the impetuous hero of this piece. The impetuous hero knew this quite well. As he was sitting over his painting-board, he would break forth frequently, after his manner, in which laughter and sentiment were mingled, and roar out with all the force of his healthy young lungs—

"But her heart it is another's, she never—can—be—mine;"

and then hero and confidant would laugh each at his drawing-table. Miss Ethel went between the two gentlemen by the name of Alice Grey.

Very likely Night, the Gray Mentor, had given Clive Newcome the benefit of his sad counsel. Poor Belsize's agony, and the wretchedness of the young lady who shared in the desperate passion, may have set our young man a thinking; and Lord Kew's frankness, and courage, and honor, whereof Clive had been a witness during the night, touched his heart with a generous admiration, and manned him for a trial which he felt was indeed severe. He thought of the dear old father plowing the seas on the way to his duty, and was determined, by heaven's help, to do his own. Only three weeks since, when strolling careless about Bonn, he had lighted upon Ethel and the laughing group of little cousins, he was a boy as they were, thinking but of the enjoyment of the day, and the sunshine, as careless as those children. And now the thoughts and passions

which had sprung up in a week or two, had given him an experience such as years do not always furnish; and our friend was to show, not only that he could feel love in his heart, but that he could give proof of courage and self-denial and honor.

"Do you remember, J. J.," says he, as boots and breeches went plunging into the portmanteau.



and with immense energy he pummels down one upon the other, "do you remember (a dig into the snowy bosom of a dress cambric shirt), my dear old father's only campaign story of his running away (a frightful blow into the ribs of a waistcoat), running away at Asseer-Ghur?"

"Asseer-What?" says J. J., wondering.

"The siege of Asseer-Ghur!" says Clive, "fought in the eventful year 1803; Lieutenant Newcome, who has very neat legs, let me tell you, which also he has imparted to his descendants, had put on a new pair of leather breeches, for he likes to go handsomely dressed into action. His horse was shot, the enemy were upon him, and the governor had to choose between death and retreat. I have heard his brother officers say that my dear old father was the bravest man they ever knew, the coolest hand, Sir. What do you think it was Lieutenant Newcome's duty to do under these circumstances? To remain alone as he was, his troop having turned about, and to be cut down by the Mahratta horsemen—to perish or to run, Sir?"

"I know which I should have done," says Ridley.

"Exactly. Lieutenant Newcome adopted that course. His bran new leather breeches were exceedingly tight, and greatly incommoded the rapidity of his retreating movement, but he ran away, Sir, and afterward begot your obedient servant. That is the history of the battle of Asseer-Ghur."

"And now for the moral," says J. J., not a little amused.

"J. J., old boy, this is my battle of Asseer-Ghur. I am off. Dip into the money-bag: pay the people: be generous, J. J., but not too prodigal. The chamber-maid is ugly, yet let her not want for a crown to console her at our departure. The waiters have been brisk and servile, reward the slaves for their labors. Forget not the humble boots, so shall he bless us when we depart. For artists are gentlemen, though Ethel does not think so. De—No—God bless her, God bless her," groans out Clive, cramming his two fists into his eyes. If Ridley admired him before, he thought none the worse of him now. And if any generous young fellow in life reads the Fable, which may possibly concern him, let him take a senior's counsel, and remember that there are perils in our battle, God help us, from which the bravest had best run away.

Early as the morning yet was, Clive had a visitor, and the door opened to let in Lord Kew's honest face. Ridley retreated before it into his own den—the appearance of earls scared the modest painter, though he was proud and pleased that his Clive should have their company. Lord Kew indeed lived in more splendid apartments on the first floor of the hotel, Clive and his friend occupying a couple of spacious chambers on the second story. "You are an early bird," says Kew. "I got up myself in a panic before daylight almost; Jack was making a deuce of a row in his room, and fit to blow the door out. I have been coaxing him for this hour; I wish we had thought of giving him a dose of laudanum last night—if it finished him, poor old boy, it would do him no harm." And then, laughing, he gave Clive an account of his interview with Barnes on the previous night. "You seem to be packing up to go, too," says Lord Kew, with a momentary glance of humor darting from his keen eyes. "The weather is breaking up here, and if you are going to cross the St. Gothard, as the Newcomes told me, the sooner the better. It's bitter cold over the mountains in October."

"Very cold," says Clive, biting his nails.

"Post or Vett.?" asks my Lord.

"I bought a carriage at Frankfort," says Clive, in an off-hand manner.

"Hulloh!" cries the other, who was perfectly kind, and entirely frank and pleasant, and showed no difference in his conversation with men of

any degree, except perhaps that to his inferiors in station he was a little more polite than to his equals, but who would as soon have thought of a young artist leaving Baden in a carriage of his own as of his riding away on a dragon.

"I only gave twenty pounds for the carriage; it's a little light thing; we are two, a couple of horses carry us and our traps, you know, and we can stop where we like. I don't depend upon my profession," Clive added, with a blush. "I made three guineas once, and that is the only money I ever gained in my life."

"Of course, my dear fellow, have not I been to your father's house? At that pretty ball, and seen no end of fine people there? We are young swells. I know that very well. We only paint for pleasure."

"We are artists, and we intend to paint for money, my lord," says Clive. "Will your lordship give me an order?"

"My lordship serves me right," the other said. "I think, Newcome, as you are going, I think you might do some folks here a good turn, though the service is rather a disagreeable one. Jack Belsize is not fit to be left alone. I can't go away from here just now for reasons of state. Do be a good fellow and take him with you. Put the Alps between him and this confounded business, and if I can serve you in any way I shall be delighted, if you will furnish me with the occasion. Jack does not know yet that our amiable Barnes is here. I know how fond you are of him. I have heard the story—glass of claret and all. We all love Barnes. How that poor Lady Clara can have accepted him the Lord knows. We are fearfully and wonderfully made, especially women."

"Good heavens!" Clive broke out, "can it be possible that a young creature can have been brought to like such a selfish, insolent coxcomb as that, such a cocktail as Barnes Newcome? You know very well, Lord Kew, what his life is. There was a poor girl whom he brought out of a Newcome factory when he was a boy himself, and might have had a heart, one would have thought, whom he ill-treated, whom he deserted, and flung out of doors without a penny, upon some pretense of her infidelity toward him; who came and actually sat down on the steps of Park Lane with a child on each side of her, and not their cries and their hunger, but the fear of his own shame and a dread of a police-court, forced him to give her a maintenance. I never see the fellow but I loathe him, and long to kick him out of window; and this man is to marry a noble young lady because, forsooth, he is a partner in a bank, and heir to seven or eight thousand a year. O, it is a shame, it is a shame! It makes me sick when I think of the lot which the poor thing is to endure."

"It is not a nice story," said Lord Kew, rolling a cigarette. "Barnes is not a nice man. I give you that in. You have not heard it talked about in the family, have you?"

"Good heavens! you don't suppose that I would speak to Ethel, to Miss Newcome, about such a foul subject as that?" cries Clive. "I never mentioned it to my own father. He would have turned Barnes out of his doors if he had known it."

"It was the talk about town, I know," Kew said dryly. "Every thing is told in those confounded clubs. I told you I give up Barnes. I like him no more than you do. He may have treated the woman ill. I suspect he has not an angelical temper: but in this matter he has not been so bad, so very bad as it would seem. The first step is wrong of course—those factory towns—that sort of thing you know—well, well, the commencement of the business is a bad one. But he is not the only sinner in London. He has declared on his honor to me when the matter was talked about, and he was coming on for election at Bay's, and was as nearly pilled as any man I ever knew in my life—he declared on his word that he only parted from Mrs. Delacy (Mrs. Delacy the poor devil used to call herself) because he found that she had served him—as such women will serve men. He offered to send his children to school in Yorkshire—rather a cheap school—but she would not part with them. She made a scandal in order to get good terms, and she succeeded. He was anxious to break the connection: he owned it had hung like a millstone round his neck, and caused him a great deal of remorse—annoyance you may call it. He was immensely cut up about it. I remember when that fellow was hanged for murdering a woman, Barnes said he did not wonder at his having done it. Young men make those connections in their early lives, and rue them all their days after. He was heartily sorry, that we may take for granted. He wished to lead a proper life. My grandmother managed this business with the Dorkings. Lady Kew still pulls stroke oar in our boat, you know, and the old woman will not give up her place. They know every thing, the elders do. He is a clever fellow. He is witty in his way. When he likes he can make himself quite agreeable to some people. There has been no sort of force. You don't suppose young ladies are confined in dungeons and subject to tortures, do you? But there is a brood of Pulleyns at Chanticlere, and old Dorking has nothing to give them. His daughter accepted Barnes of her own free-will, he knowing perfectly well of that previous affair with Jack. The poor devil bursts into the place yesterday, and the girl drops down in a faint. She will see Belsize this very day if he likes. I took a note from Lady Dorking to him at five o'clock this morning. If he fancies that there is any constraint put upon Lady Clara's actions she will tell him with her own lips that she has acted of her own free-will. She will marry the husband she has chosen, and do her duty by him. You are quite a young un who boil and froth up with indignation at the idea that a girl hardly off with an old love should take on with a new—"

"I am not indignant with her," says Clive, "for breaking with Belsize, but for marrying Barnes."

"You hate him, and you know he is your enemy; and, indeed, young fellow, he does not compliment you in talking about you. A pretty young

scapegrace he has made *you* out to be, and very likely thinks you to be. It depends on the colors in which a fellow is painted. Our friends and our enemies draw us—and I often think both pictures are like," continued the easy world-philosopher. "You hate Barnes, and can not see any good in him He sees none in you. There have been tremendous shindies in Park Lane *àpropos* of your worship, and of a subject which I don't care to mention," said Lord Kew, with some dignity; "and what is the upshot of all this malevolence? I like you; I like your father—I think he is a noble old boy; there are those who represented him as a sordid schemer. Give Mr. Barnes the benefit of common charity at any rate; and let others like him, if you do not.

"And as for this romance of love," the young nobleman went on, kindling as he spoke, and forgetting the slang and colloquialisms with which we garnish all our conversation—"this fine picture of Jenny and Jessamy falling in love at first sight, billing and cooing in an arbor, and retiring to a cottage afterward to go on cooing and billing—Pshaw! what folly is this! It is good for romances, and for Misses to sigh about; but any man who walks through the world with his eyes open, knows how senseless is all this rubbish. I don't say that a young man and woman are not to meet, and to fall in love that instant, and to marry that day year, and love each other till they are a hundred; that is the supreme lot—but that is the lot which the gods only grant to Baucis and Philemon, and a very, very few besides. As for the rest, they must compromise; make themselves as comfortable as they can, and take the good and the bad together. And as for Jenny and Jessamy, by Jove! look round among your friends, count up the love matches, and see what has been the end of most of them! Love in a cottage! Who is to pay the landlord for the cottage? Who is to pay for Jenny's tea and cream, and Jessamy's mutton-chops? If he has cold mutton, he will quarrel with her. If there is nothing in the cupboard, a pretty meal they make. No; you cry out against people in our world making money marriages. Why, kings and queens marry on the same understanding. My butcher has saved a stockingful of money, and marries his daughter to a young salesman. Mr. and Mrs. Salesman prosper in life, and get an alderman's daughter for their son. My attorney looks out among his clients for an eligible husband for Miss Deeds; sends his son to the bar, into Parliament, where he cuts a figure and becomes attorney-general, makes a fortune, has a house in Belgrave Square, and marries Miss Deeds of the second generation to a peer. Do not accuse us of being more sordid than our neighbors. We do but as the world does; and a girl in our society accepts the best party which offers itself, just as Miss Chummey, when entreated by two young gentlemen of the order of costermongers, inclines to the one who rides from market on a moke, rather than to the gentleman who sells his greens from a hand-basket."

This tirade, which his lordship delivered with considerable spirit, was intended no doubt to carry a moral for Clive's private hearing; and which, to do him justice, the youth was not slow to comprehend. The point was, "Young man, if certain persons of rank choose to receive you very kindly, who have but a comely face, good manners, and three or four hundred pounds a year, do not presume upon their good nature, or indulge in certain ambitious hopes which your vanity may induce you to form. Sail down the stream with the brass pots, Master Earthen-pot, but beware of coming too near! You are a nice young man, but there are some prizes which are too good for you, and are meant for your betters. And you might as well ask the prime minister for the next vacant garter, as expect to wear on your breast such a star as Ethel Newcome."

Before Clive made his accustomed visit to his friends at the hotel opposite, the last great potentiary had arrived who was to take part in the family congress of Baden. In place of Ethel's flushing cheeks and bright eyes, Clive found on entering Lady Ann Newcome's sitting-room, the parchment-covered features, and the well-known hooked beak of the old Countess of Kew. To support the glances from beneath the bushy black eyebrows on each side of that promontory was no pleasant matter. The whole family cowered under Lady Kew's eyes and nose, and she ruled by force of them. It was only Ethel whom these awful features did not utterly subdue and dismay.

Besides Lady Kew, Clive had the pleasure of finding his lordship, her grandson, Lady Ann, and children of various sizes, and Mr. Barnes; not one of whom was the person whom Clive desired to behold.

The queer glance in Kew's eye directed toward Clive, who was himself not by any means deficient in perception, informed him that there had just been a conversation in which his own name had figured. Having been abusing Clive extravagantly, as he did whenever he mentioned his cousin's name, Barnes must needs hang his head when the young fellow came in. His hand was yet on the chamber-door, and Barnes was calling him miscreant and scoundrel within; so no wonder Barnes had a hang-dog look. But as for Lady Kew, that veteran diplomatist allowed no signs of discomfiture, or any other emotion, to display themselves on her ancient countenance. Her bushy eyebrows were groves of mystery, her unfathomable eyes were wells of gloom.

She gratified Clive by a momentary loan of two knuckly old fingers, which he was at liberty to hold or to drop; and then he went on to enjoy the felicity of shaking hands with Mr. Barnes, who, observing and enjoying his confusion over Lady Kew's reception, determined to try Clive in the same way, and he gave Clive at the same time a supercilious "How de dah," which the other would have liked to drive down his throat. A constant desire to throttle Mr. Barnes—to beat him on the nose—to send him flying out of window, was a sentiment with which this singular young man inspired many persons whom he accosted. A biographer ought to be impartial, yet I own, in a modified degree, to have partaken of

this sentiment. He looked very much younger than his actual time of life, and was not of commanding stature; but patronized his equals, nay, let us say, his betters, so insufferably, that a common wish for his suppression existed among many persons in society.

Clive told me of this little circumstance, and I am sorry to say of his own subsequent ill-behavior. "We were standing apart from the ladies," so Clive narrated, "when Barnes and I had our little passage of arms. He had tried the finger business upon me before, and I had before told him, either to shake hands or to leave it alone. You know the way in which the impudent little beggar stands astride, and sticks his little feet out. I brought my heel well down on his confounded little varnished toe, and gave it a scrunch which made Mr. Barnes shriek out one of his loudest oaths."

"D— clumsy ——," screamed out Barnes.

Clive said, in a low voice, "I thought you only swore at women, Barnes."

"It is you that say things before women, Clive," cries his cousin, looking very furious.

Mr. Clive lost all patience. "In what company, Barnes, would you like me to say that I think you are a snob? Will you have it on the Parade? Come out and I will speak to you."

"Barnes can't go out on the Parade," cries Lord Kew, bursting out laughing, "there's another gentleman there wanting him." And two of the three young men enjoyed this joke exceedingly. I doubt whether Barnes Newcome, Esq., of Newcome, was one of the persons amused.

"What wickedness are you three boys laughing at?" cries Lady Ann, perfectly innocent and good-natured: "no good I will be bound. Come here, Clive." Our young friend, it must be premised, had no sooner received the thrust of Lady Kew's two fingers on entering, than it had been intimated to him that his interview with that gracious lady was at an end. For she had instantly called her daughter to her, with whom her ladyship fell a-whispering; and then it was that Clive retreated from Lady Kew's hand, to fall into Barnes's.

"Clive trod on Barnes's toe," cries out cheery Lord Kew, "and has hurt Barnes's favorite corn, so that he can not go out, and is actually obliged to keep the room. That's what we were laughing at."

"Hem!" growled Lady Kew. She knew to what her grandson alluded. Lord Kew had represented Jack Belsize, and his thundering big stick, in the most terrific colors, to the family council. The joke was too good a one not to serve twice.

Lady Ann, in her whispered conversation with the old Countess, had possibly deprecated her mother's anger toward poor Clive; for when he came up to the two ladies, the younger took his hand with great kindness, and said, "My dear Clive, we are very sorry you are going. You were of the greatest use to us in the journey. I am sure you have been uncommonly good-natured and obliging, and we shall all miss you very much." Her gentleness smote the generous young fellow, and an emotion of gratitude toward her for being so compassionate to him in his misery, caused his cheeks to blush and his eyes perhaps to moisten. "Thank you, dear aunt," says he, "you have been very good and kind to me. It is I that shall feel lonely; but—but it is quite time that I should go to my work."

"Quite time!" said the severe possessor of the eagle beak. "Baden is a bad place for young men. They make acquaintances here of which very little good can come. They frequent the gambling-tables, and live with the most disreputable French Viscounts. We have heard of your goings on, Sir. It is a great pity that Colonel Newcome did not take you with him to India."

"My dear mamma," cries Lady Ann, "I am sure Clive has been a very good boy indeed." The old lady's morality put a stop to Clive's pathetic mood, and he replied with a great deal of spirit, "Dear Lady Ann, you have been always very good, and kindness is nothing surprising from you; but Lady Kew's advice, which I should not have ventured to ask, is an unexpected favor; my father knows the extent of the gambling transactions to which your ladyship was pleased to allude, and introduced me to the gentleman whose acquaintance you don't seem to think eligible."

"My good young man, I think it is time you were off," Lady Kew said this time with great good humor; she liked Clive's spirit, and as long as he interfered with none of her plans, was quite disposed to be friendly with him. "Go to Rome, go to Florence, go wherever you like, and study very hard, and make very good pictures, and come back again, and we shall all be very glad to see you. You have very great talents—these sketches are really capital."

"Is not he very clever, mamma?" said kind Lady Ann, eagerly. Clive felt the pathetic mood coming on again, and an immense desire to hug Lady Ann in his arms, and to kiss her. How grateful are we—how touched a frank and generous heart is for a kind word extended to us in our pain! The pressure of a tender hand nerves a man for an operation, and cheers him for the dreadful interview with the surgeon.

That cool old operator, who had taken Mr. Clive's case in hand, now produced her shining knife, and executed the first cut with perfect neatness and precision. "We are come here, as I suppose you know, Mr. Newcome, upon family matters, and I frankly tell you that I think, for your own sake, you would be much better away. I wrote my daughter a great scolding when I heard that you were in this place."

"But it was by the merest chance, mamma, indeed it was," cries Lady Ann.

"Of course, by the merest chance, and by the merest chance I heard of it too. A little bird came and told me at Kissengen. You have no more sense, Ann, than a goose. I have told you so a hundred times. Lady Ann requested you

to stay, and I, my good young friend, request you to go away."

"I needed no request," said Clive. "My going, Lady Kew, is my own act. I was going without requiring any guide to show me to the door."

"No doubt you were, and my arrival is the signal for Mr. Newcome's *bon jour*. I am Bogey, and I frighten every body away. By the scene which you witnessed yesterday, my good young friend, and all that painful *esclandre* on the promenade, you must see how absurd, and dangerous, and wicked—yes, wicked it is for parents to allow intimacies to spring up between young people, which can only lead to disgrace and unhappiness. Lady Dorking was another good-natured goose. I had not arrived yesterday ten minutes, when my maid came running in to tell me of what had occurred on the promenade; and, tired as I was, I went that instant to Jane Dorking and passed the evening with her, and that poor little creature to whom Captain Belsize behaved so cruelly. She does not care a fig for him—not one fig. Her childish inclination is passed away these two years, while Mr. Jack was performing his feats in prison; and if the wretch flatters himself that it was on his account she was agitated yesterday, he is perfectly mistaken, and you may tell him Lady Kew said so. She is subject to fainting fits. Dr. Finck has been attending her ever since she has been here. She fainted only last Tuesday at the sight of a rat walking about their lodgings (they have dreadful lodgings, the Dorkings), and no wonder she was frightened at the sight of that great coarse tipsy wretch! She is engaged, as you know, to your connection, my grandson Barnes: in all respects a most eligible union. The rank of life of the parties suits them to one another. She is a good young woman, and Barnes has experienced from persons of another sort such horrors, that he will know the blessing of domestic virtue. It was high time he should. I say all this in perfect frankness to you.

"Go back again and play in the garden, little brats (this to the innocents who came frisking in from the lawn in front of the windows). You have been? And Barnes sent you in here? Go up to Miss Quigley. No, stop. Go and tell Ethel to come down; bring her down with you. Do you understand?"



The unconscious infants toddle up stairs to their sister; and Lady Kew blandly says, "Ethel's engagement to my grandson, Lord Kew, has long been settled in our family, though these things are best not talked about until they are quite determined you know, my dear Mr. Newcome. When we saw you and your father in London, we heard that you too—that you too were engaged to a young lady in your own rank of life, a Miss—what was her name?—Miss MacPherson, Miss Mackenzie. Your aunt, Mrs. Hodson Newcome, who I must say is a most blundering, silly person, had set about this story. It appears there is no truth in it. Do not look surprised that I know about your affairs. I am an old witch, and know numbers of things."

And, indeed, how Lady Kew came to know this fact, whether her maid corresponded with Lady Ann's maid, what her ladyship's means of information were, avowed or occult, this biographer has never been able to ascertain. Very likely, Ethel, who in these last three weeks had been made aware of that interesting circumstance, had announced it to Lady Kew in the course of a cross-examination, and there may have been a battle between the granddaughter and the grandmother, of which the family chronicler of the Newcomes has had no precise knowledge. That there were many such I know—skirmishes, sieges, and general engagements. When we hear the guns, and see the wounded, we know there has been a fight. Who knows had there been a battle royal, and was Miss Newcome having her wounds dressed up stairs?"

"You will like to say good-by to your cousin, I know," Lady Kew continued, with imperturbable placidity. "Ethel, my dear, here is Mr. Clive Newcome, who has come to bid us all good-by." The little girls came trotting down at this moment, each holding a skirt of their elder sister. She looked rather pale, but her expression was haughty—almost fierce.

Clive rose up as she entered, from the sofa by the old countess's side, which place she had pointed him to take during the amputation. He rose up and put his hair back off his face, and said very calmly, "Yes, I am come to say good-by. My holidays are over, and Ridley and I are off for Rome; good-by, and God bless you, Ethel."

She gave him her hand and said, "Good-by, Clive;" but her hand did not return his pressure, and dropped to her side, when he let it go.



Hearing the words good-by, little Alice burst into a howl, and little Maude, who was an impetuous little thing, stamped her little red shoes and said, "It san't be good-by. Tlive san't go." Alice roaring, clung hold of Clive's trowsers. He took them up gayly, each on an arm, as he had done a hundred times, and tossed the children on to his shoulders, where they used to like to pull his yellow mustaches. He kissed the little hands and faces, and a moment after was gone.

"Qu'as tu," says M. de Florac, meeting him going over the bridge to his own hôtel. "Qu'as tu mon petit Claive. Est ce qu'on vient de t'arracher une dent?"

"Ce'st ça," says Clive, and walked into the Hôtel de France. "Hulloh! J. J.! Ridley!" he sang out. "Order the trap out and let's be off." "I thought we were not to march till to-morrow," says J. J., divining perhaps that some catastrophe had occurred. Indeed, Mr. Clive was going a day sooner than he had intended. He woke at Fribourg the next morning. It was the grand old cathedral he looked at, not Baden of the pine-clad hills, of the pretty walks, and the lime-tree avenues. Not Baden the prettiest booth of all Vanity Fair. The crowds and the music, the gambling-tables, and the cadaverous croupiers and chinking gold were far out of sight and hearing. There was one window in the Hôtel de Hollande that he thought of, how a fair arm used to open it in the early morning, how the muslin curtain, in the morning air, swayed to and fro. He would have given how much to see it once more! Walking about at Fribourg in the night, away from his companions, he had thought of ordering horses, galloping back to Baden, and once again under that window calling Ethel, Ethel! But he came back to his room and the quiet J. J., and to poor Jack Belsize, who had had his tooth taken out, too.

We had almost forgotten Jack, who took a back seat in Clive's carriage, as befits a secondary personage in this history, and Clive in truth had almost forgotten him too. But Jack having his own cares and business, and having rammed his own carpet bag, brought it down without a word, and Clive found him environed in smoke when he came down to take his place in the little britzka. I wonder whether the window at the Hôtel de Hollande saw him go? There are some curtains behind which no historian, however prying, is allowed to peep.

"Tiens, le petit part," says Florac of the cigar, who was always sauntering. "Yes, we go," says Clive. "There is a fourth place, Viscount, will you come too?"

"I would love it well," replies Florac, "but I am here in faction. My cousin and Seigneur M. le Duc d'Ivry is coming all the way from Bagnères de Bigorre. He says he counts on me: affaires d'état, mon cher, affaires d'état."

"How pleased the duchess will be! Easy with that bag," shouts Clive. "How pleased the princess will be!" In truth he hardly knew what he was saying.

"Vous croyez; vous croyez," says M. de Florac. "As you have a fourth place, I know who had best take it."

"And who is that?" asked the young traveler.

Lord Kew and Barnes Newcome, Esq., of Newcome, came out of the Hôtel de Hollande at this moment. Barnes slunk back, seeing Jack Belsize's hairy face. Kew ran over the bridge. "Good-by, Clive. Good-by, Jack." "Good-by, Kew." It was a great handshaking. Away goes the postillion blowing his horn, and young Hannibal has left Capua behind him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MADAME LA DUCHESSE.

In one of Clive Newcome's letters from Baden, the young man described to me, with considerable humor and numerous illustrations as his wont was, a great lady to whom he was presented at that watering-place by his friend Lord Kew. Lord Kew had traveled in the East with Monsieur le Duc and Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry—the prince being an old friend of his lordship's family. He is the Q of Madame d'Ivry's book of travels, "Footprints of the Gazelles, by a daughter of the Crusaders," in which she prays so fervently for Lord Kew's conversion. He is the Q who rescued the princess from the Arabs, and performed many a feat which lives in her glowing pages. He persists in saying that he never rescued Madame la Princesse from any Arabs at all, except from one beggar who was bawling out for bucksheesh, and whom Kew drove away with a stick. They made pilgrimages to all the holy places, and a piteous sight it was, said Lord Kew, to see the old prince in the Jerusalem processions at Easter pacing with bare feet and a candle. Here Lord Kew separated from the prince's party. His name does not occur in the last part of the "Footprints;" which, in truth, are filled full of strange rhapsodies, adventures which nobody ever saw but the princess, and mystic disquisitions. She hesitates at nothing like other poets of her nation: not profoundly learned, she invents where she has not acquired: mingles together religion and the opera; and performs Parisian pas-de-ballet before the gates of monasteries and the cells of anchorites. She describes as if she had herself witnessed the catastrophe—the passage of the Red Sea: and, as if there were no doubt of the transaction, an unhappy love affair between Pharoah's eldest son and Moses's daughter. At Cairo, *àpropos* of Joseph's granaries, she enters into a furious tirade against Potiphar, whom she paints as an old savage, suspicious, and a tyrant. They generally have a copy of the "Footprints of the Gazelles" at the Circulating Library at Baden, as Madame d'Ivry constantly visits that watering-place. M. le Duc was not pleased with the book, which was published entirely without his concurrence, and which he described as one of the ten thousand follies of Madame la Duchesse.

This nobleman was five-and-forty years older than his duchess. France is the country where that sweet Christian institution of *mariages de*

convenance (which so many folks of the family about which this story treats are engaged in arranging), is most in vogue. There the newspapers daily announce that M. de Foy has a *bureau de confiance*, where families may arrange marriages for their sons and daughters in perfect comfort and security. It is but a question of money on one side and the other. Mademoiselle has so many francs of *dot;* Monsieur has such and such *rentes* or lands in possession or reversion, an *étude d'avoué*, a shop with a certain *clientèle* bringing him such and such an income, which may be doubled by the judicious addition of so much capital, and the pretty little matrimonial arrangement is concluded (the agent touching his percentage), or broken off, and nobody unhappy, and the world none the wiser. The consequences of the system I do not pretend personally to know; but if the light literature of a country is a reflex of its manners, and French novels are a picture of French life, a pretty society must that be into the midst of which the London reader may walk in twelve hours from this time of perusal, and from which only twenty miles of sea separate us.

When the old Duke d'Ivry, of the ancient nobility of France, an emigrant with Artois, a warrior with Conde, an exile during the reign of the Corsican usurper, a grand prince, a great nobleman afterward, though shorn of nineteen-twentieths of his wealth by the revolution—when the Duke d'Ivry lost his two sons, and his son's son likewise died, as if fate had determined to end the direct line of that noble house, which had furnished queens to Europe, and renowned chiefs to the Crusaders—being of an intrepid spirit, the Duke was ill-disposed to yield to his redoubtable enemy, in spite of the cruel blows which the latter had inflicted upon him, and when he was more than sixty years of age, three months before the July Revolution broke out, a young lady of a sufficient nobility, a virgin of sixteen, was brought out of the convent of the Sacré Cœur at Paris, and married with immense splendor and ceremony to this princely widower. The most august names signed the book of the civil marriage. Madame la Dauphine, and Madame la Duchesse de Berri complimented the young bride with royal favors. Her portrait by Dubufe was in the Exhibition next year, a charming young duchess indeed, with black eyes, and black ringlets, pearls on her neck, and diamonds in her hair, as beautiful as a princess of a fairy tale. M. d'Ivry, whose early life may have been rather oragious, was yet a gentleman perfectly well conserved. Resolute against fate his enemy (one would fancy fate was of an aristocratic turn, and took especial delight in combats with princely houses; the Atridæ, the Borbonidæ, the Ivrys—the Browns and Joneses being of no account), the prince seemed to be determined not only to secure a progeny, but to defy age. At sixty he was still young, or seemed to be so. His hair was as black as the princess's own, his teeth as white. If you saw him on the Boulevard de Gand, sunning among the youthful exquisites there, or riding au Bois, with a grace worthy of old Franconi himself, you would take him for one of the young men, of whom indeed, up to his marriage, he retained a number of the graceful follies and amusements, though his manners had a dignity acquired in the old days of Versailles and the Trianon, which the moderns can not hope to imitate. He was assiduous behind the scenes of the Opera as any journalist, or any young dandy of twenty years. He "ranged himself," as the French phrase is, shortly before his marriage, just like any other young bachelor: took leave of Phrynie and Aspasie in the coulisses, and proposed to devote himself henceforth to his charming young wife.

The affreux catastrophe of July arrived. The ancient Bourbons were once more on the road to exile (save one wily old remnant of the race, who rode grinning over the Barricades, and distributing *poignées de main* to the stout fists that had pummelled his family out of France). M. le Duc d'Ivry, who lost his place at court, his appointments which helped his income very much, and his peerage, would no more acknowledge the usurper of Neuilly, than him of Elba. The ex-peer retired to his terres. He barricaded his house in Paris against all supporters of the citizen King; his nearest kinsman, M. de Florac, among the rest, who for his part cheerfully took his oath of fidelity, and his seat in Louis Philippe's house of peers, having indeed been accustomed to swear to all dynasties for some years past.

In due time Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry gave birth to a child, a daughter, whom her noble father received with but small pleasure. What the Duke desired, was an heir to his name, a Prince de Montcontour, to fill the place of the sons and grandsons gone before him, to join their ancestors in the tomb. No more children, however, blessed the old Duke's union. Madame d'Ivry went the round of all the watering-places: pilgrimages were tried: vows and gifts to all saints supposed to be favorable to the d'Ivry family, or to families in general: but the saints turned a deaf ear; they were inexorable since the true religion and the elder Bourbons were banished from France.

Living by themselves in their ancient castles, or their dreary mansion of the Faubourg St. Germain, I suppose the Duke and Duchess grew tired of one another, as persons who enter into a *mariage de convenance* sometimes—nay, as those who light a flaming love match, and run away with one another—will be found to do. A lady of one-and-twenty, and a gentleman of sixty-six, alone in a great castle, have not unfrequently a third guest at their table, who comes without a card, and whom they can not shut out, though they keep their doors closed ever so. His name is Ennui, and many a long hour and weary night must such folks pass in the unbidden society of this Old Man of the Sea; this daily guest at the board; this watchful attendant at the fireside; this assiduous companion who *will* walk out with you; this sleepless, restless bedfellow.

At first, M. d'Ivry, that well-conserved nobleman who never would allow that he was not young, exhibited no sign of doubt regarding his own youth except an extreme jealousy and avoidance of all other young fellows. Very likely Madame la Duchesse may have thought men in general dyed their hair, wore stays, and had the rheumatism. Coming out of the convent of the Sacré Cœur, how was the innocent young lady to know better? You see, in these *mariages de convenance*, though a coronet may be convenient to a beautiful young creature, and a beautiful young creature may be convenient to an old gentleman, there are articles which the marriage-monger can not make to convene at all: tempers over which M. de Foy and his like have no control; and tastes which can not be put into the marriage settlements. So this couple were unhappy, and the Duke and Duchess quarreled with one another like the most vulgar pair who ever fought across a table.

In this unhappy state of home affairs, Madame took to literature, Monsieur to politics. She discovered that she was a great unappreciated soul, and when a woman finds that treasure in her bosom, of course she sets her own price on the article. Did you ever see the first poems of Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry, "Les Cris de l'Ame?" She used to read them to her very intimate friends, in white, with her hair a good deal down her back. They had some success. Dubufe having painted her as a duchess, Scheffer depicted her as a Muse. That was in the third year of her marriage, when she rebelled against the duke her husband, insisted on opening her saloons to art and literature, and, a fervent devotee still, proposed to unite genius and religion. Poets had interviews with her. Musicians came and twanged guitars to her. Her husband, entering her room, would fall over the sabre and spurs of Count Almaviva from the Boulevard, or Don Basilio with his great sombrero and shoe-buckles. The old gentleman was breathless and bewildered in following her through all her vagaries. He was of old France, she of new. What did he know of the Ecole Romantique, and these jeunes gens with their Marie Tudors and Tours de Nesle, and sanguineous histories of queens who sewed their lovers into sacks, emperors who had interviews with robber captains in Charlemagne's tomb, Buridans and Hernanis, and stuff? Monsieur le Vicomte de Chateaubriand was a man of genius as a writer, certainly immortal; and M. de Lamartine was a young man extremely *bien pensant*, but, ma foi, give him *Crébillon fils*, or a bonne farce of M. Vade to make laugh; for the great sentiments, for the beautiful style give him M. de Lormain (although Bonapartist) or the Abbé de Lille. And for the new school! bah! these little Dumases, and Hugos, and Mussets, what is all that? "M. de Lormain shall be immortal, Monsieur," he would say, "when all these *fréluquets* are forgotten." After his marriage he frequented the coulisses of the Opera no more; but he was a pretty constant attendant at the Theatre Francais, where you might hear him snoring over the chefs-d'œuvres of French tragedy.

For some little time after 1830, the Duchesse was as great a Carlist as her husband could wish; and they conspired together very comfortably at first. Of an adventurous turn, eager for excitement of all kinds, nothing would have better pleased the Duchess than to follow MADAME in her adventurous course in La Vendee, disguised as a boy above all. She was persuaded to stay at home, however, and aid the good cause at Paris; while Monsieur le Duc went off to Brittany to offer his old sword to the mother of his king. But MADAME was discovered up the chimney at Rennes, and all sorts of things were discovered afterward. The world said that our silly little Duchess of Paris was partly the cause of the discovery. Spies were put upon her, and to some people she would tell any thing. M. le Duc, on paying his annual visit to the august exiles at Goritz, was very badly received: Madame la Dauphine gave him a sermon. He had an awful quarrel with Madame la Duchesse on returning to Paris. He provoked Monsieur le Comte Tiercelin, le beau Tiercelin, an officer of ordonnance of the Duke of Orleans, into a duel, *àpropos* of a cup of coffee in a salon; he actually wounded the beau Tiercelin—he sixty-five years of age! His nephew, M. de Florac, was loud in praise of his kinsman's bravery.

That pretty figure and complexion which still appear so captivating in M. Dubufe's portrait of Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry, have long existed—it must be owned—only in paint. "*Je la préfere à l'huile*," the Vicomte de Florac said of his cousin, "she should get her blushes from Monsieur Dubufe—those of her present furnishers are not near so natural." Sometimes the Duchess appeared with these postiches roses, sometimes of a mortal paleness. Sometimes she looked plump, on other occasions woefully thin. "When she goes into the world," said the same chronicler, "ma cousine surrounds herself with *jupons*—c'est pour défendre sa vertu: when she is in a devotional mood, she gives up rouge, roast meat, and crinoline, and *fait maigre absolument*." To spite the Duke her husband, she took up with the Vicomte de Florac, and to please herself she cast him away. She took his brother, the Abbé de Florac, for a director, and presently parted from him. "Mon frère, ce saint homme ne parle jamais de Madame la Duchesse, maintenant," said the Vicomte. She must have confessed to him des choses affreuses—oh oui!—affreuses ma parole d'honneur!

The Duke d'Ivry being archiroyaliste, Madame la Duchesse must make herself ultra-Philippiste. "O oui! tout ce qu'il-y-a de plus Madame Adélaide au monde!" cried Florac. "She raffoles of M. le Régent. She used to keep a fast of the day of the supplice of Philippe Egalité, Saint and Martyr. I say used, for to make to enrage her husband, and to recall the Abbé my brother, did she not advise herself to consult M. le Pasteur Grigou, and to attend the preach at his Temple? When this sheep had brought her

shepherd back, she dismissed the Pasteur Grigou. Then she tired of M. l'Abbé again, and my brother is come out from her, shaking his good head. Ah! she must have put things into it which astonished the good Abbé! You know he has since taken the Dominican robe? My word of honor! I believe it was terror of her that drove him into a convent. You shall see him at Rome, Clive. Give him news of his elder, and tell him this gross prodigal is repenting among the swine. My word of honor! I desire but the death of Madame la Vicomtesse de Florac, to marry and range myself!

"After being Royalist, Philippist, Catholic, Huguenot, Madame d'Ivry must take to Pantheism, to bearded philosophers who believe in nothing, not even in clean linen, eclecticism, republicanism, what know I? All her changes have been chronicled by books of her composition. *Les Démons*, poem Catholic; Charles IX. is the hero, and the demons are shot for the most part at the catastrophe of St. Bartholomew. My good mother, all good Catholic as she is, was startled by the boldness of this doctrine. Then there came *Une Dragonnade*, par Mme. La Duchesse d'Ivry, which is all on your side. That was of the time of the Pastor Grigou, that one. The last was *Les Dieux déchus*, poeme en 20 chants, par Mme. la D—— d'I. Guard yourself well from this Muse! If she takes a fancy to you, she will never leave you alone. If you see her often, she will fancy you are in love with her, and tell her husband. She always tells my uncle—afterward—after she has quarreled with you and grown tired of you! Eh! being in London once, she had the idea to make herself a *Quakre;* wore the costume, consulted a minister of that culte, and quarreled with him as of rule. It appears the Quakers do not beat themselves, otherwise my poor uncle must have payed of his person.

"The turn of the philosophers then came, the chemists, the natural historians, what know I? She made a laboratory in her hotel, and rehearsed poisons like Madame de Brinvilliers—she spent hours in the Jardin des Plantes. Since she has grown *affreusement maigre* and wears mounting robes, she has taken more than ever to the idea that she resembles Mary Queen of Scots. She wears a little frill and a little cap. Every man she loves she says has come to misfortune. She calls her lodgings Lochleven. Eh! I pity the landlord of Lochleven! She calls ce gros Blackball vous savez, that pillar of estaminets, that prince of mauvais-ton, her Bothwell; little Mijaud, the poor little pianist, she named her Rizzio; young Lord Greenhorn, who was here with his Governor, a Monsieur of Oxfort, she christened her Darnley, and the Minister Anglican, her John Knox! The poor man was quite enchanted! Beware of this haggard Syren, my little Clive! —mistrust her dangerous song! Her cave is *jonchée* with the bones of her victims. Be you not one!"

Far from causing Clive to avoid Madame la Duchesse, these cautions very likely would have made him only the more eager to make her acquaintance, but that a much nobler attraction drew him elsewhere. At first, being introduced to Madame d'Ivry's salon, he was pleased and flattered, and behaved himself there merrily and agreeably enough. He had not studied Horace Vernet for nothing; he drew a fine picture of Kew rescuing her from the Arabs, with a plenty of sabres, pistols, bournouses, and dromedaries. He made a pretty sketch of her little girl Antoinette, and a wonderful likeness of Miss O'Grady, the little girl's governess, the mother's dame de compagnie—Miss O'Grady, with the richest Milesian brogue, who had been engaged to give Antoinette the pure English accent. But the French lady's great eyes and painted smiles would not bear comparison with Ethel's natural brightness and beauty. Clive, who had been appointed painter in ordinary to the Queen of Scots, neglected his business, and went over to the English faction; so did one or two more of the Princess's followers, leaving her Majesty by no means well pleased at their desertion.

There had been many quarrels between M. d'Ivry and his next of kin. Political differences, private differences—a long story. The Duke, who had been wild himself, could not pardon the Vicomte de Florac for being wild. Efforts at reconciliation had been made which ended unsuccessfully. The Vicomte de Florac had been allowed for a brief space to be intimate with the chief of his family, and then had been dismissed for being too intimate. Right or wrong, the Duke was jealous of all young men who approached the Duchesse. "He is suspicious," Madame de Florac indignantly said, "because he remembers: and he thinks other men are like himself." The Vicomte discreetly said, "My cousin has paid me the compliment to be jealous of me," and acquiesced in his banishment with a shrug.

During the emigration the old Lord Kew had been very kind to exiles; M. d'Ivry among the number; and that nobleman was anxious to return to all Lord Kew's family when they came to France the hospitality which he had received himself in England. He still remembered, or professed to remember, Lady Kew's beauty. How many women are there, awful of aspect, at present, of whom the same pleasing legend is not narrated? It must be true, for do not they themselves confess it? I know of few things more remarkable or suggestive of philosophic contemplation than those physical changes. When the old Duke and the old Countess met together and talked confidentially, their conversation bloomed into a jargon wonderful to hear. Old scandals woke up, old naughtinesses rose out of their graves, and danced, and smirked, and gibbered again, like those wicked nuns whom Bertram and Robert de Diable evoke from their sepulchres while the bassoon performs a diabolical incantation. The Brighton Pavilion was tenanted; Ranelagh and the Pantheon swarmed with dancers and masks; Perdita was found again, and

walked a minuet with the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Clarke and the Duke of York danced together—a pretty dance. The old Duke wore a *jabot* and *ailes-de-pigeon*, the old Countess a hoop, and a



cushion on her head. If haply the young folks came in, the elders modified their recollections, and Lady Kew brought honest old King George, and good old ugly Queen Charlotte to the rescue. Her ladyship was sister of the Marquis of Steyne, and in some respects resembled that lamented nobleman. Their family had relations in France (Lady Kew had always a pied-à-terre at Paris, a bitter little scandal-shop, where *les bien-pensants* assembled and retailed the most awful stories against the reigning dynasty). It was she who handed over le petit Kiou, when quite a boy, to Monsieur and Madame d'Ivry, to be *lancé* into Parisian society. He was treated as a son of the family by the Duke, one of whose many Christian names, his lordship, Francis George Xavier, Earl of Kew and Viscount Walham bears. If Lady Kew hated any one (and she could hate very considerably) she hated her daughter-in-law, Walham's widow, and the Methodists who surrounded her. Kew remain among a pack of psalm-singing old women and parsons with his mother! Fi donc! Frank was Lady Kew's boy, she would form him, marry him, leave him her money if he married to her liking, and show him life. And so she showed it to him.

Have you taken your children to the National Gallery in London, and shown them the Marriage à la Mode? Was the artist exceeding the privilege of his calling in painting the catastrophe in which those guilty people all suffer? If this fable were not true, if many and many of your young men of pleasure had not acted it, and rued the moral, I would tear the page. You know that in our Nursery Tales there is commonly a good fairy to counsel, and a bad one to mislead the young prince. You perhaps feel that in your own life there is a Good Principle imploring you to come into its kind bosom, and a Bad Passion which tempts you into its arms. Be of easy minds, good-natured people! Let us disdain surprises and *coups-de-théatre* for once; and tell those good souls who are interested about him, that there is a Good Spirit coming to the rescue of our young Lord Kew.

Surrounded by her court and royal attendants, La Reine Marie used graciously to attend the play-table, where luck occasionally declared itself for and against her majesty. Her appearance used to create not a little excitement in the Saloon of Roulette, the game which she patronized, it being more "fertile of emotions" than the slower Trente et Quarante. She dreamed of numbers, had favorite incantations by which to conjure them: noted the figures made by peels of peaches and so forth, the numbers of houses, on hackney coaches —was superstitious *comme toutes les âmes poétiques*. She commonly brought a beautiful agate bonbonnière full of gold pieces, when she played. It was wonderful to see her grimaces; to watch her behavior: her appeals to Heaven, her delight and despair. Madame la Baronne de la Cruche Cassée played on one side of her, Madame la Comtesse de Schlangenbad on the other. When she had lost all her money her majesty would condescend to borrow —not from those ladies: knowing the royal peculiarity, they never had any money; they always lost; they swiftly pocketed their winnings and never left a mass on the table, or quitted it, as courtiers will, when they saw luck was going against their sovereign. The officers of her household were Count Ponter, a Hanoverian, the Cavaliere Spada, Captain Blackball of a mysterious English regiment, which might be any one of the hundred and twenty in the army list, and other noblemen and gentlemen, Greeks, Russians, and Spaniards. Mr. and Mrs. Jones (of England), who had made the princess's acquaintance at Bagnères (where her lord still remained in the gout), and perseveringly followed her all the way to Baden; were dazzled by the splendor of the company in which they found themselves. Miss Jones wrote such letters to her dearest friend Miss Thompson, Cambridge Square, London, as caused that young person to crêver with envy. Bob Jones, who had grown a pair of mustaches since he left home, began to think slightingly of poor little Fanny Thompson, now he had got into "the best Continental society." Might not he quarter a countess's coat on his brougham along with the Jones' arms, or more slap up still, have the two shields painted on the panels with the coronet over? "Do you know the princess calls herself the Queen of Scots, and she calls me Julian Avenel," says Jones delighted, to Clive, who wrote me about the transmogrifica-

tion of our schoolfellow, an attorney's son whom I recollected a sniveling little boy at Grey Friars. "I say, Newcome, the princess is going to establish an order," cried Bob in ecstasy. Every one of her aids-de-camp had a bunch of orders at his button, excepting, of course, poor Jones.

Like all persons who beheld her, when Miss Newcome and her party made their appearance at Baden, Monsieur de Florac was enraptured with her beauty. "I speak of it constantly before the Duchesse. I know it pleases her," so the Vicomte said. You should have seen her looks when your friend M. Jones praised Miss Newcome! She ground her teeth with fury. *Tiens, ce petit sournois de Kiou!* He always spoke of her as a mere sac d'argent that he was about to marry—an ingot of the cité—une fille de Lord Maire. Have all English bankers such pearls of daughters? If the Vicomtesse de Florac had but quitted the earth, dont elle fait l'ornement—I would present myself to the charmante Meess and ride a steeple chase with Kiou!" That he should win it the Viscount never doubted.

When Lady Ann Newcome first appeared in the ball-room at Baden, Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry begged the Earl of Kew (notre filleul she called him) to present her to his aunt Miladi and her charming daughter. My filleul had not prepared me for so much grace," she said, turning a look toward Lord Kew, which caused his lordship some embarrassment. Her kindness and graciousness were extreme. Her caresses and compliments never ceased all the evening. She told the mother and the daughter too that she had never seen any one so lovely as Ethel. Whenever she saw Lady Ann's children in the walks she ran to them (so that Captain Blackball and Count Punter, A.D.C., were amazed at her tenderness), she étouffèd them with kisses. What lilies and roses! What lovely little creatures! What companions for her own Antoinette! "This is your governess, Miss Quigli. Mademoiselle you must let me present you to Miss O'Grédi, your compatriot, and I hope your children will be always together." The Irish Protestant governess scowled at the Irish Catholic—there was a Boyne Water between them.

Little Antoinette, a lonely little girl, was glad to find any companions. "Mamma kisses me on the promenade," she told them in her artless way. "She never kisses me at home." One day when Lord Kew with Florac and Clive were playing with the children, Antoinette said, "Pourquoi ne venez vous plus chez nous, M. de Kew? And why does Mamma say you are a lâche? She said so yesterday to ces Messieurs. And why does Mamma say thou art only a vaurien, mon cousin? Thou art always very good for me. I love thee better than all those Messieurs. Ma tante Florac a été bonne pour moi à Paris aussi—Ah! qu'elle a été bonne!"

"C'est que les anges aiment bien les petits chérubins, and my mother is an angel, seest thou," cries Florac, kissing her.

"Thy mother is not dead," said little Antoinette, "then why dost thou cry, my cousin?" And the three spectators were touched by this little scene and speech.

Lady Ann Newcome received the caresses and compliments of Madame la Duchesse with marked coldness on the part of one commonly so very good-natured. Ethel's instinct told her that there was something wrong in this woman, and she shrank from her with haughty reserve. The girl's conduct was not likely to please the French lady, but she never relaxed in her smiles and her compliments, her caresses, and her professions of admiration. She was present when Clara Pulleyn fell; and, prodigal of *câlineries* and consolation, and shawls and scent bottles, to the unhappy young lady, she would accompany her home. She inquired perpetually after the health of *cette pauvre petite Miss Clara.* O, how she railed against *ces Anglaises* and their prudery! Can you fancy her and her circle, the tea-table set in the twilight that evening, the court assembled, Madame de la Cruchecassée and Madame de Schlangenbad; and their whiskered humble servants, Baron Punter, and Count Spada, and Marquis Iago, and Prince Iachimo, and worthy Captain Blackball? Can you fancy a moonlight conclave, and ghouls feasting on the fresh corpse of a reputation—the jibes and sarcasms, the laughing and the gnashing of teeth? How they tear the dainty limbs, and relish the tender morsels!

"The air of this place is not good for you, believe me, my little Kew; it is dangerous. Have pressing affairs in England; let your chateau burn down; or your intendant run away, and pursue him. Partez, mon petit Kiou; partez, or evil will come of it." Such was the advice which a friend of Lord Kew gave the young nobleman.



CHAPTER XXXII.

BARNES'S COURTSHIP.

Ethel had made various attempts to become intimate with her future sister-in-law; had walked, and ridden, and talked with Lady Clara before Barnes's arrival. She had come away not very much impressed with respect for Lady Clara's mental powers; indeed we have said that Miss Ethel was rather more prone to attack women than to admire them, and was a little hard upon the fashionable young persons of her acquaintance and sex. In after life, care and thought subdued her pride, and she learned to look at society more

good-naturedly; but at this time, and for some years after, she was impatient of common-place people, and did not choose to conceal her scorn. Lady Clara was very much afraid of her. Those timid little thoughts, which would come out, and frisk and gambol with pretty graceful antics, and advance confidingly at the sound of Jack Belsize's jolly voice, and nibble crumbs out of his hand, shrank away before Ethel, severe nymph with the bright eyes, and hid themselves under the thickets and in the shade. Who has not overheard a simple couple of girls, or of lovers possibly, pouring out their little hearts, laughing at their own little jokes, prattling and prattling away unceasingly, until mamma appears with her awful didactic countenance, or the governess with her dry moralities, and the colloquy straightway ceases, the laughter stops, the chirp of the harmless little birds is hushed. Lady Clara being of a timid nature, stood in as much awe of Ethel as of her father and mother; whereas her next sister, a brisk young creature of seventeen, who was of the order of romps or tomboys, was by no means afraid of Miss Newcome, and indeed a much greater favorite with her than her placid elder sister.

Young ladies may have been crossed in love, and have had their sufferings, their frantic moments of grief and tears, their wakeful nights, and so forth; but it is only in very sentimental novels that people occupy themselves perpetually with that passion: and, I believe, what are called broken hearts, are very rare articles indeed. Tom is jilted—is for a while in a dreadful state—bores all his male acquaintance with his groans and his frenzy—rallies from the complaint—eats his dinner very kindly—takes an interest in the next turf event, and is found at Newmarket, as usual, bawling out the odds which he will give or take. Miss has her paroxysm and recovery—Madame Crinoline's new importations from Paris interest the young creature—she deigns to consider whether pink or blue will become her most—she conspires with her maid to make the spring morning dresses answer for the autumn—she resumes her books, piano, and music (giving up certain songs perhaps that she used to sing)—she waltzes with the Captain—gets a color—waltzes longer, better, and ten times quicker than Lucy, who is dancing with the Major—replies in an animated manner to the Captain's delightful remarks—takes a little supper—and looks quite kindly at him before she pulls up the carriage windows.

Clive may not like his cousin Barnes Newcome, and many other men share in that antipathy, but all ladies do not. It is a fact, that Barnes, when he likes, can make himself a very pleasant fellow. He is dreadfully satirical, that is certain; but many persons are amused by those dreadful satirical young men: and to hear fun made of our neighbors, even of some of our friends, does not make us very angry. Barnes is one of the very best waltzers in all society, that is the truth; whereas it must be confessed Some One Else was very heavy and slow, his great foot always crushing you, and he always begging your pardon. Barnes whirls a partner round a room ages after she is ready to faint. What wicked fun he makes of other people when he stops! He is not handsome, but in his face there is something odd-looking and distinguished. It is certain he has beautiful small feet and hands.

He comes every day from the city, drops in, in his quiet unobtrusive way, and drinks tea at five o'clock; always brings a budget of the funniest stories with him, makes mamma laugh, Clara laugh, Henrietta, who is in the school-room still, die of laughing. Papa has the highest opinion of Mr. Newcome as a man of business: if he had had such a friend in early life his affairs would not be where they now are, poor dear kind papa! Do they want to go any where, is not Mr. Newcome always ready? Did he not procure that delightful room for them to witness the Lord Mayor's show; and make Clara die of laughing at those odd city people at the Mansion House ball? He is at every party, and never tired though he gets up so early: he waltzes with nobody else: he is always there to put Lady Clara in the carriage: at the drawing-room he looked quite *handsome* in his uniform of the Newcome Hussars, bottle-green and silver lace: he speaks politics so *exceedingly* well with papa and gentlemen after dinner: he is a sound conservative, full of practical good sense and information, with no dangerous new-fangled ideas, such as young men have. When poor dear Sir Bryan Newcome's health gives way quite, Mr. Newcome will go into parliament, and then he will resume the old barony which has been in abeyance in the family since the reign of Richard the Third. They had fallen quite, quite low. Mr. Newcome's grandfather came to London with a satchel on his back, like Whittington. Isn't it romantic?

This process has been going on for months. It is not in one day that poor Lady Clara has been made to forget the past, and to lay aside her mourning. Day after day, very likely, the undeniable faults and many piccadilloes of—of that other person, have been exposed to her. People around the young lady may desire to spare her feelings, but can have no interest in screening poor Jack from condign reprobation. A wild prodigal—a disgrace to his order—a son of old Highgate's leading such a life, and making such a scandal! Lord Dorking believes Mr. Belsize to be an abandoned monster and fiend in human shape; gathers and relates all the stories that ever have been told to the young man's disadvantage, and of these be sure there are enough, and speaks of him with transports of indignation. At the end of months of unwearied courtship, Mr. Barnes Newcome is honestly accepted, and Lady Clara is waiting for him at Baden, not unhappy to receive him; when walking on the promenade with her father, the ghost of her dead love suddenly rises before her, and the young lady faints to the ground.

When Barnes Newcome thinks fit he can be perfectly placable in his demeanor and delicate in his conduct. What he said upon this painful subject was delivered with the greatest propriety.

He did not for one moment consider that Lady Clara's agitation arose from any present feeling in Mr. Belsize's favor, but that she was naturally moved by the remembrance of the past, and the sudden appearance which recalled it. "And but that a lady's name should never be made the subject of dispute between men," Newcome said to Lord Dorking, with great dignity, "and that Captain Belsize has opportunely quitted the place, I should certainly have chastised him. He and another adventurer, against whom I have had to warn my own family, have quitted Baden this afternoon. I am glad that both are gone, Captain Belsize especially; for my temper, my lord, is hot, and I do not think I should have commanded it."

Lord Kew, when the elder lord informed him of this admirable speech of Barnes Newcome's, upon whose character, prudence, and dignity the Earl of Dorking pronounced a fervent eulogium, shook his head gravely, and said, "Yes, Barnes was a dead shot, and a most determined fellow:" and did not burst out laughing until he and Lord Dorking had parted. Then to be sure he took his fill of laughter: he told the story to Ethel; he complimented Barnes on his heroic self-denial; the joke of the thundering big stick was nothing to it. Barnes Newcome laughed too; he had plenty of humor, Barnes. "I think you might have whopped Jack when he came out from his interview with the Dorkings," Kew said: "the poor devil was so bewildered and weak, that Alfred might have thrashed him. At other times you would find it more difficult, Barnes, my man." Mr. B. Newcome resumed his dignity; said a joke was a joke, and there was quite enough of this one; which assertion we may be sure he conscientiously made.

That meeting and parting between the old lovers passed with a great deal of calm and propriety on both sides. Miss's parents of course were present when Jack at their summons waited upon them and their daughter, and made his hang-dog bow. My Lord Dorking said (poor Jack in the anguish of his heart had poured out the story to Clive Newcome afterward), "Mr. Belsize, I have to apologize for words which I used in my heat yesterday, and which I recall and regret, as I am sure you do that there should have been any occasion for them."

Mr. Belsize, looking at the carpet, said he was very sorry.

Lady Dorking here remarked, "that as Captain Belsize was now at Baden, he might wish to hear from Lady Clara Pulleyn's own lips that the engagement into which she had entered was formed by herself, certainly with the consent and advice of her family. Is it not so, my dear?"

Lady Clara said, "Yes, mamma," with a low courtesy.

"We have now to wish you good-by, Charles Belsize," said my lord, with some feeling. "As your relative, and your father's old friend, I wish you well. I hope your future course in life may not be so unfortunate as the past year. I request that we may part friends. Good-by, Charles Clara, shake hands with Captain Belsize. My Lady Dorking, you will please to give Charles your hand. You have known him since he was a child; and—and—we are sorry to be obliged to part in this way." In this wise Mr. Jack Belsize's tooth was finally extracted; and for the moment we wish him and his brother patient a good journey.

Little lynx-eyed Dr. Von Finck, who attends most of the polite company at Baden, drove ceaselessly about the place that day, with the *real* version of the fainting-fit story, about which we may be sure the wicked and malicious, and the uninitiated, had a hundred absurd details. Lady Clara ever engaged to Captain Belsize? Fiddle-dee-dee! Every body knew the Captain's affairs, and that he could no more think of marrying than flying. Lady Clara faint at seeing him! she fainted before he came up; she was always fainting, and had done so thrice in the last week, to his knowledge. Lord Dorking had a nervous affection of his right arm, and was always shaking his stick. He did not say Villain, he said William; Captain Belsize's name is William. It is not so in the peerage? Is he called Jack in the peerage? Those peerages are always wrong. These candid explanations of course had their effect. Wicked tongues were of course instantaneously silent. People were entirely satisfied; they always are. The next night being assembly night, Lady Clara appeared at the rooms, and danced with Lord Kew and Mr. Barnes Newcome. All the society was as gracious and good-humored as possible, and there was no more question of fainting, than of burning down the Conversation-house. But Madame de Cruchecassée, and Madame de Schlangenbad, and those horrid people whom the men speak to, but whom the women salute with silent courtesies, persisted in declaring that there was no prude like an English prude; and to Dr. Finck's oaths, assertions, explanations, only replied, with a shrug of their bold shoulders, "Taisez vous, Docteur, vous n'ete qu'une vieille bête."

Lady Kew was at the rooms, uncommonly gracious. Miss Ethel took a few turns of the waltz with Lord Kew, but this nymph looked more *farouche* than upon ordinary days. Bob Jones, who admired her hugely, asked leave to waltz with her, and entertained her with recollections of Clive Newcome at school. He remembered a fight in which Clive had been engaged, and recounted that action to Miss Newcome, who seemed to be interested. He was pleased to deplore Clive's fancy for turning artist, and that Miss Newcome recommended him to have his likeness taken, for she said his appearance was exceedingly picturesque. He was going on with further prattle, but she suddenly cut Mr. Jones short, making him a bow, and going to sit down by Lady Kew. "And the next day, Sir," said Bob, with whom the present writer had the happiness of dining at a mess dinner at the Upper Temple, "when I met her on the walk, Sir, she cut me as dead as a stone. The airs those swells give themselves is enough to make any man turn republican."

Miss Ethel indeed was haughty, very haughty,



and of a difficult temper. She spared none of her party except her kind mother, to whom Ethel always was kind, and her father, whom, since his illnesses, she tended with much benevolence and care. But she did battle with Lady Kew repeatedly, coming to her aunt Julia's rescue, on whom her mother as usual exercised her powers of torturing. She made Barnes quail before her by the shafts of contempt which she flashed at him; and she did not spare Lord Kew, whose good-nature was no shield against her scorn. The old queen mother was fairly afraid of her; she even left off beating Lady Julia when Ethel came in, of course taking her revenge in the young girl's absence, but trying in her presence to soothe and please her. Against Lord Kew the young girl's anger was most unjust, and the more cruel, because the kindly young nobleman never spoke a hard word of any one mortal soul, and carrying no arms, should have been assaulted by none. But his very good-nature seemed to make his young opponent only the more wrathful; she shot because his honest breast was bare; it bled at the wounds which she inflicted. Her relatives looked at her, surprised at her cruelty, and the young man himself was shocked in his dignity and best feelings by his cousin's wanton ill-humor.

Lady Kew fancied she understood the cause of this peevishness, and remonstrated with Miss Ethel, "Shall we write a letter to Lucerne, and order Dick Tinto back again?" said her ladyship. "Are you such a fool, Ethel, as to be hankering after that young scapegrace, and his yellow beard! His drawings are very pretty. Why, I think he might earn a couple of hundred a year as a teacher, and nothing would be easier than to break your engagement with Kew, and whistle the drawing-master back again."

Ethel took up the whole heap of Clive's drawings, lighted a taper, carried the drawings to the fire-place, and set them in a blaze. "A very pretty piece of work," says Lady Kew, "and which proves satisfactorily that you don't care for the young Clive at all. Have we arranged a correspondence? We are cousins, you know; we may write pretty cousinly letters to one another." A month before the old lady would have attacked her with other arms than sarcasm, but she was scared now, and dared to use no coarser weapons. "O!" cried Ethel in a transport, "what a life ours is, and how you buy and sell, and haggle over your children! It is not Clive I care about, poor boy. Our ways of life are separate. I can not break from my own family, and I know very well how you would receive him in it. Had he money, it would be different. You would receive him, and welcome him, and hold out your hands to him; but he is only a poor painter, and we forsooth are bankers in the city; and he comes among us on sufferance, like those concert-singers whom mamma treats with so much politeness, and who go down and have supper by themselves. Why should they not be as good as we are?"

"M. de C——, my dear, is of a noble family," interposed Lady Kew; "when he has given up singing and made his fortune, no doubt he can go back into the world again."

"Made his fortune, yes," Ethel continued, "that is the cry. There never were, since the world began, people so unblushingly sordid! We own it, and are proud of it. We barter rank against money, and money against rank, day after day. Why did you marry my father to my mother? Was it for his wit? You know he might have been an angel and you would have scorned him. Your daughter was bought with papa's

money as surely as ever Newcome was. Will there be no day when this mammon worship will cease among us?"

"Not in my time or yours, Ethel," the elder said, not unkindly; perhaps she thought of a day long ago before she was old herself.

"We are sold," the young girl went on, "we are as much sold as Turkish women; the only difference being that our masters may have but one Circassian at a time. No, there is no freedom for us. I wear my green ticket, and wait till my master comes. But every day, as I think of our slavery, I revolt against it more. That poor wretch, that poor girl whom my brother is to marry, why did she not revolt and fly? I would, if I loved a man sufficiently, loved him better than the world, than wealth, than rank, than fine houses and titles—and I feel I love these best—I would give up all to follow him. But what can I be with my name and my parents? I belong to the world, like all the rest of my family. It is you who have bred us up; you who are answerable for us. Why are there no convents to which we can fly? You make a fine marriage for me; you provide me with a good husband, a kind soul, not very wise, but very kind; you make me what you call happy, and I would rather be at the plow like the women here."

"No, you wouldn't, Ethel," replies the grandmother, dryly. "These are the fine speeches of school girls. The showers of rain would spoil your complexion—you would be perfectly tired in an hour, and come back to luncheon—you belong to your belongings, my dear, and are not better than the rest of the world: very good looking, as you know perfectly well, and not very good tempered. It is lucky that Kew is. Calm your temper, at least before marriage; such a prize does not fall to a pretty girl's lot every day. Why, you sent him away quite scared by your cruelty; and if he is not playing at roulette, or at billiards, I dare say he is thinking what a little termagant you are, and that he had best pause while it is yet time. Before I was married, your poor grandfather never knew I had a temper; of after-days I say nothing; but trials are good for all of us, and he bore his like an angel."

Lady Kew, too, on this occasion at least, was admirably good-humored. She also, when it was necessary, could put a restraint on her temper, and having this match very much at heart, chose to coax and to soothe her granddaughter rather than to endeavor to scold and frighten her.

"Why do you desire this marriage so much, grandmamma?" the girl asked. "My cousin is not very much in love—at least I should fancy not," she added, blushing. "I am bound to own Lord Kew is not in the least eager, and I think if you were to tell him to wait for five years, he would be quite willing. Why should you be so very anxious?"

"Why, my dear? Because I think young ladies who want to go and work in the fields, should make hay while the sun shines; because I think it is high time that Kew should *ranger* himself; because I am sure he will make the best husband, and Ethel the prettiest Countess in England." And the old lady, seldom exhibiting any signs of affection, looked at her granddaughter very fondly. From her Ethel looked up into the glass, which very likely repeated on its shining face the truth her elder had just uttered. Shall we quarrel with the girl for that dazzling reflection; for owning that charming truth, and submitting to that conscious triumph? Give her her part of vanity, of youth, of desire to rule and be admired. Meanwhile Mr. Clive's drawings have been crackling in the fire-place at her feet, and the last spark of that combustion is twinkling out unheeded.

A RUSSIAN STORY OF A CENTURY AGO.

SOME hundred and thirty years ago, the "Emperor of all the Russias" was not Nicholas I. but Peter the Great; and Peter, with all his faults, was a generous-hearted man, and loved an adventure dearly. It was a cold bleak day in November when our story commences, and the fishermen on the Gulf of Finland could easily foretell a coming storm from the clouds which were gathering on the horizon from the south-east. As the clouds grew darker, the wind blew in louder gusts, and the waves rose with whiter and taller crests, and lashed the shores with an ever increasing vehemence. Along the beach on the north side of the Gulf of Finland are some twenty or thirty fishermen's huts, which form part of the straggling town of Lachta. Hard by is the spot where a ferry-boat starts—or rather started a century ago—for the opposite side of the gulf some twice or three times a week. As the door of one of these cottages opened, a young sailor came out, followed by his mother, who saw that he was bent upon crossing the lake for the purpose of transacting some business at the little village of Liborg, and was vainly endeavoring to stay him by pointing out the signs of the growing storm.

"Only see, my dear son," she cried, "how rough and angry the lake is now; see what madness it is to venture out in an open boat upon its waves on such a day. If the ferry-boat must go, let it start without you, and do you stay at home, my Steenie, for your poor mother's sake."

"Oh! mother," replied the young man, "you are over anxious; my business with Carl Wald compels me to go across, whether I like it or not, and I can not disappoint him if the ferry-boat starts at all, and start it will directly, from the quay, for I see the passengers gathering together at the top of the steps. Only look now, there is Alec and Nicholas going across, and I can not stay behind. Then, good-by, mother, I am off to the *Katharine*." So saying he stepped briskly forward.

"Well, Paul, my man, here's rather a rough passage across for us; I suppose you will go all the same, though you don't seem to like the looks of the weather a bit better than I do? But I don't see any other boats out this afternoon for certain."

"Oh, Paul! oh, Steenie! it is just tempting

Providence to think of crossing over with such a sea rising, and with the wind almost dead against you," cried the distracted widow.

"As to that, there's always danger afloat," answered Paul, "be it fair or foul; and Providence takes care of us afloat as well as ever he does on land. Good-by, mother. Here, Alec, let go that rope. Now, then, to your oars. She's off, boys! Helm aport now."

"Port it is," growled the steersman, who evidently had no fancy for the voyage, and had all this time been crying out against the unpropitious aspect of the weather.

The boatmen who were on the steps and along the beach, assured the widow that there was no real danger; and so having bid her son an affectionate farewell, and uttering many a devout prayer for his speedy return next week, she went back into her cottage, low and depressed in her spirits, and sat watching the boat from her window as it did battle with each crested surge and rode proudly on its course. Need we say that she watched it with a mother's eye, until a projecting cliff shut it wholly out of sight. The storm, however, continued as before, and the mother had but one resource left, to commit her beloved son and the frail boat in which he crossed the waters of the lake to the merciful goodness of that Providence, who is "the God of the fatherless and the widow."

Meanwhile the little vessel was battling with the angry waves in a place where there was a narrow passage, some fifty yards broad, between two dangerous shelving sand-banks, well known to the master of the *Katharine* and his crew. The sand-banks themselves, as it happened, lay partly under the lee of one of the little islands which stud the coast near Lachta; and the current was bearing strong upon the bank upon the leeward. At this moment the *Katharine* shipped a large quantity of water; as ill luck would have it, the tiller broke, and before the boat's head could be righted, she had drifted upon the edge of the bar of sand, and there she stuck fast. The little bark would have been overwhelmed by the breakers but for the shelter afforded by the corner of the island and the shifting of the wind a point or two round to the north; indeed, she was fast filling with water, in spite of the efforts of the passengers to keep her afloat by bailing. To add to the general confusion aboard, it now turned out that several of the passengers who had been drinking at the village inn before starting from Lachta were fairly intoxicated, and the rest were sinking down bewildered into the apathy of despair; so that only Stephen and two of the boatmen had their wits about them. But though they strove with all their might, they were unable to move the boat off from the sand-bank. At this moment, when the waves were breaking over the little *Katharine*, and had already swept off into deep water one or two hapless passengers, who had lost all heart and courage, a sail was seen approaching.

It was a rather large vessel, with a gallant crew of some twenty men, who had been inspecting a portion of the coast. They had seen the perilous position of old Paul and his boat, and had borne down to their assistance, for in spite of the terrible raging of the winds and waves, the captain would not see the poor fellows swept away and drowned without making an effort at least to save them.

The vessel neared the sand-bank; but how may she approach close enough to rescue the unhappy fellows? A boat is lowered from the vessel, and four as gallant Russian tars as ever plowed the fresh waters of Ladoga or the Baltic have rowed up to the spot; but the strength of two of the crew, added to the exertions of Stephen and the boatmen of the *Katharine*, are not sufficient to move the vessel from the firm grasp with which the sand held her keel. They were, therefore, beginning to relax their efforts, when a second boat, with a crew of six stout-hearted fellows, neared the bank, and by vigorous efforts reached the spot in time to reinforce their comrades. Without the loss of a moment, one of the crew, a fine tall muscular Russian, some six feet five inches high, stripped off his outer garments, leaped into the sea, and after swimming a few sharp strokes, gained a footing on the sand. This was heavy work indeed, as the sand was not hard and firm, but mixed with mud and slime; but the giant strength of the new arrival turned the scale, and after a few short and sharp heaves the *Katharine* moved once more. In a second she was afloat again and taken in tow by the other boat.

And where all this time was Stephen? Worn out with fatigue and cold, for he had been immersed some two hours in the chilly waves, and standing in deep water and nearly exhausted by their violence—he had lost his footing on the slippery bank, and having got in a moment beyond his depth, was vainly attempting to keep his head above water by swimming in his drenched and dripping clothes, the weight of which in a few seconds more would have carried him down.

"Oh! Steenie, Steenie," cried the old boatman, Paul, with a loud voice of agony, which would make itself heard even above the roaring of the angry winds and waves, "can none of you save my poor Stephen, the bravest lad that ever trod a deck? He's gone now, and but for his help this day my boat would have been lost."

"He's not lost yet!" cried the tall seaman; and, plunging into the waves, he caught him by the hair of his head, just as he was sinking a third time; the next wave would have carried him fairly down, and his life would have been gone past recall.

It was not the work of a moment for the strong, tall stranger to swim with the lad toward the boat, which was hovering near; and, in another second, the gallant crew had lifted him in over the gunwale, and laid him at the bottom of the boat. As soon as he showed signs of life, and began to open his eyes, a flask of brandy was applied to his mouth, and he soon revived. The tall man, too, got in, and leaving two of his crew to help old Paul to tow the *Katharine* ashore, he gave the

signal to his men, and they pulled off with all their might in the direction of Lachta. Though the waves were still running high, yet, fortunately, the wind was astern; so the sharp, quick strokes of the crew soon brought the boat to the landing-place from which, a few hours before, poor Stephen had departed in such high spirits, and with such confidence in Paul's seamanship, and the ability of the *Katharine* to make the passage.

As soon as the boat came to the sheltered nook where the steps of the landing-place led up from the sea, Stephen was put ashore, and, partly led partly carried, he reached the cottage of his mother. At the sight of her son, the poor widow burst into a flood of tears, and began to give way to an agony of joy and grief. A warm bath was soon prepared for her son; and, after the application of some gentle restoratives, poor Stephen was able to sit up and to thank his kind preserver, the tall stranger, who, with two of his men behind him, just now lifted up the latch of the cottage-door, and had entered the room.

"Gracious Heaven," cried the grateful mother, "why, sir, you are in wet clothes, too! Sit down, sir, by the fire, and take of my humble fare, while I go and find some of my Steenie's clothes for you to put on, and I dry those dripping garments."

The tall stranger sat down; and as the widow left the room, gave his two followers a hint not to make known to the boy or his mother who he was. In a few minutes the stranger had retired, and assumed a plain old dress belonging to the young man whose life he had saved, and was engaged in eating some hot bacon, which the widow had just laid upon the table before him, with many protestations of her eternal gratitude to the saviour of her son.

"May the King of heaven, who never turns a deaf ear to the widow's prayer, mercifully reward you for saving my Steenie's life. It is not many a sailor, or merchant either, that would have done as you have done to-day. Heaven speed you; and may you never forget that the poor widow of Lachta is praying for you night and morning, that the Almighty may increase your store, whenever you are sailing over the stormy sea, or the lakes of Onega and Ladoga."

The tall stranger was about to rise and depart, when suddenly the door opened, and a naval officer entered, with a crowd of attendants. It was the captain and mate of the bark which Steenie and Paul had seen in the offing, and which had sent her boats to the rescue of the *Katharine*.

"My noble master, may it please your majesty," he said, falling on one knee, "the *Royal Peter* has come safe, and she has towed the *Katharine* too into the little port of Lachta."

The poor widow fell down upon her knees in astonishment, and faltered forth her apologies for not recognizing his majesty, and for having treated him with such disrespect.

"Nay, nay, my good woman," said the Czar, smiling, "how could you know the Emperor thus disguised in mud and dirt. But you will know him henceforth. I shall keep your son's clothes in remembrance of this day; and when your boy 'Steenie' wakes up from the sound sleep into which he has fallen, tell him that he will always find a true friend in Peter Alexiowitch."

Our readers, when they learn that the above story is founded upon a plain historic fact—as they will find upon reading for themselves the *Life of Peter the Great*—will be grieved to hear that the noble conduct of the emperor on this occasion cost him his life. He had for a long time suffered under a chronic internal disease, which none of his court physicians could effectually combat; and in the month of November, 1724, in which our story is laid, he went, contrary to the advice of his physicians, to inspect the works on Lake Lagoda: his exposure to the wet and cold in rescuing the poor ferryman and his crew, on this stormy November day, affected him so seriously that he never recovered afterward. The emperor went home to his palace at St. Petersburg without loss of time, but his malady increased, in spite of all the remedies which the medical skill of Russia could furnish; and gradually he sank under the disease, till death put an end to his sufferings toward the close of the following January.

Such was the end of Peter I. of Russia, deservedly named "the Great;" though he was the strangest compound of contradictions, perhaps, that the world has ever seen. In him the most ludicrous undertakings were mingled with the grandest political schemes. Benevolence and humanity were as conspicuous in his character as a total disregard of human life. He was at once kind-hearted and severe, even to the extent of ferocity. Without education himself, he promoted arts, sciences, and literature. "He gave a polish," says Voltaire, "to his people, and yet he was himself a savage: he taught them the art of war, of which, however, he was ignorant himself: from the sight of a small boat on the river Moskwa he created a powerful fleet, and made himself an expert and active shipwright, sailor, pilot, and commander: he changed the manners, customs, and laws of the Russians, and lives in their memory, not merely as the founder of their empire, but as the father of his country."

Yes; the memory of Peter to this day is dear among all classes of Russians, from the noblest of the Boyards down to the meanest serf. But if among the towns and villages of his vast empire there be one in which his name is cherished with especial honor, it is that little fishing-town of Lachta; and in proof of our assertion we may add, that the cottage in which Steenie and his mother lived and died, is still familiarly known to every traveler in those parts as Peter's House.

MOUNTAIN STORMS.—TRAGEDY ON THE SENTIS.

THE storms experienced in mountainous countries have often a terrific grandeur seldom witnessed by the inhabitants of lowland plains. The flash of the lightning is more vivid, and the report of the thunder more tremendous, owing to closer proximity to the centre of disturbance in

consequence of elevation. The repercussion of sound also, from the adjoining highlands, causes it to reverberate from rock to rock and crag to crag, while a thousand echoes repeat the intonation in distant glens: and hence the peal has a longer roll than on levels where there is a comparatively free passage through the atmosphere. Generally the danger from lightning increases to men at high points, though such an ascent may be gained as to place the individual in a perfectly harmless region, above the focus of explosion, calmness, and bright sunshine being aloft and around, while clouds are in wild agitation, and the elemental strife rages beneath. But travelers at considerable elevations have frequently observed striking indications of electric action in their immediate neighborhood, and found themselves unawares in the very bosom of a thunder-cloud. Professor Forbes relates an instance which came under his own observation in the Alps. He was on the track to the châlets of Breuil, at the height of 9000 feet, the atmosphere being turbid, and some hail falling, when a curious sound was noticed, which seemed to proceed from the alpine pole with which he was walking. He asked the guide next him what he thought it was, and as the members of that fraternity have an answer ready for any emergency, the reply was coolly given, that the rustling of the pole no doubt proceeded from a worm eating the wood in the interior. But, holding up his hand, the fingers yielded the same fizzing sound. There could be but one explanation—that of the party being so near a thunder-cloud as to be highly electrified by induction; and on closely observing circumstances, it was soon perceived that all the angular stones were hissing around like points near a powerful electrical machine. Prudence dictated the lowering of an umbrella, hoisted against the hail shower, whose gay brass point might become the *paratonnerre* of the travelers. Scarcely had this been done, when a clap of thunder, unaccompanied by lightning, justified the precaution.

Instances are not wanting of thunder-clouds having been traversed with impunity while the fell lightning was in process of elaboration. In August, 1778, the Abbé Richard was in this position on the small mountain called Boyer, between Chalons and Tournus. Before he entered the cloud, the thunder rolled as it is wont to do. When he was enveloped in it, he heard only single claps, with intervals of silence, without roll or reverberation. After he passed above the cloud, the thunder rolled below him as before, and the lightning flashed. The sister of M. Arago witnessed similar phenomena between the village of Estagel and Limoux; and the officers of engineers engaged in the trigonometrical survey repeatedly experienced the same occurrences on the Pyrenees. Still the risk of damage must obviously be augmented as the cause of danger is approached; and hence the fear instinctively engendered by the proximity of a thunder-cloud is founded upon intelligible principles. It is well known that objects raised above the surface in a storm, whether good or bad conductors, as church-steeples, houses, trees, especially solitary ones, and the masts of ships, are peculiarly liable, by exposure and elevation, to the stroke of lightning. A melancholy example occurred in the year 1832, on the top of the Sentis in Switzerland.

This mountain is the highest point of the canton of Appenzell. Though not directly belonging to the grand range of the Alps, it rises to the height of 8200 feet above the sea, overlooks the valley of the Upper Rhine on the east, and the lake of Constance on the north. On its summit, M. Buchwalder, a Swiss engineer, along with an assistant, passed the night of July 4, having raised a tent and established a signal for geodesical purposes. It rained abundantly toward evening, and the cold and wind became such that they prevented sleeping all night. At four o'clock in the morning the mountain was covered with clouds, and some passed over their heads; the wind also was very violent. At six o'clock the rain began again, and the thunder resounded in the distance. Soon the most impetuous gale announced a tempest. Hail fell in such abundance that, in a few moments, it covered the Sentis with a frozen stratum of some thickness. After these preliminaries, the storm appeared calmer; but it was a silence, a repose, during which nature was preparing a terrible crisis. At a quarter past eight o'clock the thunder growled again, and, its noise approaching nearer and nearer, was heard without interruption till ten. The engineer then went out to examine the sky, and to measure the depth of the snow at a few paces from the tent. Scarcely had he accomplished this, when the lightning burst forth with fury, and obliged him to take refuge in the tent, together with the assistant, who brought out some food to take his repast. Both lay down side by side on a plank. A thick cloud, dark as night, then enveloped the Sentis; the rain and hail fell in torrents; the wind blew with fury; and the near and confused lightnings seemed like a conflagration. They were in the very centre of the storm; and the lightning showed the scene in all its grandeur or in all its horror. The assistant could not free himself from a sensation of fear, and he asked if they were not running some danger. Mention was made, in order to remove his fears, that, at the time when MM. Biot and Arago were making geodesical experiments in Spain, the lightning had fallen on their tent, but had only passed over the roof without touching them. The inquiry, however, brought to the mind of M. Buchwalder the idea of danger, and he fully understood it.

"At this moment," he relates, "a globe of fire appeared at the feet of my companion, and I felt my right leg struck with a violent commotion, which was an electric shock. He uttered a doleful cry: 'Ah!' I turned round to him. I saw on his face the effect of the lightning-stroke. The left side was covered with brown or reddish spots. His hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes, were frizzled and burned; his lips and nostrils were of a brownish violet: his chest seemed still to heave at intervals; but soon the sound of respira-

tion ceased. I felt all the horrors of my situation; but I forgot my suffering, in order to seek succor for a man whom I saw dying. I called him, but he did not reply. His right eye was open and bright; it seemed to me as though a ray of intelligence beamed from it, and I hoped; but the left eye remained closed, and on raising the eyelid, I saw that it was dull. I supposed, however, that there was still sight remaining on the right side, for I endeavored to close the eye on that side; an attempt which I repeated three times. It opened again of itself, and seemed animated. I put my hand on his heart; it no longer beat. I pricked his limbs, body, and lips with a compass; all was immovable: it was death, and I could not believe it. Bodily pain at last drew me from this painful contemplation. My left leg was paralyzed; and I felt a shuddering, an extraordinary movement. I felt, besides, a general trembling and oppression and disordered beatings of the heart. The most sinister reflections took possession of me. Was I going to perish like my unfortunate companion? I thought so from my suffering; however, reason told me that the danger was passed. I gained with the greatest difficulty the village of Alt St. Johann. The instruments had been struck in like manner."

Nowhere are storms exhibited with such violence, or are they so frequent, as within the tropics in the wet season. They diminish in intensity and number, as a general law, with the increase of latitude, and chiefly occur in the summer months. But on passing from the shores of the Atlantic into the interior of the continent, a modification is found as to frequency, analogous to that of rain, except in mountainous countries. Thus, in the western districts of Europe there is an average of about 20 storms in the year; at Moscow, 17; at Kasan, 9; and at Irkutsk about 8. M. Arago estimates the annual average of storms at the places mentioned as follows: Calcutta, 60; Rio Janeiro, 50; Guadaloupe, 37; Buenos Ayres, 20; Smyrna, 19; Berlin, 18; Strasburg, 17; Toulouse, 15; Utrecht, 15; Paris, 13; Athens, 11; Petersburg, 9; London, 8; Pekin, 5; Cairo, 3. When falling on the surface of the earth, lightning follows the best conductors, attaching itself principally to metals, though it may prefer a body which is not so good a conductor, if the latter conducts it more directly to the ground. Damp substances are preferred after metals—the reason why men and animals are struck, stunned, or killed, the dread element apparently proving fatal by the shock given to the nervous system. Kaemtz speaks of these melancholy events as not very common. He mentions that at Gottingen, in the space of a century, three persons only have been killed by lightning, and but two at Halle. But though the number of victims is very limited, if only a single locality or town is examined, it is frequently otherwise in the case of an entire country. In the United States, twenty-four persons have been struck in the course of a year, of whom seventeen were killed; and as many as twenty persons have perished in France in the same period. These fatal consequences are very commonly the effects of incaution; hay-makers and reapers in the fields, in spite of repeated warnings to the contrary, persisting in gathering under trees to screen themselves from the rain. This is the most perilous position that can be assumed in a storm: the safest would be to lie down on the most open ground; but in all situations, appropriately is the prayer preferred, in the words of the liturgy, "From lightnings and tempest—good Lord, deliver us."



THE HYÆNA.

BUT scanty favor has this ill-favored, unhappy-looking quadruped met with hitherto in the eyes of zoologists; and, as a general rule, it will be found that the older the work on natural history in which he is mentioned, the more abundant are the hard epithets lavished upon his devoted head. His personal appearance is certainly any thing but prepossessing; but if his countenance is gloomy and malignant in captivity, we doubt whether it is more lowering than the physiognomy of many an F.Z.S. would speedily become if he were transported from his snug fireside—which, after all, is an ice-house compared to the torrid regions of Africa, whence cometh the hapless hyæna—to a crippled and narrow den, facing the north, and situate in a damp and foggy corner; or condemned to dine upon a leg-of-mutton bone, instead—as the hyæna has been known to do in his native land—of discussing a repast of three courses, consisting of a young ass, a goat, and a fox, at one sitting. It is a well-known fact, that no animal has a greater aversion to close confinement than the hyæna; little wonder is it, then, that under these circumstances he should seldom or ever appear to advantage; but, on the contrary, generally testify an impatient, irritable spirit, particularly when, to amuse the "gazing crowd," he is kept in suspense regarding the one creature comfort which he thoroughly enjoys, viz., his dinner. The hysterical laughter of the poor beast, which gives such intense satisfaction to the spectators who usually cluster about the dens at feeding-time, has to our ears a very pitiful sound. It has certainly a strange resemblance to, and, when heard at a distance, is a very close imitation of, the laughter of the human species; but it is any thing rather than an appreciation of a joke which calls forth the shrill and unearthly sounds uttered by

the hyæna on these festive occasions. It is when agitated and irate that he thus lifts up his voice; and those who have watched him, with upraised bristles and exposed fangs, angrily and rapidly pacing up and down his cage, eying with malignant glances his keeper, who holds the tantalizing morsel of raw flesh which is his allotted portion suspended at the top of his iron staff far out of reach, will readily believe that these discordant peals have in them much more of rage and baffled desire than of joyous merriment or gleeful satisfaction.

As for the ancients, they not only believed that the hyæna could laugh, but that it could speak. "These hideous brutes," says Pliny in his "Historia Naturalis," "are wont to repair to the shepherds' huts and imitate the human voice, and even learn some person's name, who, when he answers to the call and comes out, is immediately torn to pieces." Even Aristotle, who may be looked upon as the father of naturalists, and who ought to have known better, has fallen into the popular error of his day; and, besides other apocryphal charges, has advanced the monstrous proposition, that the neck of the hyæna consisted of but one jointless bone—an assertion which, it is almost needless to add, is to the full as groundless as that this peculiar bone proved of great efficacy in magical invocation; which belief is to this day current among the superstitious Arabs, who, when they slay one of these animals, carefully bury the head, lest it should operate as an avenging charm or spell.

There are two varieties of this animal. The spotted kind is peculiar to the Cape of Good Hope and the southern division of Africa, where it is vulgarly known by the name of the tiger-wolf. It is an object of great fear and abhorrence in this region, though it rarely moves abroad during the day, but passes the hours of light and heat in slothful slumber, concealed in a hole or den of its own excavation, or else hidden from all prying eyes within the depths of some densely-covered bush. Till very lately bands of hyænas were in the habit of paying nightly visits to the streets of Cape Town, where they were tolerated as very useful in carrying away the animal refuse and offal; but, partly from better regulations now existing in the town, and partly from the number of these animals having decreased in the same ratio as the population has increased, this no longer occurs.

Sparrman, who is good authority, speaks of the hyæna as a cruel, mischievous, and formidable animal, living by depredation and rapine, daring and rapacious in its attacks upon the farmer's flocks and herds; and, in truth, the numbers, the nocturnal habits, and the mingled courage and obstinacy of these animals, render them in this respect even more destructive than the lion itself. The courage of the hyæna, moreover, is equal to its voracity; man himself he seldom ventures to attack, save and except when driven to desperation and in self-defense, and then it will turn furiously even upon this all-powerful assailant, but it wages fierce war against much larger quadrupeds than itself. It fears neither the kingly lion, the wily panther, nor the fierce ounce, whom, either by stealthy attacks, or by the combined power of numbers, it seldom fails to conquer.

Mr. Bruce, the persevering and entertaining Abyssinian traveler, says, "I do not think that there is any one who has hitherto written of this animal who ever saw the thousandth part of them I have. They were a plague in Abyssinia in every situation, both in the city and in the field, and, I think, surpassed the sheep in number. Gondar was full of them from the time it turned dark to the break of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falasha from the neighboring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark for safety. One night in Maitsha, being very intent on observation, I heard something pass behind me toward the bed, but upon looking round could perceive nothing. Having finished what I was then about, I went out of my tent, intending directly to return, which I immediately did, when I perceived large blue eyes glaring at me in the dark. I called upon my servant with a light, and there was the hyæna standing nigh the head of the bed, with two or three large bunches of candles in his mouth. To have fired, I was in danger of breaking my quadrant or other furniture, and he seemed, by keeping the candles steadily in his mouth, to wish for no other prey at that time. As his mouth was full, and he had no claws to tear with, I was not afraid of him, but with a pike struck him as near the heart as I could judge. It was not till then he showed any sign of fierceness; but upon feeling his wound, he let drop the candles and endeavored to run up the shaft of the spear to arrive at me, so that, in self-defense, I was obliged to draw a pistol from my girdle and shoot him, and nearly at the same time my servant cleft his skull with a battle-ax. In a word, the hyæna was the plague of our lives, the terror of our night-walks, the destruction of our mules and asses, which above all others are his favorite food."

Though ready and willing to grapple with a living prey, the hyæna is content to subsist principally on the putrescent remains of such animals as have been killed and only half devoured by the higher order of the carnivora; and though not gregarious on any social principle, these animals assemble in troops and follow in the wake of the Caffre and Hottentot armies of the present epoch, and gorge on the dead bodies of the slain, and too often it is to be feared ransack the hasty, ill-made graves that mark these battle-fields. It is said, too, that like other and nobler animals, the hyæna which has tasted human flesh is but too prone to retain a dangerous liking for this fell banquet. Steedman speaks of this in his "Wanderings and Adventures in the interior of Southern Africa," and alleges that the hyæna will pass through the herds of calves, &c., which are always secured close around the Hottentot huts, and, stealing into the interior, "take the children from under

the mother's kaross, and this in such a gentle and cautious manner, that the poor parent has been unconscious of her loss until the cries of the little innocent have reached her from without, when a close prisoner in the jaws of the monster."

And yet, notwithstanding this ferocity, in the district of Scheufberg, at the Cape, the spotted hyæna is sometimes domesticated in the houses of the peasantry, among whom, we are told, "he is preferred to the dog himself for attachment to his master, for general sagacity, and even, it is said, for his qualifications for the chase."

The striped hyæna, of the north of Africa and of Asia, differs in no essential particular, save in the substitution of a barred for a spotted dress, from the above variety—the description of the one, with this single variation, will serve for that of the other. In many particulars the hyæna resembles both the dog and the wolf, the latter especially in disposition and size, yet, in other respects, it is so singular in its conformation that it is impossible to confound this race with any other class of animals. The skull of the hyæna is short, and remarkable for its solidity and thickness; the character of the mouth, too, is peculiar—the tuberculous, or small teeth, generally found behind the carnivorous, being utterly wanting, while these last progressively increase in size, as they are placed more and more backward. This formidable array of fangs adorns jaws which are possessed of enormous strength, and adapted for crushing the hardest substances; the muscles which raise the lower jaw are in consequence unusually developed, and appear like enormous masses of flesh on either side of the head. The neck, chest, and shoulders of the hyæna are extremely powerful, while the hind-quarters are disproportionably low, and the hind-legs bent, crouching, and knock-kneed, causing the pace even when rapid to be of a shuffling or dragging character. Indeed, it is a remarkable peculiarity about this animal, that when he is first obliged to run, he always appears lame for a considerable distance, so much so, as in some instances to have induced the belief that one of his legs was broken. After running some time, however, this halting disappears, and he proceeds on his course very swiftly. This is, perhaps, the only quadruped which possesses but four toes on either foot; the claws these are armed with are blunt, stout, and non-retractile, but the dew-claw in the dog and the innermost claw of the feline kind are, strange to say, utterly wanting. The coat is of two different materials, fur or wool in small quantities being intermixed with long, stiff, and silky-looking hair. The general color of the hide is a dirty yellow, or yellowish brown, the oblique stripes, and numerous spots of the respective varieties being of so dark a tint as almost to arrive at a perfect black. A coarse, bristly mane runs down the spine, and terminates in a short and bushy tail, while the ears, which give a good deal of character to the head and face, are nearly destitute of hair, a fact which is the more apparent, as they are large, pointed, and very erect.

It has been asserted that the striped hyæna is of a less ferocious temper than his spotted brother, and we can hardly think that this can really be a fact; we should rather imagine that the placability of either species depends more on the circumstances in which they have been respectively placed than upon natural temperament. "Every kind of beast is tamed and hath been tamed of mankind," and we believe the spotted hyæna is to the full as susceptible of kindness, and amenable to education, as is the other variety.

A TURKISH REVOLUTION.

IN the year 1065 of the Hegira, on the second day of the feasts of Beïram, a large group of Mussulmans was assembled in a circle before the mosque of St. Sophia. Some were standing, and others were sitting cross-legged on mats or carpets spread upon the sand. By degrees the group was increased, as the Moslems issued from the temple, and as passers-by, prompted by curiosity, remained to see what was going on. Every eye was turned toward one point with a look of expectation; but a cloud of bluish smoke slowly rising in the air proved that the gratification of their curiosity was not the only pleasure which these Mussulmans enjoyed.

In the midst of this crowd of smokers, a young man of remarkably handsome features, though somewhat bronzed by an Asiatic sun, was seated before a small table, which was covered with swords and brass balls. He was dressed in a kind of close jacket of green silk, admirably adapted to set off his light and graceful figure; a girdle of antelope skin, on which some mysterious characters were inscribed in silver, confined a pair of loose trowsers, which were drawn in close at the ankle. This light and attractive dress was completed by a Phrygian cap, from the top of which hung a small musical bell. By this costume, at once graceful and fantastic, it was easy to recognize one of those jugglers whom the feasts of Beïram drew every year to Stamboul, and to whom was erroneously given the name of zingari.

The spectators soon became so numerous, that many found it difficult to get even a glimpse of the juggler's tricks. The brass balls, glittering in the sun, were flying round his head with amazing rapidity, and forming every variety of figure at his pleasure. The ease and grace with which the zingaro performed these wonders gave promise of still greater. At length, allowing the balls to drop one after the other into a resounding vase at his feet, he armed himself with a yataghan. Seizing the brilliant hilt, he drew the blade from its costly scabbard, and dexterously whirling it over his head, made as it were a thousand flashes of lightning sparkle around him. The Mussulmans slowly bowed their heads in token of approbation, much after the manner of those Chinese mandarins, carried about by the Italian boys, that make perpetual salutations to each other.

The zingaro continued his exploits without appearing to notice the admiration he excited. He next took a pigeon's egg from a small moss bask-

et, and placing it upright on the table, he struck it with the edge of his sword, without injuring its fragile covering. An incredulous bystander took the egg to examine it, but the slight pressure of his fingers served to destroy the frail object which had resisted the blow of the cimeter. Then taking off his Phrygian cap the juggler disclosed a large clear forehead, shaded by locks of jetty blackness. Placing upon his bare head a pyramid of steel, which he had first submitted to the circle for inspection, he made the curved weapon fly around him with such fearful velocity, that he appeared for a moment to be enveloped within the luminous circles it described. Presently the sword appeared to deviate, and grazed the hair of the intrepid young man. Some Europeans present turned pale, and closed their eyes against the dreaded sight; but the juggler's hand was sure. The yataghan, which had spared the pigeon's egg, had severed in two the pyramid of steel.

This act of dexterity was followed by many others no less perilous. The boldness of the zingaro terrified the usually impassive Turks; and, what was yet more surprising, he even made them smile by the amusing stories he related. Persons of his profession in Asia were generally silent, and their only powers of amusement lay in their fingers' ends; but this man possessed the varied qualities of an Indian juggler and an Arabian storyteller. He paused between almost every trick to continue a tale, again to be interrupted by fresh displays of his power; thus by turns delighting the eyes and the ears of his audience. During the more dangerous of his performances, even the smokers held their breath, and not a sound was to be heard but the quivering of the steel and the tinkling of the bell.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of the zingaro was a man apparently about forty years of age, whose carpet was placed in the first circle, and whose dress denoted him to be of superior rank. This was the bostangi-bassa, superintendent of the gardens, and keeper of the privy purse to the grand signior. The juggler having at length completed his tricks, the people remained to hear the conclusion of the story which had been so often interrupted. He then continued his narration, which was one of the wild fictions of the east, in pronouncing the last words of which, a melancholy expression passed over his countenance. He was aroused by the voice of the bostangi.

"Since you are such a magician," said the bostangi-bassa, "will you tell me which is the sultan's favorite flower?"

"The poppy of Aleppo; it is red," replied the juggler, without a moment's hesitation.

"At what time does the sultan sleep?" resumed the bostangi, after a few moments' reflection, expecting to puzzle him by this question.

"Never!" said the juggler.

The bassa started, and looked anxiously around him, fearing lest other ears than his own had heard this answer. He slowly arose and beckoned the zingaro to approach him; then lowering his voice—"Can you tell me," said he, "the name of his favorite wife?"

"Yes," replied the diviner, in a satirical tone, "it is Assarach."

The bostangi put his finger on the juggler's lips.

"Follow me," said he; and, as he moved to depart, the crowd respectfully opened a passage before him.

The young man took up his yataghan, and leaving the remainder of his baggage to be carried by a slave, he followed the steps of his guide toward the great door of the palace.

The history of the successors of Mohammed often present little beyond the melancholy spectacle of a throne at the mercy of a lawless soldiery. Mahmoud was not the first of his race who sought to free the seraglio from those formidable guardians. Soliman III. had formed this perilous design before him, but he was put to death by the janissaries, led by Mustapha, his uncle, who came from the Morea for the ostensible purpose of defending the emperor, but in reality to seize upon his throne. The sultan Mustapha, who had commenced his reign in such a tragic manner, experienced all the anxiety and uneasiness which must ever attend the acts of a usurper and a tyrant. Sordid, suspicious, and perfidious, he broke through every promise he had made to the janissaries, whose creature nevertheless he was. Instead of doubling their pay, he diminished it; instead of lessening the taxes, he doubled them. He lived buried in the depths of his palace, the care of which he had confided to the Greek soldiery, notwithstanding the murmurs of the legitimate guards. The mutes, dwarfs, and buffoons at the palace could alone obtain access to his presence.

At the time the zingaro was amusing the grave subjects of his highness, Mustapha was seated cross-legged on his divan in an inner apartment of the palace, seeking to drive away his *ennui* in watching the columns of fragrant smoke as they slowly rose from the long tube of his narghilé. A slave stood beside him, holding a feathered fan of varied colors. The buffoons of the palace had vainly tried to extort one smile from their master. The impassibility of the grand signior gave them to understand that their time was ill chosen, and that mirth would be dangerous; they had, therefore, one after the other, quitted the apartment, waiting to re-enter at the good pleasure of the prince. One among them, however,—the favorite dwarf, and the most deformed of all the inmates of the palace—wished to make another attempt. He entered noiselessly, and, seating himself near the musing sultan, he took up one of the tubes of the narghilé, and putting it to his lips, he imitated the looks and posture of his master. When the latter perceived that the intention of the buffoon was to parody his sacred person, he gave the unfortunate courtier a most violent push with his foot, and resumed his reverie. The head of the dwarf hit against the marble fountain, and blood flowed from the wound. The hapless jester, whose only fault lay in endeavoring to amuse

his master, left the apartment with tears glistening in his eyes, and soon not a sound was to be heard throughout the immense palace but the voice of the muezzin summoning to the duties of the mosque.

Shortly afterward the hangings opposite the divan were gently raised, and a man stood in a respectful attitude before Mustapha.

"What would'st thou?" said the sultan.

The bostangi-bassa, for it was he, replied briefly, according to the custom of the seraglio: "A juggler stands without; he might perchance amuse your highness."

The sultan made a sign in the negative.

"This man," continued the bostangi, "knows strange things; he can read the future."

"Let him come in!"

The bostangi bowed profoundly and retired.

Black slaves, armed with drawn and glistening cimeters, surrounded the imperial sofa when the zingaro was introduced. After a slight salutation, the young man leaned gracefully upon his yataghan, awaiting the orders of the emperor.

"Thy name?" demanded Mustapha.

"Mehallé."

"Thy country?"

"Jugglers have no country."

"Thine age?"

"I was five years old when you first girded on the sword of Ottoman."

"Whence comest thou?"

"From the Morea, signior," replied the zingaro, pronouncing the words with emphasis.

The sultan remained silent for a moment, but soon added, gayly: "Since you can read the future, I will put your knowledge to the proof. When people know the future, they ought to know the past!"

"You say right, signior; he who sees the evening star rise in the horizon has but to turn his head to view the last rays of the setting sun."

"Well! tell me how I made my ablutions yesterday."

"The first with Canary wine, the second with wine of Cyprus, and the third with that of Chios."

The "chief of the believers" smiled and stroked his beard; he was indeed in the habit of derogating in this respect, as in many others, from the prescriptions of the Koran.

"Knowest thou," replied the sultan, whom the zingaro's answer had put into a pleasant humor —"knowest thou that I could have thee beheaded?"

"Doubtless," said the juggler, undauntedly, "as you did the Spanish merchant, who watered his wine before he sold it to you."

Mustapha applauded the knowledge of the zingaro. He hesitated, nevertheless, before he ventured to put the dreaded question that tyrants, who are ever superstitious, never fail to demand of astrologers—"How long have I to live?"

The grand signior assumed a persuasive tone, and even condescended to flatter the organ of destiny, in hopes of obtaining a favorable answer.

"Thou art a wonderful youth," said he; "thou knowest things of which, beside thyself, the mutes only possess the secret; I have questioned many fakeers, marabouts, and celebrated dervises, who have three times visited the tomb of the prophet, but none of them were able to answer me as thou hast. I should wish to keep thee in my palace; I will make thee richer than all the merchants of Galata, if thou wilt tell me the year when I must die."

Mehallé then approached the emperor, and taking his hand, he appeared to study the lines of it with deep attention. Having finished his examination, he went to the window, and fixed his eyes for some time upon the heavens. "The fires of Beïram are lighting up the cupola of the grand mosque," said he, slowly; "night is at hand."

Mustapha anxiously awaited the answer of the astrologer. The latter continued in a mysterious manner: "The declining day still eclipses the light of the constellations. I will answer you, signior, when the evening star appears."

The sultan made a movement of impatience; anger was depicted in his countenance, and the look which he darted on the mutes showed the zingaro that he had incurred his highness's displeasure. Curiosity, however, doubtless prevailed over every other feeling of the prince's mind; for, turning to Mehallé, he said: "I am little accustomed to wait; I will do so, however, if thou canst amuse me until the propitious hour arrives."

"Would your highness like to see some feats of juggling?" said Mehallé, drawing his sabre from the scabbard.

"No! no!" exclaimed the sultan, making the circle of slaves close in about him. "Leave thine arms."

"Would you prefer a story, signior?"

"Stories that lull an Arab to sleep under his tent? No, I must have something new. Of all known games, there is but one I care for; I used to play it formerly; but now, there is not a single person within my empire who understands a chess-board."

The zingaro smiled, and taking an ebony box from a velvet bag, he presented it to the sultan, whose wish he understood.

The words of Mustapha will require some explanation for the reader. The sultan was passionately fond of the game of chess. At the commencement of his reign he easily found adversaries, and played for considerable sums. He possessed the secret of keeping fortune always at his side: when he lost, the happy conqueror was strangled. Those of his adherents whom he admitted to the honor of his imperial company, were compelled to submit either to their ruin, or, if they preferred it, to their death. In a short time, not a person could be found within the whole extent of the empire who knew any thing of the game of chess. Mehallé was not ignorant of these circumstances; nevertheless, it was a chess-board that he offered to the sultan. The stern countenance of the prince relaxed at the sight, and the board was immediately placed on the bowed back of a slave. Before commencing

the game, however, the sultan, after a moment's reflection, said: "We are about to play; so far, good; but, shouldst thou lose, what shall I gain?"

"Since your highness does me the honor of playing against me, I will stake all that I possess, this cimeter and my liberty. But what if I win?" added the zingaro, folding his arms.

"Shouldst thou win, I will give thee a slave."

"For a free man?—the stake is not equal."

"I will add to it my finest courser."

"I need it not; my feet are swifter than those of an Arab steed."

"What wilt thou then?"

"I have a fancy, sublime signior. Until this day I have been nothing but a poor wanderer, and have worn only the dress and the cap of a juggler. Were I to complain of this, I should be ungrateful, for this simple garb has ever seen me free and happy. I, however, renounce it; I become your slave; my mirth shall be for you alone; I will sing for you Indian songs, and, above all, I will divine for none but you. In return, I will ask but one thing; it is to allow me, if I win, to wear your royal mantle for ten minutes, to sit upon the divan surrounded by slaves, and to place upon my head that dreaded turban, whose fame has reached to the very ends of the earth."

The proposition of Mehallé was received with a burst of laughter from the sultan. Had Mustapha not laughed, the zingaro was a dead man

"Thou wouldst sit upon the seat of the caliphs! Dost thou not fear the weight of this turban upon thy silly head? A fine figure thou wouldst make under the pelisse of Ottoman! I should like to see thee giving audience to the viziers and the pashas!"

"It is in your highness's power to afford yourself this pleasure."

"Well," exclaimed Mustapha, "I will agree to the stake. A juggler upon the throne! Such a sight was never seen in the East."

The game commenced; it was short. The sultan lost, but he was in a pleasant vein, and he prepared to fulfill his engagement.

Mustapha loosened his girdle, took off his pelisse, and laid down his turban, while a slave assisted to invest Mehallé in the royal garments. These preparations completed, the sultan, dressed only in loose silken trowsers and a richly embroidered vest, approached a clock, and placing his finger on the dial plate—"When the hand shall mark the hour of eight," said he, "I shall have paid my debt, and then, signior, you will become my astrologer."

The juggler ascended the divan, and having placed his faithful cimeter at his side, he ordered the doors to be thrown open for the numerous courtiers who had been long awaiting the good pleasure of his highness. The apartment, which the dim light of evening rendered rather obscure, was immediately filled with a large assembly, among which were mingled the mufti, and the ulemas, the aga of the janissaries, the pashas from their different provinces, and the great officers of the porte, the bostangi-bassa being of the number.

Seated apart upon velvet cushions, Mustapha was laughing in his sleeve at the surprise which awaited the assembly, and at the embarrassment which would doubtless be exhibited by the zingaro.

At a sign from Mustapha, the flambeaux were lighted, and the room was brilliantly illuminated. Venetian mirrors reflected the *jets d'eau* which fell in dazzling showers into basins of green marble. This enchanting scene was unnoticed by the assembly; all were bending respectfully before the sultan's divan, and Mustapha, whose eyes were fixed on the zingaro, began to look uneasy.

Mehallé stood with lofty bearing and majestic air With one hand he grasped his yataghan, while with the other he motioned the assembly to rise.

Murmurs of admiration passed through the apartment; the young man received them with a smile, and, fixing more firmly on his head the green turban, shaded by a plume of scarlet feathers, he cried in a commanding tone: "Let the standard of the prophet be raised on the grand mosque! the people will salute it from afar at the fires of Beïram!" At these words an officer stepped forth to execute the order; but Mustapha rose to prevent him.

"Haggi Mohammed," continued the zingaro, with an imperious gesture, "obey!"

The aga bowed and retired. Mehallé added: "Let the imauns repair to the temples, and offer up petitions for the new sultan! Cadilisquier, have the tomb of Mustapha opened in Scutari, the city of the dead."

The sultan tried to smile. "Keepers of the treasury," continued the juggler, "distribute among the poor of Stamboul the accumulated hoardings of the late emperor."

"Enough, buffoon!" exclaimed Mustapha, in an agitated voice, on seeing how readily his servants obeyed these strange orders. The plot became alarming.

"I still command," replied the zingaro, with calm self-possession; "the clock has not yet struck the hour of eight. Art thou then so impatient to know the fate that awaits thee?" The courtiers were at a loss to understand this mysterious scene. They looked with terror on this bold young man, invested with the insignia of power, and the bostangi was astonished to see his sanguinary master tremble before a strolling juggler.

"Mustapha," continued the diviner, "thou wouldst know the time of thy death? I am about to tell thee, for the evening star has risen! I will tell thee even, in order to be generous, what death thou shalt die. Mufti, advance."

The president of the ouméla came forward. The zingaro proceeded: "You, who read each day the book of our prophet, and explain it to the people, sovereign judge of the empire, tell this man how avarice and usury ought to be punished; what penalty awaits him who shelters himself in retirement that he may break the laws, who intoxicates himself during the hours of purification, and who, stained with every crime, has never used his power but to oppress the weak,

to spoil the rich, to ruin innocence, and to sacrifice virtue?"

Great excitement now prevailed, and Mustapha, pale, and deprived of all self-possession, sought the hilt of his dagger.

The mufti replied in a low and grave tone: "The least of these crimes is deserving of death."

"Thou hearest, Mustapha, it is the prophet who condemns thee!" As he said this, he beckoned to the mutes; Mustapha tried to rush to the divan, but he was seized by the slaves, who passed the cord around his neck.

"Yes, thine hour is come," pursued the diviner; "the lives of so many victims must be paid for by thine own; I am at length come to avenge them."

"And who art thou?"

"It needs not I should tell thee, for thou knowest me! On this day fifteen years, a man fell, pierced with wounds by the hands of thy soldiers, on the very spot where within this hour thou shalt die. Thou didst seize on his possessions, thou didst invest thyself with his turban, but it wanted then those feathers dyed in his blood. That man was my father; he was the caliph. Yes! I am the son of Soliman. Thou hast massacred my family. Thou hast reckoned their heads also. Thou hast confounded the son of thy master with the child of the slave. I am the evening star—I am the sultan Amurath!"

As he thus spoke, the young prince made a step forward. His lofty brow, his features, his voice, the almost supernatural majesty of his countenance, inspired a deep emotion in the assembly. All the courtiers prostrated themselves upon the marble floor. They thought they saw again the young and glorious Soliman in one of those audiences when he made the rebellious pashas quail before him.

After a moment of respectful silence, the cry of "Long live Amurath!" shook the roof of the seraglio, and was echoed in the distance by the crowd who were thronging toward Saint Sophia. At the same moment the body of Mustapha fell lifeless to the ground. The time-piece slowly struck the hour, and the muezzin, in a solemn voice, repeated from the cupola, "It is eight o'clock!"

INCIDENTS OF JURY TRIALS.

OF all public duties there is none of such fearful responsibility, if we except the dissemination of divine truth, as that which devolves on the empanneled jury, who are to decide on facts on which human life depends. The unbiased judgment, notwithstanding appearances and circumstances—the undeviating attention to conflicting evidence, intricate details, and trifling incidents, which become important from their bearing, the charitable feeling which should keep alive all doubts of guilt till fully proved, are, indeed, mental exercises of the highest order. They may be tasked too much in decisions where all rests on circumstantial evidence—the fallibility of such evidence has not been rare, even in cases where common sense could have no doubt. The consciousness that such has been the case, and the conviction that such may often be the case, are strong arguments against the forfeiture of life on circumstantial evidence. Wherever there exists a moral possibility that the criminal act may not have been committed by the accused, the safer course the law could take would be not to demand the dreadful sacrifice—that should be for proof which could not be set aside—it is a contested point whether capital punishment should be altogether abolished, and much may be said on both sides.

It is essential to the well-being of society that the secrecy with which crimes are committed, is not sufficient to prevent their discovery. Crimes of great enormity seldom escape detection, and there are few aphorisms more true than that "*murder will out.*" Some vestige is constantly left in the hurry and confusion attending an act of violence. Nay, the very means taken for concealment often lead to detection. It is justly remarked by Starkie, that the consideration of the nature of circumstantial evidence, and of the principles on which it is founded, merits the most profound attention. Scientific assistance has been eminently useful in saving the innocent and detecting the guilty. In some remarkable trials for murder many offenders have been detected by the observation of medical men, who have traced the facts by slight and unexpected circumstances. Many cases mentioned in *Taylor's Medical Jurisprudence*, to whom we are indebted for most interesting information, illustrate this statement. He mentions that when Sir Astley Cooper was called to see Mr. Blight, of Deptford, who had been mortally wounded by a pistol shot, in the year 1806, he inferred from an examination of the localities, that the shot must have been fired by a left-handed man. The only left-handed man near the premises at the time was a Mr. Patch, a particular friend of the deceased, who was not in the least suspected. The man was afterward tried and convicted of the crime, and he made a full confession of his guilt before execution. Yet medical evidence is not always borne out by the fact. A man was stabbed by another in the face. A knife, with the blade entire, was brought forward as evidence against the prisoner at the trial, the surgeon having declared that the wound must have been caused by this knife; the wounded person recovered, but a year afterward a fistula formed in the face, and the broken point of the real weapon was discharged from the sinus; the wound could not, therefore, have been produced by the knife brought forward against the prisoner at the trial.

We may reasonably conclude that marks, mistaken for blood-stains, found on the clothes of persons suspected of murder, have often been taken as conclusive evidence against them; but the noble science of chemistry can ascertain when the marks are vegetable stains, however closely resembling those of blood. By an ingenious process suggested by M. Taddie, of Florence, human blood can be distinguished from animal, and

the blood of various animals from that of each other. The microscope, in the hands of a competent person, is eminently useful in discovering the distinction. The benefit resulting from chemistry may be appreciated, when we consider what the fate of many innocent individuals would have been without its aid. In March, 1840, a person was murdered at Islington; a man was taken up on suspicion; a sack was found in his possession, having upon it many red stains, supposed to be blood. Professor Graham examined them, and found them to be from red paint, containing *peroxide* of iron, and it was proved that the sack had been worn as an apron by a boy who had been apprentice to a paper-stainer; the accused had received it a few days before wrapped round a parcel. A farmer's lad was taken up on suspicion of murder. His blue blouse and trowsers were marked with red and brown stains, apparrently blood, and it appeared as if blood-stained fingers had been wiped on them. The articles were chemically examined, and the marks found to have been caused by vegetable juice. The boy, on being questioned, said that he had the day before he was taken up gathered a quantity of red poppies, which had been bruised by his treading on them: he took them home in his blouse. If the poor boy had not been borne out in his statement by the chemical process, his little span of life might have been cut short. Nothing, indeed, is more common than stains resembling blood, and there are many on whose persons or instruments such have been found, who would have met the fate of murderers had they not been living in times of scientific discoveries. A man was accused of having murdered his uncle, to whom he was heir. The knife which was found on him was brought in evidence against him. It was stained with dark spots declared to be blood. It was discovered that it had been used a short time before by a person cutting a lemon, and as it had not been wiped, the acid acting on the metal had caused the appearance. A few years since a man was arrested on suspicion of murder. The collar and upper part of his shirt were stained with large spots of a deep pinkish color, which appeared like blood that had been attempted to be washed out; but as none of the color was discharged by the application of water, and being turned of a light crimson by ammonia, it was proved not to be blood, and the stain was accounted for when it was found that the man had worn a red handkerchief tied round his neck one wet night, while taking violent exercise.

There are few who have not met with cases where the most overwhelming circumstantial evidence might have been brought forward to criminate, had not light been fortunately thrown on the facts. Accidental injuries may be attributed to design, if sufficient motive for such can be proved. It is recorded that two persons who had been hunting during the day, slept together at night. One of them was renewing the chase in his dreams, and imagining himself present at the death of the stag, cried out, "I'll kill him, I'll kill him." The other, awakened by the noise, got out of bed, and by the light of the moon beheld the sleeper give several deadly stabs with a knife on that part of the bed which his companion had just quitted. Suppose a blow given in this way, and that the two men had been known to have quarreled previously to retiring to rest? Perhaps there can not be found a more curious case than one which occurred a few years since at the British Museum, by which a gentleman might have been made liable for a disgraceful transaction. He requested the attendant who was with him to let him see a particular coin; he opened the drawer of coins, and pointing it out, observed that it was the only coin of that stamp. The gentleman asked if he was sure of that, and was answered that it was a known fact. The visitor requested leave to take it in his hand, and on being told it was against rule, drew a written order from his pocket, which he had procured from one of the members. The coin was then placed in his hand, and he examined it closely for a few minutes, and then returned it to the drawer, which the man closed, and took his leave. Before he had time to reach the street the man rushed after him, demanding the coin. The gentleman said he had placed it in the drawer. It was positively declared not to be there. After a sharp altercation on both sides, the man declared that he must search the gentleman; this he protested he would not allow, and insisted on his again looking in the drawer—the coin was not to be found! The police were called, and told to search the gentleman. He insisted vehemently that he would allow no such thing, and desired the attendant to go back and look better in the drawer In a few minutes he returned with many apologies, and the coin in his hand; it had slipped into a chink in the drawer, where fortunately it was at last found. Had it remained undiscovered, the gentleman would have been placed in a most pitiable situation, for he took from his purse a coin exactly like that just found. Having heard that there was one of the same stamp in the British Museum, he had gone for the purpose of examining it, and comparing it with his own. The other gone—which was believed to be the only one in existence, and this found on the gentleman, would have been an everlasting stain upon his character. There is a case recorded, where the accused escaped the fate which every one believed he deserved. About fifty years since, a man was brought to trial for the murder of a fellow-laborer. The evidence against him was very strong. They had been digging together in the field where the murder took place. The victim was found lying dead upon the ground—the fatal wound was inflicted by the stroke of a spade, which was found beside him; the edge covered with hair and blood. His companion was not in the field, but his was the spade which had given the death-blow—it was marked with his name. In further evidence it came out that they had had a violent dispute the night before about the division of the sum to be paid for the digging of the field. To the surprise of every one who attended

the trial, the jury could not agree; there was one who refused to join in a verdict of guilty. After having held out for the allotted time, they were taken to the usual confines, and there dismissed. The man was liberated; but though he had escaped with life, he was looked on as a murderer. It was not for many years after that his character was cleared. The person who had put the poor man to death was a sporting gentleman, who had gone out hunting early in the morning. Some of the hounds had bounded over the hedge, and the gentleman followed them. One man was in the field alone, the other having gone to light his pipe at the nearest cabin. He spoke insolently to the gentleman, as he came forward to order him out of the field. The gentleman made a lash at him with his whip, and the man hurrying aside to avoid it, slipped, and fell on the edge of the spade which was in the ground; his head was cloven, and he laid dead upon the ground. The gentleman, in an agony, went to a friend and told what had happened. Acting on his advice, he immediately took ship and went abroad. On finding shortly after that the poor man was arraigned for the murder, the friend of the gentleman managed to have his name on the panel, for the purpose of saving the man—he was the juror who refused to affix his name to the verdict of guilty.

A respect for justice appears to be inherent in our nature, and the impression left on the public mind, by the chance that an innocent person may have suffered for a crime which he did not commit, tends to lessen the reverence for laws which may operate unjustly; the *possibility* and the *probability* of innocence are frequently one and the same in popular estimation, and we know that the *possibility* and the *probability* of guilt have in some cases been considered the same by those who have carried on prosecutions—thus, on one side, the delinquent has been frequently elevated to the position of the martyr; and, on the other, the guiltless have been degraded to that of the criminal—a difference in the penalty awarded for supposed and for positive guilt would generate more reasonable views. The impression that Elizabeth Fenning was innocent of the crime for which she suffered was very general. She was tried for having poisoned the family with whom she lived with some dumplings made by herself. She was convicted on circumstantial evidence, and executed on the 26th of July, 1815. An opinion prevailed that her guilt had not been clearly established. She persevered in declaring her innocence, and appeared to be supported by the trust that it would soon be manifest; her demeanor and her previous excellent character—her last affecting interview with her parents, when she comforted them by the most solemn assurance of her innocence. The confidence in her dying declaration was evinced in the exhibition of public feeling at her funeral, which took place on the 31st. There was an order and decorum in the average merits of the vast assemblage who attended her remains to the burying-place, which marked respect for the deceased. The windows and the railings, and even the roofs of the houses, were thronged with persons to witness the mournful procession, which few could see without the most melancholy feelings. The pall was supported by six young girls attired in white; eight chief mourners, led by the bereft parents, followed; and then hundreds of persons, walking two abreast. Thousands followed the train.

In Germany, the sentence of death is not carried into effect till there is a confession of guilt; but the durance in which the condemned is kept is worse than death itself. When his judges believe his denial proceeds from obstinacy, he is confined in a subterraneous dungeon—here no ray of light is admitted, but all is dark, cold, and damp—the horrors of solitary confinement are enhanced by an abode so loathsome—the wretched prisoner is allowed no sustenance but a pittance of bread and water—the dimensions of his cell are so contracted, that he can not stretch his limbs, and the grave itself is looked to as a release from such misery. The mind and body soon sink under such wretchedness, and it sometimes happens that the innocent avow a crime which they never committed. Between thirty and forty years since, a woman, convicted of murder, was consigned to the dungeon, to be kept there till she made a full confession of her guilt. For a fortnight she asserted her innocence of the crime, but at the end of that time her courage and her strength forsook her—she confessed the murder. She could scarcely totter to the place of execution, where the sentence of the law was accomplished. In the year 1821, Kügelcher, the most celebrated German painter of his day, was robbed and murdered in the neighborhood of Dresden. A soldier of the name of Fischer was taken up and brought to trial. The circumstantial evidence against him left no doubt of his guilt on the minds of his judges, and he was condemned to die; but as he had not confessed, he was sent to the dungeon; but his powers of endurance failed after some months, and he acknowledged the murder. We are told that "he had not yet been broken on the wheel," when circumstances came out, which raised suspicion against Kalkofen, another soldier, as having been an accomplice in the crime. The result of the new inquiry was the complete proof of Fischer's innocence: not a shadow of doubt remained. The real criminal confessed that he had committed the robbery and murder. The liberty now accorded to Fischer was cruelly embittered by the effects of the fatal confinement. He had, when liberated, to be carried from the prison to the hospital; he said that he had made the false confession, that he might be released by death from a situation so intolerable. Nothing, as we perceive, can be more subversive of justice than this mode of dealing with cases of presumptive evidence; but such an unhappy example does not prevent its being desirable that some change should take place. It is true that circumstantial evidence may be so convincing, it may not admit of a shadow of doubt; but as recorded instances of such have been proved to have led to false conclusions and fatal results, it would be happy if some new mode of

conducting prosecutions on presumptive evidence, different from those on positive proofs, could be adopted. There have been many authenticated cases, and would not one be sufficient? which may lead to the serious reflection whether the irrevocable penalty of the law should be awarded when there was a possibility of innocence. It is a strange rule in our law that a party shall not be adjudged guilty of homicide, unless death takes place *within a year and a day* after the infliction of a wound. It is well known to the medical profession that death may not ensue for a much longer period, and that there have been cases where it has not occurred for some years. In this rule we see what chances are given to the criminal to escape without penalty; while one unstained with crime may be subjected to the heaviest, by circumstantial evidence. There was a trial and execution in Dublin, more than a century since, which excited great interest. It was that of a surgeon, well known in society, and esteemed for his amiable character, and remarkable for his humanity to the poor; he lived in a retired street. It happened one evening that the milk-woman found the street door ajar—and not being answered when she knocked at it, she made her way to the kitchen. She had no sooner entered it, than uttering a loud shriek, she called loudly for help. The passers-by and persons from the neighboring houses were soon on the spot, and the kitchen was crowded in a short time. A sad spectacle presented itself. The young woman who was servant to the surgeon, was lying dead on the flags, while her dress was stained with the blood which had issued from a wound in the side. In looking about the floor, a surgical instrument was found, which also was stained with blood. A medical man, who was present, ascertained that it was the instrument which had inflicted the death-wound. On a further search, a shirt, saturated with blood, was found huddled up in the coal-hole; it was marked with the initials of the surgeon's name. He was immediately seized, and, though protesting his innocence, he was evidently under considerable agitation. The silent witnesses which were brought against him were thought sufficient to prove his guilt, and all attempts to account for their having been found near the unfortunate girl, were scouted in the cross-examination. A living witness was also produced in court, an old lady, who deposed that she lived in the house directly facing that where the surgeon resided; that her drawing-room window commanded a view of his premises, and that it was customary with her to watch his movements; she deposed that she had not taken her eyes off his house all that day on which the murder was perpetrated; that no one had left or entered his house that day but himself; that he went home at about four o'clock, his usual hour of returning; and that on knocking at the door it was opened by the servant, who, to the best of her belief, shut it fast when her master went in; that she saw him three or four times pass the windows of his sitting-room; that the last time she saw him was about an hour and a half before the murder; that she observed him look down both sides of the street, and then shut down the window; he held something in his hand, which she thinks may have been a surgical instrument; but this she would not positively swear. In summing up the evidence, the horror which the prisoner had betrayed when looking on the body of his murdered servant, was eloquently dwelt on as a crowning proof of guilt. The defense was weak and meagre—a bare denial of the crime being its chief substance. A thrill of horror pervaded the court. The jury retired—a brief space sufficed for deliberation—they returned with a verdict of guilty. The judge having donned his black cap, exhorted the prisoner on the heinousness of his crime, and pronounced the fatal sentence. It is said that the condemned showed much fortitude throughout, and persisted to the last in asserting his innocence. He was brought to the place of execution amidst a vast concourse, and the execrations of the people. We were told by an old gentleman that his father remembered having been held up in his nurse's arms to see the procession to the place of execution. He was often spoken of in the social circle as one who had been held in much estimation. His untimely end was lamented, but there were few who believed it undeserved. It was after the lapse of some years that one who had emigrated to America returned; he was ill and troubled in mind; something lay heavy on his heart and disturbed his conscience; he made his confession to his priest; he had been "the sweetheart," as he told him, of the murdered girl; she had let him in by the back way, early in the evening, to take tea with her. As they sat side by side, he asked her for a kiss, which he would have snatched, when she denied him; she took up her master's surgical instrument, which she had to clean, and which lay on the table beside her, and she pointed it toward him jestingly; in a struggle, she fell on it, and it pierced her side; he snatched the shirt, which she had in her lap to mend, and stanched the blood which was flowing with it; but life soon ebbed away, and he saw the girl that he loved—who had been laughing and talking with him but a few minutes before, lying dead beside him; his agony only gave way to the instinct of self-preservation, when he thought he heard the sound of approaching footsteps; he thrust the blood-stained shirt into the coal-hole, and setting the hall-door ajar, he concealed himself behind it, and when the crowd had collected on hearing the alarm, he mingled with it, and then passed into the street, and on to the quay, and getting on board an American ship, he sailed in a few hours. When he learned that the surgeon's life had been forfeited, he was overwhelmed with anguish. The only reparation in his power was to clear his character from the dreadful imputation; but though he felt a relief in this act of justice, yet it could not undo the injury inflicted.

In hearing of such a tragedy, the question is naturally suggested, may not such have often occurred, and may it not again—and is there no remedy?

POSTHUMOUS ADVENTURES OF PAGANINI.

NEVER was a life fuller of romance and originality than Paganini's. It had scarcely an incident in common with those of ordinary men: every thing about it was strange, eccentric, and *sui generis*. From playing upon his violin to eating his dinner, nothing that he did was done as it would have been by others. All was singular and peculiar to himself.

And what was true of the celebrated musician living, held so of his body when his spirit had flown upward. It could not be buried in peace like those of other men, but must first go through as many strange adventures as the Catholic legends fable the dead bodies of some of their saints to have done.

Of these adventures we propose here to give an account. The particulars we shall relate concerning them, although left unmentioned by Paganini's professed biographers, may be relied upon as perfectly authentic. We gathered them during a recent sojourn in the hospitable mansion of the Count de Cessole at Nice, the one in which the great violinist breathed his last.

It was in the middle of the December of 1839 that Paganini, ill and feeble, came there to die. He was pale and thin, even to ghastliness, and so weak as to require to be *carried* to his apartment. But though unable to stand alone—and indeed unable even to speak, excepting through the nostrils, since his larynx, if not entirely destroyed, no longer performed its functions—he did not himself believe in the nearness of his end. He spoke incessantly of tours which he yet intended to make in Russia and the United States, and of the rich harvests of roubles and dollars which he yet hoped to reap with his marvelous bow. Nevertheless, he was dying rapidly.

Confined to his bed, he lay surrounded by stringed instruments of all kinds, buried amidst heaps of violins and violoncellos, all of high value, and worthy of figuring in the hands of the greatest artists. Sometimes he called for his favorite instrument, and drew from it sublimer tones than even of old—tones like those which might have been uttered by a dying poet who was pouring out his soul in a last song. The exertions which he underwent on these occasions, and the states of nervous excitement into which they threw him, rapidly exhausted his little remaining strength. But the weaker he grew, the greater became the impossibility of separating him from his instrument; and one day, in spite of the entreaties of all around him, he continued for between seven and eight hours improvising upon it the most delicious airs, melodies of a sweetness perfectly ineffable, which seemed like echoes of that other sphere toward which his soul was so soon to take its flight. Lost to all consciousness of earthly and material things, and utterly absorbed in the endeavor to translate into sounds audible to human ears the heavenly melodies with which his soul seemed filled unto the overflow, he did not cease playing till entirely conquered by fatigue, and forced by physical inability to desist, when he fell back upon his pillow in a swoon. Three days afterward, as the clock struck five on the evening of May 27th, 1840, he gently sank into the long last sleep.

After his death, a priest declared that he had refused to receive the last sacraments. This was not the truth. As we have seen, at the commencement of his illness, he fully believed that he should recover, and this belief did not forsake him till within a few minutes of his death. When, therefore, a day or two before its occurrence, a priest intruded himself into his chamber, he told him that he did not yet need the consolations of the Church, but that when he should need them he would send for him. Death, however, surprised him so suddenly that this intention could not be fulfilled. According to the Catholic doctrine he had thus died in sin, and the clergy therefore ordained that Christian burial should be denied him.

Many influential personages, the king himself, Charles Albert, being of the number, sought to obtain a reversal of this decree. But those who issued it were deaf to all entreaties. Appeal had therefore to be made to an ecclesiastical court, and as it might be years before they gained a decision authorizing them to bury his body—or indeed a decision of any kind—the friends of the deceased resolved that they would embalm it.

When they had done so, they threw open the doors of the hall in which it was deposited to the public, who flocked in crowds to gaze for a last time upon the features of the illustrious dead. From all parts of Italy came multitudes of all classes and all ranks, each vying with the other as to who should pay him the profoundest homage. But at this the clergy were exceedingly displeased. They felt outraged at seeing the corpse of this man, who they declared had died in impenitence, and whose ashes had been anathematized by the Church, the object of so much reverence and so many honors; they therefore demanded of the civil government that it should be sent out of the city, and it was accordingly removed, under military escort, to the lazaretto of Villefranche.

This lazaretto is situated upon the sea-shore, at the distance of about a league from Nice. It crowns the summit of a rocky eminence, which forms one of the most remarkable features of the little peninsula of Villefranche, into whose narrow compass nature seems to have striven to crowd the greatest possible number of beauties. Every thing that is entrancing in natural scenery is there, and of at least one *art*—that of the architect—there are masterpieces not a few. A lovelier spot the imagination could not picture. If Italy may be called the garden of the world, it may be called the garden of Italy.

But the lazaretto itself has nothing in common with the scenery which surrounds it. It is a gloomy building, and the corpse of Paganini was placed in its gloomiest apartment. Covered with an old sail, it was deposited in a dark corner, like a piece of merchandise suspected of capability to

communicate some dreaded infection. Let us gaze on it, as it lies there still and quiet. It is no ordinary corpse that we see thus before us. It is that of a man whose skill won for him the enthusiastic plaudits of the multitudes, and awoke the wonder of the whole civilized world—a man who excited as much admiration among men as any hero, proud of his hundred victories! He lived for the multitudes, and sleeps his last sleep in the desert; he filled their cities with music, and is denied *one* "De Profundis;" he conquered a right to the Pantheon, and is refused six feet of earth by the side of the obscurest clown; he went through Europe like a conqueror, princes and peasants alike crowding round to do him honor, and now there is not one to watch beside him, or to murmur in his ear the faintest echo of the strains he loved! Once the delight of Europe and the admired of all men, he is become an object of fear, a thing of terror. The peasant crosses himself when he sees from afar the building within whose walls is his asylum; and the fisherman trembles and relates that, as he passed it, he saw before him a pale countenance, which fixed upon him a look of piteous supplication, and heard the air filled with harmonious sounds which shaped themselves into the accents of a wild cry for mercy.

The *name* a man is born with will sometimes influence him through life. Paganini felt the effects of *his* even after death. *Pagano*, a pagan, *paganini*, a little pagan—how could a man so called be a true Christian? So, at least, argued the populace, till it came to the conclusion that the priest's course was the right one.

When the case was brought before the tribunals it was argued on both sides with eloquent zeal. The priests did all they could to make it appear otherwise, but Paganini was proved triumphantly to have been in all things a good Catholic. All was in vain, however. Had they proved him a saint, the bishop would still have denied him burial. Appeal must therefore be made to some higher authority.

The corpse bore the delay with exemplary patience. It waited uncomplainingly in its rude apartment in the lazaretto, seemingly determined, by passive resistance, to vanquish the hostile resistance of the clergy. But as it was perfectly idle, the idea was formed of giving it employment. A Jew proposed to purchase it for exhibition in England. The price he offered was 2000*l*.

Every thing connected with Paganini, either alive or dead, was thus exceptional. Spurned by the Christian priesthood, his ashes were thus coveted by one of the children of the synagogue. Entrance into a church forbidden them, permission was sought to carry them from fair to fair, for exhibition side by side with giants, dwarfs, and children with two heads!

From the bishop of Nice, appeal was made to the archbishop. But he only confirmed the original judgment. From him in his turn, therefore, appeal was made to the pope. Fortunately, the tiara proved itself more tolerant than the mitre. The supreme pontiff reversed the two previous decisions, and referred the matter for final decision to a council of three archbishops. But till this final judgment could be obtained, he authorized the provisional placing of the corpse in a Christian cemetery.

This authorization reached Nice on the 20th August, 1843, the quarantine of the *maestro* having thus lasted more than three years. An hour before midnight on the 21st, the Count de Cessole, bearing the necessary documents, and accompanied by two boatmen and two torch-bearers, presented himself at the lazaretto, and demanded that the body should be delivered up to him. Having received it, his companions bore it, by the light of the torches, into the skiff which had brought them thither, and then began to row in the direction of Genoa.

As they passed the various customs' stations upon the coast, they were hailed by the officers in charge with the cry: "What carry you there?" "The corpse of Paganini—*aquèo qué sonaba tan ben*"—(him who sang so well)—was the reply. But it was not sufficient to content the officers, who insisted upon examining the body with all minuteness, turning it over and over to assure themselves that it was not made to hide any contraband goods.

It was thus, then, that Paganini made his last voyage to his native city. He made it in the dead of night, in a simple fishing-boat, so small that it required to be rowed but by two men—he who had filled Europe with his fame, who had bequeathed fifty thousand guineas to his son, and whose ashes you would deem worthily transported only upon the deck of some huge man-of-war, hung with crape, crowded with saddened countenances, and keeping time, by the sullen booming of its guns, to the mournful accents of some solemn funeral march! And as though it were not sufficient that his remains should be anathematized by the Christian clergy, refused the rites of Christian sepulture, coveted for exhibition by a Jew, and suffered to lie for more than three years in a dark corner of a lazar-house, they must now, on his last voyage toward the city of his birth, become objects of suspicion to petty officers of customs! Was not his destiny in every respect exceptional and peculiar?

In one respect, however, it was like that of all other genuises. Whatever honors his native city might have rendered him while living—dead, it paid no respect to his memory. He passed through it without receiving more notice than would have been given to a dead dog. And yet he had made it famous in the history of art, and had bequeathed to it his sword of Austerlitz—his favorite violin, the companion of all his glories, of all his triumphs.

It was in the duchy of Parma that the dead *voyageur* at last found the repose so long denied to his persecuted ashes. He was buried in a little chapel added on purpose to a villa which had been purchased some years before by his son. So it is always, with the living as well as the dead—rest may be long denied, but, as surely as men die, it comes at last!

FATHER AND SON.

"THEN let him die."

It was not the words, terrible as they were in their simplicity; nor was it the thought of death to one so young and manly, bitter as that thought was; nor yet was it the fact that any one could speak thus of a fellow-being; but it was the voice, the tone, the suppressed but determined anger that I heard in the words, and it was the horrible truth that it was a father speaking of his only son, that so shocked me.

"Let him die." And wherefore should he die? He was young, and not ready—by years or weariness—for death. He was not tired of living, nor had he sought the end himself. His eye was not dim, his voice was not broken, his ear was still attuned to the pleasant sounds of earth; and it was a beautiful earth, too, that in which he was born, and in which he had grown to be a stout, strong man; and he loved life, and knew how to enjoy it—and why should he die? He was not one of the worthless and useless men of this world either, living for self, and heedless of all others, unloving, unloved, in cold sensual selfishness. Not he. He was a noble man—young, ardent, affectionate, full of the love of life and of his fellows, beloved by all who knew him, and always ready to aid friend or stranger with purse, hand, and heart.

Why then should he die?

There were many reasons why Stephen Forster the elder was willing at that time that Stephen Forster the younger should die.

Twenty-five years before the time at which our history is dated, there lived in an obscure village in the country, not far from the Hudson River, a man, some thirty years of age, with a young wife, not more than eighteen or twenty. The latter was the daughter of the wealthiest man in the county; and, as it afterward proved, by the death of her brother, she and her children were his sole heirs. Stephen Forster was a lawyer, gifted with some powers of mind; not quick, but shrewd, in the true acceptation of that word; and making money rapidly by speculations in farms and farm lands. I shall not pause to relate the painful circumstances through which he won the hand of the young daughter of the old Judge; her heart he never had won. That was not hers to give him; and from the day he learned that fact, he hated her, with steady, persevering hate. But he married her nevertheless; and when the wedding ring was placed, I should say forced on her finger, she shuddered, and well-nigh fainted, for her eye caught at that moment the sad gleam of an eye that had once looked deeper into her own than had any other person's, and she knew then that as true a heart as man ever possessed was broken.

Broken hearts are not always followed by death. It is a romantic notion that supposes it necessary. I have known men that lived many years with what in common parlance would be called a broken heart. Nay, I have known men that had lived thus for scores of years, wandering restlessly, almost hopelessly, up and down the paths of this miserable world, yet bearing about with them cool, quiet faces, and eyes speaking no sort of passion whatever.

Very much such a man was William Norton after the marriage of Ellen Dusenberry, and he was never seen again in the little village, where he had been his father's clerk in the only store, until after all the events occurred which I am now about to relate.

As years crept along Stephen Forster's family increased, and four children sat at his board when he was forty years old. But there was no love between the father and his family. He was harsh, cold, stern, unforgiving in his treatment, and they rebelled, as children will. Once, when he was punishing the oldest boy for some fancied offense, a neighbor who was passing, and overheard the occurrence, entered and remonstrated with Forster for his brutality. The result might have been anticipated. He was turned out of doors without ceremony, and left to console himself by relating the story to his neighbors, whose opinion of Forster was neither improved nor injured thereby.

Death came into the household, and the graveyard gate was opened three times within a year, to admit children of Stephen and Ellen Forster. When the first one died, the wife, broken down by the terrible blow, sought comfort in the sympathy of her husband, and lifted her eyes from the dead boy only to meet the cold, stony eyes of the man that hated when he married her, and she pressed back into her heart the feelings that were well-nigh flowing toward him for the first time. When the next—her darling namesake—shut her eyes on life and love, and went the dark way whither no mother's love may prevail to follow until God permit, she sought no sympathy from her husband, but bowed her head in lonesome agony. And when the third blow came, she bore it with the firmness of the mother of old times who scorned to weep. There was something terrible in her gaze, as she now looked into the face of her husband. That third trial, and his continued coldness and sternness, had made a new person of his once gentle wife, and she now repaid his scorn with scorn—his hate with unforgiving, unrelenting enmity.

In the brief limits assigned to this sketch, I can not pause to explain the mental process by which this gentle, lovely girl became transformed. It was no slow process. It was like a lightning flash. She had been calm, placid, bowed down with grief in the morning, when she stood by her dying boy, and talked with him of the land that was shining dimly through the clouds and mists of death on his eyes, that was shining even through her scalding tears on her own faithful vision; but the light of heaven was gone when the boy was dead, and the angels that had lingered around his couch were gone with the light, and fiends came in the darkness and possessed her; and she was changed—how changed!

Imagine if you can that household for the next ten years, while young Stephen grew up to manhood. It was in the most beautiful of valleys, with rich fields around it, and deep forests full

of the forest glory close at hand, and a brawling stream dashing over rocks, and birds, and flowers, and all that God gave to Eden except only innocence. Yet there was one long war in that house, the father on the one side and the mother and son on the other—for she won the boy from him. They contended long for him and his love. Even in his childhood he learned that he could not love both, and that he must select one or the other to attach himself to. He hesitated and varied from day to day, as children do, and it was months, even years, before he fully decided; but when he chose it was forever. Nothing could move, shake, or change him. At the first, after this determination became manifest, the father, with his accustomed malignity, sent him away to school a hundred miles from home. But the six months of his absence convinced the hard-hearted man that his house was unbearable if he and his wife were to have no one between them, and he recalled the boy, and contented himself with hating both him and his mother. And so the boy grew to manhood, ignorant, save as his mother had taught him, yet marvelously gentle and lovely. He at length became the light of the house to those who knew the family, and his presence was welcomed every where. In all the country gatherings he was the star; and at length he began to extend his limits, and once in a while ventured as far as the city. Here or somewhere, it matters not where, he began for the first time to appreciate the importance of knowledge, and to understand his own inferiority to young men of his class and standing. Grieved and abashed at the discovery of his ignorance, he set about repairing the loss, and for two years he was a book-worm, devouring every thing that came within his reach. It is astonishing how much an active mind may accomplish in so brief a space of time; and at the end of these two years he had learned as much as most boys would in ten. But he was not satisfied with this brief period of study. He had learned to love study for its own sake, and he confined himself now to his room; and strange stories got abroad of the events that were passing in the old house, to which no one had access.

At last the old Judge died, leaving his entire fortune to Stephen Forster the younger, subject only to a life estate of his mother in the real property. This was more than a year before Stephen entered his majority, and when his life was most closely devoted to his books and studies. And this brings us to the period at which I first became acquainted with the father and son.

A rumor flies in the country with windlike velocity. It was one of those soft spring mornings when the sky seems immeasurably deep, and the air is laden with life and health; when the birds sing loudest, and the wind's voice is softest, and the gurgle of the spring brook is most musical; it was on such a morning that a terrible rumor spread over —— county, and even on the opposite side of the river. The story was that Mrs. Forster had been poisoned by her son for the sake of having his fortune unencumbered, and that he had also poisoned his father in the same bowl. The rumor added a thousand horrors to the tale, of which no more was actually established truth than the fact that Mrs. Forster was poisoned the evening previous, and was already dead.

The young man had returned from the city the day before with a package of various articles, which he had brought professedly for chemical purposes. It was supposed he had procured some deadly poison among these, for the effect had been swift and certain.

Certainly the internal state of that household was no worse than it had been for years. For her, the care-worn, weary mother, doubtless that repose was profound and welcome after the long storm. She seemed to be resting in peace as she lay there, and the angry waves of the sea of her life had heard the "Peace, be still" of a heavenly voice, and had obeyed. The husband stood near her while strangers came in and looked with far more interest than he on the placid countenance of the dead wife, and his countenance wore a steady, motionless look, in which no trace of suffering, or of emotion, or regret could be found. He neither wept nor smiled; but occasionally strode up and down the long room in which her body lay, and uttered some expression of discontent at the tardiness of the coroner and his jury, and then resumed his position near a window, and near his dead companion. Stephen was in strict confinement in an upper room by order of his father, and no one knew what was going on there. No one that knew him and his love for that mother, would believe it possible that he had murdered her, and yet the case was said to be even clearer than circumstantial evidence, for the father himself had seen the son mingling the fatal draught, and had not dreamed of its nature till the catastrophe proclaimed it.

I was visiting at a friend's house in the neighborhood and heard of the occurrence. I may be pardoned for adding that the daughter of my friend was not visible that morning at breakfast, having heard the terrible history from a servant, and having been a very close friend of young Stephen.

Why need I disguise the truth. This is intended to be a simple history, without plot or plan, other than to relate each incident as it occurred, and I may therefore say at once that she loved him with a woman's adoring love, and that she was not unloved in return. That she scorned the story of his guilt you will not doubt, and it was at her suggestion that I rode over to the inquest.

I had never seen them before. Never heard of them indeed. Yet I was struck with both faces; of the father quite as much as that of the son. The latter was noble and manly—a keen black eye gleamed with the look of conscious innocence, not unmingled with hatred of the father, who had suffered him to stand bound by his dead mother, accused of murdering her. The father's face was pale, calm, even lofty. But he avoided the eye of his son, and looked only where he was certain of receiving no answering look, even into the face of the sleeping woman who

had been his wife and that boy's mother. She looked neither lovingly nor reproachfully at him now. It was never thus before, and somehow he had no difficulty in keeping his gaze fixed on her, so wonderful was that placid silence.

I shall not pause here to describe the curious evidence which was presented to the coroner's jury going to establish the guilt of the son. It is incredible to one not accustomed to these scenes, the amount of evidence that may be amassed against even an innocent man. And in this case, as step by step, without aid or suggestion, the testimony revealed itself, one by one the friends of young Stephen dropped away from him, and I was left, as lawyers often are, alone by the side of my client, for such he had now become.

On my word, I believe that but for the clear, confident tones of Mary Wilson's voice assuring me of his innocence, I should have believed the story myself, and left the matricide to his fate.

The jury adjourned till evening, to allow a post-mortem examination to take place, and during this interval I sought a meeting with the father. The result of it is given in the words with which this history commences. It was my last argument to a father's heart, that attempt to move him, by the love of his son, to some exertion on behalf of the boy.

"If you do not aid him he will perish."

"Then let him die."

I looked suddenly into the man's countenance. He was a tall, thin man, of even commanding appearance, and the eye did not dispute the stories I had heard of his former life, that he had been dissolute, and that of late he had resorted again at times to the companions and employments of his younger years. As I looked into his face the idea came over me with lightning force that the motive for murder was quite as great on his part as on that of the son, for could he but kill the mother and hang the son, the inheritance of ample farms and funds would be his alone. Could it be possible? It was a terrible thought, but the life of a city practitioner had even then accustomed me to such ideas, though it was in the younger years of my practice.

I returned to Stephen, and talked with him. His astonishment at his position had by this time given way to grief for his mother, and he was weeping bitterly, yet such tears as no murderer ever wept. I paused while he recovered calmness, and the deep serenity of his grief overpowered me for a moment, while I looked at him. The conviction of his innocence grew on me as I talked with him, but the weight of evidence against him was overpowering, and the examination, which was now concluded, had confirmed the worst aspect of the case. It needed only the proof, furnished within a few days, of the chemist in New York from whom he had purchased the article, to complete as strong a chain of evidence as ever bound a man to the prospect of ignominious death.

I pass over all the incidental history in connection with this sorrowful affair. The effect in the family of my friend Wilson—where, if I desired it, I should go to find a spice of romance and sentiment to add to this history—I shall leave for the imagination of those who have defended friends against the verdict of a harsh world. Let me therefore pass on immediately to the court-room and the trial of Stephen Forster, which took place some two months after the death of the mother.

It was a hot summer day. The day was oppressive at the early hour when I was roused to go over to the court-house, and as I rode across the country, the sultry air was exceedingly dispiriting. I had not taken charge of the defense myself. Two eminent counsel were engaged, familiar with criminal practice, men of keen intellect, and whose experience in that branch of the profession enabled them to catch at every chance for life, and to detect every flaw, however minute, in the links of the evidence opposed to them.

It was a very old court-room in which the trial took place. The bench for the court was at the end opposite to the entrance, and consisted of a raised platform, with a table on it, and a rail in front of it, which looked as if it might have done service in a colonial court. On each side of the doorway the seats were elevated one above the other, rising toward the rear of the room, so that you entered between two walls which grew lower as you advanced to the bar. The only bar was a high, close board fence—I can call it nothing else—sweeping in a semicircle around the room, inclosing the seats and tables for the gentlemen of the profession. The prisoner's box was outside of this fence, elevated above it, and arranged with due reference to the impossibility of an escape. The audience occupied the elevated seats in the rear, and some vacant places behind the jury box, which was on the judge's left. The latter mentioned space was generally occupied by ladies, when any case was on trial which interested them.

On the occasion of which I now write there was not room there for them. Long before the hour of opening, the court-room was thronged with the female population of the county, almost to the exclusion of the men who came from all quarters to attend this, the first murder trial in their neighborhood. The jurors were in their places an hour before the time, as if they feared that the crowd would prevent their being admitted. The bar was, as usual, thronged with lawyers and their clerks, chatting, laughing, and joking, as if the most important question of the day were how to keep cool, and no one had any thing to do with the life or death of a young, strong man.

The prisoner was brought in before the court was opened, and took his seat in the box. He turned his gaze for a moment around the crowded room, catching the eyes of many that he had known and loved for years. There was one face that he knew as that of one of his mother's friends, a kindly woman who had held him on her knees a hundred times. She looked into his face with a longing gaze, that asked him as plainly as if he had heard the words, whether indeed he were

guilty of that horrible crime. And the reply was as plain, as legible, or audible, whichever you choose to call it, as was the question. Every one who knew the relation of that boy to the good woman, knew that his answer was true, and if there had been doubt before, it fled before that clear, bright look of rectitude and calmness.

And now the presiding judge entered the court-room. For a little while there was a gathering near him, and he chatted pleasantly with the members of the bar whom he knew, and then took his seat. Before opening court, and even while the clerk was calling the jury, he occupied himself in reading a newspaper from the city, interrupting himself occasionally, or allowing himself to be interrupted, to grant an order or sign a paper thrust before him by an audacious attorney.

At the moment when Stephen Forster was arraigned and pleaded to the indictment, a vailed lady, leaning on the arm of a well-known country gentleman, entered the private door of the court-room from the sheriff's apartments, and took a seat near the judge, and within the bar. I need not conceal the fact that this was Miss Wilson, whose faith remained unshaken to the last, although I doubt much whether the prisoner recognized her at first, or until his vision had penetrated the folds of her vail, at a moment when she was remarkably occupied in listening to the opening counsel.

There is one prominent fault in our system of administering justice, which is derived from old times in England. I allude to the prescribed course of conduct on the part of the prosecuting officer. I know by experience how difficult it is for the attorney for the State to get rid of the professional idea of antagonism which requires him, if possible, to be successful in the contest. But it is manifest at a glance that the whole duty of the district attorney consists in having a fair, impartial statement presented to the jury, and then laying before them the entire testimony, while he takes care that no improper or illegal course is pursued by the defense. The custom of suppresing testimony, of not subpenaing witnesses whose evidence is likely to favor the prisoner, of stretching rules of law to their utmost tension, or with the aid of an easy court, even beyond all legitimate bounds—the laboring assiduously with all the force, talent, and trickery of the profession combined, to procure a conviction, and the opposing every effort of the prisoner to establish innocence and good character, all this is an offense against justice which prevails to too great an extent among officers of the State in our courts, and which by no means tends to procure justice or to secure the punishment of crime, since it reduces trials at the bar to a skirmish between opposing counsel, and leaves justice to be administered according to the skill of the contestants.

There is no more painful scene to an idle looker on, than the anxiety of some district attorneys to procure the conviction of criminals; and, indeed, it is at the first a painful employment to the attorneys themselves; but the eager excitement of professional labor soon removes all thought of pain; and the eagerness with which the victim is hunted to the death, while every avenue of escape is guarded and stopped, is absolutely appalling. Let us look and labor for improvement in these customs of the courts, and for a substitution of impartial, substantial justice in the place of the two-sided contests which now assume the name of justice, and in which court and jurors vainly strive not to enlist their feelings with one or the other side, and which result necessarily in the escape of the guilty, or the punishment of the innocent, quite as often as in correct verdicts.

In the trial of which I now write, the prosecuting attorney was a man of undoubted talent, whose life had been devoted to his profession, and who regarded a verdict of not guilty as in all cases a triumph over himself, which he must strive against with might and main.

He opened the case to the jury with deliberation, but with tremendous force. He detailed the simple incidents of the family history with telling effect. He had not spoken ten minutes before the audience began to look dark, and a gloom settled on the countenances of all present; for there were few in that crowd who had not loved Stephen Forster, and who did not feel deeply his awful position.

As the counsel stated the testimony which he proposed to offer, there was a hopeless look in the eyes of the whole assembly which I have never seen before nor since in all my practice, and when he closed, there was a feeling of relief, a momentary breathing, as if a weight were removed from the breast of every one.

Then came the testimony, slowly piling up its mountain-load on the young man's fate.

First of all was the medical testimony, describing minutely, and in terms which physicians alone know how to use, the death and the causes of death. Then followed the long cross-examination, which failed to shake the calm medical men, and the State called its next witness.

The day wore along slowly and painfully, and the evening approached. The court had taken a short recess for dinner, and an interruption of a few minutes now occurred, during which I approached the prisoner and conversed with him. He seemed to have made up his mind to a verdict of guilty, and to be weary of the delay.

"I wish it were over," he said; "why torture me in this way? I do not love life enough to pay this price for it. I have had but one wish since I sat here to-day, and that was, that I had died like my old friend, three years ago.

"It was a summer night like this; the clouds lay even as now in the west when he died. He had not lived long enough to know that the world was a poor place to live, a hard place to suffer, a pleasant enough world to die out of. To him it seemed agony to go, and he longed for life and its experiences. How blessed to go away thus, and yet he knew it not. How blessed to die in the young spring of life, and yet he would have lingered till the summer heats overpowered him, or the winter frosts chilled his very soul.

"And here am I, the mock and gaze of the crowd, waiting to hear the doom which is soon to be pronounced, and which you lawyers are postponing hour by hour, only to increase my pain. Let it be over at once and forever, I beg of you. Let—"

"Mr. Phillips—one moment, if you please."

I hastened to the counsel for the defense, who were calling, and found them deep in consultation about a proposition suddenly started. The object of the elder Forster in convicting his son of murder was to my mind very clear. He had doubtless expected to inherit the really splendid landed estates of Judge Dusenberry, and the motive appeared by no means insufficient, when the enmity and hatred which had existed for years between him and his wife and son is taken into consideration. The testimony for the prosecution was now all in, excepting only the clinching evidence, namely, that of Stephen Forster the father, which, on close examination, proved to be the sole evidence which connected his son with the poisoning. The proofs thus far had been complete, to the effect that Mrs. Forster had been poisoned and was dead, but no idea was given that her son had committed the deed, except in the fact that he had purchased the article in the city shortly before the death; but this was relieved by the circumstance that he had purchased other articles for chemical experiments at the same time, and had several times, at least twice previously, purchased the same poisonous drug.

It was therefore with no small degree of risk, and yet with a cool and well-advised professional determination, that the counsel engaged for the defense determined to direct all their force toward breaking down the evidence of the elder Forster, and abandoning all other chances. It was, in point of fact, a new idea, suggested by the junior counsel at this stage of the case, and involved the abandonment of the previously adopted theory of defense, which had been that the harassed and weary wife had committed suicide. The moment of time in which this consultation took place may well afford to readers of this history an idea of the momentous responsibilities under which lawyers labor. The cool face, the smiling countenance, the quick sparkling retorts, the gay, trifling manners, which lead the bystander to imagine that the lawyer is enjoying his contest as he might a game of chess or of billiards, often cover the deepest anxiety, the most fearful tremblings for the fate of the client whose life hangs on the quickness or skill of that apparently thoughtless intellect. I think there is no other consideration needed to convince men that the profession is one of most terrible labor and responsibility, than the idea that in such a trial as this I am now describing there may be several moments when it is necessary to determine, again and again, what new theory of defense shall now be adopted, what new plan of action devised, to save the life of a man whose innocence is clear to the mind of the lawyer, but whose guilt appears almost established to the minds of the jury.

Such was the responsibility which I now felt, for the senior counsel had not yet seen the dreaded witness, and made up his mind on my brief description. It was decided in an instant, and the first blow to be struck was devised by the junior counsel, who had indeed formed the idea of this plan of defense from the fact that he had learned a few moments before that young Forster was that day twenty-one years of age.

In five minutes I had prepared a brief but comprehensive last will and testament for the prisoner to execute, giving his entire fortune to Mary Wilson and her heirs. We begged the indulgence of the court a moment, while it was duly executed, and then announced our readiness to proceed.

It was strange that Stephen Forster the elder had never thought of this. It afterward appeared that he had made an error of an entire year in his son's age, and had not dreamed of his being able to devise real estate within a twelvemonth.

As Forster took the stand at the opening of court after the recess, a cloud came up and obscured the setting sun, while the low muttering of distant thunder foretold a coming storm. I did not notice the face of the senior counsel of the prisoner when the district-attorney commenced his examination, and when my attention was first called to it, I was appalled at the expression which I saw coming over it. Slowly, steadily, it grew pale, fierce, and calm. There was a fixed stare into the eyes of the witness, which made him uneasy, and he averted his gaze. Otherwise Forster was cold and firm. But my associate followed him whichever way he turned, with a fixed icy gaze that might have frozen him with horror had he but caught it.

He related his story, with enough apparent reluctance to give an idea of his suffering; and some, indeed all, pitied the broken-down man so soon to be childless and desolate. They did not know the fiend.

At length came the cross-examination, which was to have been conducted by myself. But the senior laid his hand on my arm, and turning to him, I shrank from his now ghastly countenance.

He essayed to speak, but his lips emitted only a husky sound; and he motioned to me that he would go on if I would pass the paper I held in my hand to the witness. While I did so, he drank a glass of water.

When I passed the will of his son to Stephen Forster, he looked at it, swept his eyes over it, stared a moment in my face, lifted his eyes, and thought in silence. Through what tempestuous years did that fierce soul sweep back to the spring morning when his boy lay, a young babe, in his young arms! How did he count them—one by one—those years of bitterness, of hate, of want—want of love, bitter poverty of affection, hatred, malice, and all manner of household anguish, up to this last and blackest year in all the twenty-one! And when he counted the last—when the lawyer's intellect had done the child's problem in subtraction, and taken the year 18— from 18—, and found that the difference proved

that he had made the most awful error of his life in his former count—he uttered a cry, a howl of agony, that startled the silent court-room more than the thunder crash which followed it.

"What paper is that?" demanded the district-attorney, furiously.

"Merely a memorandum we have prepared to help your case. We have made your witness disinterested by giving his son's property to another person."

The effect of the suggestion was instantaneous, and was visible in the jury box as well as in the audience. A hundred curious eyes were turned toward the witness, whose countenance was ashy, and whose disturbed, bewildered air was precisely what we had anticipated from the somewhat extraordinary course we had adopted. The whole aim and object of his terrible occupation being removed instantly and forever, he knew not what course to pursue, and while he hesitated and perplexed himself with doubts and uncertainties, the first question of my associate, asked in a low, scarcely audible tone, reached his ear.

"Where were you born?"

A gloom almost like night suddenly came over the room, and the storm burst on the village with furious violence. The witness sprang from his seat at the question, and then sinking back, peered into the gloom with curious, anxious eyes, as if striving to connect that voice with the face of some known person, but he made no reply.

"You were born in England," continued the same low voice.

The witness trembled from head to foot. I could see it, and I observed it, overwhelmed as I was with anxiety and astonishment at the course of the leader.

"Your father's name was Gordon; he was a lawyer in London."

Still no reply.

"Your mother—who was your mother?"

For a moment there was profound silence. Even the sharp district-attorney, in his surprise, forgot to object, and the judge leaned eagerly forward to watch the strange scene.

At length Stephen Forster rose from his chair, and gazed across the bar, and uttered a strange sentence for a witness:

"In God's name, who are you?

The counselor rose to his feet, and stretched his tall form to its utmost height. The look of fierceness that I had seen was still there, and a flash of lightning illuminated the room, throwing a wild light on his face, at which the witness in the box uttered a cry of horror, and sank motionless to the floor, while torrents of blood gushed from his nostrils and mouth.

The court was instantly adjourned to the next morning; and the astonished crowd separated, each relating his own fanciful idea of the cause of this curious scene.

My companion walked out leaning on my arm, which scarcely supported him, hanging on it as he did.

That night we stood together by the bed of Stephen Forster, now going fast by the dark road.

"George, George!—Mother of God, is it you!"

"It is none other, Stephen Gordon. And I thank that Holy Mother's Son that I was here in time to save you this last and most awful crime."

"George—our mother?"

"Dead, thirty years ago!"

A deep groan and a gush of blood were the response from the dying man.

"And Lucy?" muttered he, as soon as he was able.

"Her grave is by my mother."

"And father—did they know—"

"All—every thing—even to the weapon you used. He lived long enough to curse you, and died with a curse half uttered on his tongue.

"It is enough. If there be no hell for others there is one for me."

"The apostate returns to the faith of his youth," said my associate, with a sneer that I never forgave.

"The apostate has no hope on earth, or in heaven, or hell. I am dying, George. Forgive me! Forgive me!"

"Stephen Gordon, my brother, murderer of my father, my mother, my sister, of your own wife and son, destroyer of my own once bright home, of my honor, of my all in life, if God forgive you in the day of judgment I will not!"

"No, no! I have not yet murdered my son. The rest is true, all true; but I can save him yet. Let that be some atonement."

"Atonement for what? Can you call the dead from their graves in England? Can you unsay one of the curses uttered by our dying father? Can you recall the agonizing tears of our mother and sister? Can you give me back my wife, my angel wife?"

"She was an angel. She is an angel now."

"Dead, too?"

"Yes, dead. In a convent in France; penitent, peaceful, so they told me—has she not told you so?"

"Me?"

"I forgot. She visits me in dreams; but always pale, and cold, and sad-eyed. Ah!—there, I see her now—calm and beautiful, but so cold, so bitterly cold. George, George, forgive me! forgive me, brother!—I am dying—let me not go to hell all unforgiven. See, I have not an instant!—quick, quick—speak—Holy Saviour, Ma—Mary, mother—Jesu—"

There was a flood of crimson on the bed, a struggle—the dying man reached his arms out piteously toward his brother, who stood motionless—there was a shudder, a sharp convulsive motion of the features; he crossed the forefingers of his hands as if in token of his dying belief, not hope—and then—and then—what then!

Why then I have sometimes fancied a scene in the other world—a scene on the bank of the swift river that flows along the confines of heaven down to the abode of the damned. I have fancied a mother, radiant and star-eyed, with three most holy babes beside her, standing serenely on that flower-clad bank, and I could see her start and shrink back from the dark flow

of the river, as she caught sight of a face above the wave—a black and fiendish face, that gazed one instant lovingly into her heavenly eyes, and then swept madly, in the whirling, eddying current, down to woe unutterable.

The next morning after Stephen Forster's death, a *nol. pros.* was entered in the murder case, and it may please some to know that Mary Wilson was in court to hear the announcement. And for years after that, an old grayheaded man, unrecognized by any villager, might be seen almost any evening standing by the grave of the murdered wife, and at length some one learned that his name was Norton. But the story of Ellen Dusenberry's early love had been forgotten for twenty years—save by the true heart of her old lover.

THE OCEAN AND THE ATMOSPHERE.

LIEUTENANT MAURY'S "Sailing Directions"—a huge quarto volume of well-nigh a thousand pages—lies before us. It is designed to accompany and explain the "Wind and Current" and "Whaling" Charts that have won for their author so honorable a place in the scientific world. At first sight the book would seem to concern those only who do business upon the great deep. A landsman, upon casual inspection, would perceive little to interest him in the long columns bristling with the names of vessels, figures, dates, abbreviations, and symbols, as unintelligible to him as the inscriptions dug up at Nineveh. Then he would encounter page after page of matter like this:

"Barque Parthian (Smith). May, 13, 1853. Lat. 50° 55′ S.; long. 63° 52′ W. Barom. 29·1; temp. of air, 50°; of water, 48°. Winds: N., N.W., S.S.W. Fine weather; whole sail breeze."

And so on for a score or two of pages in succession. Here are facts enough to satisfy Mr. Gradgrind himself. The reader's first feeling is one of pity for the printer who, day by day and all day long, has been picking up, letter by letter and point by point, these wearisome paragraphs; and commiseration for the proof-reader who has strained eye and brain to make sure that every letter and point and symbol is in its proper place.

A very dry book, apparently, is this volume of "Sailing Directions." It reminds one of the toppling piles of brick and stone, wide beds of mortar, and heaps of planks and scaffolding that block up our thoroughfares. Yet, under the guidance of the architect, these unformed heaps and shapeless piles assume form and proportions; growing up into the airy spire of a Trinity Church or the graceful façade of a Saint Nicholas Hotel. In like manner from this seeming chaos of columns and paragraphs is evolving—we may even say has already evolved—one of the most beautiful sciences that has ever tasked and rewarded the exertions of the human intellect.

For this science Humboldt has proposed the name of "The Physical Geography of the Sea." To us this seems an inadequate designation. We would propose for it the more comprehensive name of "the Science of the Atmosphere and the Ocean."

We are just beginning to learn some of the manifold relations which the ocean and the atmosphere sustain in the general economy of nature. The sea which covers three-fourths of the surface of the globe is something more than the highway for the commerce of nations. It is the fountain from which rise all the streams that make green the earth, as well as the reservoir into which they all flow. It is an apparatus by which the torrid heat is conveyed to temper the polar cold, and the polar cold is brought in turn to mitigate the tropical heat.

The atmosphere also, apart from its obvious function of vitalizing the blood which courses through the veins of every breathing thing, performs other duties than that of filling the sails of commerce. It is the great receptacle into which all organized matter is cast and from which it is again evoked. The carbonic acid which our breathing pours into the air, is taken up by the vegetation on the other side of the globe. The oxygen which we inhale was perhaps given out by the cedars of Lebanon. The carbon exhaled by the denizens of London is transmuted into the flowers that adorn our western prairies. Every blade of grass on the pampas of South America, every leaf in the jungles of the Himalayas, is distilling oxygen for the Esquimaux and the Laplander The atmosphere is also a great hydraulic engine that pumps up from the ocean every drop of water that descends in dew or falls in showers. It conveys it for leagues, and thousands of leagues, and deposits it upon the mountain sides or on the thirsty plain. The water that swells the Mississippi or thunders over Niagara was caught up from the Indian Ocean or the Pacific. The dew drop that glistens on the flower at our door, once sparkled in the surf that breaks upon the coral reefs of the South Seas. The water that flows in the visible channels of the Amazon, the Volga, and the Nile, has before flowed in the invisible channels of the atmosphere. Those unseen rivers flowing through the air are as constant in their courses as those that run in visible channels through the land. The atmosphere draws up from the oceans of the Southern Hemisphere an amount of water sufficient to drain them to their lowest beds within a period of time less than that embraced in recorded history. The larger portion of this is borne aloft, and poured into the seas of the Northern Hemisphere; yet the one is never empty, the other never overflows the bounds set to it of old.

Thus ocean and air are ever working together for the well-being of the dwellers upon dry land; and were any great change to be wrought in the properties or relations of either, an entire alteration would take place in the whole economy of our planet. Science that has hitherto busied itself almost exclusively with the dry land, is now extending its researches into the regions of the air and the water, and from them gathering the richest harvests. The foremost explorer and

pioneer in this new field is undoubtedly Lieutenant Maury, and the main results of his labors are embodied in these charts and in the volume which accompanies them.

Nothing can be more simple and effective than the manner in which were collected the facts upon which his theories and speculations are based. As many log-books and journals of voyages as possible were collated, and from the notices contained in them were laid down the various tracks which had been pursued, together with all the information they contained as to winds and currents and other nautical phenomena. But the results obtained from these immethodical observations, though valuable in themselves, only served to show what might be accomplished were a series of combined efforts made with a definite end, and upon a scale sufficiently extensive. Mariners sailing upon every sea were speedily enlisted to keep an accurate record of all the facts relating to winds and currents, storms and calms, and the like, at stated hours during every day of their voyage. These were to be transmitted to Lieutenant Maury, to be collated and arranged, so that the information collected by each might be rendered available for the benefit of all.

It was not long before reports began to pour in from every sea whitened by American sails. They came from among the Arctic icebergs and the palm-shaded islands of the Pacific; from the great ocean highways furrowed by the commerce between the Old World and the New, between the East and the West, and from those recently opened up to the golden regions of California and Australia—highways almost as well defined as are the roads cast up upon the land; from the two stormy capes which form the southern extremities of the eastern and western continents; from the far off, wide-lying seas in which our adventurous whalemen chase leviathan, "hugest of things that swim the ocean flood." A thousand navigators were soon enlisted in the enterprise. The abstracts of these reports, preserved at the National Observatory, already fill nearly four hundred large manuscript volumes, containing records made upon nearly two millions of days—as many as have elapsed since man was first placed upon this planet. These constitute the raw material, the brick and mortar, from which is constructing and to be constructed, the Science of the Ocean and Atmosphere.

From the materials thus brought together were constructed the Wind and Current Charts. Upon the "Pilot Charts" the entire surface of the ocean was marked off into squares of five degrees of latitude and longitude. In each of these divisions was entered the results of all the observations made by all the navigators who had sailed over it in each month. The number of observations was given; the number of days in which the wind had blown from each point of the compass; the temperature of the air and water, the number of days of storm and calm, and fair weather; the force and direction of the currents; and every thing which could be of service to the sailor. It is the purpose of Lieutenant Maury to collect at least a hundred observations for each month upon every one of these districts of five degrees; this alone would make a total of more than a million and a half of observations. For the districts which lie along the great routes of commerce, this number has already been far exceeded.

Copies of these charts, as rapidly as they were completed, have been placed in the hands of every master of a vessel who would engage to make the observations required, and at the end of each voyage transmit them to our National Observatory. Thus the observations made by each, enure to the benefit of all. Every master of a vessel, no matter in what part of the ocean he may be, has the benefit of the experience of hundreds who have been there before him. He can tell precisely what winds their united experience gives him reason to expect, at any season of the year; in what quarters he may hope for favorable ones, and where he has to apprehend those that are adverse. He multiplies his own experience by that of the thousand others who have undertaken the like voyages.

For the great commercial routes, the information thus collected has been still further generalized. Precise tracks have been laid down, by adhering to which the greater number of favorable circumstances may be secured, and the greater number of adverse ones avoided. And it has come to be generally admitted that just in the degree in which the track laid down upon the charts is adhered to, in just so far a speedy voyage may be anticipated. Previous to the publication of these charts the average length of the voyage between our Eastern ports and California was one hundred and eighty-three days. The average length of the voyages between the same ports, performed by vessels on board which these charts are used, has been one hundred and thirty-six days; and in instances not very rare, it has been performed within less than a hundred—in one case in eighty-eight days. In the most successful of these voyages—those which have been performed in less than half the time formerly consumed—the track of the vessel's keel through the ocean corresponds almost precisely with that traced for its guidance upon the chart.

The Whaling Charts have been constructed upon the same general principle, with such modifications in the details as the nature of the subject demands. It has long been known that whales migrate from season to season, following their food through the ocean. The object of the charts is to show at a glance in what portion of the ocean the whales may be expected to be found at each season. The whole ocean is in these charts also divided into squares of five degrees, in which, by a simple arrangement of lines, is indicated how many days during each month all the vessels who send in their reports have been on the lookout for whales in each division, and upon how many days whales have been seen, distinguishing moreover between the "right" and the "sperm" whales. The experience of any one whaler can hardly extend to beyond a dozen or

a score of voyages at most; but by the aid of these charts each may have the full benefit of the knowledge gleaned by a half thousand others.

The grand series of investigations thus set on foot in this country in due course of time attracted attention abroad. Our own government early entered into the scheme, by ordering all our naval commanders to make the required observations, and by giving it every furtherance required. Proposals for like co-operation were made by the maritime nations of Europe, and in August and September, 1853, a conference was held at Brussels for the purpose of devising and perfecting a uniform plan of operations. The governments of Great Britain, France, Russia, the Northern Powers, and all the maritime nations of Europe were represented by competent delegates. Our own government was represented by Lieutenant Maury. A plan of mutual assistance was adopted; and the conduct of the operations was placed under the solemn sanction of public law. No war that might arise was to interrupt them. A Russian vessel enlisted in the work may be taken and become a prize to its captors; but the observations made in pursuance of this plan are sacred, and are to be transmitted unharmed to our National Observatory. Thus, whether in war or peace, new acquisitions will continually be made, new conquests won; conquests defiled by no blood, stained by no rapine; won by no nation at the expense of another: conquests won from the elements of nature for the well-being of all men forever.

Valuable as are the results of this grand series of observations in a commercial and pecuniary point of view, their scientific aspects are of still higher and more general interest. New light has been shed upon some of the most mysterious problems in the economy of nature; such, for example, as the great atmospheric and oceanic currents, by means of which a perpetual interchange is kept up between the temperature of the tropical and polar regions. It is not too much to hope that, when the whole area of the ocean has been covered over with a net-work of observations, materials will be accumulated, from which may be framed a complete and satisfactory theory to explain the currents in the ocean, that hitherto unrevealed mystery of the watery world.

Enough has already been accumulated to show that there is a constant current of cold water setting from the poles of the earth toward the equator, and consequently a counter current of heated water from the equator to the poles. Each of these counter currents is in turn a surface and an under current.

As a starting point in the investigation, may be taken the great Equatorial Current which we find flowing from the vast expanse of water around the Antarctic pole. It pours a constant flood of cold water northeastward toward the western shores of South America. Encountering the coast of America, it is divided and turned from its course, one portion rounding Cape Horn, often baffling for days and weeks those navigators who endeavor to pass from the Atlantic into the Pacific. The main body, however, turns due north, skirting the shores of Chili and Peru, whence it turns again westward into the bosom of the Pacific, cooling the ocean that encircles the island groups of the South Seas, and passing onward through the Pacific into the Indian Ocean. In the north, it is broken against the Chinese coast, Australia, and the islands of the Indian Archipelago, through which a large portion makes its way into the Indian Ocean. Passing down the eastern shore of Africa, it doubles the stormy Cape, misnamed of Good Hope, skirts the coasts of Guinea, and the dolorous region cursed by the slave-trade, abhorred by God and man, and enters the great caldron of the Bight of Benin, into which, on the very line of the equator, pours the current of the mysterious Niger.

Here the waters, raised to a high temperature by the fierce rays of a vertical sun, take their way westward, across the Atlantic, forming the Equatorial Current of the Atlantic Ocean. The coast of Brazil protrudes into the Atlantic like a wedge, having Cape Saint Roque as its apex. Upon this wedge the current splits, one portion turning to the south, giving the coast of Patagonia and the Falkland Islands a European climate. The other portion goes to the north, a part diffusing itself over the Atlantic, toward the south of Europe, while the remainder, following the line of the coast, passes through the Caribbean Sea, and enters the Gulf of Mexico; whence it emerges with augmented volume as the Gulf Stream. In thus tracing this great current, its general direction only has been given. In all parts of its course it meets counter currents, which sometimes deflect it from its course; and sometimes it dives under, so that the surface current tends in precisely the opposite direction from the one indicated.

The Gulf Stream is more accurately known than any other of the ocean currents. It emerges from the Gulf of Mexico as a well defined river of warm water, inclosed between banks of cold water. For hundreds of miles the line between the blue waters of the Stream, and the greenish waters of the surrounding ocean, is as visible to the eye as the line between a river and its banks. So sharp is the line of separation that a vessel is not unfrequently beheld with one part manifestly in the blue water, and the other part in the green. Long after the difference in color has become imperceptible, the thermometer tells with unerring certainty when a vessel has passed from the cold waters of the Atlantic into the warm current of the Stream.

As it emerges through the Straits of Bimini, it is thirty-two miles wide, probably twelve or fifteen hundred feet deep, and flows at the rate of four or five miles an hour. Careful calculations show that it conveys from the Gulf of Mexico an amount of water three thousand times greater than that brought into it by the Mississippi; and that it carries away to the north a supply of heat sufficient to keep in a fluid state a river of molten iron as large as our great "Father of Waters." It follows the line of the coast,

at a considerable distance, until it reaches Cape Hatteras, by which time it has spread to a width of about one hundred and seventy-five miles. From this point it rapidly diffuses itself, less however by actually mixing its waters with those of the surrounding ocean, than by flowing over them, as a body of oil would flow over the surface of a lake. Its course now veers almost directly east, standing straight across the Atlantic, covering the surface of the ocean with a warm mantle which protects the coasts of Europe from the extremes of temperature due to their northern latitude. When the stream reaches the neighborhood of the British islands, it is divided, one portion tending toward the polar regions, giving to Spitzbergen, in latitude 80°, a mean temperature as high as that of the shores of the central part of Hudson's Bay; to Iceland it gives a climate as warm as that of Newfoundland. It enables the Lapland peasant to cultivate his barley in a latitude which upon the Western Continent is doomed to perpetual sterility. The green shores of Ireland are on the same parallel with the ice-bound coast of Labrador; Paris lies to the north of Quebec; the crowded port of Liverpool is as far north as those bleak countries where the Esquimaux build their snow houses, and patiently watch the rising of the seals from their breathing holes in the ice.

All this difference between the climate of the two hemispheres—a difference in favor of the Eastern Continent fully equal to that produced by twenty degrees of latitude, is the gift of the northern branch of the Gulf Stream; while the other branch is equally bountiful to the countries of Southern Europe. To France and Spain it gives the vine and the olive. Thus long before the bold Genoese turned his prow toward the Western World, that Western World had been bestowing upon the natives of Europe the blessings of a mild and equable climate.

But whence comes this immense body of water thus perpetually forced out of the Gulf of Mexico? Where are the hidden fountains of this great ocean stream, by the side of which the mightiest rivers of the land are but tiny brooks? What force impels its warm currents straight through the surrounding waters, and spreads them abroad over the surface of the ocean? The water borne in this Stream from the Gulf of Mexico must somehow find its way back; for that great basin shows no signs of being emptied; while the northern seas into which it pours its mighty current never overflow.

The Gulf Stream was once looked upon as a simple prolongation of the Mississippi. This supposition was conclusively set aside by the demonstration that it would require three thousand rivers like the Father of Waters to bring into the Gulf the amount of water borne out of it by the Gulf Stream; even laying quite out of account the immense evaporation continually taking place from such a mass of water lying under so warm a sun.

It was then suggested that the waters of the ocean were driven into the Gulf by the trade winds, and found their way out by the only practicable channel. The Gulf Stream was declared to be like a river on the land descending from a higher to a lower level, and thus gaining the impetus by which it forces its way down to the north. But it was soon found that no such difference of level existed; or rather that the bed of the Stream, instead of descending to the north, actually ascended at a rate of inclination greater than the average descent of the Amazon or the Ganges.

Still further observations showed that while the Gulf Stream was pouring a current of warm water to the north, a counter current of cold water was at the same moment running beneath and beside it directly into the Gulf. Both streams, thus flowing in contrary directions, could not be running down hill. Vessels drifting northward near the Great Banks of Newfoundland not unfrequently encounter huge icebergs making their way to the south directly in the teeth of both wind and the surface current of the Gulf Stream. They sometimes rise hundreds of feet above the water; and philosophy has demonstrated that for every hundred feet they rise above the surface, they must sink a thousand feet below. They therefore penetrate through the superficial current flowing northward, down into a submerged southern current, far enough for its force to prevail over the one which was tending to bear them northward. Ships, drawing but a few feet of water, never sink into this under current, and so partake only of that which flows upon the surface.

More minute observations showed that this ice-bearing current from the Arctic regions encountered the head of the Gulf Stream near the Banks of Newfoundland, and that it was there split into two portions, the one running inshore between the American coast and the Gulf Stream; while the other plunged under and flowed beneath the warm surface current into that very Gulf of Mexico, from out of which the other current was pouring.

Here then was a solution of one portion of the problem of the Gulf Stream. The waters which pour forth to the north, heated from the great caldron of the Gulf, flow into it, as an under current, from the northern regions. But the other branch of the problem seemed by this very solution to be involved in still deeper mystery. What was the impelling force that set in motion these two opposite currents, thus flowing side by side, and over and under each other?

For the solution of this problem Lieutenant Maury has furnished some suggestions in which we are confident will be found the germs of the true theory by which will be explained not only the Gulf Stream, but all of the other currents of the ocean.

Let us, in order to elucidate this theory, suppose that by some process all the water of one portion of the sea—the Gulf of Mexico, for example—were suddenly to become of less specific gravity than the other: or we will say, converted into oil. What would be the consequence? Why, the surrounding waters would press upon the

lighter fluid, and force it out in any direction where there was no obstacle; spreading it abroad over the surface, while the heavier fluid would pour in as an under current to supply the place of that forced out, keeping the whole surface at a uniform level. Now let us further suppose that the oil as it approached the pole was changed to water again, while that which flowed into the Gulf was constantly changed into oil, and so on in continual succession; we should then have just the phenomenon of the Gulf Stream: an upper current of light fluid continually pouring out from the Gulf, and an under current of heavier fluid just as constantly pouring in.

Our supposition corresponds to the fact in all essential particulars. Water, within certain limits, expands by heat, therefore becoming lighter; and contracts by cold, so becoming heavier. The operation of heat alone would simply cause a general current of warm water to flow on the surface from all equatorial regions toward the poles, to be replaced by as constant and uniform an under current from the poles to the equator.

This is precisely what takes place in respect to the other great fluid body, the atmosphere. Along the line of the equator, extending for some degrees on each side, is a belt of atmosphere in which there are no constant winds. Here the air heated by the vertical rays of the sun becomes rarified and rises. From each side of this equatorial belt the air of a lower temperature rushes in to supply the partial vacuum; thus forming the trade winds, which blow steadily from the direction of the northern and southern poles. These great atmospheric currents are as steady and uniform in their course as is the current of a great river seeking its way to the sea. The storms and hurricanes, the typhoons and whirlwinds, which lash the surface of the ocean into waves, and strew its bottom with the wrecks of navies, bear no greater proportion to the steady and equable flow of the trade winds, than the eddies and whirls in the Mississippi do to the general direction of its current.

Now were the rays of a vertical sun the only force that disturbs the equilibrium of the ocean, and were the free movements of the waters unobstructed by the conformation of the bottom and shores of the ocean, we should have oceanic currents answering precisely to the trade winds: that is, a constant surface flow of heated water from the equator to the poles, with as constant an under current of cooler water from the poles to the equator.

But there is another disturbing force which comes in to modify, and in some instances greatly to augment this of which we have been speaking.

The water of the ocean contains in solution a large amount of saline and other matter, which, as is well known, render it considerably heavier than an equal volume of fresh water. From certain portions of the ocean—those especially over which the trade winds blow—a much larger quantity of water is taken up by evaporation than is returned in the shape of rain. But fresh water only is taken up, leaving behind all the salts held in solution; so that the remaining water is salter, and therefore heavier than it was before. This change takes place only on the surface; and the thin layer of water thus rendered heavier sinks by its weight, while a portion of fresher and lighter water rises to the surface to take its place. A continual current up and down is thus produced in the waters between the tropics. In the mean while, in the regions to the north—at the poles especially—more water is deposited from the atmosphere than is taken up by evaporation. This water is all fresh, and consequently it tends to make the polar waters lighter than they otherwise would be. So that, owing to saltness, evaporation, and precipitation, we have a great change continually wrought in the specific gravity of the water of the ocean. And as was shown, whenever such a change is wrought, two counter currents are of necessity set in motion, the one at the surface and the other in an opposite direction below the surface.

The saltness of the ocean, it may therefore be fairly presumed, contributes in no small degree toward causing the ceaseless currents by which the waters of every sea are mixed and mingled together. The course of investigation now in progress renders it probable that the currents of the ocean are primarily owing to these changes continually going on in the specific gravity of the waters of different portions.

Thus the currents of the atmosphere and of the ocean are brought under one law. They both are traced back to the power of gravitation. The same law that keeps the planets in their orbits, and preserves the stars in their places, is shown to be identical with that which impels each particle of air and water in its ceaseless course around the globe.

There is still another interesting subject of speculation connected with the saltness of the ocean. We know that every river which flows through the land sweeps along with it to the sea a quantity of solid matter held in solution. This consists mainly of common salt, sulphate and carbonate of lime, soda, and similar substances. All this goes into the sea; but not a particle ever finds its way back to dry land again. The water taken up by evaporation is pure and fresh. It is borne in viewless channels through the atmosphere; is condensed, and falls to the earth as rain, or dew, or snow. It penetrates the strata of rocks charged with saline matter, which it dissolves and bears on with it to the sea again. Here it circulates through the ocean from the poles to the tropics, from the surface to the lowest depths, and from the bottom to the surface, until it is taken up again, and goes through the same great round. It is more than probable that every drop of water in the ocean has traveled these rounds many times since our present order of things was established.

Yet though from age to age so vast an amount of saline matter has been continually poured into the ocean, the composition of its waters has remained unchanged. The ocean is no more briny than it was five thousand years ago. What be-

comes of all this accumulation of matter? Where shall we look for the compensating agency to counteract this tendency to change?

This inquiry conducts us to another of those marvelous relations between the different kingdoms of nature, which show that all are parts of one vast whole, so ordered that each portion is essential to the existence of every other.

While the rivers of the earth are thus pouring their accumulations of saline and calcareous matter into the ocean, innumerable myriads of beings, many of them so minute that we can discern them only by the microscope, are engaged in elaborating this matter from the water, and building it up again beneath the waves into mountains and continents. The coral insects of the South Seas are evermore erecting their mounds and dykes, reaching in some instances farther down than plummet has ever sounded into the calm waters of the ocean, and stretching in an unbroken line for a thousand miles. Against these apparently frail barriers the long swell of the Pacific breaks with a force which would wear away a granite promontory; but the tiny architects seize upon the water, and by their own vital power extract from it, particle by particle, the substance from which they construct their impregnable walls. Every unmoving shell-fish aids in the work. The pearl oyster of Ceylon perhaps constructs its parti-colored shell from the lime swept by the tributaries of the Missouri from the cañons of the Rocky Mountains, or worn away by the torrent that dashes down the precipice of Niagara. Every marine plant that grows upon the shore or the bottom of the ocean, or that floats in the great silent "Sargasso Sea" or Sea of Weeds, that occupies the mid-Atlantic, impeding the course of the few vessels that wander so far out of the ordinary routes of commerce, has also its appropriate function in abstracting from the water of the ocean the soda and other saline matter borne into it evermore.

The deep sea soundings so successfully executed by our naval officers, have thrown new light upon these exquisite systems of compensations by means of which nature is evermore "seeking by ceaseless change eternal rest." By an ingenious aparatus invented by Passed Midshipman Brooke, matter has been brought up from the bottom of the sea at a depth of more than two and a quarter miles. This matter brought up from such a depth, and far out at sea, beyond the influence of the ceaseless wash of rivers and other local causes, may be assumed to be a fair sample of the bottom of the entire ocean.

To the naked eye the matter thus brought up seemed mere clay or mud. But when it was placed under the microscope, the startling fact was brought to light that it was composed wholly of minute shells, the skeletons of animals so small that no unaided human eye could distinguish them. Not a particle of sand or gravel, not the remotest trace of mineral or inorganic matter was there. There was nothing but the relics of animal life. These animals could not have lived and died at the bottom of the sea, where they would have been subjected to the enormous pressure of a column of water twelve thousand feet in height. They doubtless while alive inhabited the upper waters; and when dead their bodies sank slowly down to the bottom in one continuous shower, like the snow-flakes that fall in a still winter day. For thousands of years —how many thousands no man knows—this ceaseless shower has been pouring down. How thickly the ocean floor is paved with these remains, who shall dare to conjecture? But this much is certain that the remains of these animalcules indefinitely exceed in bulk those of larger animals. And all these remains have been abstracted from the waters of the ocean, where the materials of which they have been formed have been brought from the land by the ceaseless action of the waters originally raised from the surface of the ocean.

Thus it is that we are beginning to get glimpses of the harmonies and compensations of nature. Every element exists not for its own sake alone, but for that of every other. The air and the ocean, the dry land, all work together. The heat showered down upon the coasts of Brazil nourishes the vines and olives of Sicily; that generated in the Gulf of Mexico makes green the corn-fields of merry England, and the vineyards of France, and mitigates the terrors of an Iceland winter. The cold from the north pole, borne far below the surface of the ocean, and transferred to the Gulf of Mexico, transforms what would otherwise be an uninhabitable desert into the garden of the earth; while that from around the south pole cools the waters that girdle the palm-shaded islands of the tropical Pacific. The hidden fountains of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence lie in the Indian Ocean. The dense foliage in the jungles of Hindostan and Farther Africa distills oxygen to vitalize the blood of the inhabitants of New York and London, who in turn give forth the carbonic acid which adds to the stature of the date-trees by the cataracts of the Nile and the spice-groves of Ceylon. These are but a part of the functions that the atmosphere and the ocean perform in the wide economy of nature. When science has fathomed all of their manifold uses, we shall have made one more step toward the full significance of the term by which the ancient Greeks, poetical in their wisdom, designated collective nature: Kosmos—"Beauty—Orderly Arrangement.

THE FIDDLER.

SO my poem is damned, and immortal fame is not for me! I am nobody forever and ever. Intolerable fate!

Snatching my hat, I dashed down the criticism, and rushed out into Broadway, where enthusiastic throngs were crowding to a circus in a side-street near by, very recently started, and famous for a capital clown.

Presently my old friend Standard rather boisterously accosted me.

"Well met, Helmstone, my boy! Ah! what's the matter? Haven't been committing murder? Ain't flying justice? You look wild!"

"You have seen it, then?" said I, of course referring to the criticism.

"Oh yes; I was there at the morning performance. Great clown, I assure you. But here comes Hautboy. Hautboy—Helmstone."

Without having time or inclination to resent so mortifying a mistake, I was instantly soothed as I gazed on the face of the new acquaintance so unceremoniously introduced. His person was short and full, with a juvenile, animated cast to it. His complexion rurally ruddy; his eye sincere, cheery, and gray. His hair alone betrayed that he was not an overgrown boy. From his hair I set him down as forty or more.

"Come, Standard," he gleefully cried to my friend, "are you not going to the circus? The clown is inimitable, they say. Come; Mr. Helmstone, too—come both; and circus over, we'll take a nice stew and punch at Taylor's."

The sterling content, good-humor, and extraordinary ruddy, sincere expression of this most singular new acquaintance acted upon me like magic. It seemed mere loyalty to human nature to accept an invitation from so unmistakably kind and honest a heart.

During the circus performance I kept my eye more on Hautboy than on the celebrated clown. Hautboy was the sight for me. Such genuine enjoyment as his struck me to the soul with a sense of the reality of the thing called happiness. The jokes of the clown he seemed to roll under his tongue as ripe magnum-bonums. Now the foot, now the hand, was employed to attest his grateful applause. At any hit more than ordinary, he turned upon Standard and me to see if his rare pleasure was shared. In a man of forty I saw a boy of twelve; and this too without the slightest abatement of my respect. Because all was so honest and natural, every expression and attitude so graceful with genuine good-nature, that the marvelous juvenility of Hautboy assumed a sort of divine and immortal air, like that of some forever youthful god of Greece.

But much as I gazed upon Hautboy, and much as I admired his air, yet that desperate mood in which I had first rushed from the house had not so entirely departed as not to molest me with momentary returns. But from these relapses I would rouse myself, and swiftly glance round the broad amphitheatre of eagerly interested and all-applauding human faces. Hark! claps, thumps, deafening huzzas; the vast assembly seemed frantic with acclamation; and what, mused I, has caused all this? Why, the clown only comically grinned with one of his extra grins.

Then I repeated in my mind that sublime passage in my poem, in which Cleothemes the Argive vindicates the justice of the war. Ay, ay, thought I to myself, did I now leap into the ring there, and repeat that identical passage, nay, enact the whole tragic poem before them, would they applaud the poet as they applaud the clown? No! They would hoot me, and call me doting or mad. Then what does this prove? Your infatuation or their insensibility? Perhaps both; but indubitably the first. But why wail? Do you seek admiration from the admirers of a buffoon? Call to mind the saying of the Athenian, who, when the people vociferously applauded in the forum, asked his friend in a whisper, what foolish thing had he said?

Again my eye swept the circus, and fell on the ruddy radiance of the countenance of Hautboy. But its clear honest cheeriness disdained my disdain. My intolerant pride was rebuked. And yet Hautboy dreamed not what magic reproof to a soul like mine sat on his laughing brow. At the very instant I felt the dart of the censure, his eye twinkled, his hand waved, his voice was lifted in jubilant delight at another joke of the inexhaustible clown.

Circus over, we went to Taylor's. Among crowds of others, we sat down to our stews and punches at one of the small marble tables. Hautboy sat opposite to me. Though greatly subdued from its former hilarity, his face still shone with gladness. But added to this was a quality not so prominent before; a certain serene expression of leisurely, deep good sense. Good sense and good humor in him joined hands. As the conversation proceeded between the brisk Standard and him—for I said little or nothing—I was more and more struck with the excellent judgment he evinced. In most of his remarks upon a variety of topics Hautboy seemed intuitively to hit the exact line between enthusiasm and apathy. It was plain that while Hautboy saw the world pretty much as it was, yet he did not theoretically espouse its bright side nor its dark side. Rejecting all solutions, he but acknowled facts. What was sad in the world he did not superficially gainsay; what was glad in it he did not cynically slur; and all which was to him personally enjoyable, he gratefully took to his heart. It was plain, then—so it seemed at that moment, at least—that his extraordinary cheerfulness did not arise either from deficiency of feeling or thought.

Suddenly remembering an engagement, he took up his hat, bowed pleasantly, and left us.

"Well, Helmstone," said Standard, inaudibly drumming on the slab, "what do you think of your new acquaintance?"

The two last words tingled with a peculiar and novel significance.

"New acquaintance indeed," echoed I. "Standard, I owe you a thousand thanks for introducing me to one of the most singular men I have ever seen. It needed the optical sight of such a man to believe in the possibility of his existence.

"You rather like him, then," said Standard, with ironical dryness.

"I hugely love and admire him, Standard. I wish I were Hautboy."

"Ah! That's a pity now. There's only one Hautboy in the world."

This last remark set me to pondering again, and somehow it revived my dark mood.

"His wonderful cheerfulness, I suppose," said I, sneering with spleen, "originates not less in a felicitous fortune than in a felicitous temper. His great good sense is apparent; but great good

sense may exist without sublime endowments. Nay, I take it, in certain cases, that good sense is simply owing to the absence of those. Much more, cheerfulness. Unpossessed of genius, Hautboy is eternally blessed."

"Ah? You would not think him an extraordinary genius then?"

"Genius? What! such a short, fat fellow a genius! Genius, like Cassius, is lank."

"Ah? But could you not fancy that Hautboy might formerly have had genius, but luckily getting rid of it, at last fatted up?"

"For a genius to get rid of his genius is as impossible as for a man in the galloping consumption to get rid of that."

"Ah? You speak very decidedly."

"Yes, Standard," cried I, increasing in spleen, "your cheery Hautboy, after all, is no pattern, no lesson for you and me. With average abilities; opinions clear, because circumscribed; passions docile, because they are feeble; a temper hilarious, because he was born to it—how can your Hautboy be made a reasonable example to a heady fellow like you, or an ambitious dreamer like me? Nothing tempts him beyond common limit; in himself he has nothing to restrain. By constitution he is exempted from all moral harm. Could ambition but prick him; had he but once heard applause, or endured contempt, a very different man would your Hautboy be. Acquiescent and calm from the cradle to the grave, he obviously slides through the crowd.

"Ah?"

"Why do you say *ah* to me so strangely whenever I speak?"

"Did you ever hear of Master Betty?"

"The great English prodigy, who long ago ousted the Siddons and the Kembles from Drury Lane, and made the whole town run mad with acclamation?"

"The same," said Standard, once more inaudibly drumming on the slab.

I looked at him perplexed. He seemed to be holding the master-key of our theme in mysterious reserve; seemed to be throwing out his Master Betty too, to puzzle me only the more.

"What under heaven can Master Betty, the great genius and prodigy, an English boy twelve years old, have to do with the poor common-place plodder Hautboy, an American of forty."

"Oh, nothing in the least. I don't imagine that they ever saw each other. Besides, Master Betty must be dead and buried long ere this."

"Then why cross the ocean, and rifle the grave to drag his remains into this living discussion?"

"Absent-mindedness, I suppose. I humbly beg pardon. Proceed with your observations on Hautboy. You think he never had genius, quite too contented and happy, and fat for that—ah? You think him no pattern for men in general? affording no lesson of value to neglected merit, genius ignored, or impotent presumption rebuked? —all of which three amount to much the same thing. You admire his cheerfulness, while scorning his common-place soul. Poor Hautboy, how sad that your very cheerfulness should, by a by-blow, bring you despite!"

"I don't say I scorn him; you are unjust. I simply declare that he is no pattern for me."

A sudden noise at my side attracted my ear. Turning, I saw Hautboy again, who very blithely reseated himself on the chair he had left.

"I was behind time with my engagement," said Hautboy, "so thought I would run back and rejoin you. But come, you have sat long enough here. Let us go to my rooms. It is only a five minutes' walk."

"If you will promise to fiddle for us, we will," said Standard.

Fiddle! thought I—he's a jigembob *fiddler* then? No wonder genius declines to measure its pace to a fiddler's bow. My spleen was very strong on me now.

"I will gladly fiddle you your fill," replied Hautboy to Standard. "Come on."

In a few minutes we found ourselves in the fifth story of a sort of storehouse, in a lateral street to Broadway. It was curiously furnished with all sorts of odd furniture which seemed to have been obtained, piece by piece, at auctions of old-fashioned household stuff. But all was charmingly clean and cosy.

Pressed by Standard, Hautboy forthwith got out his dented old fiddle, and sitting down on a tall rickety stool, played away right merrily at Yankee Doodle and other off-handed, dashing, and disdainfully care-free airs. But common as were the tunes, I was transfixed by something miraculously superior in the style. Sitting there on the old stool, his rusty hat sideways cocked on his head, one foot dangling adrift, he plied the bow of an enchanter. All my moody discontent, every vestige of peevishness fled. My whole splenetic soul capitulated to the magical fiddle.

"Something of an Orpheus, ah?" said Standard, archly nudging me beneath the left rib.

"And I, the charmed Bruin," murmured I.

The fiddle ceased. Once more, with redoubled curiosity, I gazed upon the easy, indifferent Hautboy. But he entirely baffled inquisition.

When, leaving him, Standard and I were in the street once more, I earnestly conjured him to tell me who, in sober truth, this marvelous Hautboy was.

"Why, haven't you seen him? And didn't you yourself lay his whole anatomy open on the marble slab at Taylor's. What more can you possibly learn? Doubtless your own masterly insight has already put you in possession of all."

"You mock me, Standard. There is some mystery here. Tell me, I entreat you, who is Hautboy?"

"An extraordinary genius, Helmstone," said Standard, with sudden ardor, "who in boyhood drained the whole flagon of glory; whose going from city to city was a going from triumph to triumph. One who has been an object of wonder to the wisest, been caressed by the loveliest, received the open homage of thousands on thousands of the rabble. But to-day he walks Broadway and no man knows him. With you and

me, the elbow of the hurrying clerk, and the pole of the remorseless omnibus, shove him. He who has a hundred times been crowned with laurels, now wears, as you see, a bunged beaver. Once fortune poured showers of gold into his lap, as showers of laurel leaves upon his brow. To-day, from house to house he hies, teaching fiddling for a living. Crammed once with fame, he is now hilarious without it. *With* genius and *without* fame, he is happier than a king. More a prodigy now than ever.

"His true name?

"Let me whisper it in your ear.

"What! Oh Standard, myself, as a child, have shouted myself hoarse applauding that very name in the theatre."

"I have heard your poem was not very handsomely received," said Standard, now suddenly shifting the subject.

"Not a word of that, for heaven's sake!" cried I. "If Cicero, traveling in the East, found sympathetic solace for his grief in beholding the arid overthrow of a once gorgeous city, shall not my petty affair be as nothing, when I behold in Hautboy the vine and the rose climbing the shattered shafts of his tumbled temple of Fame?"

Next day I tore all my manuscripts, bought me a fiddle, and went to take regular lessons of Hautboy.

THE STOLEN SHOES.

ADORADO, where gold may be had for the gathering, has formed the subject of the traditions, or exercised the fancies, of most peoples. The Arabs have never had an opportunity of experiencing what such a place really is; but their story-tellers make use of the idea in the following manner:

In very ancient times, there lived, say they, in Cairo, in one of the streets near the foot of the citadel, a man named Abu Daood, whose poverty and misery were great. By trade he was a cobbler; but destiny did not permit him to gain a living by the labor of his hands. Sometimes he remained for whole days without having a single pair of babooshes to mend; and when work was brought to him, he was very frequently so beaten down in the price he asked, or cheated by dishonest people, that he found it absolutely impossible to earn even the expenses of his shop.

Fortunately for him he had no wife or relation of any kind; yet he considered this solitude as the greatest curse that had befallen him, and, strange to say, when he went home in hunger, he regretted he did not hear, as he opened the crazy door of his house, the voice of children, even though they should be crying for food. As he scarcely ever spent any money, or was seen to bring home provisions, the neighbors used to say that he was a magician, or that he lived upon air; but it was evident that this kind of nourishment was not favorable to him, for he was as thin and dry as a nail. The truth was, that he passed a great part of his time wandering up and down the streets, seeking for the news of some marriage or of some death; and then he went with the beggars, and other sons of sorrow, to dip his fingers in the great wooden bowls that are put out at the doors on such festive or mournful occasions. He found that in the scramble of the hungry, it was rarely possible for him to approach the dish more than once; but an old beggar of experience had taught him the art of scooping out, with one single plunge of his hand, the substance of a meal. In this way he managed to keep soul and body together; but as he was a man respectable in his ideas, he never asked for alms with the others, when the wants of the moment were satisfied, but repaired at once to his shop, and sat waiting for custom until the going down of the sun.

From time to time, when he could get a little leather, he had actually fabricated some fine red shoes—half a dozen pair, which he had arranged in a row in front of his shop; but at first he had asked too much for them, and would not lower his price until their lustre became tarnished, and then every body passed by, and went to bargain with other dealers. Poor Abu Daood in vain invited the fastidious to come and buy, going so far, sometimes, as to offer his wares as a present. Nobody paid any attention to him. Destiny had decreed that he should not make his fortune as a shoemaker.

One day a very old man, whose dress and appearance revealed him to be a Maggrebby, or Man from the West, came down the street, evidently looking for a pair of shoes, or for a cobbler; for he carried a tattered baboosh in his hand. Abu Daood espied him afar off, and felt inclined to rush toward him, and seizing the skirts of his garment, to drag him by main force to his shop. But the Shah Bomdar of the merchants had married his daughter that morning, and the cobbler had not only succeeded in getting two handfuls of rice, but had snatched a rag of mutton from a greedy blind beggar, who was making off with it after having had his fill. Thus fortified, he was enabled to repress the undignified suggestion of his misery, and to wait in breathless expectation for the result. To his extreme surprise, the Maggrebby passed all his rivals, and coming straight up to him, saluted him by his name, and said:

"I charge thee to mend this excellent pair of babooshes with the utmost care, and in the mean time, I will take of thy stock for my immediate use." So saying, he slipped on two of the tarnished shoes, promised to return in the evening, and went away, leaving his own rags in pledge for the payment. Abu Daood was so delighted, that he ran immediately to three or four neighbors, and shouted with glistening eyes: "I have sold a pair of shoes! I have sold a pair of shoes!" He set to work immediately to cobble the babooshes of the Maggrebby, but he found them in such a wretched state, that it was impossible to do any thing with them. In vain did he put a patch here and a patch there, first renewing the heels, then the toes—it would have been far easier and cheaper to make a new pair. "I must persuade this foolish Maggrebby," said he to himself, "to

throw those miserable things into the street, and to buy new ones instead, if what he has already taken be not sufficient."

Evening came, and no Maggrebby. Abu Daood had counted on a good supper, and kept his shop open until long after dark. All his neighbors put up their shutters, and went away one by one, but he remained obstinately at his post, until the fear of robbers—superfluous fear! — overcame him, and he returned sorrowfully to his dismal dwelling. He lulled himself to sleep that night by curses on the Maggrebby, but was up before dawn, and on his way to his shop, still hoping that the owner of the ragged babooshes might come and clear up his character for honesty and fair-dealing. He could not refrain from relating his misadventure to his neighbors, who affected to pity him, but smiled maliciously one to the other, saying: "Abu Daood has sold a pair of shoes!" and it became the joke in the quarter, when they observed the poor cobbler dozing over his hunger, to cry out: "Here comes the Maggrebby!" But a whole year passed away, and he did not reappear.

At length one day the cry of "Here comes the Maggrebby!" startled Abu Daood as usual; and looking forth to cast a reproachful glance at the wags, he actually beheld the same old man advancing toward him. His first impulse was to snatch up the pair of shoes, which he had cobbled during his interminable moments of leisure into something like shape, and thrust them down the throat of the dishonest customer; but he restrained himself, and when the Maggrebby had saluted him, as if nothing had happened, he said: "The job thou gavest me was very troublesome. It would have been better to take a new pair." Upon this, the Maggrebby laughed, and said: "Verily, thou art a wise man, and a circumspect. I came expecting thy reproaches! but, lo! thou sparest me. This shall be counted unto thee." So saying, he took out a piece of gold, and placed it in the hand of the cobbler, who well-nigh fainted with joy.

"Now, Abu Daood," said the stranger, "it will be fitting for thee to invite me to supper this evening. Take these two other pieces of gold, and buy what is necessary. I will come and join thee at sunset; and thou shall conduct me to thy house."

When the Maggrebby was gone, Abu Daood related his good fortune to his neighbors, who shook their heads incredulously, and suggested that the pieces of gold were merely leaves of yellow paper; but the cobbler went and changed his money, and came back triumphant. Then the neighbors, who began to be jealous, warned him to take care lest he should fall into the hands of a magician. But Abu Daood replied: "What can a magician do to me? He can not slay me, unless it be the will of God: all he can do is to turn me into an ass, a buffalo, or an ape; and verily, this would be no great misfortune, for the asses and the buffaloes and the apes of this world have a more happy existence than I." So Abu Daood went to prepare the supper of the Maggrebby; and going to meet him at the place appointed at sunset, found him already arrived, and took him to his house.

The supper was magnificent, according to the ideas of the cobbler, and had been prepared at a neighboring cook-shop. The Maggrebby ate heartily, as did Abu Daood likewise. When they had washed their hands, coffee was brought and pipes; and the Maggrebby began to talk of travel, and foreign lands, and strange countries, while his host listened with eager ears, for a long time not venturing to speak. At length, however, he mustered up courage to say what he had upon his mind. It was this: "I pray thee, O honored master, if it be not impertinent—in which case forgive me—tell me wherefore thou didst not return last year and pay me for my shoes. I knew that thou wast an honest man, and waited for thee in patience, until all the neighbors mocked me."

"My son," replied the Maggrebby, "I would have refrained from telling thee this secret, lest it might introduce into thy mind covetousness and uneasiness; but since thou askest me, and since equivocal conduct requireth an explanation, I will state the whole truth; and may God pardon me if the consequence be the troubling of thy thoughts! Know, then, that I am an inhabitant of the city of Taroor, in Fezzan, and that my poverty and misery were great. But one day I learned from a pilgrim who rested in my house, on his way to Gebel Tor, that in the south was reported a land, the ribs of whose mountains, and the sands of whose rivers, were of gold, so that whosoever reached it might collect, in one day, wealth sufficient to make him envied of princes. I eagerly desired further information of this land; but he told me that its access was most difficult, and that, according to an ancient tradition, none of the sons of Adam could penetrate to it but he who should wear the stolen shoes of the cobbler Abu Daood. So I began to seek for a cobbler of this name, and traveled into many countries until age came upon me. I arrived at length in the city of Cairo, and heard of thy story; and stole the shoes in the manner which thou knowest. Then I set forth, and passed rapidly toward the regions of the south, until I reached a valley in the midst of great mountains. Here I found gold lying about like pebbles, and gathered together twice as much as I thought would be sufficient to support me in comfort to the end of my days. But the means of transport were wanting, and I looked round in despair until I saw a man with a yellow skin approaching me, and leading a camel. 'Stranger,' said he, 'it is decreed that if any of the sons of Adam enter this valley, and collect gold sufficient to load one camel, he shall be suffered to depart, but if he collect more, he shall be kept as a slave.' On hearing this, I thanked Him who had inspired me with moderation; and having placed my wealth in two small panniers, prepared to return. Then the yellow man said: 'Remember that half what thou hast taken belongeth to Abu Daood. Farewell!' and he went away. I trav-

eled for half a day with my camel, and found myself in a large city, whence a caravan was about to start for Egypt, and I started with it; but to my surprise, learned we were distant a six months' journey from Cairo, whereas I had reached that place in a few days. This is the whole of my story, and I am now ready to deliver over to thee half of the wealth which I have acquired."

Abu Daood was bewildered and amazed by this concise narrative, which concluded by holding out to him a prospect of prosperity of which he had never dared to dream. Yet, says the tradition—in this matter eminently philosophical—he soon passed from joy at his good-fortune, to regret at not having been able himself to visit the land of gold. "Half a camel-load is little," muttered he, as he gazed with glaring eyes at the Maggrebby. The good old man, noticing the expression of his face, said meekly and kindly: "My son, thou art young, and I am ancient of days: take two-thirds, and be satisfied." "But I should have liked a whole camel-load," quoth Abu Daood, still talking as if to himself. "That was impossible," observed the Maggrebby humorously, "for thou couldst not steal thine own shoes." Upon this the cobbler, preserved from wicked thoughts by the will of God, laughed, and replied: "Think not that I envy thee what thou hast acquired; I receive what thou givest me with joy; but are there no means by which I, too, could visit this wonderful place?"

The old man hung his head for a time, and seemed to ponder deeply. At length he looked steadily at Abu Daood, and said: "In my regard for thy welfare, I concealed something from thee; but what is written must come to pass. Know, then, that the yellow man when he departed from me gave me a ring, saying: 'Should Abu Daood desire, in the covetousness of his heart, to come to this country, let him swallow that which he will find beneath the signet of this ring, and his wishes will be accomplished; but it will be better for him to remain in the quiet enjoyment of the wealth which thou wilt bestow upon him.'" Abu Daood held out his hand eagerly, and took the ring, and found within it a little piece of a greenish substance, which he swallowed. When he had swallowed it, all things around him seemed to become confused: the Maggrebby's eyes grew round and red, his nose elongated into a beak, his mouth disappeared under his chin, his arms became wings, and his feet claws—in fine, he changed into a bird of strange aspect. The cobbler was at first frightened, and repented of his rashness; but the bird gave him no time to think, and snatching him up, clove the roof of the house, and carrying him high up toward the heavens, flew for the space of a night and a day, when he set him down, and immediately returned into the clouds.

Abu Daood found himself beneath a tree, forming part of a sweet grove, with branches full of birds of wonderful plumage and sweet song. He looked around in wonder, and rubbed his eyes, fearful that all this might be a dream. But having convinced himself that he was awake, he rose and walked until he came to the banks of a river, on the other side of which was a large city. A ferryman, with a very yellow face, spoke to him in an uncouth language; but seeing he did not understand, made signs that he was to get into his boat, which he did. On reaching the other side, he saw many people all bustling about, but all with yellow faces; and he now noticed that every one had a care-worn, haggard expression, and that their features were now and then distorted, as if by severe pain. "Verily," said Abu Daood, "all these folks have the cholera. I will hasten to collect gold, and escape at once from the country." He proceeded along the streets, which were filled with shops of all descriptions, excepting provision-shops. There were mercers and drapers, and shoemakers and saddlers, but there were no butchers, or bakers, or fruit-dealers. "This is a wonderful place," quoth Abu Daood; "verily, it is more wonderful than the valley which the Maggrebby saw."

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a man touched him on the shoulder, and said: "Friend, it is the hour of the evening-meal. Thou knowest the law. Come into my house, for I perceive thou art a stranger to this quarter." Then it is related that Abu Daood, fearful to transgress the law, obeyed this invitation, and was taken into a room dimly lighted, where was a table, and round the table a number of men and women, all yellow as fever-patients. But when the dishes were uncovered, lo! upon them was no food, but only heaps of gold, which, with moanings and contortions, and grimaces of disgust, the guests began to swallow. Abu Daood, obeying an irresistible impulse, put out his hand, intending to fill his pockets; but he soon found himself eating with the rest, and was unable to leave off until he had swallowed more gold than he had ever swallowed rice at a meal. After this strange supper, the guests dispersed, groaning and complaining; and the master of the house took the cobbler to a chamber where was a comfortable bed, and bade him rest until morning.

The tradition is luxurious in details respecting this extraordinary city, which was inhabited by the souls of misers and usurers, and covetous men of all descriptions, condemned for their sins to live on, performing all the ordinary functions of existence, except that their sole food was gold. A tone of burlesque satire pervades it; and the narrators, often in the true spirit of Dante, introduce among the various characters encountered by the cobbler, the marked portraits of people of their own day celebrated for avarice. An hour is sometimes occupied in this way, so that the story becomes merely a vehicle for satire, mingled with moral reflections. At length, Abu Daood, well wearied of feeding on so indigestible a substance as gold, presents a petition to the princess of the city, and obtains an interview.

Dahabee, the princess, is a lady with golden hair, not of mortal origin, but a ginneeyeh—a spirit. She rules her kingdom with inexorable justice, and severely punishes the fastidious mor-

tals who choose to fast in order to escape the accursed food alone allowed them. She herself feeds on fat pullets, on quails, on singing-birds, and other delicate morsels. The story of Abu Daood amuses her; and she even confesses that a single life had begun to be rather burdensome. She makes an offer of marriage, is accepted with dutiful resignation, and Abu Daood becomes king of the Golden Land. All traces of avarice, however, have been eradicated from his mind. In vain the princess, who has her secret reasons, exhibits vast treasures; in vain she makes progresses with him through the provinces, where mountains of gold blaze on all sides; he remains perfectly unmoved, without a single access of cupidity, content to eat his quail or his pullet in her society, and condemning the precious metals as viler than dust. A year having passed in this way, Dahabee, with tears in her eyes, confesses, that since he has been proof against temptation, she has no right to retain him any longer, and that she is bound to send him back to his own country. He makes a show of unwillingness, but really feels a longing for Cairo; so one night she takes him up in his sleep, and carries him in her bosom to his own house, where she sets him down, and flies away with a long melancholy cry.

Some women were passing Abu Daood's door, uttering the yughareet, or shrill scream of joy that announces a wedding. He awoke with a start, and dressing in an old habit, was about to run after them, to ascertain where the alms were to be distributed. But he remembered the events of the previous night, and of his dream. He looked round for the Maggrebby, but he was gone. In the place where he had sat, however, was a large bag filled with ingots of gold. There was enough to make him a rich man; and he lived ever afterward a quiet and contented life, although he sometimes shed a tear to the memory of the Princess Dahabee.

ROYALTY AT TABLE.

WHEN Peter the Great and his consort dined together, they were waited on by a page and the Empress's favorite chamber-maid. Even at larger dinners, he bore uneasily the presence and service of what he called listening lacqueys. His taste was not an imperial one. He loved, and most frequently ordered, for his own especial enjoyment, a soup with sour cabbages in it; gruel; pig, with sour cream for sauce; cold roast meat, with pickled cucumbers or salad; lemons and lampreys; salt meat, ham, and Limburgh cheese. Previously to addressing himself to the "consummation" of this supply, he took a glass of aniseed water. At his repast he quaffed quass, a sort of beer, which would have disgusted an Egyptian; and he finished with Hungarian or French wine. All this was the repast of a man who seemed, like the nation of which he was the head, in a transition state, between barbarism and civilization; beginning dinner with cabbage water, and closing the banquet with goblets of Burgundy.

Peter and his consort had stranger tastes than these. This illustrious pair once arrived at Stuthof, in Germany, where they claimed not only the hospitality of the table, but a refuge for the night. The owner of the country house at which they sought to be guests was a Herr Schoppenhauer, who readily agreed to give up to them a small bedroom, the selection of which had been made by the Emperor himself. It was a room without stove or fire-place, had a brick floor, the walls were bare; and the season being that of rigorous winter, a difficulty arose as to warming this chamber. The host soon solved the difficulty. Several casks of brandy were emptied on the floor, the furniture being first removed, and the spirit was then set fire to. The Czar screamed with delight as he saw the sea of flames, and smelt the odor of the Cognac. The fire was no sooner extinguished than the bed was replaced, and Peter and Catherine straightway betook themselves to their repose, and not only slept profoundly all night in this gloomy bower, amidst the fumes and steam of burnt brandy, but rose in the morning thoroughly refreshed and delighted with their couch, and the delicate vapors which had curtained their repose.

The Emperor was pleased, because, when an emergency had presented itself, provision to meet it was there at hand. Napoleon loved to be so served at his tables when in the field. He was irregular in the hours of his repasts, and he ate rapidly and not over delicately. The absolute will which he applied to most things, was exercised also in matters appertaining to the appetite. As soon as a sensation of hunger was experienced, it must be appeased; and his table service was so arranged that, in any place and at any hour, he had but to give expression to his will, and the slaves of his word promptly set before him roast fowls, cutlets, and smoking coffee. He dined off mutton before risking the battle at Leipsic; and it is said that he lost the day because he was suffering so severely from indigestion, that he was unable to arrange, with sufficient coolness, the mental calculations which he was accustomed to make as helps to victory.

As Napoleon, the genius of war, was served in the field, Louis XV., the incarnation of selfishness and vice, was served in his mistress's bower. That bower, built at Choisy for Pompadour, cost millions; but it was one of the wonders of the world. For the royal entertainments, there were invented those little tables, called "servants" or "waiters;" they were mechanical contrivances, that immortalized the artist Loriot. At Choisy, every guest had one of these tables to himself. No servant stood by to listen, rather than lend aid. Whatever the guest desired to have, he had but to write his wish on paper, and touch a spring, when the table sunk through the flooring at his feet, and speedily reappeared, laden with fruits, with pastry, or with wine, according to the order given. Nothing had been seen like this enchantment in France before; and nothing like it, it is hoped, will ever be seen again. The guests thought themselves little gods, and were not a jot more reasonable than Augustus and his companions, who sat down to dinner attired as deities.

Perhaps Louis XV. never looked so little like a king as when he dined or supped in public—a peculiar manifestation of his kingly character. The Parisians and their wives used to hurry down to Versailles on a Sunday, to behold the feeding of the beast which it cost them so much to keep. On these occasions he always had boiled eggs before him. He was uncommonly dexterous in decapitating the shell by a single blow from his fork; and this feat he performed weekly at his own table, for the sake of the admiration which it excited in the cockney beholders. But an egg broken by the king, or Damiens broken alive upon the wheel, and torn asunder by wild horses—each was a sight gazed upon, even by the youthful fair, with a sort of admiration for the executioner!

The glory of the epicureanism of Louis XV. was his "magic table," and the select worthless people especially invited to dine with him thereat. In 1780 the Countess of Oberkirch saw this table, even then a relic and wreck of the past. She and a gay party of great people, who hoped that God had created the world only for the comfort of those whom He had honored by allowing to be born "noble," paid a visit "to the apartments of the late king" in the Tuileries. There, among other things, she saw the celebrated magic table, the springs of which, she says, "had become rusty from disuse." The good Lady, who had not the slightest intention in the world to be satirical, thus describes the wondrous article, at the making of which Pompadour had presided: "It was placed in the centre of a room, where none were allowed to enter but the invited guests of Louis XV. It would accommodate thirty persons. In the centre was a cylinder of gilt copper, which could be pressed down by springs, and would return with its top, which was surrounded by a band, covered with dishes. Around were placed four dumb waiters, on which would be found every thing that was necessary." In 1789 the Countess says: "This table no longer exists, having been long since destroyed, with every thing that could recall the last sad years of a monarch who would have been good if he had not been perverted by evil counsels."

After all, the gastronomic greatness of Louis XV. was small compared with that of his predecessor, Louis XIV. The "state" of the latter was, in all things, more "cumbersome." To be helpless was to be dignified; and to do nothing for himself, and to think of nothing *but* himself, was the sole life-business of this very illustrious king. A dozen men dressed him; there was one for every limb that had to be covered. His breakfast was as lumbering a matter as his *toilette;* and he tasted nothing till it had passed through the hands of half-a-dozen dukes. It took even three noblemen, ending with a prince of the blood, to present him a napkin with which to wipe his lips, before he addressed himself to the more serious business of the day.

SONNETS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I.

WHAT though my years are falling like thy leaves,
Oh, Autumn! when the winds are plumed with night—
They have thy colors, thy enameled light,
And all the fullness of thy ripened sheaves.
Of verdant joys aggressive Time bereaves,
And the glad transports of unclouded dawn;
But though the shadows deepen on Life's lawn,
Rays of serene and solemn beauty shed
A mellow lustre on my fading hours,
And with a calm and tempered joy I tread
Paths still bedecked with iridescent flowers—
Like thine, oh, Autumn! ere the sober gray
Of Winter steals thy glorious tints away.

II.

UPON an eminence I seem to stand,
And look around me. Backward I survey
A lovely prospect, stretching far away
Through mists that curtain all the nearer land.
There once I wandered gayly, hand in hand
With the companions of my happy spring;
It was Life's realm of Fairy, rainbow-spanned,
Where birds and brooks together loved to sing,
And every cloud made pictures as it sailed.
That music yet resounds, those pictures shine
Through the far distance Time has faintly vailed,
But not obscured; and still I dream them mine,
Though many a rock, stream, valley intervene
Between me and that fairy-haunted scene.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS adjourned on the morning of Monday, August 7th. Not much business of general interest was transacted during the last weeks of its Session. In the Senate, on the 15th of July, the resolutions passed by the House, approving Captain Ingraham's prompt rescue of Martin Koszta in the Bay of Smyrna, were adopted, after being amended so as to avoid the formal vote of thanks, substituting therefor the simple award of a medal. A bill was reported in the Senate on the 13th from the Committee on Pensions, granting a pension to the widow of James Batchelder, who was killed while assisting the United States Marshal to recapture a fugitive slave in Boston, in May last. Accompanying the bill was a report from the majority of the Committee, consisting of Senators Jones, of Iowa C. C. Clay, Jun., and J. W. Williams, vindicating the grant, on the ground that Congress had frequently rewarded eminent services to the country in this way—that the case was analogous to that of a soldier who is killed while fighting the battles of his country, and especially because Congress could in this way express its approbation of the law which Mr. Batchelder was trying to execute, and its encouragement to all citizens to give it their support A minority of the Committee, consisting of Messrs Seward and Sumner, object to this action, because no evidence whatever of the facts of the case has been submitted—because indictments have been found against several persons for being engaged in the riot in which Batchelder lost his life, and Con-

gress ought not to adjudicate the case in advance of trial—because it is contrary to all precedent to award pensions for the mere discharge of duty in civil cases—because the majority report unwarrantably arraigns the conduct of the people of Massachusetts—and finally, because, deeming the Fugitive Slave Law unconstitutional, they are not disposed to recognize any services rendered in its enforcement as meritorious in their character. The pension was subsequently granted, being embodied in the Appropriation Bill.—On the 1st of August a resolution offered by Senator Mason was adopted, desiring the President to inform the Senate, if not incompatible with the public interest, whether any thing had arisen since his special message of March 15, concerning our relations with the Spanish government which, in his opinion, may dispense with the suggestions therein contained, touching the propriety of provisional measures by Congress to meet any exigency that may arise in the recess of Congress affecting those relations. A brief message in reply was received on the same day, in which the President stated that nothing had been done to remove past grounds of complaint, nor to afford better security for justice and tranquillity in the future. The formal demand for indemnity in the case of the Black Warrior, instead of having been satisfied, had led to a justification on the part of the Spanish government of the action of the Cuban authorities, and had thus transferred the responsibility of those acts to the Spanish government. Meantime reliable information had been received that fresh preparations had been made within the limits of the United States for invading Cuba; and he had issued his proclamation enjoining the utmost vigilance upon all Federal officers to prevent so gross a violation of the law. Nothing had occurred, the President added, to dispense with the suggestions he had previously made that Congress should take provisional measures to insure the observance of our rights and the protection of our interests. The message was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, which reported on the 3d, that they agreed with the President in the opinion that in view of the proximity of Cuba to our coast, it was vain to expect that a series of unfriendly acts, infringing on our rights, could long consist with the preservation of peaceful relations. The full reparation that has been demanded by the President, with adequate guarantees for the future, can alone satisfy the just expectations of the country; and the Committee would not hesitate to recommend the adoption of provisional measures, but for the fact that only four months are to elapse before the next session of Congress. As the interval is so brief, the Committee deemed it advisable to leave the whole matter in the hands of the Executive.——A bill passed by Congress making appropriations for the repair, completion, and preservation of sundry public works, heretofore commenced under the authority of the Government, was returned on the 5th by the President, with his objections. He says they belong to that class of measures generally known as Internal Improvements by the General Government, which he has always deemed unconstitutional. Some of the provisions of the bill seem to him national in their character, and if they had stood alone would have received his approval; but blended as they are with others, he has no alternative but to withhold his signature from the bill as a whole.—— Previous to the adjournment a great variety of topics were discussed, and attempts were made to pass bills upon subjects of public interest. Senator Fish submitted an elaborate report upon the extent and causes of the mortality on board Emigrant ships, and the best means of applying a remedy; accompanying it was a bill providing more strict regulations for all ships that may bring emigrant passengers to the United States. Owing to the lateness of the session no action was taken upon the subject.——A bill granting a homestead from the public lands to every actual settler was discussed for several weeks in the two Houses: an amendment, offered by Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, graduating the prices of the public lands, was finally adopted in its stead. All lands which have been in market ten years are subject to entry at one dollar per acre; fifteen years, at seventy-five cents, and so on in the same ratio; those which have been in market thirty years being offered at twelve and a half cents. Every person availing himself of the provisions of the act must make affidavit that he enters the land for his own use; and no one can acquire under them from the United States more than 320 acres.

Several treaties negotiated with foreign powers have been considered and acted upon by the Senate in secret session. The treaty negotiated with Japan by Commodore Perry has been ratified, as has also the treaty negotiated at Washington by Lord Elgin, for establishing reciprocity of trade between the United States and the British Provinces; the action of the several provincial parliaments is necessary to give validity to the provisions of the last-named treaty. A treaty has also been negotiated with Russia, and ratified by the Senate, guaranteeing the neutrality of the United States in the present war, and recognizing, as a doctrine of international law, the principle that free ships make free goods, and that the property of neutrals, unless contraband of war, shall be respected, even if found on board enemies' vessels.—Several Indian treaties have also been ratified, the details of which have no general interest.

From the *Isthmus*, we have intelligence of the destruction of the town of San Juan, or Greytown, on the Mosquito Coast, by bombardment from a United States ship of war, under circumstances which give the act a good deal of importance. Some months since, property was alleged to have been stolen from the Accessory Transit Company, and removed within the limits of San Juan. A demand for its restoration was made by the agent of the Company upon the authorities of the town, who replied that after diligent inquiry they could obtain no trace of such property, nor any evidence that it had ever been brought within their jurisdiction. For this the Company claims damages from the town to the amount of $16,000. In 1853, the Company hired of the authorities a site on Point Arenas, agreeing to vacate it when required to do so. The requisition was made in March, 1853, and refused by the Company, upon which the authorities proceeded to remove the building, which was a mere shed for temporary purposes. For this the Company claim damages to the amount of $8000. In May of the present year, a negro captain of a river boat was shot by Captain Smith, who commanded a steamer plying on the river, who had previously had some difficulty with him. The general testimony, both of Americans and others who witnessed the affair, was that it was a deliberate murder. A warrant was issued by the Mayor of San Juan for Smith's arrest; but the officer who went on board the steamer to execute it was resisted by the passengers, headed by Mr. Borland, the Minister of the United States to Nicaragua, who justified his con-

duct by saying that he was instructed not to recognize in any way the authority of Greytown, which claims to derive its authority from the Mosquito King, as separate and distinct from Nicaragua. Mr. Borland afterward went on shore, and an attempt was made to arrest him, on charge of obstructing officers of the law in the discharge of their duty. This was resisted, and in the *melée* that ensued Mr. Borland was struck on the face with a bottle thrown by some person unknown.——On the 10th of June the United States ship *Cyane* was sent to San Juan, under Commander Hollins, who was instructed to consult with Mr. J. W. Fabens, the United States commercial agent there, and to take such steps to enforce the demands of the United States Government as might be necessary. On the 11th of July Mr. Fabens made a formal demand on the authorities for the immediate payment of $24,000, as indemnity for the property of the Transit Company which had been stolen and destroyed, and a prompt apology for the insult offered to Mr. Borland, with satisfactory assurances of future good behavior toward the United States and her public functionaries. To this no reply was received; and on the 12th, Commander Hollins issued a proclamation declaring that, by virtue of his instructions from the United States Government, unless the demands were complied with by nine o'clock the next morning, he should bombard the town. A copy of this proclamation was sent on board the British ship *Bermuda*, whose commander, Lieutenant Jolley, protested against the threatened bombardment, saying that such an act would be without precedent among civilized nations, and that a large amount of property belonging to British subjects would be destroyed, which it was his duty to protect; but as the force under his command was totally inadequate for its protection against the *Cyane*, he could only enter his protest. Commander Hollins replied to this note that he was only fulfilling the orders of his Government—that he sympathized with Lieutenant Jolley in the risk of English subjects and property, and that he "regretted exceedingly that the force under his command was not doubly equal to that of the *Cyane*."—On the morning of the 12th, a guard of marines and seamen went on shore to secure the arms and ammunition, and to remove property exposed to destruction. On the next morning a steamer was sent to the shore to aid British subjects in removing their persons and property to a place of safety; but only a few availed themselves of it. At nine o'clock the batteries of the *Cyane* were opened upon the town, and firing was kept up at intervals until four o'clock, when a party was sent on shore to complete the destruction of the town by setting the houses on fire, which was done.—Lieutenant Jolley, after the town had been destroyed, declared it to be under his protection, and proclaimed martial law. The English papers in Jamaica, regarding San Juan as under British protection, denounce its bombardment as an insult to Great Britain, and demand redress.

From *California* we have intelligence to the middle of July. The news of most interest relates to the extensive fires by which various parts of the State have been visited. At San Francisco on the 10th, a fire destroyed property to the amount of over two hundred thousand dollars: on the same day the town of Columbia lost nearly half a million, and Sacramento suffered even more severely. The mining news continues to be favorable. The wheat and grain crops generally promise to be abundant. A rich vein of bituminous coal is said to have been discovered in the neighborhood of Rogue River.—— In *Oregon* new discoveries of gold are attracting attention. The next Legislature of the Territory, just elected, will contain seven Democrats and two Whigs in the Council, and twenty-three Democrats and six Whigs in the House.

From the *Sandwich Islands* we have intelligence to the middle of June. The birth-day of Queen Victoria was celebrated at Honolulu by the English and French residents with great éclat, on the 24th of May. The inhabitants are greatly delighted at the prospect of having a line of steamers between San Francisco and their islands. A resolution had been offered in the Parliament for a joint session to take into consideration the petitions for annexation to the United States, but it was finally withdrawn.

GREAT BRITAIN.

No events of special importance have occurred in England during the month. A brief discussion was had in the House of Commons, on the 4th of July, relating to a topic of some interest in this country. Mr. Phillimore moved a resolution, that, however the peculiar circumstances of this war might justify a relaxation of the principle that the goods of an enemy in the ship of a friend are lawful prize, it would be inconsistent with the honor and security of the country to renounce or surrender the right. Mr. P. cited a great number of authorities in support of his position, and was answered by Sir William Molesworth, who denied his doctrine, and disputed the validity of the authorities he had cited, contending that almost all the best modern publicists dissented from the old authorities, and supported the rule "free ships, free goods." Sir William developed and discussed at considerable length the arguments urged by the friends of the extension of neutral rights, who maintained that a belligerent had no more right to enter a neutral ship to search for enemy's goods than to enter a neutral port for that purpose; and that, so long as an independent Sovereign was at peace with a belligerent Power, the latter had no right to ask any questions as to articles on board the ships of subjects of the neutral Sovereign. So far from the principle contended for by Mr. Phillimore being indisputably true, he insisted that it was demonstrably false, and he appealed to bilateral treaties concluded between Great Britain and the maritime Powers of Western Europe, from that of 1654 with Portugal, which recognized as a rule of amicable intercourse that free ships make free goods—which rule was all but invariable during the last two centuries, although it had not always been observed in practice. He went on to discuss the practical question, and urged that even if the opposite doctrine were true, it ought not to be proclaimed by Parliament unless practical benefit would result therefrom. Mr. Phillimore replied, but declined to press his resolution to a division.——On the 24th, an interesting debate took place in the House of Lords on the ministerial demand for a credit of three millions to carry on the war. Lord Aberdeen opened the discussion by saying that whatever differences might have existed as to the origin of the war, all would agree that it ought now to be carried on with vigor. The Marquis of Clanricarde commented sharply on the meagre statement Lord Aberdeen had submitted: not one word had been said of the bravery and endurance exhibited by the Turks; not one word of the progress or condition of the war. There had been successes, it was true,

but they were successes, not of British, but of Turkish troops, on whose valor Lord Aberdeen might have bestowed a word of praise. Some account might have been expected as to the operations of the fleets in the Baltic and the Black Sea, as well as with regard to the stipulations of the Convention recently concluded between Austria and Turkey, and of the line which Austria might be expected to take in general as to the war in the East. The Earl of Clarendon in reply stated that there was every reason to believe that Austria was acting with good faith. She had summoned Russia to evacuate the Principalities, and had equipped one of the finest armies ever seen in modern times to enforce her summons. It was scarcely possible that, involved as the Emperor of Russia now was in this war, he could consent to retire from the Principalities; and, on the other hand, it was impossible that Austria, after the solemn engagements into which she had entered, could refrain from enforcing her demand by arms. There was every reason to believe that she would soon co-operate actively with France and England. With regard to negotiations, the House might rely that the Government had no intention of returning to the *status quo*, and that England and France would not relax their efforts without a just and honorable peace, and one worthy of the great cause in which they were embarked, had been effectually secured. In the House of Commons on the same day Lord John Russell gave an interesting statement of the progress of the war thus far. The allied fleets were undisputed masters of the Baltic and the Black Sea: a British army exceeding 30,000 men had been placed on the Turkish shores; the troops whom they went to succor had displayed the greatest bravery and heroism; and the Russian army which crossed the Danube, supposed to amount to 80,000 men, had been driven back, ignominiously repulsed from the outworks of Silistria, after feats of valor on the part of the defenders which emulated the greatest examples of ancient or modern times. With regard to Austria, he said her interest in preventing the absorption of Turkey by Russia was always greater than that of either England or France, still the difficulties of her position must be borne in mind, as it would have been very imprudent for her to commit herself until she was fully prepared. Her policy had been to exhaust every effort to attain the end desired by negotiation. Very lately she had sent a message to St. Petersburg, to ask Russia to evacuate the Principalities, and to fix a term for the evacuation, transmitting thither the protocol of April. The answer pretended to be in some sort a compliance with the demands of Austria; but the Emperor of Russia did not fix any term for the evacuation of the Principalities. He declared he was ready to adopt three principles contained in the protocol of April, but he omitted that which was its fundamental principle, that Turkey should form a part of the general system of Europe, and that question was at the bottom of the original differences between Turkey and Russia and of the war in which we were engaged. The object of the Western Powers was, that the Sultan, having confirmed the privileges of his Christian subjects, should be admitted to form part of the general European system, and govern her people with sovereign rights, and not look for protection solely to Russia, but to the Powers of Europe. Austria considered the reply of Russia evasive—the latter requiring the withdrawal of the allied fleets from the Baltic and the Black Sea—and she had asked the Governments of England and France to communicate to her their opinion. The answer of England and France had been, that the reply of the Emperor of Russia did not afford any ground for negotiation. While he would not say what conditions of peace England would accept, Lord John remarked that the state of affairs had greatly changed since the war commenced. The object of Russia had been to establish a southern empire, the seat of which should be Constantinople. She had already established a great fortress in Southern Russia, considered to be impregnable, as far as art could make it, defended by and defending a large naval force—a position so menacing to Turkey, that no treaty of peace would be safe which left to the Emperor of Russia such a possession. What the securities should be, and how they should be obtained, he did not say. The Government of England had communicated with that of France on the subject, and he had reason to think it coincided with them. It was with regret he saw no symptoms on the part of Russia of a disposition to give such security, or even to depart from those demands made by Prince Menschikoff which had been indignantly rejected by the Porte. Mr. Disraeli took occasion to comment on Lord John's declaration that peace would not be admissible which did not involve the overthrow of Sevastapol and the surrender of the Crimea; but Lord John disclaimed having said any such thing, whereupon Mr. Disraeli made a still severer attack upon him for having changed his ground. The debate was protracted, but nothing further of importance was elicited.

——On a subsequent day the House had under consideration a bill making it a misdemeanor to negotiate any securities which the Russian government may have issued since the declaration of war. It was discussed, but no action was taken upon it.

——On the 5th of July, M. Kossuth made two speeches at Glasgow, upon the policy of England in regard to the Eastern war. In the first, he said that it was no part of his purpose to appeal to public sympathy in behalf of his country, for nations never act from sympathy, but are always controlled by regard for their own interests. He knew that Great Britain would never do any thing from sympathy for Poland or for Hungary—she had never yet stirred a finger for the sake of national freedom abroad. Nothing but considerations of national self-interest could ever induce the British government to do any thing for the rights of other nations. He desired, therefore, to appeal exclusively to British interests; and looking at the subject from that point of view, he felt perfectly sure that Great Britain could never attain the object she aimed at in the pending war except with the help of Hungary and of Poland. He had felt free to urge this upon the public mind of England, because he supposed England to be a constitutional country, jealous of its rights, and free to canvass all measures of public concern. The people of Nottingham had recently passed resolutions petitioning the government not to rely upon an Austrian alliance in the present war, but to appeal to the oppressed nationalities of Eastern Europe. The Minister of War had declined to present these resolutions to Parliament on the ground that they had direct reference to matters which were exclusively within the prerogative of the Crown. Under such circumstances, M. Kossuth said, he should be obliged to part with many cheering illusions about the British constitution. He thought it clear that the British government not only would not do any thing for the people

of Italy and of Hungary, but that it stood ready to aid in crushing them if they should attempt to regain their rights. He believed that under such a policy the Eastern question must become more and more complicated every day. In the evening he made another speech, the object of which was to illustrate, by the history and results of the war waged by England against the French revolution, the impossibility of attaining any valuable or permanent results by resisting the popular demand for freedom. Under the plea of restoring order, Great Britain carried on war against France for over twenty years, with the sole object of forcing upon the people a man whom they did not want. The result was that England had involved herself in an enormous debt—the Bourbon was a homeless exile, and a Napoleon was Emperor of France and England's closest ally. The same results would follow the present war, if it is carried on with equal disregard of justice and of truth, and with equal contempt of the rights of the people. His address was long and able, and was heard with general interest. At its close resolutions embodying the same general views he had expressed were adopted.

SPAIN.

The past month has been signalized by the outbreak of insurrection in Spain. The first movement occurred on the 28th of June, when a large body of the troops were mustered by General Dulce, the inspector of cavalry, and placed under the command of General O'Donnell, who was at the head of the insurrection. The insurgent force being hotly pressed by the government troops, moved toward the south, where an engagement took place, in which the royal troops, under General Blaser, were defeated. In the central and northeastern districts the movement was promptly followed, all the leading towns pronouncing against the government. General Espartero, who had been living in retirement on his estates, joined the movement. On the 7th of July, General O'Donnell issued his proclamation, intended to make known the general objects of the insurrection. "We desire," says this document, "the preservation of the Throne, but without a Camarilla which dishonors it; we desire the rigorous practice of the fundamental laws, improving them, particularly the electoral law, and that of the press. We desire a reduction of taxation, founded on strict economy. We desire that in military and civil employments antiquity and merits may be respected. We desire to wrest the people from the centralization which devours them, giving them the local independence necessary to preserve and increase their own interests; and, as a guarantee of all this, we desire, and will plant on solid bases, the National Militia. Such are our intentions; which we express frankly, without imposing them on that account upon the nation. The Juntas of Government, which will have to go on constituting themselves in the free provinces—the General Cortes, which will soon assemble—the nation itself, in fine, will fix the definitive bases of the liberal regeneration to which we aspire. We have consecrated our swords to the national will, and we shall not sheathe them until this be fulfilled." In Madrid the popular rising did not take place until the 17th, and then it swept every thing before it. Barricades were erected, the government troops were powerless, the houses of the obnoxious ministers were mobbed, and at midnight a commission from the people found access to the Queen, and placed in her hands a written statement of their grievances and demands. They declared there was no other means of safety but in restoring to the people their rights that had been usurped, respecting their principles of morality and justice, and dismissing the perfidious councilors who had compromised the peace of the kingdom and the institutions of the country. They concluded by demanding a constituent Cortes—the re-establishment of the national guard, and a diminution of the imposts and other taxes. The Queen assured them that their wishes should be regarded. A new ministry under the Duke de Rivas, with Cordova for Minister of War, was proclaimed, and a decree was issued re-establishing in all its force and rigor the Royal decree of 1845 with respect to the press, until such time as the Cortes shall approve and sanction a definite law. Another decree annulled, in so far as it had not yet been executed, the decree of the 19th of May, imposing a forced anticipation of six months' taxes. Orders were sent to the government troops to suspend hostilities, and General Blaser was said to have fled into Portugal. The Queen had resolved to summon Espartero to form a government, and the Ministry were to hold their portfolios until his arrival. The revolution having thus been consummated, quiet was restored.

THE EASTERN WAR.

No movements of general interest have taken place either on the Danube or in the Baltic and Black Seas. The inactivity of Sir Charles Napier in the Baltic has surprised those who confidently expected from him the most prompt and vigorous measures. Private letters received from him, as well as from other officers, and referred to in Parliament, give the reasons for this delay. Sir Charles writes that he is convinced, from an inspection of the defensive works, that to attack either Cronstadt or Sveaborg, even with the powerful fleet under his command, would be certain destruction. Admiral Chads also writes that after two days' inspection of the forts and ships, he is satisfied that the fortifications are by far too substantial to make any impression upon them; and that, while it would be utterly useless to direct the fire of the ships against such masses of granite, the Russian ships are so placed as to make it impossible to get at them. There seems, therefore, to be little ground for the expectation that any thing more will be done in the Baltic than to maintain the blockade of the Russian ports.—The movements of troops on the Danube are of but little importance. Prince Gortschakoff is withdrawing the Russian forces under his command to Bucharest, and it is believed that his right and left wings are retreating to the Sereth line of operations. The Dobrudscha has been entirely evacuated by the Russian troops. The Turks have marched into the Principalities, it is said, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the Austrians.—The issue of the fresh negotiations between the Czar and Austria is briefly stated in the remarks of Lord John Russell, of which a synopsis is given in another part of this Record. As the documents have not been published, it is of course impossible to get at any more precise knowledge of their contents. It seems to be settled that the Czar's reply to the Austrian note was of such a tenor as to forbid all hope of the speedy restoration of peace. The policy of Austria seems to be to avoid taking any active part in the war as long as possible; nor is it at all clear which side she will espouse in the last resort. Prussia is evidently desirous of aiding the Czar, and will do so as soon as it shall appear to be safe.

Editor's Table.

IS THE HUMAN RACE ONE OR MANY? Or rather, is there a *human race?* For the term of itself implies unity of idea, unity of law, continuity of growth, and community of origin. We must make a radical change in our language—in all languages—if we would state this question so as to avoid all inconsistency. This very necessity shows that it involves something at war with the universal sentiment of mankind, whether arising from the uniform interpretation of an ancient oracle, or some other source as primeval as it is catholic. It is astonishing with what flippancy the subject has been treated, although it would seem that its immense bearings, moral, social, and theological, as well as physical, must present themselves to every serious mind. In these respects it is entirely unlike the geological issue with which it is sometimes compared. That involves merely a matter of verbal interpretation, or at the utmost, the literal veracity of an ancient record; this connects itself with the very essence of Christianity, the very life of all human ethics, and the reality of any human redemption. In these respects the question is of incalculable importance. The "unity of the human race" is second only to that other great doctrine, the "oneness of Deity;" while its denial, we may venture to say, might involve even a greater amount of direct practical evil. It may be seriously doubted whether polytheism in any form would have so demoralizing an effect as polyanthropy—or that satanic license to all *inhuman* passions which would come from the settled belief that some who bear the human form are less human, or not human at all, or only occupy intervening stations between the higher human and the lower animal existences.

All this, however, matters not, say some. Let revelation, let morals, let philanthropy take care of themselves; it is a pure question of pure science. But, in the first place, what is science, we would respectfully ask? Shall the men of fins, and scales, and vertebræ, be allowed to monopolize to themselves this wide domain, or is all true science cosmical in its very nature, so that every department is more or less imperfect, narrow, one-sided, and consequently false in its conclusions, in proportion as it is exclusive of, and ignores every other? What right has any one to shut out the biblical, the theological, and especially the deep moral aspects of this question, as having nothing to do with its satisfactory solution? Surely there is nothing in the whole history of religious bigotry to be compared to this for narrowness.

Still, it may be said, it is a question of fact, of observation, of induction. But *phenomena* are not *facts* strictly. We make use of them in our classifications derived from greater or less degrees of diversity or uniformity in their grouping, but such classifications never reach to ultimate *facts* of *origin*, and the very resemblances on which they are predicated have no scientific value except as they are suggestive, somehow and somewhere, of an actual generic oneness not *constituted by*, but originally *causative of*, such resemblance. It is a question of fact! Ay—but who assumes to know the fact? "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" Where wast thou, O individual homo, at that ancient period when the human race, or races, sprang from nothingness into existence, or slowly grew up, it may be, into the human type and idea after an incalculable and interminable series of developments—for mere appearances, without revealed or historical facts, may be urged as strongly in favor of the one hypothesis as the other. What knowest thou, O scientific homunculus! of the laws of nature and generation—to say nothing of God's control over them—in that ante-Adamic period of which thou speakest with such confident assurance? Even now, after three thousand years' study, or ten thousand years, if we add all the supposed science of thy favorite Egyptian dynasties, thou canst not tell "the way of the quickening, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child." Thou canst not tell what makes one hair black or white, or what is the ground at all of color in bodies—whether an inherent property of the particles in themselves, or something which depends on their form, site, and relational arrangement. Thou hast not yet discovered the mystery of a fact which is ever before thine eyes, or beneath the touch of thy fingers, and yet thou dost presume to affirm what was possible, and, more venturously still, what was impossible, in nature so many ages ago.

We judge from the phenomena, it is said. True—but where is your law for the phenomena? If derived solely from the phenomena themselves, what degree of uniformity or diversity shall decide the case, or rather how much diversity shall be a logical and scientific exclusion of unity of origin? If men, or any other class of observed natural products, have more agreements than differences, would that prove a community of origin? Would it show that the agreements came from a common law, or a common causative force, and the differences from outward accidents? That would not do at all, says our man of exact science; although it would seem at first view to be about as fair a rule as any mere induction from appearances could ever furnish. All resemblances are not generic resemblances, all differences are not specific differences. Some uniformities are lost, we know not how; some diversities, which are apparently accidental, fall into the stream of generation and perpetuate themselves, in a manner equally incomprehensible. We want a higher law, a law not only for the grouping of present phenomena, but for the classification of all generative changes. To employ mathematical language, which is very appropriate here, we want the law for the second order of differentials, and then for the third, or the variation of the variations, and this process carries us away back of all scientific observation to periods where we must be content with darkness, or thankfully accept the light of a supernatural revelation. Classifications may be confirmed by known genealogical facts showing unity of origin, but this proof is ever on one side; the process can never be reversed; they can never disprove that fact of oneness which is far above them, and may be consistent with a much greater amount of phenomenal diversity than is known to exist.

What then constitutes this imaginary canon on which some rely with as much confidence as though it had been irrevocably settled by an infallible scientific council? We find nothing of the kind in the books. Agassiz does not pretend to lay it down, nor Morton, nor Nott, nor any of their critics and reviewers. What constitutes a *nature*, with its idea and law? What is a *species*, a *gens*, having an or-

ganic unity, in distinction from a *class* which has, or may have, merely a unity of resemblance, without community of life and origin? This unsettled, all is unsettled. No show of second-hand learning in Egyptian antiquities, no amount of stale twaddle about the province of revelation, and of stale respect for it when it modestly confines itself to the moral, leaving the more recondite field of physical truth to the higher science—no amount of facts even, or phenomena, in natural history, however soberly collected and carefully classified, can avail to decide the great question of origin while this higher law remains undiscovered and unrevealed.

In the domain of mere facts, or observation, we will give all credit to the naturalist. But this inquiry stretches far away beyond his narrow sphere. It involves logical questions, moral questions, metaphysical questions. It runs us out of nature into the supernatural, where all inquiries in respect to *origin*, or *beginnings* in nature, must ultimately land. It takes its course along the borders of the spiritual world, bringing up the great problem of life and its law of continuity, together with the query whether souls are generated and *born* as well as bodies.

Now science, *commonly so called*, can not settle these questions. The whole matter waits for a decision from a higher plane of knowledge, which can be never reached by sense or observation; and hence it is that such decision nothing short of a supernatural revelation can ever satisfactorily furnish. Without this we can know nothing of origin. We know not whether man is one or many—whether the whole universe is one or many—whether it was made, as God saw fit to make it, by diverse acts, and for diverse physical ends in its diverse parts, although all pointing to one great moral consummation—or whether it grew up from one eternal seed through a course of generative development, out of which every type of being has successively flowed. We know not but that the human race, so called, instead of being composed of separate parts, may be itself an organic part of a wider unity than our scientific dignity would be proud to claim relation to, or acknowledge as a kindred life. Man, instead of being diverse from man, may have a unity, on the other hand, with the animal races, and even a community of birth, in some remote period, with the vegetable life. Carry the genealogical table far enough back, and he may be related not only to the reptile but the fungus; our boasting savant may make himself out to be a brother not only of the worm but of the toad-stool. Following appearances alone—the limited appearances that flit across our atom of time and space—we are as likely to go astray on the one side as on the other. Some naturalists have been rather inclined to regard the lowest specimens of apparent humanity as being a progressive development from those animals that seem to approach the nearest to the human. It is well known that the antibiblical interest sometimes leans in this direction. But once admit contact here, and the whole chain is drawn in. If the Negro (we will yet write him with a capital) may be developed out of the monkey, why not the Papuan from the Negro, the Malay from the Papuan, the Hindoo from the Malay, and the Anglo-Saxon from the Hindoo! Every one must remember a famous book, which lately claimed to have discovered the long-lost vestiges of creation, and in which it was maintained that this development theory was all but proved. What an interest it had for many who now feel a like sympathy with this doctrine of diversity. We know critics who then loudly extolled that book, and who are now equally earnest in their admiration of Nott and Agassiz. And thus, if we take no higher guide on these great questions than scientific induction, must we be ever carried away into one or the other of the great oceans of darkness that lie along the isthmus of revealed truth. By one law of classification and development, we have much less unity than the Bible makes known; follow another, which has equal scientific authority, and presents an equal charm to many naturalists, and we have vastly more.

What a position is our speck in space, and our moment in time, for determining, from observation, any thing about the ultimates or the principia of nature; or for fixing the law of the changes through which this vast universe may have rolled in the ages that are past, or through which it is destined to roll in the ages to come! The comparison of the fly upon the pyramid peering with his microscopic eyes into the myriad facts that stand magnified in the lime and stone around him, laboriously arranging them into classes, and thence drawing his sage conclusions respecting the origin, and destiny, and final cause of the great structure, is but an inadequate representation of the feebleness and littleness of our much lauded science, when it pretends to speak with authority on such issues as these. How easy, too, to expose its glaring inconsistencies! At one time the antibiblical spirit leads it to ignore diversity of creation. All is development, or development as far back as it can safely go with any thing like an admission of theism. Then again we have any number of independent principia, and that too where nature points to a closer union than exists in any other part of her works, while the Scriptures most expressly confirm her teaching. The "Vestiges of Creation," and some writers on Geology (for we are far from affirming it of them all), take one direction; the late works on Ethnology would carry us in the other. The two speculations are as much opposed to each other as they are to the Scriptures. They are mutually suicidal; and the friend of biblical truth may therefore rejoice in the sure prospect of their mutual annihilation.

The question belongs solely to men of science, men of strict science, men of exact science. This is the assumption; and the editorial reviewer, it may perhaps be said, is evidently not one of that class, if we may judge from his manner of handling the subject. We would not stop to dispute this, except to deny the exclusive claim. It needs no great amount of exact physical science—in the common sense of the word—to determine the true bearings of this question. A man may reason well about it without knowing the names of one half the genera or classes in ichthyology and conchology. The power of detecting fallacies in reasoning does not depend upon a knowledge of all the facts, or of many of the facts, on which that reasoning is assumed to be grounded. In these departments, in all departments of natural history, Bacon was doubtless far behind Mr. Nott; but if he did not know so much of the *laws* of nature, so called, we must think that he was far better qualified to determine the higher laws of a legitimate argument founded on right definition, and without which the multiplicity of facts may only shed darkness instead of light.

Besides, as we have said, there is other knowledge, in respect to which what are called scientific men often show a childish ignorance; and yet it has a great deal to do with the determination of this and similar questions. Without, however, going into the physical argument for the purpose of show-

ing that we do understand the matter, even in this respect—as well at least as some who so confidently take the other side—we would be content with one simple statement of a position to which there may be challenged an answer. It has been said, that in all the reasoning of the advocates of diversity, they have left wholly undetermined the very point without which all their other inductions are of no avail. They have not fixed, and can not fix, the limit in either direction: they can not determine the degree of diversity that physically excludes unity of origin, or the amount and nature of agreement that necessitates it. This leaves their side of the case entirely open and defenseless as against any impeachment of their logic. But on the other side, and as against their assaults, there is a positive impregnable bulwark built up, not of phenomena merely, but of genealogical facts, real historical and not hypothetical facts, directly connected with the phenomena. The position may be thus stated—There are diversities in other parts of nature, diversities in the vegetable world, diversities in the animal world, greater in degree, and more striking in kind, than any that can be traced in the human varieties; and yet these diversities are *known*—not inferred—to have a common origin. They fall within the field remembered of history. Without going back to ante-historical ages, the phenomena of which we speak can be actually traced genealogically to a source where all this subsequent diversity was once unity and even identity of being.

All naturalists have to admit this. Why, then, do some of them so gratuitously adopt a reverse rule and a reverse principle in respect to the human varieties? Why do these gnat-straining, camel-swallowing interpreters of nature thus ignore positive facts falling within the direct field of their science, and this for the sake of hypothetical conclusions lying equally beyond both horizons, that of scientific induction, and that of historical or actual genealogical knowledge. The inconsistency of their reasoning, or their want of reasoning, here, is as astonishing as their strange modes of estimating evidence. They make wry faces at the clear, and consistent, and sober ethnology of the Bible, and yet take down, without any harm to their digestion, all the sphinxes and crocodiles of Egyptian hieroglyphics. They see no light in that wondrous genealogical chart of the nations that is given in the tenth of Genesis, and yet find perfectly intelligible, and perfectly satisfactory, all the bungling monstrosities, or designed distortions of a sculpture whose whole aim was priestly imposture, or political mystery and deceit. In these miserable scrawls, not equal many of them in artistic merit to the Oneida's picture on the bark of a tree, or the rude drawing on an Indian's powder-horn, their marvelous faith finds the most "unmistakable evidence" of diversity of origin in the human race. It is all perfectly plain. The varieties stand out as clear to their "believing eyes" as the most carefully drawn figures in a modern book of anatomy. The Negro, the Indian, the Hottentot, the Scythian, all have their representative men, with their exact portraits, in the works of these "old masters."

But why do they not go further, and find as many more varieties as there are deformities in these uncouth, art-lacking caricatures of humanity? If they want them, there are plenty more in Layard's exhumations from Nineveh. Abundance of such varieties could be discovered in any old tablet of the kind, in which the despot-awed artist, even if he possessed any genius, is compelled to paint the conquerors in the most portly look and attitude that might be suggested by national vanity, while the crushed captives have bestowed upon them more of the beastly than the human face. The thought occurs—What if a document precisely like the Mosaic genealogy of the sons of Noah had been dug out of the ruins of the Karnak, or deciphered from some Theban column—especially if it could be made to *seem* in conflict with any thing in a received revelation—with what rapturous delight would it be hailed by the naturalist as well as the antiquarian! How clear would be its evidence! How perfectly satisfactory to many who now ignore it, simply because it occupies an unpretending place in our old book of faith, which is at the same time our sole book of primeval history! We might dwell more at length on this pretended argument from antiquity, and the shallow display of learning put forth by many who urge it, but it strictly belongs to another part of the discussion.

We come back to the question from whence we may seem to have digressed. Are there differences, in many parts of the animal and vegetable worlds, greater than any that exist in the supposed human race, and yet known to have had a common origin? If no naturalist can or dare deny this, we might rest here the whole issue. The opposing case is not proved. Man may be one yet, for all that they have shown. Or he may be many—very many—more than any have ever yet affirmed, or would venture to affirm. Setting the Bible aside, there may be as many races as there are discernible diversities, making hundreds and thousands as well as half a dozen. Or, if we depart from the only safe guide, we may be, on the other hand, not only one with all who have the commonly supposed human characteristics, but even with the monkey and the opossum. The inference from the wonderful uniformity of the human race amidst all its apparent diversities—a uniformity greater than is known to exist in any other department of nature—this, we say, would be all in favor of unity. But it is only an inference after all. The case is not proved either way. We therefore carry it for trial to a higher court. A revelation from above the plane of nature can alone settle the question; and that supernatural revelation has been given. All who receive it may have faith in their humanity—their distinctive humanity—that humanity which Christ assumed, and for the redemption of which he died. Those who reject it may spurn some of their more uncultivated brethren as not being truly men; but they have no security in their "inhuman" creed that they may not be genealogically related to something far below the Negro, or, it may be, of kin to some of the meanest types of the animal world.

In view of such a statement of the question, how irrelevant, nay how utterly foolish, is the common rigmarole which is ever employed to set aside the decisive argument from the Scriptures! With what oracular gravity is there, from time to time, put forth that most profound and original remark that "the Bible was not given to teach us natural science!" That is all true no doubt in respect to the ultimate design of the Scriptures. They have a far higher aim than to give us scientific lessons in any branch of natural history. And yet it remains true, as a position derived from the very idea of a revelation, that such revelation must define its own field and whatever falls within it. If given for any purpose at all, it surely must be to teach us *just what it does teach us*. Sometimes the naturalizing dictum

is deemed of such vast importance that there is a resort to authority in its support. Theologians are quoted who have thought it would appear liberal to give it their clerical sanction, or some man of letters is referred to, whose opinion has all the more weight from the fact that he has somewhere in his writings paid the Bible a few compliments. And then, again, we have ever and anon the counterpart of the dogma. "The field of the Scriptures is moral truth;" and this they would wholly separate from the physical; they would draw a clear line between them not only in their essence, but in all their intimate bearings, and in all the relations they may be supposed to have with each other. All on that side is moral and we give it up to the theologian—all on this side is physical and belongs to us, and we are to determine where, and in what direction, the boundary is to be drawn; so that if any new difficulty presents itself, it can be readily removed by enlarging the one field and diminishing the other. Thus would they run their scientific dissecting-knife between these two departments of ontology with as much ease as they would separate the calyx and corolla of a plant, or the fins and scales of a fish.

We are not railing at science; we are not disparaging the devout study of nature. But men should learn to be modest. Especially should they be very modest when they compare the finity—the exceedingly minute finity of their knowledge—with the infinity of their ignorance. The caution has been abundantly given to the moralist and the theologian; but certainly there is some little ground for it in the case of the naturalist. Above all is it necessary in respect to the distinction on which we are here dwelling. What great physical truth is there without a moral bearing? What is there in nature that does not either shock us by the apparent unmeaningness of its mere physical ends, or run up at last into the domain of ethics and theology? Are we one or many? Are we brethren or aliens? Are some of us more human, others less human, or not human at all? In short, is there a true human brotherhood in distinction from class resemblances which are only matters of degree, and may as well connect us, nearly or remotely, with any other departments of nature? Are fraternity, philanthropy, mere figures of speech, grounded on a false etymology, and only other names for relation to "being in general?" No folly can be greater than that scientific trifling, which would deny to a divine revelation any true authority in deciding such questions as these, and that, too, on the ground that they have no moral bearings.

But our limits admonish us that we can not, in our present number, do any thing like justice to the many topics which this question suggests. There is the wide difference between it and the geological issue to which we have already adverted. There is the Bible argument—the argument from the letter—the argument from the spirit—the argument from the Incarnation, or the distinctive doctrine of Christianity. There is the answer to the argument from antiquity which is so confidently put forth, and which needs to be presented in its real force and real dimensions, to show how very little, aside from the Bible, is known of the earliest history of our race. There is, on the other side, the great and unanswerable argument from language. And not least, there is the moral argument derived from a consideration of the tremendous evils, moral, social, and political, that would come from the universal belief of the doctrine of diversity now so zealously advocated. We look upon it, not only as more directly antibiblical and antichristian, but as more inhuman and dehumanizing than any that modern science has yet propounded. The insidious manner in which the issue is urged, and its vast importance in itself, make our apology for presenting such a subject to our numerous Christian readers.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE have never seen sadder nor more anxious faces than those which have surrounded our Chair during the last few weeks. The summer, which should be the synonym of life, and health, and beauty, seems to be gradually acquiring a terrible reputation. Whether our hemisphere is slowly drifting southward, and the temperate zone is beginning to wax torrid, it may not be easy to say, but it is certainly very easy to believe. The heat of midsummer is so prodigious that travel must be abandoned, and the happy few who can escape to the sea-shore are alone able to defy Sirius and his rage.

Yet from the sea-shore and from all the watering-places has arisen a cry of disappointment this year. It is not that Saratoga has not been clean, and Newport cool, nor Cape May refreshing, nor the Virginia springs and the mountains airy—it is not that the charms of landscape and of climate are less than they were—it is not a cry from the parents, but from the children, and not from the children altogether, but from the daughters; and the cry is—"Beaux! beaux!"

"Where are the men?" sighed the belles, in those lovely summer morning toilets, of which they knew the fascination so well that they grieved at the lost opportunities of conquest.

"Why should we go down?" pouted Zoe and Una, as they paced indignantly their chambers in the hotel, indignation showing itself to be the best of cosmetics. The alluring waltzes wasted their sweetness upon parlors of dowagers and halls of unpolking promenaders. Passionate Strauss, melancholy Lanner, gay Labitzky, and the Germania composers, pealed and appealed in vain. The listeners saw little actual dancing, but as the strains rose and fell they dreamed of the Wilis, of invisible fairy dancers. In place of their daughters' dancing, musing mammas surveyed the listless parlors, and remembered their own young balls. Vainly each morning younger and unsuspecting brothers were sent to scan the hotel-books and report of the recent arrivals. Uncertain foreigners, or too-certain natives, were the only record.

"It's a failure—a dull season—it's too bad—it's mean," was the unanimous verdict of those congresses of fresh fashions and exquisite dresses. "Where are the men?"

The men were where the scene-shifters and the property-men and the machinists are in the theatre. While that delicious dancer, to whom the young men write sonnets and send bouquets, is loving and languishing upon the stage, and bends to the ground in graceful recognition of the universal homage, and falls exhausted upon flowers, then the property-men, the helpers, the officials who suddenly erect Aladdin's palaces, and fairy bowers, and lay out endless pleasure-parks and gardens, who create caves glittering with gems, and mysterious passages to incredible delights, in the midst of which the beautiful and popular danseuse achieves her most rapturous successes, are all quietly hidden away behind scenes and under the stage, in dark,

damp, mouldy, smelly places, pulling strings, and watching wires, and shoving slides, and generally maintaining the dear delusion; themselves, meanwhile, not applauded, quite unsuspected, and not very happy.

Now if you say that the places which may be classed under the general head of Wall Street are dark, damp, etc., etc., places—remark that it is not this Easy Chair which says so. That simply states that "the men" have been kept away very busily making and arranging the means whereby those airy and alluring morning toilets were made practicable. Husbands, brothers, and sons have been patiently or impatiently sitting at desks, and poring over books, and running about docks. While Zoe and Una were luxuriously reclining upon the neat yellow linen lining of the calmly-rolling chariot, upon the margin of the sea, or in country love-lanes and sweet-briar-lanes, John and Tom were waiting upon opportunity, and finding it very warm work. They longed to go, as much as Zoe and Una longed for them to come. Their bodies were in offices and counting-rooms, but their unconfined souls were prancing upon proud horses and bowing gallantly to throngs of beautiful women, or driving the loveliest of ladies in the lightest of wagons with yellow wheels, or lounging in dazzling costume of unsullied white, or with grace and the frantic whirl of musical motion gliding, sweeping, and dashing in the delicious dance. Sir Richard Lovelace found his mind a kingdom, and the John and Thomas Lovelaces of this summer found their minds a whole round of watering-places, with all the attendant felicities and good fortunes.

But there were also sadder men than they this summer, if not wiser. We Americans, who polk through the ball of life with such a rush and so unconcernedly, occasionally discover, to our dismay, that there are other things than speed, and that speed sometimes costs safety. If Aladdin is a wise man, it will sometimes occur to him that a palace which is reared in a night may have some weak spot somewhere, and may well repay a little investigation. He will survey it betimes in the morning—he will take lamps about at night—he will feel a little nervous about the children who are lodged in their pleasant nursery in the fifth story. If the beautiful palace *should* come down! Just Heavens! as the sober Frenchmen say, what a crash were there!

Unfortunately, the beautiful palace built in a night *does* often come down, and great is the fall thereof. The man who has been a prince and a king among his fellows, by reason of supposed superiority in their own way—the man who runs fastest, and dives deepest, and jumps highest, is suddenly discovered to have done so by machinery, and not by his own unassisted muscles. The respected Aladdin, whose palace was a model of grace and beauty, and reflected equal credit upon his exquisite taste and princely munificence (see all the papers, and hear all the private conversation), is suddenly respected no longer; no more cards are left at the palace, no more carriages come from the great portal, the palace itself disappears. It is no wonder that society goes silently homeward, and looks with some humility and apprehension upon its own piles, and searches with greater care than ever into the suspected corners, or the spots where weakness is possible. When Aladdin's palace falls, whose house is safe? You may go to Switzerland, or Newport, or Quebec, my dear, you and the children. But I must stay and watch. Perhaps my palace is, after all, no palace at all, but a shapely fog-bank, which will curl away and leave me nowhere, and damp, and chilly. Here was Aladdin, whom I honored and loved. Now I do not see him, and his name is a by-word. Go, my dear, to the sea-side, you and the children; but I will stay at home, and weep and wonder. For if Aladdin's house goes, then mine may go; and if his name becomes a reproach —him whom I loved and honored—I wish to be more thoughtful, and to walk more humbly.

It is a consolation to find that, even with us, loss of character is actually (of course it is theoretically) felt as a more fatal misfortune than any merely financial mischance. Yet the tendency of our life is to regard external success as the criterion of real success and genuine power, and there is a mingled feeling of disappointed perception and indignation when our admiration is found to have been misplaced. And it can not be concealed that it is the tendency of society—perhaps with just and necessary instinct—to condemn and punish the offender to the end and to the utmost. Perhaps it is because we feel what a precarious thing our virtue is, and we shudder at the slightest exposure, as a man in feeble health swears at the thoughtless intruder who opens a window and a draught. Like men balancing swords upon their chins, if one lets his weapon fall, and it strikes him to the heart, the others are nervously angry lest the excitement should unsteady their chins, and suffer death to drop upon them also. Society is an old dowager, whose youth was suspicious, and whose fame is as dingy as her complexion—who rumples her plumage in fearful flutter, and scowls scornful condemnation when some victim slips away. But there is a better part and a higher aim. There is no nobler effort of literature, and art, and morals than the attempt to forgive seventy times seven, and to believe that all sin is not deadly. It is surely the greatest and most glorious distinction of contemporary literature, especially fiction, that it is steeped in the very spirit of Christianity—that it teaches sympathy, and forgiveness, and long-suffering. It never occurs to a Criminal Judge, probably, that Christ wept over Jerusalem; nor to that amiable and charitable thing called "Society," which is just now discussing the melancholy case of Hero who lived so shamefully with Leander, that He told him who was without sin to cast the first stone.

"Oh! yes," says Society, "of course; but you wouldn't have us abolish the Penal Code because we are commanded to love one another?"

Certainly, in your heart. Crime must be punished, and the good of all demands that the guilty suffer. But while he is outlawed and executed by the commonweal, let him not be exiled from your sympathy and your prayers. Even as the Christian minister goes to the condemned cell, and weeps, and hears confession, and prays and consoles, yet gives no hope of earthly pardon, so let your heart go in and minister to every outcast, and prove to him that there is a God, and religion, and generous human love, although he may never before have suspected it, and although he knows that the majesty of law and the safety of society demand that he suffer. It is so easy to be selfish, and hard, and crushing, and to call it virtue and a proper self-respect. But it is the hardest and most solemn of human duties to be loving, humble, and Christian.

Perhaps it is on some Sunday morning that you, gentle reader, chance to scan this page. It shall be a soft September day, with sweetness and still-

ness in the air, and a tender bloom upon the horizon. The trees, not yet reddened, wave gently and sigh in the light warm breeze, that, deepened into a cold gale, shall tear them relentlessly from the boughs. There is that melancholy, prescient of decay, which haunts the last summer days. There is that universal repose which lies upon the heart like balm. You hear the church-bells; you see the slow-moving congregation; the silence follows, and the sound of hymns. Then comes the sermon and the benediction. What myriad groups of youth and age, of every experience, are every where gathered this solemn morning! And for how many, many years, in countless congregations, have they all been gathered! They who come no longer are yet near, and the sound of the singing and the preaching which they shall hear no more floats gently out of the open windows and dies among the graves. What soft, plastic hearts of youths and maidens are beating with hope in the pews! What graver pulses of age throb with remembrance as the word is spoken! Consider that every week, in every year, each one of these congregations gathers together, and hears read the life of Christ, and listens to his commands; and think how hardly sinners are yet judged, and how pitilessly we all cast stones at the fallen.

Ah! Zoe and Una, have mercy and come down into the parlor! Bethink yourselves in your pouting prettiness and fresh morning dresses, that nothing is so graceful as goodness, nor so beautiful as charity. Nothing will so surely make you a belle, and the queen of love and beauty, as to show that you have both. Men admire gifts, and talents, and accomplishments; but they love that sweetness of nature and character which Adam loved in Eve. Search the records of the most famous successes of belles, and you will find that every man honored the woman who showed that she did not think sarcasm wit, nor heartlessness gayety. Hear what the grandfather of this Easy Chair said to it, when it was no more than a three-legged stool:

"Grandson, when I was young, long and long ago, I was a beau and loved the sex; which, as you hope to be an Easy Chair, never fail to do. It chanced, one day in June, that I heard a lively debate about the charms of two rival women at the Springs among the mountains. It was in the days of horseback and saddle-bags, and I put my clean shirt into one bag and my boots into the other, and departed to behold the belles. My son, one was tall, and fair, and like a camelia, when the noonday sun shines upon it. The other was dark, yet like a violet in whose heart the sun nestles. The blonde was brilliant, accomplished, and clever; the brunette was not. To talk with the blonde was to be lost in admiration among lofty mountains, with graceful and imposing lines and sweeps; but you longed, after a time, to press them away, and breathe the pure, open, unconfined air and sunshine. To be with the brunette—for you did not talk much—was to be lifted into the serenity of the summer sky, and to exist contented. The men toasted the blonde, and her name was heard amidst the ring of clashing glasses, and every new comer sought to be presented, and boasted aloud when he had won a smile. But the men thought of the brunette in secret, and pledged her silently, not with wine but with their heart's worship, and the new comers asked themselves, 'Am I worthy to be presented?' The secret I soon discovered, my grandson, and may you be as astute as your ancestor! The blonde was devoted to herself, and the brunette forgot herself. Alas! that summers will pass. The blonde is now a shriveled old mummy with gold beads around her tawny neck, railing at the world in which she never mated; the brunette is the comely grandmother of loving and lovely children."

So said my grandfather, who was sadly given to prosing, but whose memory was perfect. You, Zoe and Una, in the absence of new men, have been reading the old books by the sea and among the hills. Is it not the same story in all? If your hearts have been touched—if an old Easy Chair, itself a grandfather, may dare to suggest what no younger man may, that you have been in love, have you not found that the blondes and the brunettes are much the same? that men are not very different, and still loudly toast those whom they do not very deeply love, and silently worship the real Divinity of their lives? Be sure of it; and be equally sure that the qualities which made the brunette the girl she was, have an immortal excellence, and will make you equally a belle. Think gently, and speak tenderly of those who trip and stumble, and your influence shall make men think and speak so; and you, even you, Zoe and Una, shall thus do something, and a good thing, toward the happy day of which we all dream; and so shall you ever be gently and tenderly remembered in the places which your youth and beauty adorned.

THE young man of Messrs. Dry, Sly, and Lye, came into our office the other day with a singular leer in the corner of his eye.

"How about stocks?" we inquired.

"Down, rather," replied the young man.

"Crystal Palace?" asked we.

"Plenty to be had at easy rates," answered the same young financier, without moving a muscle of betrayal.

It was in May that we saw him last. In May, just after the attenuated procession and the inaugural ode and speeches. In May, just as Mr. Barnum had put his shoulder to that sadly-mired wheel, to learn, as it seems, that some things can *not* be done as well as others.

Since the resignation of the President and the fall of stock, we believe, to five per cent., there has been a liberal display of cheap wit at the expense of the late chief and of the whole undertaking. With peculiar point Mr. Barnum has been advised to confine his attention exclusively to mermaids. With sly and graceful innuendo he has been charged to return to his muttons, meaning woolly horse. He has been, as vulgar boys about our Chair say, *twitted* with being unable to turn the Crystal Palace into a museum. He has endured the usual reward of unsuccessful effort, the bitter sarcasm and censure of those whom he sought to benefit.

Having declined to take stock in the reorganized enterprise, we feel quite at liberty to express our sentiments about the undertaking and its failure. At the most critical moment in the affairs of the institution Mr. Barnum consented to give his name, and prestige, and efforts, to restore the value of the stock and secure the success of the exhibition. He brought to the task familiarity with affairs, financial shrewdness, and good-humored resolution, as well as capital. He undertook it for his own advantage, doubtless, and for that of the stockholders. Mr. Barnum is a business man, and this was a matter of business.

The enterprise failed. The President found that he had made a mistake, and resigned. But Homer

has been known to nod, and great generals have retreated. It can not, surely, be urged against Mr. Barnum that he did not succeed in a task that was universally conceded to be impracticable. It is sad to recall the intrepid, but limited band of directors and reverend clergy that marched so gallantly up Broadway in the semi-drizzly May-day, like a forlorn hope heroically charging a breach. The echoes of the inaugural eloquence linger still among the airy arches of the Palace. The boom of the colossal musical congress has not yet died away. It is a still an exhibition, and with a moral. It is a sermon in iron and glass and the collected wares of the world.

We inquired of Messrs. Dry, Sly, and Lye's young man what would be the probable destination of the palace. "The new direction will perhaps hardly imitate the fate of the London prototype of the Palace, and remove it to some suburban Sydenham?"

The young man looked sagaciously, and said that he had heard no such intention expressed as yet. He did not know what might be done. The resources of the American genius were ample, and it was not hard to do any thing it might resolve.

"Except to make a Crystal Palace succeed?" interposed we, interrogatively.

That very singular leer appeared again in the corner of the eye of the young man of Messrs. Dry, Sly, and Lye.

"The senior partner says," he replied, after a pause, "that it was one of the bubbles of an inflated time. It arose from the extremes of self-confidence and of miserable imitation. The Yankee nation is the most boastful and the most foolishly dependent of any. A Crystal Palace exhibition was equally unnecessary and impracticable at that time and in that place. The glory of the idea had been reaped by England, and the prestige of a successful adaptation of the idea will accrue to France next year. There can not be a World's Fair every year, except under very different conditions from those that were deemed sufficient in our Crystal Palace enterprise. It is to be seen whether the Sydenham building will succeed as a speculation. The expenses are enormous, but every thing has been done in the best and most admirable manner. Site, convenience of access, facility of observation, intelligence of classification, all these things have been duly considered and arranged. It enjoys the aristocratic prestige which is so much the secret of success of all things English. It is truly a representative exhibition of the world, and it is visited by twenty thousand persons a day. This may not be a pecuniary, but it is a popular, success. It is impossible not to feel that an exhibition so visited is exerting some kind of influence, and an influence toward good things. We have never had the consolation of that conviction—no man has felt that our Crystal Palace was, except to a very few persons, more than a curious show-box. The reason of the utter failure is to be sought in the fact that the whole thing was unreal, it was an imitation, it was an ill-considered speculation. But the event ought not to be regarded as a final failure of all such enterprises among us. It ought rather to convince us that we can achieve our ends only by obeying the peculiar bent of our own genius and the structure of our society," etc., etc., etc., said Messrs. Dry, Sly, and Lye's young man sententiously.

"You have a very wise man for senior partner," said we, with great reverence.

"Mr. Dry is usually so considered," replied the young man, sedately.

"Mr. Dry is well named," we said, with animation.

"I am said to resemble him," answered the youth.

"In conversation, certainly," rejoined we, with imperturbable gravity.

"You don't care to take a few shares?" asked he.

To such an inquiry a bland smile was the best and most ready reply. The young man took his hat.

"Have you ever heard of the South Sea?" asked we.

"I have heard the name," he answered.

"Do you know its peculiarity?"

"No."

"It is very bubbly, and the bottom has fallen out."

"Ah?"

"Yes!"

"Good-morning! Easy Chair."

"Good-morning, sir, and pray remember us particularly to Messrs. Dry, Sly, and Lye."

Their young man walked slowly away down town; but as they are sure to try all kinds of fancy stocks, we shall apprise our readers if any thing of the Crystal Palace kind is afloat.

If we could have sat in our Easy Chair at all the College Commencements to which we have been bidden during the Dog-days, how much we should have to report to our readers. But we have been struggling to ascertain the occult relation between midsummer heats and literature. It is notorious that the tropics are not favorable to the development of literary genius; that, in fact, the colder climates are favored by the Muses. Yet the annual festivals of the Muses, with us, are celebrated upon the arid heights of the year. What was said of one orator is true of all: "His audience were melted before him." Is it, perhaps, because youth is "the time of roses," that the triumphs of its literary power culminate in summer? It is surely worth a thought. It might not be an unpromising theme for a graduate's oration. But we can not enlarge upon it. We simply did not go to the Commencements. We staid in our chair. It *was* warm. By much sitting in the Dog-days the cushions of Easy Chairs, even, do become warm. We sat there, brooding, as it were—hatching, if you please—a whole brood of pleasant and melancholy remembrances.

Charles Lamb lamented, in his quaint and pensive way, that he had been defrauded of the sweet fruit of academic instruction. Elia has made "Oxford in the Vacation" almost as memorable, certainly as romantic, as ever it was in triumphant term-time, to the most reckless and generous of Gentlemen-Commoners. These early associations, these young friendships, based upon humane and sympathetic grounds, founded in a common interest in things which are permanently interesting, and not temporary matters, like the tumults of business, politics, and affairs in general, have an indefinable charm, and you will find a man's heart soften, even after it had grown very hard indeed, when an appeal comes from a college friend, a chum, a contemporary.

We, whose collegiate days are dim already in the past, yet whose heart bounds—to use the old figure—like that of the old war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, whenever an anniversary, or a letter, or a chance friend recalls them, stoutly but sadly declined all invitations this summer, until one came

in the sweetest month of the year. To hear that summons was to obey. It was not to a solemn Commencement, nor to a College Society, nor to that melancholy association of the Alumni which rises upon the horizon of every college festivity as a *memento mori*, but to the parting celebration of the Class, to the festival of Hope rather than of Memory. We hurried to worship the rising sun.

But over the whole day hung an atmosphere of sadness. In youth all emotions are intense. We have not yet learned to doubt the duration of our feeling in the very moment of its mastery over us. It lies now a gentle picture in the past. So soon, so rapidly, does Time snatch up completed events, and hang them along the twilight gallery of memory. There were peals of morning music, a winding procession under memorial trees and along sunny paths—there was the eager, happy crowd in the hall; wise collegians sad with profound experience; lovely girls unconscious that they were filling old parts in a play that their grandmothers played; anxious fathers, pleased mothers, fluttering sisters—there was soft summer air stealing in at open windows, the waving of fans, the long and warm expectation: then the bursts of approaching music, and the rush and tumble of the crowd outside.

O happy orator in flowing robes! Grave, gay, and graceful, his discourse proceeds. Resounding applause, flashing eyes, flushing cheeks, proclaim his success more surely than roaring guns the triumph of an army. He reviews the eventful college course. It is an epic of punches surreptitiously consumed—of tyrannical laws dexterously evaded. Four years of fun, of cloudless sun, to which occasional recitations and necessary chapels supply the shadow. What duties lie before us! We are quitting the tranquil and flowery shores of youth, and now our barques head for the uncertain ocean. We are exchanging romance for reality; our visions are ending. We have been naughty boys—yes, Amanda, with blue violets in your muslin bonnet!—we have been dissipated, and have done indescribable things. To us, dear companions, whose movements are awkward in the novelty of body-coats, worn this day for the first time in life—to us the destiny of our glorious country is intrusted. Farewell, venerable shades! Farewell, venerable maids! whose patience as landladies we have tried so sorely. Farewell, venerated and beloved instructors, our affection is ardent as we part forever! Farewell, groves of Academe, classic Jenkinsville, adieu! Friends, companions, lovers! hand to hand, and heart to heart, tearfully we turn from scenes so dear, and plunge headlong into—

"Fifty gallons of punch are ordered for the graduating supper to-night," exclaimed an alumnus of twenty years standing, just as we were breathlessly imbibing the peroration of the oration. But we saw the final gesture, the sweeping sleeve, the animated eye, the pleased consciousness of success as the orator sank into his seat, and enthusiastic plaudits drowned the waltz of Lanner that began to breathe from the band.

Then the poem—perhaps you have heard college poems. Possibly you know that the poet has large collars and discursive extremities to his cravat. How the puns explode along the line! It is like the broadside of Nelson at Trafalgar, one blaze of glory. This Easy Chair must be allowed to envy the poets, the occasional poets. They shall not live, possibly, in Little and Brown's edition, nor be annotated by Professor Child, most accomplished and sympathetic of Editors. But shall they not live in memories wherein to be immortal is a fate fairer than that of flies embalmed in amber? Sing on undauntedly, occasional Commencement poets! and believe that you do not sing in vain. Years hence some comely matron will recall this day, and crown you anew with laurel yet ungrown. Believe in yourselves, in your poetry, and in the Future.

But not gay only, nor grotesque, are the chords struck by the associations of the day. There is dancing afterward upon the green, in the hall, around the tree, perhaps. There is music—there may be moonlight promenades, flirtations, weeping, passionate adieus before the "fifty gallons," etc. etc. The pale stars at early dawn may see paler faces—youth eclipsed; the wild serenade may fall mournfully upon the ears of love and longing; but the day is enshrined and immortal. They go sadly homeward, the youth that were so gay; and they who have never truly suffered feel the prescience of sorrow. They sit upon the bedside with a vague longing and regret. They stand at the window with an inexplicable grief. It is not an immortal sorrow. They are all better next morning. There even comes a time when they smile at the sentimentality of which they were the victims. But the day never dawns when they do not confess that the sorrow was as real as any sorrow they have known.

"You were deluded, *jeune homme*," says Madame Sangfroid in Paris, years afterward, when the youth confesses his regret.

"Madame Sangfroid, is he most deluded who believes every thing, or he who doubts every thing?"

"*C'est un drôle de philosophe!*" replies Madame, adjusting her ear-rings.

In a country like ours we can not over-estimate the value and influence of these college reunions. They are almost the only festivals consecrated to intellectual sympathy. Our dinners and suppers and celebrations have all reference to some political, or financial, or sectarian bond. But a Commencement is the feast of the intellect. However fast and furious our lives may be, we are annually reminded upon these days that there is something higher, and better, and more satisfactory than the kind of success we are pursuing. It is the reunion of friendship and genial sociality. Men are but children. Under your whiskers and wrinkles your college chum sees the old boy. We are barricaded with business, with families, and grave affairs; but we are boys at heart, or we ought to be; and nothing more tends to keep feeling perennially fresh, than the annual meeting of those who were boys together.

Some months since we noted the incredulity with which the French press received the reported discovery of the "viviparous fish" of California. Even the great authority of Agassiz was not sufficient to convince the skeptical Gauls that so notable an exception to the general law of nature had been brought to light. But Mr. Jackson and Professor Agassiz were right, and the doubters were all wrong. And what is still more strange, the fish is a very common one in the Golden Land. "They are," writes a San Francisco correspondent of this Easy Chair, "a flat, scaly fish, weighing from a few ounces up to two pounds. The average weight of those to be seen daily in our markets is some three-fourths of a pound." Hundreds and thousands of persons have caught and dressed and eaten of these fish. Many of them must have seen the "bag subdivided

internally into a number of distinct pouches," in which a score or so of young were wrapped up, and cunningly packed away, heads and tails, so as to save space. Yet until Mr. Jackson made his chance-cast, no man ever thought it worth his while to notice the singular fact.

The name *Embiotica Jacksonii*, bestowed by Agassiz upon this fish, will perpetuate in the scientific world the memory of ALONZO C. JACKSON, the young naval officer who brought to light this new fact in natural history. But there are many who will need no memorial of him, besides the remembrance of his rare worth and brilliant promise. At the very time when his discovery was made, he was laying the foundations of the disease which was soon to end his earthly life. Dispatched by Government to California upon important business, in his eagerness to bring it to a speedy and successful conclusion, he overpassed the limits set to human endurance. The overtasked system sank under the effort; a disease of the brain ensued, and he returned to his home to die. One who knew him well thus writes: "Young as he was" (he died at the age of eight-and-twenty years), "he had already won for himself a distinguished name in his profession. There was no brighter intellect, no purer spirit, no nobler nature than his; no resolution more undaunted, no ambition more chastened, no love more true. Nature had gifted him with such versatility of talent and with so earnest a love of investigation, that few things escaped his keen and accurate observation, or failed to contribute to his improvement and delight. Hence arose that rich cultivation in every department of science and art, and that even and beautiful balance of mind which made him so charming as a companion, and gave such variety and freshness to his conversation."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE are fatigued this month; we admit it; we ask favor; we plead the heat, we plead the dust; in short, we will plead any thing that our courteous readers will admit. We shall serve them, as we served them last month, with a letter from a friend. He has a keen eye; he is truthful (as the French reckon truthfulness). We shall let him talk for himself—only premising that in the translation (for our friend is Parisian) we have worried his deft French phrases into our own home-sounding English.

"Bah," he begins, "what weather! Do not fancy that any ordinary days, or even weeks, of rain can have led me into such outcry at the very beginning of my sheet. But what do you say to two months of cloud—of drizzle—of cold—of wind—of sour temper—of quarrelings between man and wife? We are now in the front half of July, and, upon my honor as a man who has basked on your Broadway flagging under the sultriness of August, I do assure you I have seen the sun but ten times in as many weeks.

"If you doubt my story, look in the papers; for though they are closely muzzled on all weightier topics, they still venture an opinion about the weather. There are hints even that one or two divorce affairs are on the tapis, by reason of the ill-blood which has grown out of the clouded weeks. I put it to you, as a man of some philosophical discernment, if a lady who has expended a matter of ten thousand francs on spring dresses, and finds no day on which she can wear them, until midsummer and the grisettes have made them old, is in the cultivation of a meek temperament? Nor is this the worst. What would you say of trunks packed in May, for Aix-la-Chapelle or Baden, and the tedium of the leaden sky keeping the fair proprietress in the winter rooms until August has fairly burst? Is there not here good reason for scenes? Suppose your pretty friend Mrs. Silkmercer kept back a fortnight from her corner parlor at Saratoga (engaged in March) until the 'good set' she counted on meeting is on the wing, would not your male friend Mr. Silkmercer suffer drearily for the mishap?

"Women (trust my word for it) are very much the same thing all over the world; and nothing so sharpens their tongues as a leaden sky hiding the blossom of the spring.

"But again, the matter has affected the stock-market. The barometer has been quoted on the Bourse! A gleam of sunshine has carried up the funds like a Turkish victory, and a wet-jacket has brought them down like a new manifesto from Nicholas. The speculators have made good play upon the weather fears of the stockholders; and the French 'Bear' has latterly made his appearance wrapped in a Mackintosh, and has taken the precaution to hold his umbrella under the pump (if no rain was falling), and has talked in a despondent way of the crops, and of a short harvest.

"Our 'Bull,' on the other hand, eager for a rise, has sported white duck trowsers—concealing his shiver with a small glass of Cognac—and, with a blue-and-white cravat, has talked sportively of the heat, and of the pleasant reports from the provinces.

"Still another play of the stock-dealers I must tell you of, and with the story drift away from the weather. A broker (who would have done credit to Wall Street) was speculating for a fall; it did not come so soon as he had hoped; in two days his stock limit expired; news was favorable; every thing looked badly for his bargain. He bethought himself of a last resource. He laid his scheme open to a friend from the provinces, who was unknown on the Bourse. He purchased for him a crimson cap with a blue tassel, he ordered a straight-breasted frock, in the manner of the Turkish legation, he hired a magnificent equipage, and agreed with him that just before the hour for the closing of the Bourse he should drive in great haste to the Square—call eagerly for an agent, and order the immediate sale of a large amount of the three per cents.

"At the given hour the provincial friend, *en grande tenue* as a Turkish official of high rank, drove to the Bourse, and ordered the immediate sale of the large amount of stocks which the broker had put in his hands.

"People whispered unquietly; the stranger passed with many for the Turkish embassador himself; at least he was attached to the legation; he must be in the possession of disastrous news; there could be no doubt of it. The sales multiplied; a panic seized the dealers; there was a fall of ten per cent.: and our shrewd broker, standing ready, bought up enough to make good his bargain, and to furnish his provincial friend of the crimson cap with salmon, spring-chickens, and *Chateau Margaux* at the *Trois Frères Provençaux*.

"*Apropos* of the weather, you can not imagine what a cut-throat air belongs to the little country-places (*Maisons de Campagne* they call them) in the neighborhood of Paris, under such a wet sky as this of 1854. French country is made for sunshine; its parterres, its gravel walks, its clipped trees, its dwarfed hollies, its extinguisher-topped houses, want sunlight. Without it, the weeds shoot up in the grass, dampness rests in the hollows of the walk,

the peacock trees shiver like ghosts, and the tiled tower-tops look exceeding dismal. And the people are dismal in them.

"You, and your friend, and your friend's friend, have got a country-place—perhaps at Hoboken, perhaps at Flushing—where you go and enjoy (barring the mosquitoes) a month or two, between July and September. But it is not the French way: if you speak of Baden, or Homburg—*à la bonne heure!* This will do. Dress and intrigue and chit-chat go thither, and these three make any spot enjoyable to a Parisian born. As for the little outlying extinguisher-topped houses of which I spoke, they are rented, sometimes by an economic family of English people, with a much-enduring governess in their train, who teaches Frenchisms, and suffers Englishisms. Or perhaps the suburban place is in the hands of one of your countrymen, who keeps a coach, and a coachman and footman in very broad gilt bands. (By the way, I have remarked that your people specially love a *broad* gilt band: how is this?)

"Again, the out-of-town house belongs to an honest bourgeois, who has hosts of friends, and who goes into the country three months in the year to economize; and one of the Paris paragraphists tells latterly a funny story of this sort of economy, which, for want of better things, I will set down in my letter.

"The good bourgeois Didier, for the sake of a nice retrenchment in the year's outgoings, took a cottage *ornée* at St. Germain. A week went well; and though the whey and the curds, and the plain boiled-meat and greens, were not altogether so satisfactory as the *cuisine* of the town, yet there was a saving, and Monsieur and Madame Didier rejoiced in the saving.

"But Sunday came. It is a capital visiting day, is Sunday; especially for those who take a short run in the country for a breath of fresh air, and who have a friend with a quiet terrace of his own, where one may smoke an evening cigar. Well, at noon the bell of the Didier cottage rang. It was a bourgeois friend. Madame Didier took courage at finding him alone, and welcomed him kindly, and hoped Madame his wife was well.

"'*Parfaitement*—perfectly well,' he said, and had loitered away with his sister-in-law, but they would both follow him presently, and his two little boys, whom he had brought out for a country freshening.

"Madame Didier looked hard at Monsieur Didier, and bit her lip.

"When one receives a visitor in the country, one asks (or should ask) them to dine. It is the way hereabout. (I hope it is the way with you.) The bourgeois friend of Monsieur Didier did not indeed wait an invitation, but the wife, and the wife's sister, and the little ones, threw off their hats, and made the Didier cottage and the Didier walks their own.

"But the Didiers had other friends; and in an hour there was a new touch at the bell. Madame Didier recognized in a fright the voice of a town neighbor, and overheard him assuring her husband that he had no idea of forgetting him—not he. It was a sorry thing to be shut up in a lonely country house; he should look in upon him from time to time; he might perhaps bring, from time to time, a friend or two; he begged to present Monsieur Soaker, a cousin of his wife's: he thought Monsieur Didier had a charming little place.

"Nor was this all: acquaintances multiplied, until Madame Didier had a round company of thirteen—all to dine, as a matter of course. The lady of the cottage, in concert with her economic husband, endeavored to stretch out their bourgeois dinner with a pot of greens for the dozen guests. The French have a happy art in this thing; and although the dinner might be somewhat *maigre* (there is no translating that word), it would yet fill the dishes, and discourage future Sunday visits.

"Monsieur Didier undertook, with French *politesse*, to explain the matter to his friends; he regretted exceedingly that he had been taken by surprise; he feared he should have but a short dinner for them; but, at that distance from Paris, it was exceedingly difficult to provide as he should be gratified in doing.

"The guests, of course, would listen to no apologies. His old neighbor—a plethoric, red-faced man—knew it would all be quite well; he knew his old friend Didier; he was not the man to send a guest hungry from his table; he was preparing a surprise for them; he had no doubt, for his own part, that he (Didier) had sent down to Paris by telegraph, and would serve them capitally; and he tapped M. Didier on the back in a very familiar manner.

"Monsieur Didier, in a disturbed state, retired to consult anew with his wife. In the midst, however, of their consultation, the Didier bell sounded for the fifth time. The new visitor was a gentleman of importance—a valued friend, Baron ——. M. Didier was largely indebted to him, and was just now looking for his interest in behalf of his business schemes. It would never do to serve the Baron with a pot of greens. There was nothing to be done but to make a virtue of the joke of the bourgeois neighbor, and to telegraph to a Paris *restaurateur* for a dinner for fourteen.

"Of course the dinner was capital; the visitors were charmed; the bourgeois neighbor, more plethoric than before, grew hilarious in recalling his prediction. He knew his friend Didier. He should visit him again.

"The hint was not lost upon Madame Didier; and the curtain talk of the economic bourgeois couple, based upon a bill of the Paris restaurateur for seven hundred francs, ended in a resolution to go to the Springs.

"The next Sunday the plethoric neighbor of M. Didier appeared at the Didier gate, and rang, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead; and rang, and wiped his forehead again. He looked through the bars, and then stepped to the corner, and walking back to the entrance, rang again more stoutly. He next tried the gate, casting his eye up in search of the fastenings. There was a placard over his head, and stepping back a pace or two, he read a notice that the cottage was to rent.

"'*Dame*,' said the plethoric man, '*nous étions trop!*'"

"THIS matter of dinners is reminder of a pleasant joke which used to be told about the Abbé Prevost, who was a great gourmand, and specially fond of artichokes (not your heavy Jerusalem artichokes), *à l'huile*—that is to say, with a dressing of oil. His friend Fontenelle was as great a gourmand as the Abbé, and quite as fond of artichokes—with a dressing of butter. It happened once on a day that they were to dine together. The Abbé entreated that the artichokes should be served *à l'huile;* his friend was as urgent that they should be served with butter. They arranged the difficulty by ordering half in one style and half in the other. But before the dinner was served the friend of the Abbé fell suddenly ill;

he grew pale; slipped from his chair; groaned; was dead! The Abbé was shocked; lifted the head of his poor friend; felt his pulse; saw that it was over; rushed into the outer room, exclaiming, 'Les artichauts—*tous à l'huile!*' 'Let *all* the artichokes be served with oil!'

"It is of course not the sort of story to be thoroughly vouched for, but yet it is a good story, and a characteristic story. Another one, in the same fashion, I think can be fully authenticated. I may say indeed that I have myself had the honor of seeing the principal party, and a very pretty woman she is.

"Her name is Laura, and she had a pretty friend who shared her phaeton nearly every day, in the pleasant drives through the Bois de Boulogne. On a certain occasion, not very far back, there was to be an extraordinary performance at the Grand Opera; tickets were in great demand, and stalls were hardly to be found for favor or money. The friend of Laura had, however, by some special manœuvre, secured a *billet* for a first circle stall. She rode with Laura upon the evening of the grand performance, wearing the pink *billet* stuck boastingly in her corsage.

"They had accomplished half the circuit of the Bois de Boulogne, when Laura was shocked at the sight of a deadly pallor which overspread the countenance of her friend. She spoke to her, but the friend did not reply. There was no doubting the urgency of the case; the friend had been threatened with a disease of the heart; the blow had come; she was dying. Laura snatched the stall ticket from the corsage of her expiring friend, drove back to her lodgings, and was at the play in the evening!

"And this is the philosophic way in which Parisians deal with life and with death.

"The other day—a week is not gone since the event—a pretty girl threw herself into the Seine. There was nothing unusual in seeing a cast-away creature floating on the turbid, spring flow of the Paris river. But the girl in question was very beautiful and young. Her hair flowed in ringlets on the yellow water, and her dress showed that she had lived in the enjoyment of wealth. About her neck was a blue ribbon, and to the ribbon was attached a paper carefully guarded against all harm from the wet, and reading somewhat in this way: 'You can not find me out. I live far away from the city; I am miserable, and therefore I wish to die. My mother died when I was young—would to God she had lived! My father married again; and though he loved me, my second mother did not; and when she came to have children of her own, I was no more than a servant in the house, where I was before so happy. And now my father is turned against me; what is there left now to live for?

"'My father, and this other mother he has given me, will find my story in the papers, and they will read this last farewell of mine. *He* will relent, I know he will, and be sorry he could not say adieu to the child he once loved, or save her from so dreadful fate. But it is too late now. I hope he may be happy. It is all I have to say; and may God have mercy on me!'

"Does not this sort of philosophy grow very naturally out of the reading of Balzac, and Eugene Sue, and Dumas? Let your Editor of the serious part tell us; and tell us further, if the cheap reissue of such literature will not by-and-by bring sentimental suicides to the East River docks, who will think—like this poor girl—they commit great acts of heroism in jumping into deep and dirty water? If this were the place for it, I might drop a hint here, moreover, about the copy-right affair, which seems now to be swallowed up in Cuba and in Russia. Query: Why not pass it, and so publish nothing but what is worth paying for? Cheap things are always dear in the end.

"And while I am in this half-sermon way of talk about French morals and philosophy, pray let me ask you, have you seen M. Veron's last volume of his Bourgeois Life? You know who M. Veron is—late proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*, and former manager of the French opera—a man who has dined with princes and coquetted with Duchesses; who has handled his hundreds of thousands, and been closeted with political strategists; a man of an easy, gossiping pen, and a very dining-out way of chit-chat; a man who had reputation for shrewdness, and who only sold out his paper when he was growing in bad odor with Louis Napoleon, and was determined to devote himself thereafter to gossip and *filets*. Well, this last volume of his descends to discussion about the habits and natural history of opera-girls, both dancing and singing. I think he inclines, on the score of morals, to the former; for the reason that they do not desert their children when they have them. Indeed, it is quite curious to see how the old gentleman discusses the domestic habits of these forlorn creatures; clothing them in very bright-colored hues (as if he thought of assuming again operatic direction); praising their good parts; speaking kindly of their little weaknesses; regretting cavalierly the informality of their marriages; but never telling us a word of the old age of the wretched creatures whom he treats so coquettishly with his pen. Indeed, it is a subject not apt to be treated on by *feuilletonists*, or Parisian writers of any stamp. Indeed it would be a queer subject; I fling it out as a bait on your side of the water—the old age of opera-girls and grisettes!

"Do they ever reach age? Or what becomes of them all? Did a man ever see a gray-haired grisette? Will the suicides tell us any thing of it, or the stone tables of the Dead House?

"Among other matters of gossip, let me set down this. A pretty woman, young, and only three years a wife, has latterly set a certain quarter of the town agog by deserting her husband; and, after being ferreted out of a suburban convent, she has stoutly declared she will never go back to him, and an action for divorce is brought, at trial of which the *quidnuncs* may find a world of fat gossip.

"The truth is, the wife is young, and has just now inherited a great fortune from her father. The husband is old and titled. He has fulfilled his part of the marriage-bargain, in giving his title; she wishes to enjoy the title without giving him the money. It is to be sure a very nice case; and suggests another one not very unlike, which is nearer to a ripening.

"The fat wife of a pursy broker found herself not long ago a widow, with one daughter, and a vast fortune. The broker had been a sensible man in his way, and never sought for other connections than were fitting and agreeable to his tastes; he had hoped to marry his daughter some day to an honest bourgeois, who would be kind, and take good care of her fortune.

The widow, however (who had the misfortune to inherit a more sonorous family name than belonged to her bourgeois husband), was ambitious. She

formed grand designs for her daughter, and took means to carry them into effect. The girl was pretty; her wealth was known; and there are always a plenty of broken-down old Counts hanging round the dark streets of the Faubourg St. Germain, who are quite willing to bargain their noblesse for the possession of youth, beauty, and money. They can hardly be thought to lose much by the bargain. Indeed, it is said that such old gentlemen have a very keen scent for American heiresses. I can not say justly whether this be so or not.

"However, the daughter of our broker's widow found an eligible admirer in a certain Count L——, who, though not absolutely reduced, was still in a position that eminently needed the bolstering capacity of the dowry of the pretty daughter of the dead broker.

"The mamma was satisfied with the aristocratic resonance of the Count's name, and with a little coyly managed difficulty gave her consent to his proposals of marriage.

"In short, the affair was accomplished, and Madame the widow of the broker could speak proudly of her daughter, the Countess L——: a very pretty thing to be sure.

"But the Count L—— was a man of the world and of mode. He took occasion to say to the mother-in-law, in a quiet way, shortly after the ceremony: 'My dear Madame, we shall be very happy to see you here on occasion in a private way; the Countess will be charmed to take you up occasionally on a drive; but you will perceive, Madame, that when we have society it would be excessively awkward to announce you.' And the Count appealed to the good sense of his mother-in-law, insisting strongly upon the parvenu character of the name she bore. The old lady, indeed, was not insensible to the difficulties which her husband's name threw in her way: she relieved herself by dropping it altogether, and, assuming her own family-name, ventured the prefix of Countess. With this change, she appealed boldly to the generosity of her son-in-law. The son-in-law, never forgetting that a million or two of inheritance was in prospect from the worthy dame, overlooked the informality of the old lady's action, and consented that, as a Countess, she should enjoy free *entrée* of his salon.

"A night of entertainment arrived, and the old lady made her appearance in the antechamber in the richest brocades of the day. It happened that a certain Duchess arrived at precisely the same hour with her. The two doors of the salon were opened, and the Duchess being announced, entered with a magnificent rustle of silk and of feathers. The doors were closed after her; a single one was then opened, and the Countess —— (the broker's wife) was announced. The poor lady was excessively annoyed by the distinction made between herself and the Duchess in the matter of the doors. She made an angry appeal to her son-in-law, and received this very satisfactory explanation:

"'My dear Madame, among your people of the Bourse, money is every thing; but with us, we keep alive certain distinctions of rank; thus, the double doors of the salon are thrown open for Princesses and Duchesses, while Countesses and Baronesses enter by a single one. Pray, my dear Madame, be content with a single door.'

"But the widow of the broker was ambitious; she had three millions: it is a large sum any where, especially so in the Faubourg St. Germain. The old lady had already some experience in the management of marriage schemes. She addressed herself, in confidence, to her former agent. Three millions and a fat widow were in the market; nothing but a dukedom would secure the prize. The agent was active and zealous, for the percentage on such arrangements is always large.

"An old Duke in the country presently came to his knowledge, who had expended the greater part of his estate in unfortunate bets at Chantilly. Negotiations were opened; the Duke declared that, with three millions, he would accept any woman; he wanted no description; it was quite useless.

"In this way the affair was arranged in the most harmonious manner, the reversion of the widow's estate lying in the husband's family.

"When the Count L—— gave his next entertainment (for the matter had been quietly managed), the widow-bride was invited under the old false title of Countess. She gave, however, her true address to the footman of the antechamber; and, with a magnificent entry through the double doors, was announced as the Duchess of Blank, hanging on the arm of the Blank old Duke.

"The Count L—— felt a pang; not for any flaw in the forms, but in the thought that the opening of the double doors had cost him three millions of francs!

"I ought to mention, perhaps, that the parties to this story are not American.

"And now I will clinch this story with another, which, if it be true, will more than take away the satiric edge from the last. I must freely admit, however, that it has not one half of the same air of *vraisemblance*, and seems altogether too romantic to be true.

"This is the way it begins: A great many of the poor Germans who come from Bavaria and the Rhenish provinces, to find a new home in the far away prairies by Wisconsin, pass through Paris. They arrive by the railway from Strasbourg, and usually traverse the city on foot, to reach the station of the Havre Railway, which is in an opposite quarter of the city. Almost all this distance they traverse upon the most thronged portion of the Boulevard—passing down from the Porte St. Martin as far oftentimes as the Place de la Madaleine. It is an interesting, and yet a melancholy sight, to see the poor outcasts from their own German land, in all the quaint fashions of frock and head-dress, which have outlasted centuries, trooping along in the middle of the gayest scenes of Paris—exiled forever from one home, and wholly uncertain where the future one will be.

"Of course, never before in their lives have they seen such beautiful sights as meet their eye upon the Paris streets; and therefore they linger along the walks, prying eagerly into shop-windows—turning to gaze at a passing equipage—staring in wonderment at the brocaded ladies.

"Not long ago there lingered a group of this kind at the showy shop-front of the Messrs. Goupil and Vibert—looking eagerly in at the pictures of Russian soldiers, of English horses, and Swiss mountains, which always keep a crowd at the door. Among the lookers-on in this German group was a young girl from Alsatia, clad in the picturesque costume of her country, and more intent than any upon the pictures of wide-apart scenes, which hung within the shopman's window. Indeed so intent was she that she did not notice the leave of her companions, but remained rapt in the contemplation of a little Swiss-valley view, which recalled to her very fondly the land she had left behind her forever.

"Recovering herself presently, she looked around for her companions: up and down the street she looked vainly. She could not tell which way she had come; her head was turned by the busy crowd around her. She ran fast, hoping to overtake them; but, by a natural enough error, she ran in the wrong direction. On and on she flew, growing nervously excited as she went, until her eye caught sight of a group of people down a side-street, whom she thought she recognized as her own. She ran swiftly toward them, only to be thoroughly frightened by her mistake. Her head was completely turned. She appealed loudly to the passers-by. She forgot that not one could comprehend her Alsatian dialect. Some smiled at her; others, thinking her a beggar, offered her money; still others met her wild look with insulting gestures.

"From these she turned and ran madly away. The train her party was to take left at five; the ship was to leave Havre the following day. Utterly fatigued and disheartened, the poor girl presently heard a clock strike five. She could sustain herself no longer, but fell with a groan upon the pavement. A crowd immediately gathered around. A lady who was passing (I would give her name if I knew it) ordered her carriage to be stopped, and interested herself in inquiries about the poor stranger; no person could tell any thing of her.

"The lady, attracted by her appearance, or directed by the impulses of a naturally sympathetic nature, ordered her to be placed in her carriage, and drove with her to her own home. The best medical advice was obtained, and an interpreter was secured to make known the wishes of the poor girl. But it was too late now to follow her party, if she had chosen. A fever, moreover, had seized upon the poor child, and kept her fast in the wilds of a delirium for weeks. Then she raved in her Alsatian tongue about the wooded hills and the sweet brooks of her green Alsatia—lost to her forever! Or, with a change in her wild flights of fancy, she seemed to be following down the gay Paris streets her lost companions; they sweeping out of reach, and out of sight before, and she crying out despairingly for them to stop one little moment.

"But the fever passed; health came to the poor girl again; and she told her story intelligibly to the kind lady who had befriended her. The father and the mother were both dead; it was with kind kinspeople that she was going beyond the water to find a home. She might go now, and find them if she would; but the lady who had cared for her through that long and dreary illness, when visions of home floated dreamily over her bed, was now dearer to her than the kinspeople. She wished to stay and serve her: and the lady, not slackening her kindnesses, would make no servant of her; but employed for her the best teachers of Paris, and grafted on her graceful Alsatian songs the finish of the metropolitan schools.

"The fair-faced stranger, so bright, so rich in color, so coquette with her own native graces, drew the attention and the remark of all the evening *promenaders* in the Bois de Boulogne. Her name received such addition as made her pass for the young kinswoman of her kind benefactress, and she treated her always as a child. People knew that a large dowery would belong to the fair Alsatian stranger; and whether it was this or her own graces I can not tell (nobody ever can), she was wooed by a brave suitor, who succeeded in his suit, and in a week to-day (I write on Thursday) she is to become Countess of—no matter what. But the story is a pretty one; is it not?

"I wish with all my heart it were true.

"Well—what next? Are you tired of gossip? While speaking of gossip, I feel a little curious to know if the American branch of the Bonapartes, by reason of their citizenship and quietude at home, are out of the reach of print-talk? How seems it to you? Or is your curiosity to know what the Prince Jerome has made of them so great as to overbear all your notions of delicacy? It is odd, by-the-by, how curiosity, or interest, or what not, will at times overrun and drown all common notions which we live by, and pin our faith to ordinarily. I was struck by it the other day, in taking up a late (to me) copy of that staid old journal, the *Evening Post*—immensely conservative and proper, as we all know. Well, what should I see in the *Evening Post* but a long programme of an approaching marriage (it did not say in *high* life, but I presume conveyed the idea by ellision), with as many names of bridesmaids and groomsmen as ever appeared in a Saratoga letter of the *Herald!* I must confess that I rubbed my eyes. It seemed to me droll. That the elegant old conservator of proprieties—the *highly* respectable *Evening Post*, should chronicle such a matter, seemed to me most extraordinary. Just the journal (I had thought) to forbear mention of names in speaking even of the approaching marriage of the Emperor of France, or of the young Princess of England; just the one to squat upon its stateliness in the matter of kingdoms, and to soar always in an elegant cloud-region of high conservatism.

"I come back now to my *moutons*. The American Bonapartes are living, like any and all good American citizens, at a Paris hotel. You will agree with me that they show their good sense in this, and have done wisely (supposing them unwilling to fling off their other-side citizenship), to decline the Prince's invitation to take quarters at his palace.

"They have dined with him, to be sure, from day to day; and a crowd of idle ones in the palace-court have gathered in the evening to have a look at the citizens Bonaparte enjoying their cigars upon the palace terrace.

"It would seem, and does seem to many, that a lithe young scion of the Imperial house (albeit there may lie a cross in the grain from the old Imperial divorce) may yet be very available in view of the present circumstances; for the heir-apparent, the Prince Napoleon, is certainly a most heavy-headed man, and has nothing but his striking likeness to his uncle to make him in any way a man of mark. Would it not be a strange play of fate if the next Emperor of France were to be the son of an American lady, and educated at West Point?

"In that event, I suppose we might look forward to the growth of a Baltimore nobility; and I should not be greatly surprised to find every inhabitant of Maryland (even to our old friend H——, of the East-shore) taking on a title!

"Have you noticed Thackeray's quiet hit at an Honorable Major General Poker, of Cincinnati, residing in Paris? It makes a body wince to confess it, but there is not only one, but a great many Major General Pokers in Paris, from the United States—not only of the army, but of the navy—not only of the navy, but of the militia—and not only of the militia, but of the New York target-corps!

"Upon my honor I confess to you, that I have been more awed in the presence of the dashing foot-

men attached to American carriages than even in that of the Emperor himself.

"I have nothing more to tell you for this month; so, adieu."

Editor's Drawer.

THE *Dog-days* are over, and our canine friends can now walk the streets unmuzzled, without fear of those amateur and professional dog-killers, whose eagerness is stimulated by the reward of half a dollar offered for their slaughter. The dog-law is doubtless necessary for human safety, and so should be enforced; but there are few who could avoid sympathizing with the hero of the following true story:

Not many years ago, while His Honor the Mayor of New York was enjoying his morning's newspaper over the matutinal coffee and roll, he was startled by a sharp and angry ring at the door-bell. Being summoned down-stairs, he found a black-bearded and mustached little Frenchman pacing the hall in a state of great excitement.

"Monsieur le Maire!" exclaimed the stranger, jumbling together his French and English in the oddest manner, "I am come to you vid un grand mécontentement. Dis morning, very soon, mon beau chien, my beau-tiful dog Nep-tune was my door before, and one of your people, un coquin noir, a black miscreant, come up vid un gros bâton, what you say, one great club, and"—here the poor fellow burst into a flood of tears—"and strike him sur la tête, upon de head, and kill him so dead as can be. Mes pauvres enfants stand by the window and cry. The Madame she come up to see, and fall into une passion hysterique, and den she not know nothing more at all. I come, but de mis-creant is quite gone, or I would murder him. Je vous demande justice. Show me the coquin, and I will him murder vid dis!" drawing from his bosom a ferocious looking pistol.

His Honor tried to soothe the poor fellow, telling him to call at the Mayor's Office at ten o'clock, and justice should be done him. Monsieur, after another grand explosion of tears, went his way, promising to make his appearance at the appointed hour.

The Mayor had barely reached his Office, when the Gaul appeared, not at all pacified during the interval.

"Je vous demande justice encore," he exclaimed. "The Madame est insensible, et mes pauvres enfants are desolées. I would so soon he did kill mon enfant Jean as my beautiful dog Nep-tune. Show me his name, and he will die!" he added, grinning fiercely through his tears.

After a while, and by dint of much sympathizing, the Mayor, who knew that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," succeeded in calming the irate Gaul, and persuaded him to forego his meditated vengeance against the slayer of his canine friend. He took his departure more in sorrow than in anger, sobbing:

"Mon beau chien Nep-tune! Mon pauvre Nep-tune! Mes pauvres enfants!"

Next morning at breakfast His Honor was again summoned from his roll and coffee. On going down-stairs he beheld an odd spectacle. There was the little Frenchman overflowing with joy; by his side was the Madame, his rosy wife, radiant with smiles, and in the rear were their four children in clean pinafores and broad-brimmed hats with blue ribbons. They were grouped around a magnificent black Newfoundland dog, whose head was bound up with an embroidered cambric handkerchief.

No sooner did the little Frenchman catch a glimpse of the Mayor, than he sprang forward with true Gallic demonstrativeness, and made a desperate attempt to embrace him. But as he measured barely five feet one, while His Honor stood full six feet, with a proportionate breadth of beam, the attempt was rather a failure.

"Monsieur le Maire!" he exclaimed, as soon as his feelings would allow him vocal utterance, "you were so very kind, dat I must come and tell you the coquin noir have not murdered quite mon beau chien Nep-tune, and Monsieur le Médecine say he shall not at all die; and I am come vid the Madame et mes enfants pour vous remercier."

He then went on to explain, in mingled French and English, eked out by abundant gesticulations, that shortly after he had reached his home the previous day, the dog had made his appearance at the door, covered with mire and blood, and almost exhausted. It seems that he had been dumped out of the cart into the water, which had revived him; he had swum ashore, and crawled back to his master's house. Upon examination his wounds proved to be severe rather than dangerous; so that this morning, after having enjoyed a good night's rest, there was little, save a sort of languid convalescent expression in his fine eye, as he returned the caresses of the children, and his comical looking head-dress, to denote the rough treatment he had undergone.

"Old Jacob Barker!"—how many associations his name calls up among our "older inhabitants!" Among the new generation of Wall Street he is comparatively unknown; but there was a time when Jacob made his mark upon the stock-brokers and money-changers of that monetary locality. He now lives and thrives in the "Crescent City." Jacob is as active and buoyant as most men at thirty-five; he can not be said, however, to enjoy a green old age, for there is nothing "green" about him, unless we discover it in the suppleness he displays, so peculiar to youth. An amusing story is related of him, where a gentleman called at his office and denounced, in the most unmeasured manner, certain persons who had swindled him (the gentleman, not Jacob) in some stock transactions. Barker listened to the whole matter with professional zest, and finding that every thing had been done "right," urged the indignant victim not to go on so, but to forget the thing entirely; "for,' said Jacob, consolingly, "if you thrade in stocks, you must call thealing threwdness, or you will constantly be out of themper!"

Dentistry is now a science; but there are traveling operators "on the frontiers," who set the teeth on edge without any scientific knowledge whatever. A certain notable of this questionable kind, who was known among the "masses" as a "tooth carpenter," was fortunate in receiving an order from an old lady for the manufacture and placing of an "entire set." He went to work with commendable zeal, and in due time—much to the momentary satisfaction of his patient—lightened up her smile with the "counterfeit presentment" of pearly rows. In a few days, however, matters changed, for one tooth after another dropped from their golden encasements, and were eschewed from the mouth with almost the plentifulness of cherry

stones. The Dentist was sent for, and charged with unprofessional skill: he stoutly denied any want of merit in his work, and ascribed the mishap to some constitutional peculiarity of his patient. After much speculation, he asked his victim if she had not, in the course of her long life, taken a great deal of calomel? Upon being answered in the affirmative, he gravely told her that this calomel had so entirely entered into her system as to make it impossible even for false teeth to stay in her head; and, with an expression of injured innocence and real professional sagacity, he bowed himself out of the presence of his astonished patron.

"WHILE there is life there is hope," is an old adage, and it is sometimes curiously illustrated. Persons given up to die are often saved by the superior energy of a nurse who has hope; but many keep off the king of terrors, for a time at least, by their superior determination. Old Major Dash, who won his brevet in the war of 1812, was suddenly taken down with the cholera. It was at the time of its first appearance on this continent, and our physicians had very little experience. The Major sank rapidly, and a consultation was called. Several doctors, after "putting their heads together," came to the conclusion that the patient was fatally sick, past recovery. No one, however, would make the announcement; when the Major, suspecting the cause, turned to a young doctor present, and said, "What is the report?" "That you can't live." "Not a chance?" asked the Major with severity. "Yes," continued young hopeful, "just one chance in a hundred thousand." "Then, why the —— don't you work away on that chance?" returned the Major, with a voice of thunder. The hint was taken, and the invincible soldier was saved. The white hairs and the glistening sword of this old soldier waved along the victorious lines of our troops in Mexico; but he at last had to yield to a foe, if not more courageous, yet more insatiable, and he now sleeps upon his native banks of the Hudson.

AT a late hour of night, a while since, we were attracted by the appearance of a shrewish but healthy-looking Irish woman, sitting upon a curb stone near the City Hall, and pouring out her denunciations upon the world generally, and the Commissioners of Immigration particularly. In her arms was a fine healthy infant of a few months old, and it was enough to call forth sympathy even from stonier hearts than ours, to behold the group compelled from want to find lodgings upon the "cold ground." Upon inquiring of "Bridget" what was the difficulty, she gave to us an incomprehensible statement about her home on Blackwell's Island, and the refusal of the Mayor, or some one else, to furnish her money to get back to that "popular resort," winding up as follows: "You see, your honor, the State and the corporation have paid for my support, and the devil a bit of obligation am I under to any one for it." We have read a great deal about ill-advised and unappreciated charity; but Bridget crowded a large number of heavy treatises into one paragraph; for all such recipients, individually, would say—if they were as honest as Bridget—"the devil a bit of obligation am I under to any one for it."

WHAT is the reason that "Quackery," as it is termed, thrives and waxes fat, while the "scientific" and the "truthful" struggle on, and with difficulty keep above the troubled tide of popular favor? The human system being "fearfully and wonderfully made," to keep it in repair has been the study of the wisest minds through all time; and yet the experiences of the sages have very little weight with the multitude of patients. Specific remedies for the complicated ills of humanity are the absurdest things in the world; yet men quickly make princely fortunes by the sale of medicines that are warranted to thread the mazes of our wonderful "temple," and find out and destroy pain, as a weasel after rats does the dark holes and out-of-the-way places in a decaying building. The stranger who visits Philadelphia finds the most impressive "pile" in its fashionable thoroughfare devoted to the manufacture of plasters and tooth-powders. The most sumptuous palace of our "Fifth Avenue" was found in the sale of mock sarsaparilla; the finest store structure in our metropolitan city, the most massive granite pile that rears its dark front in Broadway, and frowns over the upheaving tide of our population, has been paid for out of the surplus wealth acquired by compounding aloes pills. The man who made the "infallible" corn plaster limped through life, because he was so occupied in serving his customers that he had no time to apply his remedy to his own pedestals! The gentleman, who had "the certain remedy for bronchial complaints," "pegged out" with the consumption. The manufacturer of the celebrated "Life Pills" died at the premature age of thirty. Yet these remedies are popular nevertheless; for so strange and incomprehensible is human nature, that it will pay a premium for being humbugged. The Galen who calls things by their right names, and tries to be honest with his patients, is generally whistled down the wind, having but little other reward for his labor than the approval of a good conscience; the palaces and the "seven story stores" are the inheritance of the venders of specifics—the very people who, in spite of the proverb, advertise to do more impossible things than make silk purses out of sows' ears!

AN eccentric lawyer, named Burgess, many years ago lived in a New England village, and became quite famous for his "skeptical notions." Attending a town meeting, after its adjournment he lingered among the groups of substantial farmer deacons who composed it, and listened to the prevailing conversation. The bad weather, the fly, the rot, the drought, and the wet were duly discussed, when some one turned to Burgess, and asked, "How comes on your garden?" "I never plant any thing," replied Burgess, with a solemn face; "I am afraid even to put a potato in the ground." "It's no wonder," groaned one of the most eminently pious persons present, "it's no wonder, for a man who disbelieves in revealed religion could not expect to have his labors blessed." "I am not afraid of failing in a reward for my work," replied Burgess; "but I am afraid that agricultural labor would make me profane. If I planted a single potato, what would be the result? Why, I should get up in the morning, look about and growl—'It's going to rain, and it will ruin my potato;' then I should, in dry weather, say—'The drought will kill my potato;' then I should be unhappy, because the 'rot' might destroy my potato: in fact, gentlemen," concluded Burgess, in a solemn manner, "I should be afraid to do any thing that would induce me constantly to distrust Providence." The reproof was keenly felt by many present; and for months afterward, the

farmers—with a fear of Burgess before their eyes—talked of the blessings rather than the evils attending their daily labors.

THE Temperance cause, of which so much is said at "the North," is quietly working its way among the people of our Southern States, and we are gratified with the unexpected fact, that Mississippi is to-day the most thoroughly Temperance State in the Union; while Louisiana and Alabama are rapidly abolishing the retail traffic from all their interior towns. It would seem that the people of the South come to "their conclusions" on the subject in the most philosophical way, and that their celebrations are gatherings where the utmost friendliness of feeling prevails. We have heard a very illustrative story which will bear relating. Some years ago, when the "Sons" first commenced their labors in Louisiana, the first anniversary celebration of a number of societies was held at Baton Rouge, the capital of the State. It so happened, that, at the last moment, there was a "lack of orators," and a committee was hastily organized to supply the deficiency. The gentleman selected was Thorpe—so widely known for his Sketches of Southern Life. It was in vain he urged, that, although a "temperate man," he was not officially enrolled among "the order." All objections were overruled, and the extemporaneous speaker commenced his address. Among the audience were a majority of the members of the Legislature, and the peculiarity of the occasion had called out many other "hard cases." After the usual preliminaries, the orator proceeded to plead the cause of temperance, and assumed a position that had a "tremendous effect" among some of the heretofore scoffers at the "reform movement." Thorpe contended, that if people would indulge in intoxicating liquors, they should never touch them except they were pure, and exactly what they were represented to be. (Great sensation among the hotel keepers.) He went on to say, that, in the days of the Revolution, the intemperate man was only known by his rubicund nose. That, as he continued to indulge his appetite, the nasal organ first assumed a suspicious redness that gradually grew brighter and brighter, until the carmine tints corrugated into spots, and assumed the glowing brilliancy of rubies; then Nature, in her profuseness, threaded these splendid settings with azure veins, and the nose, once so comely and pale, projected out in front as a beacon light, informing all men that its owner carried the sign of a consumer of good liquor; and finally, when said nose was gathered home to its fathers, it warmed up, as with a ray of sunshine, the surrounding pallor, and even to the last shed a genial glow over the use of the social glass. But alas! continued the speaker, the times have changed. In these degenerate days, the intemperate man—however much he may try to hide the habit from the world—is known by his sunken eye, his attenuated cheek, his shriveled up and contracted nose; that, by its very death-like look, shows too plainly of the ruin going on in the system. The reason was, not that human nature had changed, but that ardent spirits had; and what was once a thing that made "the heart glad," was now a slow but sure poison; what once made the face glow with health, now prepared it with the expression of the grave. The reformation produced by this argument reached many of the "most obdurate," and several supposed "irreclaimable cases" making a solemn oath at the moment that they would drink no more until they could get pure liquor, have been temperate men ever since from necessity, and so would the world be, if its denizens should come to the same sensible conclusion.

MR. VAN BUREN is attracting a great deal of attention abroad by his courtly manners and happy faculty of "fitting in" to all sorts of society. The same qualities that made him so happily escape from political committalism in this country, carry him triumphantly through the mazes of European society. Mr. Clay was very fond, in his social moods, of talking of men and things of Washington. Of Mr. Van Buren he had many amusing reminiscences; the one following was perhaps his favorite. He said, that when Mr. Van Buren visited at Ashland (just before the publication of the fatal Texas letters), he was his guest for several days, and on one occasion he, with Mr. Van Buren, visited a race track in the neighborhood, to witness the display of choice-blooded stock. Mr. Van Buren was entirely unknown to the people present, and followed Mr. Clay about with a smile of approbation at every thing he witnessed. While sauntering around, Mr. Clay said to one of the jockeys, "What horse is that?" "Martin Van Buren" was the reply. Mr. Clay "nudged" Matty, and called his attention to the fine proportions of his namesake. While thus occupied, a plain old farmer came along, and learning the stallion's name—much to "old Hal's" amusement—remarked, "I should not like to have a colt by that critter." "And why not?" said Mr. Clay, with emphasis. "Why," said the farmer, in an oracular manner: "You see the colt would slip his halter; he never could be depended on." Mr. Van Buren was greatly edified, and Mr. Clay had his own amusement in repeating the story.

THE following incident, which has been sent us by a correspondent in Albany, in this State, "for insertion" and preservation in "The Drawer," we are informed may be relied upon as "*perfectly true.*" The incident, it may be added, occurred in the year 1834, twenty years ago, and was known to many of General Jackson's friends at the time:

"A widow lady, in rather straitened circumstances, had been keeping a boarding-house in Washington City; and during the general prostration of active business, growing out of the currency arrangements of that date, had become in arrears; and that she might be enabled to pay some of her most urgent debts, sent such of her furniture as she could possibly spare to auction.

"The purchaser was a clerk in one of the government offices; one of those public 'loafers,' of which there have always been too many at Washington 'and elsewhere,' who run in debt as far as they can obtain credit, and without ever intending to pay. The lady called on the auctioneer, the auctioneer called on the official, who proposed to pay as soon as his month's salary was due.

"The month rolled round, and June succeeded March, and September June, without payment being made, to the great distress of the widow and uneasiness of the auctioneer. After further application, the office-holder refused absolutely to do *any* thing, alleging that it was wholly out of his *power* to pay. The sum was too large for the auctioneer to pay out of his own pocket, or he would have paid it himself, so deeply did he feel for the poor creditor.

"In this perplexity he concluded to call upon the

President, and state the case, hoping that he might suggest some mode of relief. He waited therefore upon General JACKSON with his narrative.

"When he had heard the story, the old man's eyes fairly flashed fire:

"'Have you got Mr. P——'s note?' asked 'Old Hickory.'

"'No,' was the reply.

"'Call on him at once, then, and without speaking of the purpose for which you want it, get his negotiable note, and bring it here.'

"The auctioneer accordingly asked P—— for his note.

"'What do you want with the note?' asked the office-holding 'loafer;' 'I don't know of any body who would take it.' But sitting down and writing it, he added:

"'There it is—*such* as it is.'

"The auctioneer promptly returned to the President and handed him the note. He sat down, without saying a word, and wrote on the back of the paper:

"'ANDREW JACKSON.'

"'Now, sir,' said the General, 'show Mr. P—— the endorsement, and if he does not pay it, just let me know it.'

"The first man the auctioneer met as he entered Gadsby's Hotel was Mr. P——.

"'Ah! how d'ye do?' said he; 'have you passed the note?'

"'Not yet,' said the other; 'but I *expect* to, without much trouble, for I have got a responsible endorser upon it.'

"'Nonsense!' said P——; 'who is it?'

"The endorsement was shown him. He turned pale, then red; then begged the auctioneer to 'wait a few moments;' then went out, and in a very short space of time returned with the money, which was at once paid over to the widow, to the gratification of all parties."

It would not have been very strange if this story should have transpired at once; nor would it have been *very* wrong if the Jeremy Diddler had been turned neck and heels out of office; but the following is the only sequel:

"P—— kept quiet in relation to the subject for years; but finally, on a remark being made in his presence that 'General Jackson never endorsed for any body whatever,' remarked that 'he himself *knew better*, for the General once endorsed for *him*;' and he produced, as evidence, the very note, to the great surprise of all who were not acquainted with the circumstances of the case.

"As party bitterness has died away, 'and in view, lastly, of this subject,' let us take up the old slogan:

"'HURRAH FOR JACKSON!'"

IT is very seldom, reader, that you will come across any thing in your reading more beautifully described than the subjoined limning of a deserted country village-church—a "hospital of souls" long since gone to their account—a silent church, with its tottering tower ever pointing up to Heaven, and its congregation of dead slumbering by its side, preaching a sermon audibly to the soul:

"Many years ago, an assembly of Christians worshiped in our church, and all were very old. The officers were white with age. The pastor had reached his eighty-ninth year—a venerable old father in Israel. The ground where he rests is watched always by guardian angels. We have not many like him in our congregation.

"Years passed, and each in its flight could boast of having seen one or more of those good men gathered to his fathers. At length the great reaper bore away the shock of corn that stood ripest in Heaven's harvest-field. The good old preacher rested from his labors. The sexton soon followed, and was buried near the gate. He had long served faithfully, safely passing one after another of his aged brethren into the house of death; and with the burial of the pastor his work was accomplished, and he laid himself down to sleep at the door. And now the old church was silent. The last words of admonition had been given; the last song of praise had gone up to Heaven; and the last prayer had found acceptance at the mercy-seat. Silent, all silent!

"At the head of the grave-yard was buried the pastor, as if he still watched his flock. Directly in front was the chorister; and in a semi-circle around him were the officers. The remaining portion of the ground was occupied by graves corresponding with the form observed in the arrangement of the pews in the church.

"The grave-yard was adorned with a quiet beauty. Willows were bending around the place, and flowers blossomed on every grave. A clear stream, from an unfailing spring, ran near the graves, gently murmuring; and pinks and violets bloomed in rich profusion along the path that led from gate to gate. There was a holy worship there. Choirs of birds sung praise, and every bud and blossom-altar daily sent up its morning incense. It was the prayer of the flowers, breathed silently to Heaven, and the answer came in the sun-light and the dew.

"Well, there slept that congregation, year after year, year after year; and the tomb-stones began to lean forward like old men, and the inscriptions upon them grew dim, as eye-sight fails. The bier that stood near the gate had silently rotted down upon the ground, and rank grass had entwined a shroud for its covering. The sexton's spade was rusting beside his grave; the grave-yard had itself grown old; but still there sparkled the brook, emblem of the eternal stream. The flowers grew old and died in the fall, repeating the story of those who slept beneath them; and they came forth in new beauty in the spring, silently speaking, as they lifted their buds and blossoms toward Heaven, of a glorious resurrection.

"The grave-yard was still growing old, and so was the church. All within was left as when the last sermon was preached, for the good villagers feared to disturb the quiet of the old edifice. The bell was rusting in the tower; the pulpit leaned to one side, and 'tottered to its fall;' the pews were decaying, the cushions were rotting. Silently as the fall of autumn-leaves, the glory of the inner temple was departing. The BIBLE was upon the dusty pulpit-desk: *that* was undisturbed by TIME. A record for ETERNITY, there was no decay among its precious leaves. It was the SOUL of the old church; and like him who once taught from its sacred pages, it remained unimpaired amidst the ruin of the tabernacle.

"Think of the silence of half a century! Fifty years of dumb time! At morning—mid-day—evening; spring, summer, autumn, winter; silent—all silent!

"I recollect it one still moonlight night, about the middle of June, many years ago; very late, when every stir and sound of moving life was quieted. The still moon bathed the old church-tower and the grave-yard in a flood of dreamy light. Beautiful, very beautiful! A kind of solemn gladness

reigned among the tombs. Every tiny grass-blade had clad itself in a moon-beam, and stood adorned with a diamond. The rays were busy in beautifying the grave-yard, and each flower slept with its closed leaves sealed with a dew-drop, like a child slumbering with a tear just resting on the fringe of its eyelids. The stream, as it rippled along, was all of gleaming silver. One could plainly read the inscriptions on the tomb-stones, the night was so bright.

"How much of Sabbath there is among the graves in a still moonlight night! How calm—how holy!"

The very spirit of solemn silence and repose seems to breathe over this scene, so graphically is it depicted.

"At *some* time or other," says a quaint old English author, "sickness pulleth us by the ears, and makes us to know ourselves." And as we are making our selections for our "Drawer" from the long and multitudinous collections of past years, at this season when "Pestilence walketh in darkness and wasteth at the noon-day" in so many streets of crowded cities—at this very moment—how many are watching by the sick, the dying, or the dead! It is for the living—we who have the "blessed boon of life"—to think on these things. Some there are who have preferred a sudden to a lingering death. "When one comes to the last broken arches of Mirza's Bridge, rest from pain is his only prayer. Lengthened illness, the protracted death-scene, these are not thoughtfully invoked for the helpless sufferer." *Such* lessons are for the living: and one has most feelingly and faithfully depicted the emotions of a bereaved and stricken mourner, who has "laid them to heart:"

"The months shift on and on,
Years rapidly pass by,
And yet still watch we keep
As in disturbed sleep,
The sick doth lie.

"We gaze on some pale face,
Seen by the dim watch-light,
Shuddering, we gaze and pray,
And weep, and wish away
The long, long night.

"And yet minutest things,
That mark Time's heavy tread,
Are on the tortured brain,
With self-protracting pain—
Deep minuted.

"The drops with trembling hand,
Love steadied, poured out,
The draft replenished,
The label oft re-read,
With nervous doubt.

"The watch that ticks so loud,
The winding it for one
Whose hand lies powerless,
And then the fearful guess,
'That this hath run.'

"The shutter half unclosed,
As the night wears away,
Ere the last stars are set,
The few that linger yet,
To welcome day.

"The moon so oft invoked,
That bringeth no relief,
From which, with sick'ning sight,
We turn as if its light
But marked our grief.

"Oh, never after dawn,
For us the east shall streak,
But we shall see again,
With the same thoughts as then,
That pale day break."

An Eastern correspondent sends us the annexed "*Clear Case*" in the mind of a Rhode Island juror "many a long year ago:"

"He was an old farmer, by the name of Kirby, and, as an Irishman would say, was somewhat 'innocent.' 'Once on a time,' as the story tellers say, the old gentleman was drawn or taken up to serve on the jury in one of the courts. He found his way to the court-house, and in due time was placed on the jury. The case before them was argued by the attorney for the plaintiff. Kirby paid the most careful attention to all that was said by the 'limb of the law;' and when he had concluded, thus broke forth:

"'Od faith, clear case, clear case!—the man's to blame—man's to blame!'

"The lawyer for the defendant now made *his* plea, in an able argument, during which Kirby seemed much puzzled, and by sundry nods and shakes of the head manifested the confused state which existed within. When the argument was concluded, Kirby again broke forth:

"'Od faith, don't know—don't know: clear case—clear case *both sides!*'

"The Judge by this time began to understand the kind of character that had found his way into the jury-box, and thus addressed him:

"'Mr. Juryman, do you know what you have come here for?'

"Kirby. 'Sartainly; sartainly, sir.'

"Judge. 'Well, what *are* you here for?'

"Kirby. 'To plead law and judge cases, your honor.'

"Judge. 'Mr. Juryman, you can stand aside!'"

There seems somehow to be a great difference in the world's estimation between a civil and a military *Hero*. But some deeds have been recorded of noble heroism in private, unmilitary station, which have not been excelled on the hardest-fought field that ever tasked the strategy or tested the bravery of the most renowned of the world's great generals.

He was "as brave as Napoleon," who, some three or four years ago, at an extensive fire in some inland town in Massachusetts, having heard that a keg of powder was stored in an apartment of a building that was on fire, entered through the gathering flame and smoke, and without saying a word to impart fear to those who were endeavoring to quell the conflagration, bore from the burning building the already half-charred repository of the dreadful elements whose explosion would have carried "swift destruction" to a score of his fellow-men, and deposited it in a place of safety. *There* was a "brave man"—brave in a good, a humane cause.

John Maynard was a brave man—one of the "bravest of the brave."

Do you remember him, reader? Probably not. If you have heard of him at all, you have forgotten him. But his name is recorded "in the dispatches" of *Humanity*. He was nothing but a helmsman, a great many years ago, of a steamboat, called "The Jersey," on Lake Erie. He was a bluff, weather-beaten sailor, tanned by many a stormy tempest; but he had a good and tender heart in his bosom, and was called "Honest John Maynard" from one end of Lake Erie to the other.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the nearest land, in the neighborhood of the town of Erie, on the southern shore of the lake, was about ten miles distant. The captain, coming up from his cabin, called out to a sailor:

"Dick Fletcher, what's all that smoke coming out of the hold?"

"It's from the engine-room, I guess," said the man.

"Go down quick and *see*," said the captain, "and let me know. No noise—no alarm—quietly, now."

The sailor went below, and in a minute came back:

"*The hold's on fire!* captain."

The captain rushed down, and found the account was but too true. Some sparks had fallen on a bundle of tow; no one had seen the accident; and now not only much of the baggage, but the sides of the vessel were in a smouldering flame.

All on board, passengers as well as sailors, were called together; and two lines being made, one on each side of the hold, buckets of water were passed and re-passed; they were filled from the lake, flew along a line of ready hands, were dashed hissing on the burning mass, and then passed on to the other side to be re-filled. For some minutes it seemed as if the flames were subdued.

In the meantime the women were clustering round John Maynard. He was the only man unemployed who was capable of answering their questions.

"How far is it to land?" asked one.

"How long shall we be in getting in?" inquired another.

"Is it very *deep?*" asked a third, in an agony of terror.

"Can they see us from the shore?" demanded a fourth, in tones of despair.

The helmsman answered as well as he could: "There *was* no boat; it had been left at Buffalo to be repaired;" they "might be seven miles from shore"—they "would probably be in in forty minutes;" he "couldn't tell how far the fire *had* reached," &c.; "but," he added, "we are all in great danger; and I think if there was a little less *talking* and a little more praying, it would be all the better for us, and none the worse for the boat."

"How does she head?" shouted the captain.

"West sou'-west, sir," answered Maynard.

"Keep her sou' by west," cried the captain; "we must go ashore *any where!*"

Just at that moment a draught of wind blew back the flames, which soon began to blaze up more furiously against the saloon, and the partition between it and the hold was soon on fire. Then long wreaths of smoke began to find their way through the skylight; and the captain seeing this, ordered all the women forward.

The engineer now put on his utmost steam; the American flag was run up and reversed, in token of distress; and water was flung over the sails, to make them hold the wind.

And still John Maynard stood by the wheel, though he was now cut off, by a sheet of smoke and flame, from the ship's crew.

Greater and greater grew the heat. The engineers fled from the engine-room, the passengers were clustering round the vessel's bow; the sailors were sawing off planks on which to launch the women; the boldest were throwing off their coats and waistcoats, and preparing for one long struggle for life.

And still the coast grew plainer, and plainer; the paddles as yet worked well; they could not be more than a mile from shore, and boats were even now starting to their assistance.

"John Maynard," cried the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said John.

"Can you hold on five minutes longer?"

"I'll *try*, sir."

And he *did* try. The flames came nearer and nearer; a sheet of smoke would sometimes almost suffocate him; his hair was singed, and his blood seemed on fire with the fervent heat. Crouching as far back as he could, he held the wheel firmly with his left hand, till the flesh shriveled, and the muscles cracked in the flames. And then he stretched forth his right, and bore the agony without a scream or a groan!

It was enough for him that he heard the cheer of the sailors to the approaching boats; the cry of the captain, "The women first—every man for himself—and GOD for us all!"

"And these were the last sounds he heard." How he perished was never certainly known. Whether, dizzied by the smoke, he lost his footing in endeavoring to come forward, and fell overboard, or whether he was suffocated by the dense smoke, his comrades could not tell.

At the moment the vessel struck the boats were at her side; passengers, sailors, and captain leaped into them, or swam for their lives. *All*, save he to whom they all owed every thing, escaped.

The body of John Maynard sleeps in peace by the side of green Lake Erie; his spirit was commended to his FATHER'S hands.

Better than fame won at the cannon's mouth in the ardor of conquest; far better than battle "for that which perisheth," is the lasting renown of this soldier of Humanity.

It is a pleasure to think that when years have rolled away his memory will be perpetuated, even in these desultory pages.

THERE is a very amusing story told of old Andrew Jackson Allen, a kind of Caleb Quotem in the theatrical profession; now an actor, now a body-servant, next a blacksmith, and finally a maker of gold and silver leather masks, and other stage properties. He was known to hundreds who never set foot in a theatre in their lives.

He was very deaf, and had an impediment in his speech which prevented his pronouncing an *m* or an *n* correctly.

"I bust talk," said he one day to a friend, "I expect, as lo'g as I live, as if I'd got a perpetual cold id by 'ed. I cad't prodoudce *addy* thidg that's got ad *eb* or ad *ed* id it, as it *should be* prodoudced."

Allen was a sturdy American; and on one occasion he went around portions of the South, engaged in sending up a series of balloons, in opposition to an old Frenchman; appealing in his advertisements to the patriotic feelings of his "patrons" to *sustain* his balloons, on the ground that they were the "true American article," while those of his rival were decidedly French.

In the course of his peregrinations he went into Virginia, causing his balloons to ascend from every village. At one of his stands he found great difficulty in getting together the proper materials for generating gas; nevertheless he advertised that the exhibition would take place; and providing a quantity of the spirits of turpentine to burn under the balloon, he hired a large garden, into which the Virginians flocked in great numbers, each paying fifty cents at the gate.

When the hour of ascension arrived the exhibitor found that, with all his exertions, it would be impossible to cause the balloon to mount! He had a number of juvenile assistants, who were busy about the inner enclosure, and to them he addressed him-

self, first handing an old "bull's-eye" watch to the foremost.

"Look a' here, boys, I've got to go a'd purchase sobe bore sulphuric acid: you take this watch, a'd whed the hadds p'idtes to the hour of two, set fire to this here turpedtide. Do you hear?"

The boys said they *did* hear, and promised to obey instructions implicitly. And they were as good as their word.

The master-spirit made his way to the gate, where he requested the door-keeper to "ha'd over the *fudds*:"

"There's such a crowd dowd there," said he, "that there's do telli'g wa't bay happed id the codfusiod."

He mounted a pony which he had wisely provided for the purpose, and galloped off for the drug-store; but mistaking the way, he found himself, at precisely two o'clock, on a very high hill overlooking the scene of his late operations.

The boys, as we have said, were true to their promise, and communicated the fire to the turpentine at the appointed time. The balloon *went up*, but it was in small flaky fragments; and the humbugged Virginians began to look about for the opertor—but in vain!

With six hundred dollars in his pocket, Allen was wending his way toward some city where gas could be more easily generated. In giving an account of the affair, he said:

"Codfoud the idferdal thi'g! I fou'd there was do use id tryi'g to bake it rise; so as I dislike baki'g apologies, I thought I would bake byself scarse, which I did so; a'd whed I got od that hill, a'd looki'g back, see that the boys had set fire to the ballood, such a sboke rose up that it looked like a you'g Soddob a'd Goborrah!"

Some wag enumerates the following among the "*Drops of Comfort generally administered by friends*:"

"Reading a newspaper on a railroad, containing an account of 'Five-and-twenty lives lost!' on the same road, and near the same place, only the day before!

"Losing a small fortune in an unlucky speculation, and all your friends wondering how you could have been '*such a fool*.'

"Putting on a white neckcloth, which you fancy becomes you, and being hailed all the evening as '*waiter!*'

"Breaking down before ladies in the middle of a song, and a malicious rival calling out '*Encore! encore!*'

The often-quoted adage, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*"—a poet is born, not made—has become perhaps something musty. The thought has been better expressed in a very "free" poetical rendering:

"A man can not *make* himself a poet,
No more 'n a sheep can make itself a go-at!"

The author of "*The Sorrowful Death of Peter Gray and Lizianny Querl*" has proved, however, after the manner of Mr. Samuel Patch, that "*some* things can be done as well as *others*," even in poetry; "in token of which" please observe the following:

"My song is of a nice young man
Whose name was Peter Gray;
The State where Peter Gray was born
Was Pennsylvani-a.

"This Peter Gray did fall in love
All with a nice young girl;
The name of her I'm positive
Was Lizianny Querl.

"When they were going to be wed,
Her father, he said 'No!'
And brutally did send her off
Beyond the Ohi-o.

"When Peter found his love was lost,
He knew not what to say;
He'd half a mind to jump into
The Susquehanni-a.

"A-trading he went to the West,
For furs and other skins,
And there he was in crimson dress'd,
By bloody In-ji-ins.

"When Lizianny heard the news
She straightway went to bed,
And never did get off of it
Until she di-i-ed!

"Ye fathers all a warning take—
Each one as has a girl—
And think upon poor Peter Gray
And Lizianny Querl."

There is a moral—and "the times give it proof"—in the ensuing quatrain; but how about the grammar of the same? It seems to "knock" old Priscian, and yet it has found defenders:

"Thus when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
A third dog one of these two dogs meets;
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this 'ere dog suffers for what that 'are dog's done."

There is no better advice—next to "temperance in all things"—as to the avoidance of what would assist a disease like the cholera, for example, than Hood's directions as to health, in a letter to a friend:

"Take precious care of your precious health; but how, as the housewife says, to make it keep. Why, then, don't smoke-dry it, or pickle it in everlasting acids, like the Germans. Don't bury it in a potato pit, like the Irish. Don't preserve it in spirits, like the barbarians. Don't salt it down, like the Newfoundlanders. Don't pack it in ice, like Captain Back. Don't parboil it like gooseberries. Don't pot, and don't hang it. A rope is a bad 'cordon sanitaire.' Above all, don't despond about it. Let not anxiety have 'thee on the hip.' *Consider your health as your greatest and best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all its foibles, as you can.* For instance, never dream, though you may have a 'clever hack,' of galloping consumption, or indulge in the Meltonian belief that you are going the pace. Never fancy every time you cough you are going to pot. Hold up, as the shooter says, over the roughest ground. Despondency, in a nice case, is the overweight, that you may kick the beam and the bucket both at once. In short, as with other cases, never meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains. I have even known him to give up his visit in sight of the house. Besides, the best fence against care is ha! ha!—wherefore care to have one around you whenever you can. Let your 'lungs crow like chanticleer,' and as like a game cock as possible. It expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and, like a trumpet, makes the 'spirit dance.'"

One scarcely knows whether to laugh, or to "point a moral" in the following story of a "worsted" tradesman, lately "taken in and done for," in a provincial town in England:

"A man some six feet three inches in height, and of Herculean build, went into the place of one of the Worcester shop-keepers, and asked if they had got any 'whirlers'—that is, stockings without feet.

"'No,' said the shop-keeper; 'but we have got

some famous big and strong stockings, as will just suit such a man as you.'

"'Let's ha'e a look at 'em,' said the man.

"The counter was immediately covered with a quantity. The working Hercules selected the largest pair, and said:

"'What's the price of them?'

"'Four shillings and ninepence,' was the rejoinder.

"'Can you cut the feet off of them?' was the next query.

"'Oh, certainly,' said the shop-keeper.

"'Then just cut them off,' was the laconic direction.

"No sooner said than done. The long shop-shears were applied, and instantly the stockings were footless.

"'And what's the price of 'em *now?*' asked the 'customer,' with all the composure imaginable.

"'Price of them *now!*' echoed the 'worsted' merchant, surprised beyond measure at the absurdity of the question; 'why, four shillings and ninepence, to be sure!'

"'*Four shillings and ninepence!*' exclaimed the purchaser; 'I never gave but one shilling and sixpence for a pair of "whirlers" in my life'—and he laid down that amount upon the counter.

"'Well,' replied the tradesman, chopfallen and fairly outwitted, throwing the mutilations at him, 'take them, and be off with you? You've "whirled" me *this* time, but I'll take good care that neither you nor any of your roguish gang shall do it *again* as long as *I* live!'"

This will remind the reader, perhaps, of the cute Yankee auctioneer, who, after disposing of a violin, after a hard bidding, to a close-fisted buyer, went on:

"Now, gentlemen, *how much m' offered for the Bow?—how much?—how much m' offered for the Bow?*"

Expostulation was useless. The fiddle and the bow, he said, were in separate "classes," so that the former was not so *very* cheap, after all!

THE poor tailor in the following limning from a New Orleans journal some ten or fifteen years ago, seems to have fared no better on one horn of a dilemma than on another:

"Will you pay me this bill, Sir?" said a tailor in Charles Street, to a waggish debtor.

"Do you owe any body any thing?" asked the wag.

"No, Sir," replied the tailor.

"Then you can afford to wait!" and off he walked.

A day or two afterward the tailor called again. Our wag was not "at his wit's *end;*" so, turning to his creditor, he said:

"Are you in debt to any body?"

"Yes, Sir, I am sorry to say I am."

"Well, why don't you *pay?*"

"I have'nt got *the money*, replied the tailor, with a woe-begone countenance.

"That's just *my* case, my dear Sir! I am glad to perceive that you can appreciate my position. I always respected your judgment, Sir. Give us your hand, Sir!"

Not altogether unlike a case recorded of San Francisco, in the opening year of the golden harvest:

An unsuccessful adventurer in the auriferous region, having staid for a long time at an expensive hotel in the city without having paid a "red cent" for board, although his bill had often been presented by the landlord, was one day waited upon by that personage, with a very determined aspect, when the following conversation ensued:

LANDLORD. "I have brought you your bill again this morning, Mr. ——, and I want the money. I have sent it to you by the book-keeper several times before, but you have paid no attention whatever to it. Now, what I wish to say is, that I shall wait no longer. For every thing that *I* buy, I am obliged to pay, and pay, too, in cash down. Every thing is at a high figure, and I can't *afford* to keep a hotel in San Francisco, unless I collect all my bills."

"Can't *af-ford* it!" exclaimed the delinquent boarder; "then why in thunder don't you sell out to somebody that *can* afford it? *That's* the best thing you can do!"

THE first Indian that was capitally executed by the Cherokees, under Cherokee laws and by a Cherokee sheriff, was a fellow named "Nat," who was hanged about five miles from the town of Van Buren, in Arkansas, for the murder of another Indian who was called "Musquito." The singular and almost laughable particulars of the execution were recorded at the time by an eye-witness:

"The sheriff had caused a gallows to be erected a short distance from the court-lodge, but when the culprit was brought to it, he being a very tall man, it was found to be too short 'for his *accommodation*,' and some other place had to be sought for the execution.

"The whole band of Indians, with the sheriff and 'Nat' in the midst of them, then betook themselves to the banks of the Arkansas, in search of a proper tree from which to suspend the prisoner; and, after a little time, a tall cotton-wood was found, with a projecting limb far up the trunk, that, in the opinion of all, was suitable for the purpose.

"Nat, now that all things were ready, expressed a wish to bathe in the river once more, which he was permitted to do, carefully guarded by the rifles from the shore. He went into the water, frolicked about for some time, swam to and fro with great apparent pleasure, then came to the shore, donned his blanket, and stood ready for the last act of the drama.

"The sheriff now told him to climb the tree, which he commenced doing, the officers of the law toiling up after him with the fatal cord. 'Nat' reached the projecting branch of the tree, and was desired by the sheriff to work himself out upon it as far off from the trunk as he could, which was done, when the sheriff adjusted the noose around his neck, and tied the other end of the rope around the limb!

"All these preparations were conducted with the utmost coolness, and the most perfect good understanding existed between the sheriff and the Indian. When all the arrangements were completed, the sheriff told 'Nat' that he would slide down the tree to the ground, and make a signal when he, the prisoner, must jump off the limb—to all which 'Nat' cheerfully assented.

"The sheriff reached the ground, and looking up to the limb upon which sat the poor victim, he shouted:

"'Now, "Nat," you red rascal, jump!' And jump 'Nat' did; and, after a few struggles, hung a mass of lifeless clay, to the infinite wonderment of his red brethren, who had never before been regaled with the sight of an execution of that kind."

Literary Notices.

Gan Eden; or, Pictures of Cuba (published by Sheldon, Lamport, and Blakeman), presents the poetical and romantic aspect of island life in Cuba in a tone of enthusiastic admiration. To the excited imagination of the writer, Cuba has no history. Its name summons up but a single sublime figure. Before Columbus, its annals are a blank—after him, a repulsive record of war and commerce. Cuba, to this writer, is the land of the lotus, and the abode of sirens. His arrival in Havana seemed like the entrance to Paradise. As the dark gray rocks and white tower of the Moro Castle grew plainer over the terraced roofs and glittering houses of the city, one might think that he had discovered for the first time the populous Cathay for which Columbus longed. Not more strange, not more rich, not more beautiful than the vast landlocked bay of Havana, with its ships and its shores, is the bay of Naples, or the roadstead of Genoa. A profusion of gay flags floated from an endless line of masts. Negroes, in bright jackets and briefest trowsers, thronged the quays of yellow stone. As a part of the imposing panorama, were large square stone warehouses fronted with low colonnades—elegant dwellings in the Italian style, relieved by bright green jalousies and plumes of graceful foliage—the gay volantes, brilliant with silver, rolling in and out of enormous gateways. Behind the fanciful lines of the picturesque houses, rose now and then the sombre gray towers of a Romanesque church, or the high-peaked roof of a huge convent.

Nor did the daily routine of existence in Havana strike the unaccustomed eyes of our traveler with less lively sensations. People in the tropics rarely perpetrate the wild excesses with which the northern races warm their frozen blood. The tropics are the home of temperance and regularity. The very winds are methodical in their madness, and give timely notice of their intended orgies. The life of a Havana dandy is as systematic as that of a New England deacon. The morning is passed quietly and calmly. The afternoon melts imperceptibly away at one of those Creole dinner-tables which so combine elegance of arrangement with refinement of manners, as, like the celebrated suppers of Plato, to form "a pleasure not for the moment only, but for many succeeding days." Then comes the serene lounge in the balcony with some domestic charmer, or the saunter along the crowded Paseo. But it is in the dance of Cuba that the Creole finds the true rhythmic utterance of his warm, languid life. His enthusiasm for the "poetry of motion" inspires the author with its irresistible afflatus, and he discourses eloquently on the institution of dancing, in its moral and social influence.

Leaving the enchantments of Havana, he explores the beautiful recesses of the interior, of which his graceful and graphic sketches present a vivid idea to the reader. His descriptions of rural life form a singularly interesting portion of the volume. Though every thing is seen in a brilliant purple light, he seems to be an accurate observer of facts—while he kindles the imagination of his readers, he by no means leaves them destitute of a valuable collection of informing materials. His book, we think, has every quality to win the public favor, and can scarcely fail of a wide and lasting popularity.

Of a more prosaic, but not less instructive character, is the *History of Cuba* by MATURIN M. BALLOU (published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.), containing the result of observations during a temporary residence on the island, with a brief sketch of its history from the time of Columbus to the present. The writer believes that the destiny of Cuba is annexation to the United States. He sets forth his views forcibly, and sustains them by various plausible considerations. The most interesting portion of his book, however, as well as, in our view, the most valuable, is that which treats of the peculiar features of Cuban society. Here he is entirely at home, and writes gracefully and with effect. His pictures are not so deeply tinted as those in *Gan-Eden*, but they show evident marks of fidelity, and are by no means deficient in animation. No reader who wishes to gain a lively idea of the present state of Cuba should fail to possess himself of the contents of this volume.

Na Motu, or *Reef Rovings in the Southern Seas*, by EDWARD T. PERKINS, is a narrative of personal adventures at the Hawaiian, Georgian, and Society Islands. The incidents related are comprised between the years 1848 and 1853. They include a variety of nautical experiences, both grave and humorous, as well as descriptions of life on shore. The sketches are without pretension to literary merit, but their careless and almost colloquial style will doubtless attract many readers. The volume is brought out with a good deal of typographical show, and is illustrated by twelve lithographic engravings. (Published by Pudney and Russell.)

Another novel founded on the experiences of "fast life" in New York and Boston is published by J. C. Derby, entitled *Easy Nat*, aiming to hit off the evils of intemperance, the dangers of dissipation, the follies of fashion, and the wages of sin in large cities. The author is Mr. A. L. STIMSON, who shows great familiarity with the scenes he describes, and considerable power of expression, though his forte does not lie in the construction of a plot. His characters, which are evidently suggested by real life, are sustained with great naturalness, and though often placed in awkward positions, do not call forth the indelicate allusions and descriptions, from which works of this kind are seldom free. On the whole, the story may be commended for its lively portraitures and its wholesome moral tendencies.

Evans and Dickerson have received three new volumes of Little, Brown, and Co.'s excellent edition of *The British Poets*, containing the poetical works of Sir THOMAS WYATT, the Earl of SURREY, and THOMAS CAMPBELL, with memoirs of the authors and illustrative notices. The biography of Campbell is interesting. It is from the pen of the Rev. W. A. HILL, who is connected with Campbell's family by marriage with his favorite niece. This edition entirely justifies the extensive popularity which it has acquired.

Bertha and Julia; or, the Parsonage of Beech Glen, by ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH. (Published by J. C. Derby.) In this romance, as it is termed in the title-page, the interest depends less on an artistically-managed plot, than on the representative character of the principal personages, who are used as illustrations of general ideas. The narrative has too few incidents for dramatic effect; fragmentary in its construction, its progress is impeded by the want of unity of form; the transitions from the journals of the two leading characters—of which the main body of the book is composed—to description, are sudden and often perplexing; and the mass of thought, for which the story serves as a vehicle, will

doubtless prove a burden to readers in quest of amusement. But judging the work from the point of view in which it appears to have been written, we find in it a series of subtle analyses of character, a bold and vigorous discussion of various questions of philosophical and social interest, and several singularly felicitous individual portraitures, which, in reality, are sketches of prevailing types in modern society rather than of persons. The general tone of reflection betrays a highly contemplative mind, and one which loves to embody the loftiest conceptions in a mystic or allegorical form. A fine essence of poetry pervades the volume, though the imaginative element is not so absorbing as to prevent uncommon strength and acuteness of thought. The contrast between Bertha and Julia—the two prominent female characters—is admirably preserved, forming a moral perspective of rare beauty and significance; while the dreaming, sensitive, high-principled, noble-minded, but too romantic Ernest Helfenstein, presents a development of character that is by no means limited to the Parsonage of Beech Glen. As regards the literary execution of this work, its pure, transparent, and forcible diction, and its affluence of poetical imagery, suggest a favorable comparison with the previous prose writings of the author, remarkable as they are for their richness and force of expression.

Stringer and Townsend have completed the serial publication of *The Practical Draughtsman*, translated from the French of ARMENGAUD, by WILLIAM JOHNSON, forming a large quarto volume, with a profusion of diagrams and pictorial illustrations. The work comprises a complete course of mechanical, engineering, and architectural drawing, in all its numerous relations to the constructive arts. We are not competent to offer an opinion as to its technical merits; but the high reputation which it has gained abroad, the copiousness of its details, and the beautiful finish of its execution, commend it to the attention of those to whom the branches of which it treats are subjects of special interest.

The American Cottage Builder, by JOHN BULLOCK (published by Stringer and Townsend), furnishes a variety of designs, plans, and specifications, of different cottage edifices, from the cheapest structures to the most costly dwellings. In addition to the practical details, which compose the principal part of the volume, the author presents some instructive suggestions in regard to the influence of Art and Artists on the progress of civilization.

The Youth of Jefferson (published by Redfield) is founded on certain legendary reminiscences in the early life of the great Virginian, which the author has wrought up into a lively, humorous story, abounding in effective dramatic touches, admirable delineations of character, and vivid illustrations of society in the Old Dominion nearly a century ago. The work is published anonymously, but the delicate and finely-flavored style betrays a hand that can not fail of distinction, if it should often work with the same natural grace as in this production.

Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres, by VINCENT NOLTE. (Published by Redfield.) A collection of amusing reminiscences by a celebrated European mercantile adventurer, who carried on extensive speculations in New Orleans and other American cities for a series of years. He boasts to have been connected with great financial houses in London and Paris—to have enjoyed intimate relations with distinguished public characters—to have had immense sums of money at his command—to have exerted a wide influence in commercial circles—and, in short, to have enacted the part of an Admirable Crichton among the bankers, brokers, and speculators of the day. His statements will doubtless be read with interest, though often with contempt and disgust, by the friends of many of the persons with whom he claims connection, and whose characters he handles without gloves. His talent at drawing the long bow will not be disputed; nor his unrivaled gift at assuming the interest of his readers in endless egotistical details. Apart from its tissue of gossip and scandal about numerous celebrities both in this country and Europe, the volume contains little information—is unworthy of reliance as to matters of fact—and is concocted with about as much skill as would be expected from a conceited braggart, and broken down soldier of fortune. Thrown on his own resources in a decrepit old age, he endeavors to eke out a scanty subsistence, by imposing the records of an unscrupulous life on the public.

The History of Pyrrhus, by JACOB ABBOTT, is a new volume of the popular juvenile series, in which the facts and traditions of ancient historical lore are wrought into a pleasing narrative for the instruction of children. After a long interval of silence the author will be welcomed by the host of readers, both young and old, who look to his expressive pen for gratification, and who never look in vain. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Puddleford and its People, by H. H. RILEY. Under this euphonious name, the author brings before us a prairie village, located somewhere "west of sundown," with the promiscuous population which such a settlement always collects within its borders. His style is adapted to the subject—off-hand, fresh as vernal forest-leaves, without a particle of literary starch, and sometimes presenting strange specimens of the vernacular. His sketches are alive with humor. He excels in hitting off the odd peculiarities of a primitive social state. His likenesses are so natural, that we can pronounce them accurate without knowing the originals. Whoever neglects to read this volume, will miss a rich fund of entertainment for a summer's day or a winter's night. (Published by Samuel Hueston.)

We find in our London journals the usual proportion of criticism on American books, often one-sided and prejudiced, sometimes ludicrously unintelligent, though as frequently impartial and discriminating. The following is from the *Literary Gazette*:

"Of a book deservedly popular as a guide to the formation of intellectual and moral character in young men, TODD'S *Student's Manual*, a new edition is published (Knight and Son), with a preface by the Rev. Thomas Binney of London, whose warm commendation of the work is an influential testimony to its excellence, from his personal character, and the peculiar interest he takes in whatever bears on the welfare of the class for which the manual was prepared. Mr. Binney characterizes the work as 'light and lively in style, weighty in matter, enriched by many pertinent quotations from other writers, and rendered at once striking and attractive by its illustrative examples. It is generally marked by great good sense; it is evidently wrought out from personal experience and actual observation; it descends indeed often to small things, but they are mostly such as have a more important bearing on what is great, on habit, character, and general reputation, than young men are apt to suppose. A parent or friend could not do

better than put this book into the hands of a youth starting for college.' A few of the details of Mr. Todd's Manual are less suited for English than for American students, but on the whole the counsels are of universal application, and we are glad to find the work increasingly used in this country. The editor's prefatory cautions, as to some of the author's statements and advices, we consider appropriate and judicious, and contribute to rendering this the best English edition of this valuable book."

The same journal speaks generously, in comparison with the judgment of the *Athenæum*, of one of our most popular countrywomen:

"The second series of *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio* is as miscellaneous in its contents and sprightly in its style as the first. With American readers the work is sure to be popular, and there is much to render it attractive to English readers also. If there are many errors of taste to condemn, there are ornaments of fancy to admire, and a substantial body of good sense and right feeling to approve in most of the sketches."

Of *The Rhetoric of Conversation; or, Bridles and Spurs for the Management of the Tongue*, by GEORGE WINFRED HERVEY, we have the following notice:

"In this volume, by an American writer, will be found much sensible and entertaining counsel, on the difficult and important subject of the management of the tongue, enlivened by anecdotes and illustrations, historical and biographical. On the art and ethics of talking it is a comprehensive manual, and no book in the English language has entered so systematically into the subject, and presented so many striking and appropriate hints for practical use. Though conversational power or grace is one of the last things either to be acquired or improved by rules, there are faults and follies which the perusal of a work like this will prevent; and in some cases useful positive directions are also given."

Here is an account of one of our native poets, who has not yet made much sensation in his own country:

"Mr. David Bates is an American poet, with few of the poetic hyperbolisms of his countrymen, and with few of those grand thoughts of theirs which are broadly paving the way for a national literature. He possesses a sort of untamed freedom, a kind of reckless poetic liberty that may be natural to the American character, but which detracts from the dignity of the poet. We can not say that any single poem in this volume is really fine or grand; and yet there is a sort of rapid harmony in the words—broken, it is too true, with gaps and jerks—which serve to sustain the character of the Muse. No one, speaking fairly, can term these poems mean or paltry; and yet they want breadth, substance, and force. They are evidently not the fruit of a bold intellect, but the product of an intense and vivid nature, acutely sensible of pictorial situations. Mr. Bates's manner of writing would imply that he is yet young; the poet, in fact, exhibits the unfashioned material which severe study and a firm but plastic hand may yet fashion into a rich, if not a splendid fabric."

The following piece of information from the *London Critic* will be new to most of our readers:

"Nearly all the lighter American books of merit, for some years past, have come from the pens of females—Mrs. Stowe, Miss Wetherell, Miss Cummings, Mrs. Mowatt, Grace Greenwood, and Miss Willis, the author of 'Fern Leaves.'"

The *Athenæum* speaks favorably, on the whole, of Mrs. BEECHER STOWE'S *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*, though not without a dash of its inevitable tartness, when commenting on American productions:

"'*Sunny Memories*' is not a title to mislead. If any fault shall be found with Mrs. Stowe, it will not be on the score of disingenuousness. She tells her reader at once that the Europe she presents to him is the Europe of her imagination and her gratitude. Mrs. Stowe came to England over a heaving sea of rose-water. She moved about under a canopy of gold. Wherever she turned she beheld pleasant faces. To her eye the air was full of light. The blackest cloud turned toward her its silver edge. The verdure wore its brightest green, and the sunshine kindled with its richest fires at her approach. There was rain in the country, there was smoke in London—as we learn incidentally—but the traveler did not feel them otherwise than as a charm. All this is very amiable, if not very wise. Mrs. Stowe was made much of by many people, and she does her best to make much of many people in return, especially of great people. We will not find fault with her for this desire to repay laudation by laudation. It was a weakness natural to her place and her antecedents. As every thing was made so very pleasant for her in England, she would have been more than woman had she retained, in the midst of so much incense, the calm eye of the philosopher for defects of character and manners. It is not in her narrative that we must look for such a book on England as Miss Martineau has given us on America."

A lively gossiping work by P. G. PATMORE, entitled *My Friends and Acquaintance*, containing a good deal of literary anecdote and personal reminiscence, has been issued in London. The venerable literateur gives some amusing sketches of the social and domestic habits of HAZLITT:

"Hazlitt usually rose at from one to two o'clock in the day—scarcely ever before twelve; and if he had no work in hand, he would sit over his breakfact (of excessively strong black tea, and a toasted French roll) till four or five in the afternoon—silent, motionless, and self-absorbed, as a Turk over his opium-pouch; for tea served him precisely in this capacity. It was the only stimulant he ever took, and at the same time the only luxury; the delicate state of his digestive organs prevented him from tasting any fermented liquors, or touching any food but beef and mutton, or poultry and game, dressed with perfect plainness. He never touched any but *black* tea, and was very particular about the quality of that, always using the most expensive that could be got: and he used, when living alone, to consume nearly a pound in a week. A cup of Hazlitt's tea (if you happened to come in for the first brewage of it) was a peculiar thing; I have never tasted any thing like it. He always made it himself; half-filling the teapot with tea, pouring the boiling water on it, and then almost immediately pouring it out; using with it a great quantity of sugar and cream.

"To judge from its occasional effect upon myself, I should say that the quantity Hazlitt drank of this tea produced, ultimately, a most injurious effect upon him; and in all probability hastened his death, which took place from disease of the digestive organs. But its *immediate* effect was agreeable, even

to a degree of fascination; and, not feeling any subsequent reaction from it, he persevered in its use to the last, notwithstanding two or three attacks similar to that which terminated his life. . . . . .

"His breakfast and tea were frequently the only meals that Hazlitt took till late at night; when he usually ate a hearty supper of hot meat—either rump-steak, poultry, or game—a partridge or a pheasant. This he invariably took at a tavern; his other meals (except his dinner sometimes) being as invariably taken at home.

"There were three or four houses only that he frequented; for he never entered the doors of any one where his ways were not well known, or where there was any chance of his *bill* being asked for till he chose to offer payment of it. And when treated in a way that pleased him in this latter particular, he did not care what he paid. I have known him pay with cheerfulness accumulated sums of twenty or thirty pounds for suppers only or chiefly.

"The houses Hazlitt frequented were the Southampton Coffee-house, in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane; Munday's, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden; and (for a short period) the Spring Garden Coffee-house. The first of these he has immortalized in one of the most amusing of his essays, 'On Coffee-house Politicians.' Here, for several years, he used to hold a sort of evening levee; where, after a certain hour at night (and till a very *un*certain hour in the morning) he was always to be found, and always more or less ready to take part in that sort of desultory 'talk' (the only thing really deserving the name of 'conversation') in which he excelled every man I ever met with. But of this hereafter. Here, however, in that little bare and comfortless coffee-room, have I scores of times seen the daylight peep through the crevices of the window-shutters upon 'Table-Talk' that was worthy an intellectual feast of the gods.

"Hazlitt himself could never bear to see the table wholly empty of some emblem of that 'taking one's ease at one's inn' which was a favorite feeling and phrase with him; and immediately his supper-cloth was removed (for *his* corporeal enjoyment on these occasions was confined to the somewhat solid but brief one of a pound or so of rump-steak or cold roast beef), he used to be impatient to know what we were each of us going to take; and, as each in turn determined the important point, he would *taste* it with us in imagination. It was his frequent and almost habitual practice, the moment the first glass was placed upon the table after supper, to take it up as if to carry it to his lips, then to stop for a few moments before it reached them, and then to smell the liquor and draw in the fumes, as if they were 'a rich distilled perfume.' He would then put the glass down slowly, without uttering a word; and you might sometimes see the tears start into his eyes, while he drew in his breath to the uttermost, and then sent it forth in a half sigh, half yawn, that seemed to come from the very depth of his heart. At other times he would put the glass down with a less dejected feeling, and exclaim, in a tone of gusto that would have done honor to the most earnest of gastronomes over the last mouthful of his actual ortolan, 'That's fine!' literally exhilarating and almost intoxicating himself with the bare imagination of it.

"The three or four hours a day employed by Hazlitt in composition enabled him to produce an essay for a magazine, one of his most profound and masterly Table-Talks, in two or three sittings; or a long and brilliant article of thirty or forty pages for the 'Edinburgh Review,' in about a week. But when he had an entire volume or work in hand he invariably went into the country to execute it, and almost always to the same spot—a little wayside public-house, called 'The Hut,' standing alone, and some miles distant from any other house, on Winterslow Heath, a barren tract of country on the road to and a few miles from Salisbury. There, ensconced in a little wainscoted parlor, looking out over the bare heath to the distant groves of Norman Court, some of his finest essays were written; there, in utter solitude and silence, many of his least unhappy days were spent; there, wandering for hours over the bare heath, or through the dark woods of the above-named domain, his shattered frame always gained temporary strength and renovation. . . . . .

"When Hazlitt was regularly engaged on any work or article, he wrote at the rate of from ten to fifteen octavo pages at a sitting; and never, or very rarely, renewed the sitting on the same day, except when he was at Winterslow; where, having no means of occupation or amusement in the evening part of the day, he used, I believe habitually, to write after his tea. And doubtless, one of his motives for going there when he had any considerable work to get through, was the knowledge that by that means alone he could persuade himself to 'work double tides.'"

A Manchester newspaper is rather hard on the melo-dramatic GEORGE GILFILLAN:

"Never was there a time when strong speaking seemed so likely to be unsuccessful as now, and never was there a time which in reality (though rather under the rose) so welcomes it as now. Without culture, accomplishment, reflective power, originality, or suggestiveness, the Rev. George Gilfillan has grown to be a notability, simply by speaking in his own way. George is now on the fair way to a reputation, for he is being abused by every body, and that is the next best (or worst) thing to being praised by every body. It was Maccall who said of him what was quoted the other day in some notice of him in the *Athenæum* by David Masson: 'He thinks himself a great painter because he paints with a big brush!'"

THOMAS CAMPBELL, is said to have rejected Miss Mitford's papers when he was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine;* they found a place in the *Lady's Magazine*, and were subsequently brought together in a volume under the title of "Our Village."

The moral effect of DICKENS's writings is happily set forth in the subjoined sonnet from *The Examiner:*

SONNET TO CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

As glistening rain refresheth thirsty earth,
  As dew brings sweeter life unto the flowers,
  So, unto hosts of lives thy varied powers
Have given to heart and mind a better birth.
When Moses touched the rock, in the old day,
  Lo! welcome streams most genially fell;
  So doth thy pen delightfully compel
The hardest heart to yield unto thy sway.
Thy themes, as poet, chiefly hope and love,
  Thy aim, the happy good of all thy race;
Thy power, to mirth and sorrow both can move,
  Can smooth our journey to that Higher Place.
Thou master of most pleasant Humor-wit,
Thine is the largest Heart-mind ever writ!



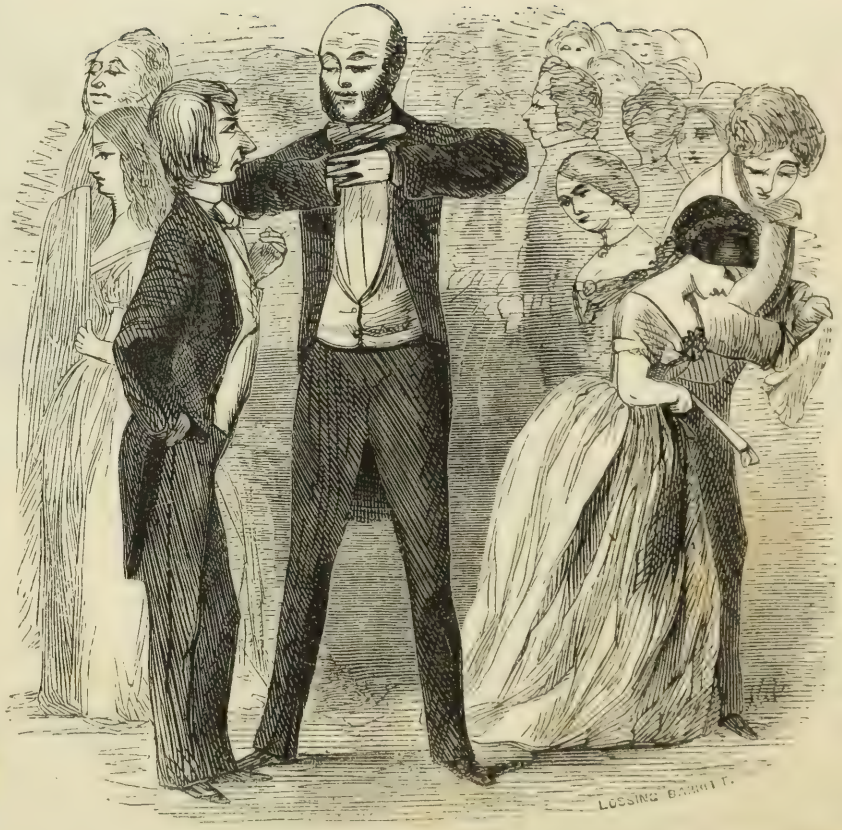
Stout Young Lady.—You may bring that horse at five o'clock, as I shall ride again this Afternoon.



YOUNG AMERICA.—You don't object to smoking, I hope?

OLD FOGY.—Yes, sir! I object very much indeed!—in fact, I have the strongest objection to smoking.

YOUNG AMERICA.—Hm! Ha! Some people have. [*Smokes for the next fifty miles.*



FIRST GALLANT (*warmly*).—Supple-endid little Creature, isn't she! Look!

SECOND GALLANT (*guardedly*).—Um—well—yes—rather—what there is of her!

Fashions for September.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Manteau.

THE transparent tissues of summer begin to give place to fabrics somewhat more substantial. The Byzantine, which we illustrate above, forms an appropriate link between summer and autumn styles. It is characterized by its dignified aspect, its elaborate embellishment, and its easy adaptation to the movements of the wearer. The material is Gros d'Ottoman, of a Napoleon blue color, ornamented with black velvet bands, adorned with Oriental figures. A richly tasseled fringe adds much to the unique effect of this garment. Its form is ample, being box-plaited in the back into a yoke, which is smoothly adapted to the figure.

Sleeves.—We observe a sleeve which, besides being in itself beautiful, is admirably suited for elderly ladies, or those who prefer to have their wrists covered during the cool season. It is of very simple construction. The fullness of the sleeve is gathered in box plaits a scant inch wide (very little being folded under), and 3½ or 4 inches deep at the shoulder and wrist. The meeting edges of the plaits are seamed together; a cord may be inserted for ornament. The fullness of the drapery falls free



Figure 2.—Sleeve.

from the termination of the plaits. Care must be taken that they be not too wide.

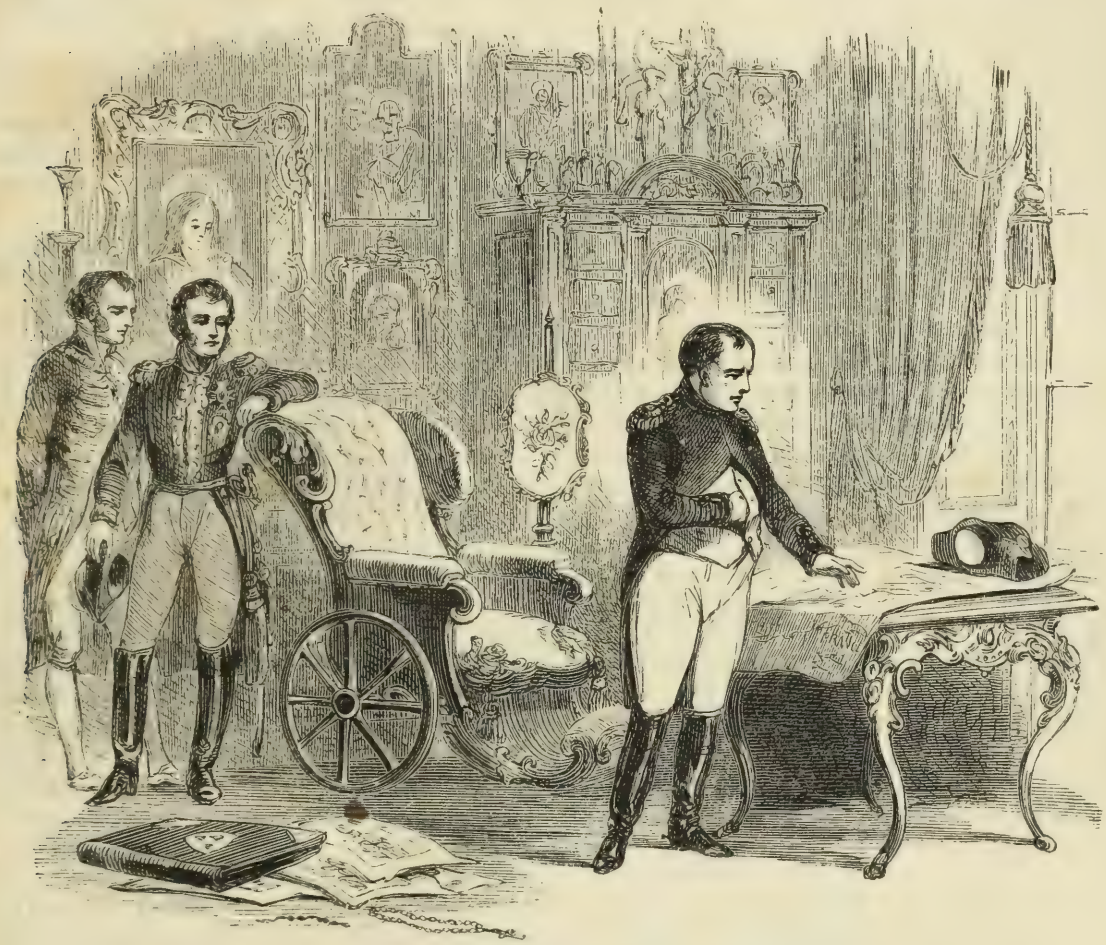
CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—Figure 3 is clad in a loose sack of black or dark colored taffeta, with a *revers* scalloped, as is also the outline of the garment, and enriched with a crochet ornament. The sleeves are open and laced upon the outside, back of the arms, and are also trimmed with bows. The skirt is very full. The Hat is of straw, with a feather, and band of white satin ribbon, No. 22, arranged full, with a rosette upon the side opposite the feather. Chemisette of lace, fulled into bands of insertion. Pantalettes of embroidered muslin. Gaiters of black patent leather, the quarters of the same color as the skirt.—Figure 4 has a bonnet of silk; dress of taffeta, low in the neck, *à la Raffaelle*, gathered before in straight plaits. The sleeves are composed of three frills. The skirt has six graduated flounces. Stomacher *à la Chevalière*. Pantalettes of embroidered Nansouk.—The Boy's Dress, Figure 5, is composed of a blouse, cut squarely at the neck, open to the belt, which is of patent leather. The sides of the dress are confined by *Brandebourgs* and buttons. The sleeves are short and wide; these, together with the breast and skirt, are ornamented with braid. The under-sleeves, gathered into the wristbands, are of embroidered muslin, like the chemisette and balloon pantalettes. The Hat is of Leghorn, trimmed with an ostrich plume. Buttoned Gaiters.



FIGURES 3, 4, 5.—CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LIII.—OCTOBER, 1854.—Vol. IX.



NAPOLEON IN THE CABINET OF LOUIS XVIII.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

WATERLOO.

THE soldiers of the Duke of Berri, having trampled beneath their feet the flag of the Bourbons, and elevated with exultant shouts the eagles of the Empire, marched into Paris, and with irrepressible enthusiasm demanded permission to salute their Emperor. Napoleon mounted his horse and rode along the lines, while resounding acclamations burst from the enthusiastic battalions and squadrons before him. He gathered the soldiers around him, waved his hand for silence, and thus addressed them:

"Soldiers! I came into France with six hundred men, because I relied on the love of the people, and on the memory of the old soldiers. I have not been deceived in my expectations. Soldiers! I thank you. The glory of what we have done is due to the people and to you. My glory is limited to having known and appreciated your affection.

"The throne of the Bourbons was illegitimate, because it had been raised by foreign hands, because it had been proscribed by the will of the nation, expressed in all our national assemblies, and because it promoted the interests of but a small number of arrogant men, whose pretensions were opposed to our rights.

"Soldiers! the Imperial throne alone can guarantee *the rights of the people*. We are about to march to drive from our territory those princes who are the auxiliaries of foreigners. The nation will second us with its wishes, and follow our impulse. The French people and I rely upon you. We do not wish to meddle with the affairs of foreign countries But woe to those who would meddle with ours."

In the midst of peals of applause, resounding through the most distant streets of Paris, Napoleon reascended the stairs of the Tuileries, and

entered his former cabinet. Louis Stanislas Xavier had left in such haste, that many memorials of his presence remained behind. The luxurious easy chair, to which his enormous obesity and his many infirmities confined him, was in the corner. A portfolio, forgotten upon the table, contained the private and confidential papers of the King. They were safe in the keeping of Napoleon. His pride of character, and delicate sense of honor, would not allow him to pry into these disclosures of the private life of his enemies. He ordered them all to be sealed, and to be sent by a dispatch to their owner. Some officious person, thinking to gratify the Emperor, had placed upon the table sundry caricatures, holding up the Bourbons to derision. The Emperor indignantly ordered them to be removed. He had too much majesty of soul to indulge in triumph so ignoble. Crucifixes, images, and beads, indices of the devotion or the superstition of Louis, were strewed about the room. "Take them away," said the Emperor mildly. "The cabinet of a French monarch should not resemble the cell of a monk."

He ordered the map of France to be spread upon the table. As he contemplated its diminished borders, he exclaimed with sadness, "Poor France!" Then turning to Caulaincourt, he said, "I have proclaimed peace throughout my march. As far as depends on me, my promise shall be fulfilled. Circumstances are imperative. I will recognize the treaty of Paris. I can now accept what I could not accept at Chatillon without tarnishing my glory. France was obliged to make sacrifices. The act is done. But it did not become *me* to strip France to preserve the crown. I take the affairs of the country as I find them. I wish the continuation of peace. It is the sound policy of the Powers not to rekindle the torch of war. I have written to the Empress. She will prevail upon her father to permit her to rejoin me."

Napoleon earnestly desired peace. He even thought it *possible*, though not at all probable, that the Allies might now consent to the independence of France. It consequently became fatally necessary for him to make no preparation for war. The Allies had still enormous armies in the field, ready at any moment, in locust legions, to pour into France. The armies of France were disbanded, and there were no military supplies. Any movement of Napoleon toward reorganizing his forces would have been seized hold of by the Allies, and proclaimed to the world as new proof of "the insatiable ambition and bloodthirsty appetite" of the Emperor. Consequently the Emperor was compelled, in the protection of his own reputation, in which alone his strength consisted, to await the result of his proposals for peace, without making any preparation for war. This was a fatality from which there was no escape. Under embarrassments so dreadful Napoleon was doomed to abide the decision of the Allies.

The new cabinet was speedily organized. It was composed of men of exalted reputation, and of known devotion to the popular cause. Cambaceres was appointed Minister of Justice. Napoleon, as he called this illustrious man, of tried integrity, to his post, frankly unvailed to him the fearful perils yet to be encountered, with all Europe in arms against the independence of France. Carnot, the stanch republican, who had protested against both the Consulate and the Empire, now convinced that there was no hope for his country save in the strong arm of the Emperor, was placed at the head of the Home Department. "The Revolution," said Napoleon to Carnot, "of which you and I are the children, requires my name to defend it abroad, as I have occasion for yours to reconcile it to me at home. Let us both make a generous sacrifice; I, of my system of government, too absolute and too personal for the new requirements of the time, and you of your distrust of me. Let us unite. Let us triumph together, over royalty at home and the coalition abroad."

Carnot, now seeing with clearness that *popular rights* could by no possibility be protected but by intrusting to Napoleon a certain degree of *absolute power*, cordially accepted the appointment. In a crisis so momentous and awful, with all the despotisms of Europe arrayed against the independence of France, it would have been absurd to trust to the tardy and vacillating movements of a deliberative assembly. For twenty years France had been compelled, in self-defense, to resolve itself into an army. And an army must have an absolute leader. Napoleon could only confer upon France *equal rights*. True *liberty* could not be enjoyed until the sword could be sheathed.

The faithful Caulaincourt received the ministry of Foreign Affairs. Maret resumed the post of Secretary of State. Napoleon, strong in his attachment to his old friends, and ever ready to forgive those foibles incident to humanity, deeply regretted the loss of Berthier. "Where is he?" said he frequently; "why does he mistrust me? I will pardon his precipitation in abandoning me, and his pliancy to the Bourbons. They were the gods of his youth. I will receive him with open arms, and give him back the place of chief of the staff. I shall inflict no other punishment upon him than to make him dine with us in his new uniform of captain of the guards of Louis XVIII." But the indefatigable, useful, weak-minded Berthier, was ashamed again to appear in the presence of the Emperor. He fled into Germany. Molé, a man universally popular, assumed the direction of roads and public works. Fouché was, by a sort of necessity, placed at the head of the police.

With incredible rapidity this new government was organized. It met the wishes of the nation. The Councilors of State were all men of marked ability, of extended reputation, of special administrative skill, and of well-known devotion to the popular cause. The Councilors drew up an address to the Emperor, which was intended for the nation. "Sire!" said they, "the Emperor in reascending the throne to which he had been raised by the people re-establishes thereby the people in their most sacred rights. He returns to reign by the only principle of legitimacy which France has

recognized and consecrated for twenty-five years past."

"Princes," Napoleon replied, "are but the first citizens of the state. Their authority is more or less extended according to the interests of the nations they govern. Sovereignty itself is hereditary only because the interests of nations require it. Beyond this principle I know of no legitimacy."

Benjamin Constant was one of the most distinguished of the sons of France. As a writer and an orator he stood at the head of the republican party. When Napoleon, in accordance with the wishes of the nation, assumed that dictatorial power, without which France could by no possibility have sustained her independence against the combined despots of Europe, Benjamin Constant resolutely turned against the Emperor. But experience had now enlightened him. He had seen despotism triumphant, the Bourbons forced upon France by foreigners, and again driven from the kingdom by an indignant people. He hastened now to give in his adhesion to the Emperor. Napoleon received him as if he had been an old friend. Frankly and truly Napoleon declared that devotion to the popular cause had rendered it essential for him to assume dictatorial power. It was a demonstrable fact.

"The nation," said he, "threw itself at my feet when I assumed the government. You ought to recollect it—you who attempted an opposition. Where was your support, your strength? Nowhere. I assumed less authority than I was invited to take. The people, on my return from Elba, crowding on my footsteps, hurrying from the summits of the mountains, called upon me, sought me out, saluted me. From Cannes to Paris I have not conquered, I have administered the government. I am not, as it is said, the Emperor of the soldiers only; I am the Emperor of the peasants, of the plebeians of France. There is sympathy between us. It is not so with the privileged classes. The nobility have served me. They rushed in crowds into my antechambers. There is not a post they have not accepted, asked for, solicited. I have had the Montmorencies, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Beauveaus, the Montemartes; but there never has been any sympathy. The horse curveted, he was well trained; but I felt him quiver. The popular fibre responds to my own. I am sprung from the ranks of the people. My voice acts upon them. There is the same nature between us. They look upon me as their support, as their saviour against the nobles. I have only to make a sign, or simply to avert my eyes, and the nobles would be massacred in all the provinces. But I do not wish to be king of the mob. Public discussions, free elections, responsible ministers, the liberty of the press, I wish for all that—the liberty of the press above all. It is absurd to stifle it. I am the man of the people. I have never wished to deprive them of liberty for my own pleasure. I have now but one mission—to raise up France again, and to give it the most suitable form of government. I wish for peace. But I shall not obtain it but by dint of victories. I foresee a difficult struggle—a long war. To maintain it the nation must support me." *

The Emperor's first administrative act was characteristic of his whole career. He convened the electoral colleges in each department, that his resumption of power might be submitted to the suffrages of the whole people. He persisted in this, notwithstanding the Council of State had issued the following decree, whose statements no living being would venture to deny:

"*March* 25, 1815. The Council of State, in resuming its functions, feels bound to make known the principles which form the rule of its opinions and its conduct.

"The sovereignty resides in the people. They are the only source of legitimate power. In 1789 the nation reconquered its rights, which had for a long time been usurped or disregarded. The National Assembly abolished the feudal monarchy, and established a constitutional monarchy and representative government. The resistance of the Bourbons to the wishes of the French people terminated in their downfall, and their banishment from the French territory. The people twice sanctioned by their votes the new form of government established by their representatives.

"1. In the year 1799, Bonaparte, already crowned by victory, was raised to the government by national assent. A constitution created the consular magistracy.

"2. A decree of the Senate, on the 2d of August, 1802, appointed Napoleon Bonaparte Consul for life.

"3. A decree of the Senate, on the 18th of March, 1804, conferred upon Napoleon the Imperial dignity, and made it hereditary in his family. †

* An admirable article upon Napoleon, in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, contains the following judicious remarks, which will commend themselves to every impartial mind:

"The opinions now entertained respecting him may be classed, we think, under the following heads. I. That he was an usurper. This charge is preferred by two very different parties; 1. By the adherents of legitimacy, who think his noblest course would have been to play the part of General Monk. We need not discuss this point in this country, and in the year 1832. 2. The charge of usurpation is also made by some republicans. We have already observed that up to the time when Napoleon took the reins of government, no republic can be said to have existed in France. We need then only ask whether the tendency of France was toward a republic, and whether Napoleon ought to have lent his power to establish it, provided he could have seen the possibility of its permanence. The forms of government, important as they are, are but secondary, compared to the primary elements of national character and political condition, and are always dependent on the latter. The preservation of the new politico-social relations was also to be attended to. If a republic was incompatible with justice, safety of person and property, internal peace, or national independence, the former ought to have given way to the latter. We believe that there are few persons of judgment who, at present, maintain that at that period a republic would have comported with the internal and external relations of France. Firmly attached as we are to republican institutions, we yet must admit that, as there must be a difference in the habitations of men, according to the materials which they possess for their construction, so governments must differ with the character and condition of the governed." How many there are who are blind to these obvious truths!

† All historians alike admit the honesty of these elections, and the fairness of the returns. No intelligent man

"These three solemn acts were submitted to the approval of the nation. It sanctioned them by nearly four millions of votes. Thus had the Bourbons during twenty-two years ceased to reign in France. They were forgotten by their contemporaries. Strangers to our laws, to our institutions, to our manners, to our glory, the present generation knew them not, but by the remembrance of the foreign wars which they had excited against the country, and the intestine divisions which they stirred up. The foreigners set up a pretended provisional government. They assembled a minority of the Senators, and compelled them, in opposition to their trust and their wish, to set aside the existing constitutions, to subvert the Imperial throne, and to recall the Bourbon family. The abdication of the Emperor Napoleon was merely the consequence of the unfortunate situation to which France and the Emperor were reduced by the events of the war, by treason, and by the occupation of the capital. The abdication had for its object only the prevention of civil war and the effusion of blood. This act, which was not confirmed by the will of the people, could not destroy the solemn contract which had been formed between the nation and the Emperor. And even if Napoleon might personally abdicate the crown, he could not sacrifice the rights of his son, appointed to reign after him.

"Louis Stanislas Xavier arrived in France. He made his entry into the capital. He took possession of the throne. The people, overawed by the presence of foreigners, could not, freely and validly, declare the national wish. Under the protection of the allied army, having thanked a foreign prince for having enabled him to ascend the throne, Louis Stanislas Xavier dated the first act of his authority in the nineteenth year of his reign, thereby declaring that the measures which had emanated from the will of the people were merely the offspring of a long rebellion. All these acts are therefore illegal; done in the presence of hostile armies, and under foreign control, they are merely the work of violence. They are essentially null, and are outrages on the honor, the liberty, and the rights of the people.

"On reascending the throne to which the people had raised him, the Emperor therefore only re-established the most sacred rights of the nation. He returned to reign by the only principle of legitimacy which France had recognized and sanctioned during the past twenty-five years, and to which all the authorities had bound themselves by oaths from which the will of the people could alone release them."

Notwithstanding these decisive decrees, the Emperor was so scrupulous respecting any appearance even of usurpation, that he insisted that the question of his re-election should be submitted to the suffrages of the people. There were now four parties in France—the Bourbonists, the Orleanists, the Republicans, and the friends of the Emperor. The votes were taken, and Napoleon was again chosen to the chief magistracy of France, by a majority of more than a million of votes over all the other parties. And still the Allies called this an *usurpation*.*

The saloons of the Tuileries were constantly thronged. Napoleon received all kindly. Members of that Senate which had pronounced Napoleon's forfeiture of the throne, called tremblingly with their congratulations. The Emperor received them with courtesy, and gave no indication of the slightest resentment. "I leave that act," said he, "for history to relate. For my part, I forget all past occurrences."

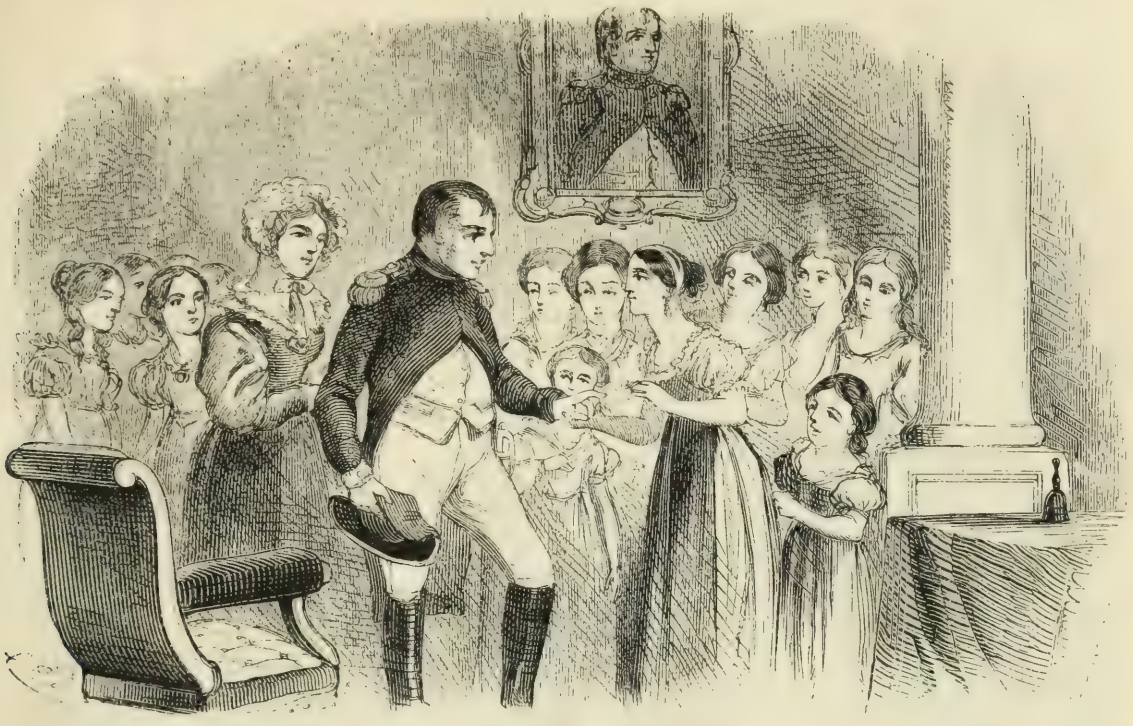
The Emperor embraced an early opportunity of visiting the institution he had established at Ecouen, for the orphan daughters of the members of the Legion of Honor. These young girls, who had been provided for by the affectionate liberality of Napoleon, gathered around their benefactor with inexpressible enthusiasm. They threw themselves at his feet, and with tears embraced his knees. He took up a spoon to taste their food. The spoon immediately became sacred in their eyes. When he left, they had it cut in pieces, and moulded into little amulets, which they wore in their bosoms. Nearly all the pupils wore upon their fingers rings of braided hair. One of the young ladies ventured to slip a ring upon Napoleon's finger. Encouraged by the smile of the Emperor, the rest, rushing upon him, seized

has ventured to deny that the popularity of Napoleon was real and almost boundless, and that the people of France, with enthusiasm unparalleled, raised him to power. There were in Paris generals and statesmen of commanding character, vast influence, and lofty pride, who were watching the proceedings with the eagle eye of rivalry. But neither then, nor since, have they ventured to affirm that there was any unfairness in the elections. Even Sir Walter Scott admits the unanimity to be undeniable, and endeavors to account for it by saying, "The rich favored Bonaparte for the sake of protection; the poor for that of relief; the emigrants because they desired to return to France; the men of the Revolution because they were afraid of being banished from it; the sanguine and courageous crowded around his standard in hope of victory; the timid cowered behind it in the desire of safety."

All agree that Napoleon was elevated to the supreme power by a general outburst of popular enthusiasm. That Napoleon Bonaparte was and is the idol of France, no intelligent man will venture to deny. Hostility must be driven to utter desperation before it can affirm that the suffrages of the French people were not given to Napoleon. The unconstrained election of Napoleon is as demonstrative as any truth which history has recorded. And with this fact thus established beyond all cavil, forever palsied must be the tongue that could say to the Emperor, "*Thou art an usurper!*"

* In vain will it be pretended that advantage was taken of the astonishment of the communes to carry the election by surprise. Besides, in submitting himself to the decisions of a ballot, he afforded every individual time for reflection, and sufficient leisure to reflect whether he ought to reject or choose him. It was not therefore surprise, but renewal of affection, of which this election gave proof. On the contrary, in the act of forfeiture pronounced by the Senate, there was evidence both of surprise and constraint. So certainly was this the case, that not one Senator could be found who did not, in his individual capacity, regret what he had done.

"In what species of legitimacy was the Emperor wanting? The general admiration had decreed him the crown. Victory had restored it to him. And yet he would not resume it without the national assent; without the assent of the whole people, expressed by every citizen individually and with full freedom."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iv. pp. 37, 38.



NAPOLEON AT THE SCHOOL OF ECOUEN.

his hands, and covered them with these pledges of love and gratitude. "Young ladies," said the Emperor, "they shall be as precious to me as the jewels of my crown." On retiring to his carriage he exclaimed, with moistened eyes, "*Voici le comble de bonheur; ceux-ci sont les plus beaux momens de ma vie.*" "This is the height of happiness; these are the most delightful moments of my life."—*Hist. de Napoleon, par* EMILE MARCO DE SAINT HILAIRE.

The allied sovereigns in the Congress of Vienna had been for months quarreling respecting the division of the spoils of reconquered Europe. One hundred thousand distinguished strangers were attracted, by the splendors of the occasion, within the walls of that voluptuous capital. Eighty thousand of the most brilliantly dressed soldiers of the allied armies formed the magnificent cortége for this crowd of princes and kings. Seven hundred embassadors or envoys participated in the deliberations of those haughty conquerors, who had now again placed their feet upon the necks of the people. The regal revelers relieved the toils of diplomacy with feasting and dances, and all luxurious indulgence. The Emperor of Austria defrayed the expenses of this enormous hospitality. The Imperial table alone was maintained at an expense of twenty-five thousand dollars a day.

The Allies were involved in a desperate quarrel respecting the division of the spoils of Poland, Saxony, and Italy, and were just on the point of breaking up, and turning their arms against each other, when a courier brought to Lord Castlereagh the tidings that Napoleon had left Elba. Talleyrand was at that time making his toilet for a ball, in accordance with the etiquette of the voluptuaries around him. His hands were wet with the perfumes which his *valets de chambre* had poured upon them; and two barbers were curling and powdering his hair. His niece, the young and beautiful Princess of Courlande, ran into the room with a note from Metternich, marked, *secret and in haste*. Talleyrand, looking up from the midst of the curling-irons, powders, and perfumes, requested his niece to open and read the note.

She did so, and, turning pale, exclaimed, "Heavens! Bonaparte has left Elba! What is to become of my ball this evening?"

The imperturbable minister, whose external equanimity no possible surprise could derange, after a moment's pause, said, in those low tones of gravity which he had carefully cultivated, "Do not be uneasy, niece, your ball shall take place notwithstanding." Though the well-trained diplomatist could thus conceal his alarm, it was not so with the other guilty revelers at this Belshazzar's feast. "If a thunderbolt," says Alison, "had fallen in the midst of the brilliance assembled in the Imperial ball-room at Vienna, it could not have excited greater consternation than this simple announcement. It was deemed, nevertheless, expedient to conceal the alarm which all really felt." Talleyrand quietly continued his toilet, and, after shutting himself up for several hours with M. Metternich and Lord Castlereagh, wrote to Louis XVIII., advising him to place no reliance upon the people of France, but assuring him of the continued support of the Allies.

No one knew toward what point the Emperor intended to direct his steps. Five days of doubt, conjecture, and intense anxiety passed before any further intelligence was received. The festivities were all suspended, and Europe thought of but one idea, and of one man. A proscribed exile, without money and without arms, floating upon the waves of the Mediterranean, simply by the magic of his name plunged all the courts and



THE ANNOUNCEMENT TO TALLEYRAND.

all the armies of Europe into commotion. Two powers at that moment equally divided Europe. One power was Napoleon Bonaparte, solitary and alone; the other power was all the combined monarchs, and armies, and navies of Christendom.

On the 5th of March the Congress received the intelligence that Napoleon had landed in France, and was borne along on resistless waves of popular enthusiasm toward Paris. Amazement and consternation were depicted upon every countenance. The Allies immediately held a council, and, after a few reproaches, all their differences were laid aside in dread of their common foe. The anger of the Allies was vehemently aroused against the *people of France*, for their invincible attachment to Napoleon. The coalesced despots had heretofore, in defiance of human intelligence, declared Napoleon to be an usurper and a tyrant, crushing the liberties of the people beneath iron hoofs and sabre strokes. But this unexampled exhibition of a nation's love and homage for a moment struck dumb these lips of falsehood. "The anger of the sovereigns and their ministers against Napoleon," says Lamartine, "turned into resentment against *France herself*, the accomplice, either through connivance or servility, of Bonaparte. So long as this focus of war and revolution should exist, there could be no durable peace for the nations—no security for crowns. An European war of extermination against France, which had executed Louis XVI., and twice crowned Napoleon, was the first cry of the sovereigns and their councils. Its immediate conquest, before the nation should have time to furnish armies to Bonaparte, its partition afterward, that the members of this great body should never be able to join to upheave the weight of the whole world; these were the resolutions uttered in an undertone."

It seemed in vain again to attempt to force upon France the Bourbons. All the Powers

were alike disposed to abandon their cause, and to partition France as Poland had been partitioned, or to place upon the throne an energetic man of their own choice. "I am weary of war," said Alexander. "I can not employ the whole period of my reign, and the whole forces of my empire, in raising up in France a family which knows neither how to fight nor how to reign. I shall never draw the sword for them again."

Talleyrand stood alone in the Congress to advocate the cause of the Bourbons, to whom only he could look for a reward. The sagacious minister was adequate to his task. For eight days he struggled, single-handed, against the resolve of the combined cabinets of Europe. With diplomatic wisdom, address, and genius which have perhaps never been surpassed, he faltered not until he had obtained his end. Each day panting couriers brought the tidings of Napoleon's advance, and of the enthusiasm which every where greeted him. The allied generals indignantly grasped their swords and demanded a prompt invasion, and the entire subjugation of a people who so pertinaciously claimed the right of choosing their own form of government. The sovereigns, exasperated by this marvelous power of the Emperor over the hearts of the French people, breathed only vengeance. And yet the imperturbable and wily diplomatist of the Bourbons, day after day, allayed these excitements, and drew his antagonists nearer and nearer to his own counsels.

The morning of the 13th of March dawned. The Allies had determined to come on this day to a final decision. The question was simply this: "Shall France be partitioned off, as was Poland, among the other powers of Europe, or shall we place upon the throne a monarch who will advocate, our cause like Bernadotte, but more energetic and less unpopular than the Bourbons; or shall we replace the Bourbons again upon the throne?" The question of the independence of France, and the right of the French people to elect their own sovereign, was not even suggested. Talleyrand employed the whole night of the 12th in preparation for the momentous decision. As he left his mansion to go to the place of the Congress, he said to his niece and his secretary,

"I leave you in despair. I am going to make the last efforts. If I fail, France is lost; and the Bourbons and I shall not have even the remnant of a country for exile. I know your impatience to ascertain our fate. I can not send you a messenger during the day, since nothing is allowed to be communicated out of the hall of conference. But be at the window at the hour when my carriage returns, bringing me back a conqueror or conquered. If I have failed, I shall keep



TALLEYRAND.

myself shut up and motionless. If success has crowned my efforts, I will wave, from the carriage-window, a paper, the signal of our triumph."

The sitting was commenced in the morning and prolonged late into the day. The speech of Talleyrand—uttered in low, calm, conversational, yet earnest tones—is one of the most persuasive upon record. A theatric display of gesture, and of impassioned intonations, would have been grossly out of place in the presence of such an audience, and in a crisis so momentous.

"If you punish France," said Talleyrand, "by dividing it after its conquest, how will you agree together in the distribution of the spoils? And what power can ever restrain under its hand the members, still living, still convulsive, ever on the stretch to rejoin one another? You have had nothing to dread in France but the revolutionary spirit. But you will then have to restrain and combat, at the same time, the two least compressible forces in the political world—the *revolutionary spirit*, and the *spirit of independence*. This double volcano will open its craters even under your own hereditary possessions. Look at Poland! Is it not the spirit of independence which perpetually nourishes there the spirit of revolution? The partition of France would be the ruin of the Continent.

"But it is said that the question is, not to ruin France, but to weaken it, so that it shall not be hurtful to other nations; to exhaust its strength, to occupy it for a time, and then to give it, for its masters, sovereigns with a firmer hand and a name less unpopular than that of Bourbon! But if you cease to recognize the right of the *legitimacy of kings* in France, what becomes of your own right in Europe? What becomes of this principle, or rather this *religion of legitimacy*, which we have found again under the ruins of the revolutions, subversions, and conquests of twenty years? Did the house of Bourbon offer at this moment only enervated sovereigns to fill the throne, Europe would still be condemned to crown them or to perish. The cause of Europe is the cause of *legitimacy;* and legitimacy is synonymous with the house of Bourbon. The *partition of France* would be a crime against nations; the *dethronement of the Bourbons* would be a crime against thrones.

"There is but one course which is wise and just. It is to separate the cause of the French nation from that of Bonaparte; to declare personal and exclusive war against him, and peace to France. You thus weaken Bonaparte, by showing him alone to be the only obstacle to the reconciliation of nations; and you disarm France by separating her cause from the cause of Bonaparte. And then it must be declared that Europe will never recognize, under any circumstances whatever, the sovereignty of France but in the house of Bourbon."

The Allies were convinced. They then issued to the world the following infamous decree: "The allied sovereigns, being informed of the escape of Napoleon Bonaparte, and of his having entered France by force of arms, owe to their own dignity and the interests of society a solemn declaration of the sentiments with which that event has inspired them. By thus infringing the convention which settled Napoleon in the island of Elba, he has destroyed the only legal title to which his existence was attached (*auquel son existence se trouvait attachée*). By reappearing in France, with the design of disturbing and subverting it, *he has deprived himself of the protection of the laws*, and made manifest to the universe that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The powers therefore declare, that Napoleon Bonaparte has thrown himself out of all the relations of civilized society; and that, as an enemy and a disturber of the world, he has rendered himself an object of public vengeance."

They then bound themselves by a solemn pledge to pursue to the last extremity, with all the energies of their combined states and kingdoms, the sovereign of the people's choice. This despotic decree was signed by Austria, Spain, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Sweden. By a secret treaty, concluded on the same day, it was solemnly stipulated that the contracting parties should not lay down their arms till they had effected the complete destruction of Napoleon.

The unprecedented spectacle was now presented of all the monarchies and armies of Europe combined against one single man. Napoleon's only strength consisted in the love of the people, whose cause he had so nobly espoused, and so heroically maintained. The strength of the Allies was deposited in their bayonets and their gunpowder. They immediately marshaled their countless armies to crush, at once and forever, the child and the champion of popular equality. Austria contributed 350,000 troops under Schwartzenberg; England and Prussia furnished an army of 250,000 men to act in concert, under Wellington and Blucher; Alexander himself headed his semi-barbarian legions, 200,000 strong. The auxiliaries from other nations raised this formidable armament to one million of men. The fleets of England also girdled France and swept the seas, that there might be no escape for the doomed victim. Such were the forces which were arrayed, with all the enginery of war, to wrest *one man* from the love of the people. Never was a mortal placed in such a position of sublimity before. Chateaubriand had pithily said, "If the cocked hat and surtout of Napoleon were placed on a stick on the shores of Brest, it would cause Europe to run to arms from one end to the other."

The public announcement of this high-handed outrage against the independence of France, caused not a little embarrassment to the two English embassadors. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh were perhaps as bitterly opposed to any thing like popular reform, and as imperiously devoted to the interests of aristocratic privilege, as any two men to be found on the Continent of Europe. Russia, Prussia, and Austria,

powerful in despotism, could exclude all knowledge from their subjects, or could silence, with the bayonet, any feeble murmurs which should arise from their enslaved peoples. They could boldly avow, in the language of an Austrian princess, that "sovereigns should be as regardless of the complaints of their subjects, as the moon is of the barking of dogs."

But in England it was not precisely so. There was in England a liberal constitution, a House of Commons, a free press, and an inquisitive people. Consequently, these English nobles did not dare to move so defiantly as did their confederated despots. While therefore combining, with intense cordiality, in this attempt to wrest from France the sovereign of its choice, and to force upon the nation a twice rejected dynasty, they ventured the declaration to the British people, that they only joined the coalition against a common enemy, but *that they had no disposition to interfere with the rights of the French nation in the choice of their own rulers;* "a reservation," says Lamartine, "which was necessary for their justification to the British Parliament."

With this astounding declaration upon their lips, the British Government appropriated, in prosecution of the war for that year, $90,000,000 to the navy, $139,000,000 to the army, and the subsidies paid to foreign powers amounted to $55,000,000 more. They maintained six hundred and fifty thousand men in arms, and placed fifty-eight ships of the line in commission. The whole war expenses of the year amounted to the unparalleled sum of $550,000,000. Such were the Herculean energies requisite to crush the illustrious chieftain of popular rights. Such were the enormous sums wrested from the people of England to maintain despotic authority on the Continent of Europe.

There was in the British House of Commons a band of noble men who breasted all the tremendous power of the British Government, in bold denunciation of this great iniquity; and even then there were so many of the *English people* whose sympathies were with Napoleon, that those who were in the opposition were accused of *seeking popularity* by their opposition to the measures of the government.

While the Allies were thus unrelentingly preparing for war, Napoleon was making every possible effort for the promotion of peace. Even when the combined army was advancing through Germany toward the frontiers of France, and when the English vessels were capturing the French ships on all seas, he still disregarded these hostile acts, hoping, by assurances of his readiness to accede to any reasonable propositions, to save his country and Europe from another appeal to the horrors of war. The Austrian embassador left Paris soon after Napoleon's arrival, refusing to have any official intercourse with the government of the Emperor. Napoleon had not been able to have any communication with Maria Louisa. The Austrian embassador consented to take a letter to her. He, however, gave it to the Emperor Francis, and it was never placed in her hands. The Emperor Francis being apprehensive that Napoleon might, by some means, succeed in regaining his wife and son, transported them both to his palace, and guarded them vigilantly. To alienate the Empress from her noble husband, she was infamously told, according to the testimony of the Duke of Rovigo, that Napoleon had assembled a harem of beautiful ladies around him, and was happy in their smiles. How far Maria Louisa credited the cruel slander is not known.

In all his pacific overtures Napoleon was sternly repulsed. The Allies would allow no messenger from him to approach them. Alexander greatly admired the grace, intelligence, and amiable virtues of Queen Hortense. Through her mediation Napoleon endeavored to get access to the heart of the Czar. But the Russian monarch was bound too firmly in the chains of the coalition to escape. He frankly replied to the sorrow-stricken daughter of Josephine, "There can be no peace, not even a truce with Napoleon." The Emperor then sent his brother Joseph, whose character commanded the respect of every monarch in Europe, on a secret mission to Vienna, to endeavor, by every honorable artifice, to gain the ear of the allied sovereigns. But he found all alike unrelenting. Napoleon then, as his last resort, wrote the following dignified yet earnest appeal for peace, to each of the allied sovereigns, and dispatched couriers with a copy to each of their respective courts:

"PARIS, *April* 4, 1814.

"SIRE, MY BROTHER—You have learned, in the course of the last month, of my return to the shores of France, my entrance into Paris, and the retirement of the Bourbons. The true nature of these events must now be known to your Majesty. They are the work of an irresistible power, the result of the unanimous will of a great nation, which knows its duties and its rights. The dynasty which force had imposed upon a great people was no longer calculated for them. The Bourbons had no community with them, either of feeling or manners. France was therefore compelled to withdraw from them. The experiment which had induced me to make so great a sacrifice had failed. France called for a liberator; I therefore returned. From the spot where I first touched the soil of France, the love of my people bore me to the bosom of my capital.

"The first wish of my heart is, to repay so much affection with an honorable tranquillity. The re-establishment of the Imperial throne was necessary for the happiness of the French. It is my most ardent hope to render it at the same time the means of confirming the peace of Europe. Enough of glory has added lustre, by turns, to the flags of the different nations. The vicissitudes of fate have sufficiently caused a succession of great reverses and signal triumphs. A more noble arena is now opened to the sovereigns, and I shall be the first to enter it. After having presented the world with the spectacle of great battles, it will be more grateful to recognize here-

after no other rivalship than that of prolonging the blessings of peace; no other struggle than the sacred one of perpetuating the happiness of nations.

"France takes a pride in proclaiming frankly this noble end of all her wishes. Jealous of her own independence, the invariable principle of her policy will be, the most absolute respect for the independence of other nations. If such are, as I cherish the hope, the personal sentiments of your Majesty, the general tranquillity is assured for a long period; and Justice, seated at the confines of States, will alone suffice to guard their frontiers. NAPOLEON."

The frontiers were, however, so vigilantly guarded against every messenger from Napoleon, and the Allies were so determined to withdraw themselves from any kind of communication with him, that the Minister for Foreign Affairs could not succeed in forwarding one of these letters to any of the European courts. Under these circumstances, Caulaincourt sorrowfully made the following report to the Emperor and to the nation:

"Sire: Alarming symptoms are all at once manifested on every side. An unaccountable system threatens to prevail among the allied Powers—that of preparing for action, without admitting a preliminary explanation with the nation they seem determined to assail. It was reserved for the present epoch to see an assemblage simultaneously interdict all communication with one great state, and close all access to its amicable assurances. The couriers sent from Paris to the different courts have not been able to reach their destination. One could not pass beyond Strasbourg. Another, sent to Italy, was stopped at Turin. A third, destined for Berlin and the north, has been arrested at Mayence, ill-treated by the Prussian commandant, and his dispatches have been seized. When a barrier thus impenetrable rises between the French Ministry and its agents abroad, between your Majesty's cabinet and those of other sovereigns, there is no other method open to your Ministry than by the public acts of foreign governments to judge of their intentions.

"In England orders have been given to augment the British forces as well by land as by sea. Thus the French nation ought, on all sides, to be on its guard. It may apprehend a continental aggression, and, at the same time, it must watch the whole extent of its coasts against the possibility of descent. In Austria, in Russia, in Prussia, in all parts of Germany, and in Italy—every where, in short, is seen a general armament. On every point of Europe, and at the same moment, troops are preparing, arming, marching."

These were appalling tidings to France. The Empire was already exhausted by the interminable wars into which the Allies had dragged it. It was quite unprepared for a renewal of the dreadful conflict. A million of armed men were crowding mercilessly on, to desolate the hills and valleys of France with flames and blood. The boldest hearts in France trembled. The odds were so fearfully unequal, that many were in despair. The Allies, by adroitly separating Napoleon from France, and declaring that they waged war against him alone, led thousands to feel that they must be again compelled to give up their beloved Emperor. Apparently they could retain Napoleon only by passing through the most awful scenes of conflict, carnage, and woe to which a nation was ever exposed. As fathers and mothers looked upon their little households, upon precious sons and lovely daughters, and in imagination heard the tramp of approaching armies, the reverberation of invading guns, the sweep of brutal squadrons, the shout of onset, and the shriek of despair, they turned pale, pressed their children to their throbbing hearts, and still clung to their beloved Emperor. Mothers, with streaming eyes, prepared their sons for the battle. Gray-headed fathers, with tottering steps, crowded the churches to implore God's blessing upon their righteous cause.

And still, incredible as it may seem, the Allies, who had the control of all the presses of Europe, unblushingly reiterated the cry, that *the insatiably ambitious and blood-thirsty Bonaparte would not live at peace with the nations*; and that the repose of the world demanded that he should be hunted down as a beast of prey. The Tory government of England, with its boundless wealth and resources, re-echoed the cry in books, pamphlets, and journals, with which they flooded all lands. It is impossible to paint a demon in blacker colors than Napoleon was painted in hundreds of thousands of placards and pamphlets which were scattered like autumnal leaves. The pen in this warfare was, in England especially, as necessary as the sword. Deep as were the wounds which the pen of calumny inflicted upon the memory of the Emperor, he never for one moment doubted that his reputation would eventually emerge triumphant from the conflict.*

* The following is the title page of a royal octavo volume of over 600 pages, published in London in the year 1810.

"*The Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte.* Including his private life, character, domestic administration, and his conduct to foreign powers, together with secret anecdotes of the different courts of Europe, and of the French Revolution. With two Appendices, consisting of state papers and of biographical sketches of the persons comprising the court of St. Cloud. By LEWIS GOLDSMITH. Notary Public. Author of the 'Crimes of Cabinets,' 'An Exposition of the conduct of France toward America,' etc. '*The truth, and nothing but the truth.*' London, 1810."

The following are extracts from this work. We must implore pardon of our readers for thus sullying this page. It is necessary to verify the declaration we have made.

"Napoleon Bonaparte is the *reputed* son of the town-clerk of Ajaccio, in Corsica. General Marbœuf was the *avowed protector* of the family. The meaning of this will be easily understood."

"Our hero was placed at the military school at Brienne. He had an amour with a young girl of that place. Her disgrace was anticipated, and the disgrace of her paramour. The latter began his career of poisoning and murder by administering a dose to this unfortunate young woman. No positive proof being adduced, he was allowed to remain at school."

"In the year 1786, General Marbœuf died, and Napoleon was obliged to return to Corsica. From that period till he was sent off the island in 1793 by General Paoli, he was guilty of crimes of every description."

Napoleon, having utterly exhausted all efforts for peace, roused his energies anew to meet the unequal conflict. Jealous of his posthumous fame, and ever keeping an eye upon the final verdict of history, he issued a truthful and an unanswerable statement of the violation of the treaty of Fontainebleau by the Allies, and of the reasons which consequently induced him to leave Elba, and to accept again from the suffrages of the nation the crown of France. This appeal of the Emperor could only be answered by brute force; and that answer, and that alone, the Allies returned. Napoleon's spirit was saddened, as he reflected upon the blood which must again flow in torrents, and upon the woes with which Europe was again to be deluged. But the coalesced despots were reckless of blood, and flame, and woe, in the determination, at whatever cost, to give the death-blow to popular liberty.

"If Austria," said Napoleon, "had the courage to make an alliance with me, we could together save the world from Russia. But Austria is already ruled by Alexander, who reigns in Europe. I alone could counterbalance him. My value will not be known till they have destroyed me. But I shall sell my life dearly. They would gladly have me in an iron cage, to show me in chains to the world as a beast of prey. They have not got me yet. I will show them the rousing of the lion. They do not suspect my strength. Were I to put on to-morrow the *red bonnet* of 1793, it would seal the destruction of them all."

This was true. Had Napoleon yielded to the temptation, and called to his aid that revolutionary fury which, during the reign of terror, had deluged France in blood, the head of every aristocrat in France would have fallen, and the surging billows of popular frenzy would have rolled unarrested over the Continent. But this great man stood firm as the advocate of *popular rights* and of *law*. He was the barrier against *aristocratic usurpation* on the one hand, and the *maddened violence of frenzied masses* on the other. He opposed alike the reign of crowned despots, and the reign of terror; the arrogance of the nobles, and the violence of the mob; the dominion of the Bourbons, and the still more hateful dominion of Danton and Marat. He ever deemed it his holy mission to cause order, and law, and popular rights, to emerge from the chaos of the revolution. No temptation could induce him to swerve from this aim. The gales which came from one direction and another occasionally compelled him to veer from his course, but he was ever struggling to attain that end.

Napoleon wished to resume the throne by the solemnity of an imposing ceremony. The 1st of June, and the Field of Mars, were appointed as the time and place for this festival. A concourse of citizens and soldiers which could not be counted thronged this most magnificent parade-ground in the world. The minutes of the votes for the re-election of the Emperor were read by the Archchancellor, and it was declared that the number of votes in the affirmative exceeded by a million those in the negative. "It can not be pretended," says the Duke of Rovigo, "that this vote was influenced by military menaces, for at that time the troops were either assembled upon, or on their march to the frontier, so that the means of violating the freedom of election were in no way possessed by the government."

The Emperor, dressed in Imperial robes, ascended the elevated platform, where every eye could rest upon him. An altar was erected upon the platform, at which the Archbishop of Rouen, in the performance of religious rites, consecrated the eagles, and implored upon their just cause the blessing of the God of armies. An address from the electors of Paris was then read to the Emperor. It contained the following sentiments:

"Sire! the French people had conferred upon you the crown, and you have laid it down without

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"In the year 1793, he arrived at Marseilles, with his mother and sisters, who were sent off the island on account of these women having kept a house of accommodation, in which every species of vice was encouraged."

"One day he went to church, and having laid his hands on the hostie, emptied it of the consecrated wafers, and supplied the place with the refuse of his own body."

"It is the general opinion that both Kleber and Dessaix were assassinated by the order of Napoleon."

"In his fits of passion he kicks those about him. He runs about the room foaming, raging, and swearing like a mad boy."

"Merely for amusement, he used to pinch his Josephine to that degree that the impression of his fingers on her body has been visible for days."

"He lived in a state of undisguised concubinage with his two sisters, Mesdames Murat (Caroline) and Borghese (Pauline). The former made a public boast of it. This voluptuous murderer has also established a seminary for young persons, daughters and orphans of the Legion of Honor. But it is nothing more than a nursery for his intended victims, whom he wishes to debauch."

"Never was there, in one human being, such a combination of cruelty, tyranny, petulance, lewdness, luxury, and avarice as there is in Napoleon Bonaparte. Human nature had not before produced such a frightful being."

"At the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, Bonaparte and his brother Louis were present. Louis fainted. This so enraged Napoleon that he kicked him as he would a dog."

"The new-made Emperor fell upon the Grand Judge and beat him in the face in the most unmerciful manner. He was taken out of the tyrant's presence, or he would have killed him. An eye-witness told me that it was truly laughable to see a Grand Judge, lying quietly on the sofa, suffering himself to be beaten like a slave without making the least resistance. And when he was taken into the antechamber he was weltering in his blood, his robe torn, and his wig pulled off, while he was crying like a school-boy."

"The poison which Bonaparte administered to his victims is, I am very credibly informed, prepared in the following manner: Arsenic is given to a pig, which they hang by its legs, and the substance which drops out of the mouth and nostrils is collected, and goes through a chemical process. When he means to have any one poisoned, he sends for the cook or valet-de-chambre of the intended victims, and, what with bribes and threats, they unfortunately never fail of attaining their bloody ends."

Such were the *Histories* of Napoleon which during this conflict were circulated through the aristocratic circles of England. They were eagerly read and thankfully believed. For the masses of the people, sixpenny pamphlets of a similar character were issued. The following is the title of one of them: "*The Atrocities of the Corsican Demon; or, a glance at Bonaparte. Do but observe the face of villainy.*"

When we reflect that such has been the voice of history, we must pity rather than condemn those of our friends who still think Napoleon "*a monster.*"



THE FIELD OF MARS.

their consent. Their suffrages now impose upon you the duty of resuming it. What does the league of allied kings require? How have we given cause for their aggression? We do not wish for the chief they would impose upon us; and we wish for the one they do not like. We are threatened by invasion. Sire! nothing shall be spared to maintain our honor and independence. Every thing shall be done to repel an ignominious yoke. Sire! a throne built up by foreign armies has crumbled in an instant before you, because you have brought to us, from retirement, all the pathways of our true glory, all the hopes of our real prosperity."

Napoleon rose. A shout like the crash of thunder burst from the multitudinous throng. The roar of applause from so many voices, is represented by those who heard it as truly appalling. As soon as silence was a little restored, Napoleon made an appropriate reply, commencing with the following words: "Emperor, consul, soldier, I owe every thing to the people. In prosperity, in adversity, in the field of battle, in council, on the throne, in exile, France has been the sole and constant object of my thoughts and actions."

Then laying aside the Imperial mantle, he appeared before the multitude in that simple costume which was the dress of everyday life, and with which they all were familiar. He was again greeted by a burst of enthusiasm, such as has seldom been heard by mortal ears. Turning to the soldiers, he said, "Soldiers of the land and sea forces, I confide to you the Imperial eagle, with the national colors! You swear to defend it, at the price of your blood, against the enemies of your country."

A deep, intense, prolonged roar rolled along the squadrons and battalions, as they repeated the words, "We swear it, we swear it!" Upon the summit of the platform there was reared a lofty, pyramidal throne. Napoleon ascended it, and, with every eye riveted upon him, looked around upon the imposing spectacle spread out before him. The bands of all the regiments, in one majestic orchestra, encompassed the throne, and filled the air with an almost superhuman tumult of melody. The Emperor then descended, and, with his own hand, delivered the eagles to the several regiments as they marched by. To each he addressed those eloquent words, so eminently at his command, which awakened vibrations in every fibre of the soldier's heart.

Cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" filled the air. The scene of enthusiasm which the occasion presented, left an impression upon those who witnessed it which could never be effaced. "No one," says Savary, "could fail to remark that never did the French people, at any period of the revolution, seem more disposed to defend their

liberty and their independence. The Emperor left the Field of Mars confident that he might rely upon the sentiments there manifested toward him. From that moment his only care was to prepare to meet the storm which was gathering in Belgium." *

Time pressed. Every thing was to be done. An awful tempest of war was about to burst upon France. There had been no leisure to revise the constitution, to meet the peculiar emergence in which the empire was now placed. As a temporary provision Napoleon, with his Council, had prepared "*An Additional Act to the Constitutions of the State.*" These articles, extremely liberal in their spirit, though of course encountering individual opposition, the nation adopted by acclamation. One million five hundred thousand votes were thrown in favor of the "Additional Act," while less than five thousand votes were thrown against it. Even Madame de Staël applauded these provisions, and wrote to a friend, "The Additional Articles are all that is wanted for France; nothing less and nothing more than what she wants. The return of the Emperor is prodigious, and surpasses all imagination."

M. Sismondi, the illustrious historian, a warm advocate of republican principles, published an eloquent eulogium upon this Act, and called upon all Frenchmen to rally around the Emperor, in defense of national independence. Benjamin Constant, the renowned champion of constitutional freedom, and one of the most forcible orators of his day, assisted in the formation of this constitution, and earnestly advocated it with his voice and his pen. To account for these facts, Mr. Alison says:

"One of the most extraordinary of the many extraordinary gifts with which this wonderful man was endowed, was the power he possessed of subduing the minds of men, and the faculty he had acquired of dazzling penetration the most acute, and winning over hostile prepossessions the most confirmed, by the mere magic of his fascinating conversation."

In reply to the atrocious declaration of outlawry issued by the Allies, the Emperor, in a dignified and unanswerable document, drawn up by the presidents of the several sections of the Council of State, announced his position to Europe. The following abstract of this important document will show its spirit:

"The treaty of Fontainebleau has been violated by the allied powers.—(1.) The Empress and her son were to receive passports and an escort. Far from performing such promise, the wife was separated by force from her husband, the son from his father, and this under painful circumstances, when the strongest minds find it necessary to seek consolation and support in the bosom of the family affections.*—(2.) The safety of Napoleon, of the Imperial family, and their suites, was guaranteed. Yet bands of assassins were organized, under the eyes of the French government, to attack the Emperor, his brothers, and their wives. —(3.) The duchies of Parma and Placentia were pledged to Maria Louisa, her son, and his descendants. Yet, after a long refusal, the injustice was consummated by an absolute spoliation.—(4.) A suitable establishment out of France was promised to Prince Eugene. Yet he obtained nothing.—(5.) The Emperor had stipulated for his brave soldiers for the preservation of their salaries. Nevertheless, notwithstanding remonstrances, the whole was kept back.—(6.) The preservation of the property of the Emperor's family, movable and immovable, is stipulated in the treaty. Yet it has been despoiled of both.—(7.) The Emperor was to receive four hundred thousand dollars a year, and the members of his family five hundred thousand. The French government has refused to fulfill these engagements. The Emperor must have been reduced to the necessity of dismissing his faithful guard, for want of means of insuring its pay, had he not found, in the grateful remembrances of the bankers of Genoa and Italy, the honorable resource of a loan of twelve millions, which was offered him.—(8.) The island of Elba was secured to Napoleon in full property. Yet the resolution to deprive him of the same had been agreed to at the Congress. If Providence had not interposed, Europe would have seen attempts made against the person and the liberty of Napoleon. He was to have been torn from his family and his friends, and, at the mercy of his enemies, consigned to imprisonment at St. Helena.

"When the Allies thus stooped to violate a solemn contract; when Napoleon and all the members of his family saw that they were menaced in their persons, property, affections; when they were deprived of all the rights stipulated in their favor as princes, as well as of those secured by the laws to simple citizens, how was Napoleon to act? Ought he, after having endured so many insults, and suffered so many acts of injustice, to tolerate the complete violation of those engagements entered into with him, and, resigning himself to the fate prepared for him, abandon also to their fearful destiny his wife, his son, his relations, and his faithful servants?

"Such a resolution seems to require more than human strength of mind. Yet Napoleon was capable of adopting such conduct, if the peace and happiness of France could have been purchased by that new sacrifice. He would again have devoted himself for the French people, from whom, as he wishes to declare in the face of all Europe,

* "The retinue by which the Emperor was accompanied was as splendid as it used formerly to be on the celebration of important ceremonies. The immense multitude through which he passed welcomed him with cheers; and assuredly, had not the prospect of war checked the hopes in which the public wished to indulge, nothing would have been wanting to complete that happiness which all appeared to derive from this extraordinary event."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iv. p. 34.

* In the fourteenth article of the treaty it was stipulated that "All such safe conducts shall be furnished as are necessary for the free journey of his majesty the Emperor Napoleon, of the Empress, of the princes and princesses, and of all the persons of their suite who shall wish to accompany them, or to establish themselves out of France, as well as for the passage of all the equipages, horses, and effects which belong to them. The allied powers shall furnish, in consequence, officers and men as an escort."

he makes it his glory to possess every thing, to whom he refers every thing, and to whom also he alone holds himself responsible for his actions, and devotes his existence. It was for France alone, and to save her from intestine war, that the Emperor abdicated the crown. He restored to the French people the rights he held from them. He left them free to choose a new master, and to found their liberty and happiness on institutions calculated to protect both. He hoped that the nation would preserve all it had acquired by five-and-twenty years of glorious warfare, and that it would maintain its sovereignty in the choice of a ruler, and in stipulating the conditions on which he should be called to the throne. He expected from the new government respect for the glory of the armies, and for the rights of the brave; and a guarantee for all the new interests, generated and maintained during a quarter of a century, and which had become identified with the manners, habits, and wants of the nation.

"Far from this, every idea of the sovereignty of the people has been discarded. The principle on which public and civil legislation has been founded since the revolution, has been equally annulled. France has been treated as a revolted country reconquered by the armies of its ancient masters, and subjugated anew to feudal domination. A constitutional law has been imposed upon her, without consulting the nation, or even listening to its voice, while nothing remained but the phantom of national representation. The disuniting of the army, dispersion and exile of its officers, debasement of the soldiery, suppression of their endowments, privation of their pay or pensions, pre-eminence accorded to the decorations of feudal monarchy, contempt of the citizens in designating them anew under the designation "*the third estate*," spoliation of the purchasers of national property, the return of the feudal system in its titles, privileges, and rights, re-establishment of monarchical principles, abolition of the liberties of the Gallican Church, annihilation of the Concordat, re-establishment of tithes, revival of intolerance in an exclusive form of worship, and the domination of a handful of nobles over a nation accustomed to equality, are what the ministers of the Bourbons have done, or wished to do for the people of France.

"It was under these circumstances that the Emperor Napoleon left the island of Elba. Such were the motives for the resolution he adopted, and not any considerations of his own personal interests, so trivial, in his opinion, compared to the interests of the nation to which he has devoted his existence. He has not introduced war into the bosom of France. On the contrary, he has extinguished that war which the possessors of national property, constituting four-fifths of the landholders throughout France, would have been compelled to wage upon their despoilers; the war which the citizens, oppressed, degraded, and humiliated by the nobles, would have been compelled to declare against their oppressors; that war, in short, which Protestants, and Jews, and the people of different sects, would have been obliged to maintain against their intolerant persecutors.

"The Emperor came to deliver France. As her deliverer has he been received. He arrived almost alone. He traveled seven hundred miles unopposed and without offering battle. He has resumed, without resistance, in the midst of his capital and of the acclamations of an immense majority of the citizens, the throne relinquished by the Bourbons, who, from among the army, their own household, the National Guards, or the people, could not raise a single person in arms to endeavor to maintain them in their seat. Yes! The Emperor finds himself replaced at the head of a people which had already chosen him thrice, and has just re-elected him a fourth time by its reception of him during his march and his triumphant arrival. Thus is he replaced at the head of that nation by which, and for the interests of which, he alone wishes to reign.

"What, then, is the wish of Napoleon and of France? They desire only the independence of France, peace at home, peace with all nations, and the sacred observance of the treaty of Paris, of the 30th of May, 1814. What, then, is changed in the prospects of Europe and the hope of repose? There is nothing changed, if the Allies, respecting the independence of France, acknowledge its existence, unconquering and unconquered, as far from domineering as from being held in subjection, to be necessary to the balance of greater realms, as well as the guarantee of smaller states. There is nothing changed, provided no attempt be made to compel France to resume, with a dynasty she can no longer desire, the feudal chains she has broken, or to submit to the lordly or ecclesiastical pretensions from which she has emancipated herself. There is nothing changed, if those Powers do not seek to impose on her laws, interfere in her internal concerns, assign her a particular form of government, and force upon her masters suited only to the interests and passions of her neighbors. There is nothing changed, if, while France is occupied in preparing the new social compact intended to guarantee the liberty of her citizens and the triumph of those generous ideas prevalent in Europe, which can no longer be stifled, she be not compelled to abandon, in order to prepare for battle, those pacific ideas and that store of domestic prosperity to which the people and their sovereign wish to devote all their energies. Finally, there is nothing changed, if an unjust coalition does not oblige the French nation, which wishes only to remain at peace with Europe, to defend, as in 1792, her will, her rights, her independence, and the sovereign of her choice."

In preparation for war not a moment was to be lost. Napoleon had succeeded, by incredible exertions, in raising an army of two hundred and eighty thousand men. But of these he could take but one hundred and twenty thousand to drive back the inundation of nearly a million of bayonets, now advancing toward the frontiers of France. The enormous masses of the allied troops were marching in massive columns, from various

different points of the compass, to concentrate at Paris. Schwartzenberg, on the upper Rhine, commanded two hundred and sixty thousand men. Wellington and Blucher, in the vicinity of Brussels, had over one hundred thousand each. The Russian army, hastening by forced marches through Germany, consisted of nearly two hundred thousand semi-barbarians. At the foot of the Alps, to invade France from that quarter, an army of sixty thousand men were on the march under Austrian guidance. Even from reluctant Switzerland the domineering Allies had extorted a force of thirty thousand troops. The navy of England, then the most majestic arm of military strength on the globe, was plying all its energies of transport, of plunder, and of bombardment, in aid of the arduous enterprise. All these mighty monarchies with these gigantic armies were combined and on the move avowedly against one single man.

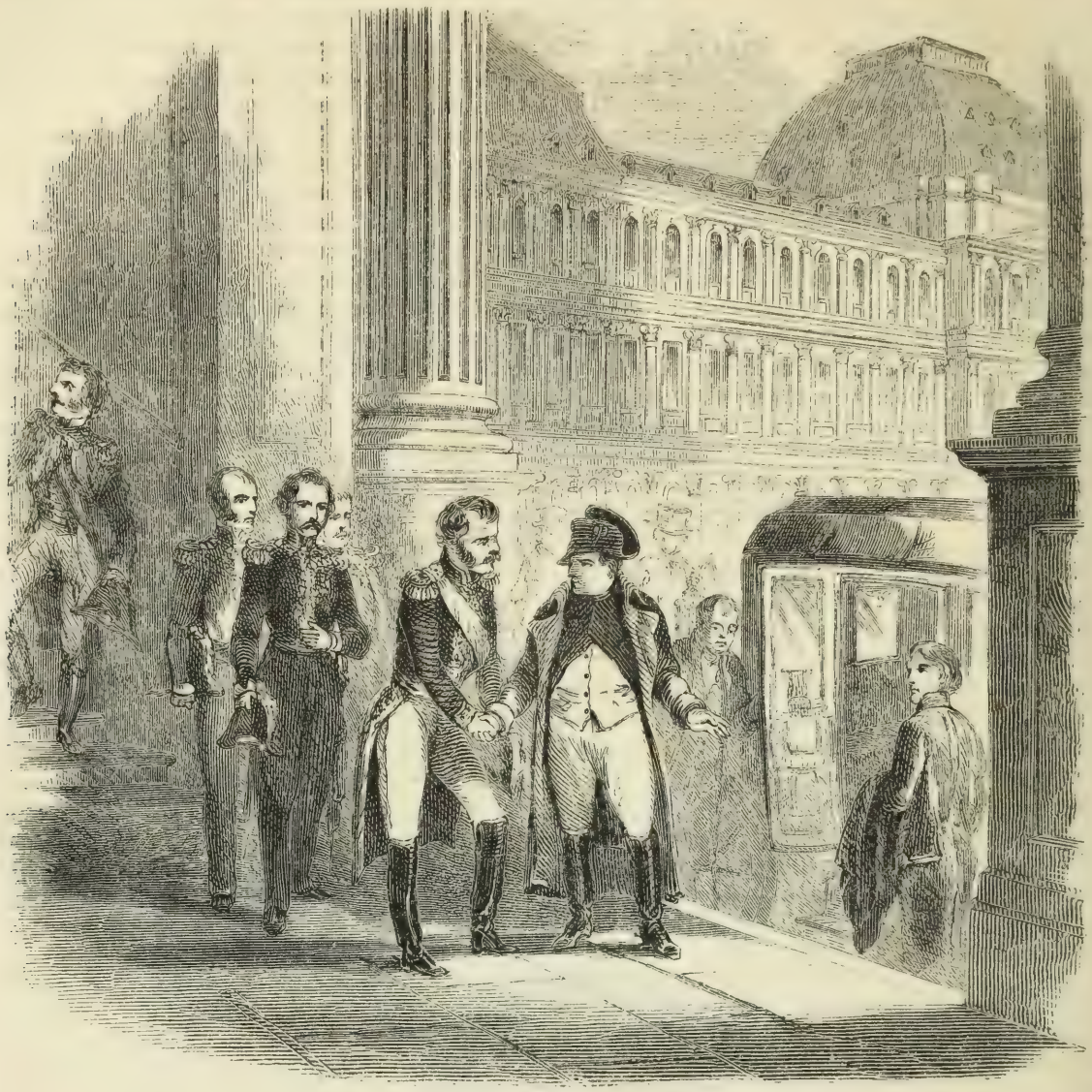
It was a fearful crisis. With fortitude and heroism which commands the admiration of the world did Napoleon meet it. He was as it were alone. Josephine was dead. Maria Louisa and his idolized son were prisoners in the saloons of the Allies. Eugene was dethroned and entangled in the court of the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law. Murat was wandering a fugitive, in hourly peril of being shot. Lannes, Bessières, Duroc were dead. Berthier, ashamed to meet his old master, had followed the fortunes of the Bourbons. Marmont was a traitor at Ghent. Oudinot and Macdonald, honorable men, still regarded as sacred their oath of fidelity to the Bourbons. Ney, having, through the dictates of his heart, violated his oath, disheartened by the sense of dishonor, had lost his power.

There were but two plans between which Napoleon could choose. One was to concentrate his little army around Paris, permit the Allies unobstructed to conduct their ravaging march through France, and settle the conflict in one dreadful battle beneath the walls of the metropolis. The other was to cross the frontier, to take the enemy by surprise in his unsuspicious march; to fall upon one body, and then upon another, and then upon another, and thus arrest and drive back the invaders, until they should be compelled to negotiate. Each of these plans seemed almost desperate, but the last was the least so. Napoleon decided to march promptly and unexpectedly into Belgium, to attack the armies of Wellington and Blucher, before they had time to concentrate their forces, and by the annihilation of this division of the mighty host of the Allies, to strike a blow upon the coalition which should cause it to recoil.

The whole night of the 11th of June the Emperor passed in his cabinet, dispatching innumerable orders and giving private instructions to his ministers. As he took leave of his ministers he said to them, "I depart to-night. Do your duty. The army and I will perform ours. I recommend you to act with union, zeal, and energy.



EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS.



NAPOLEON LEAVING THE TUILERIES.

Be careful, gentlemen, not to suffer liberty to degenerate into license, or anarchy to take place of order. Bear in mind that on unity the success of our exertions must depend."

At three o'clock in the morning of the 12th of June, just as the day was beginning to dawn, Napoleon descended the stairs of the Tuileries to join his army in this his last campaign. Holding out his hand to Caulaincourt, he said, sadly yet firmly, "Farewell, Caulaincourt! farewell! We must conquer or die!" On reaching the foot of the staircase he stopped for a moment, cast a lingering look around him upon that palace which he was never again to enter, and then threw himself into his carriage. Driving rapidly all that day and the next night, he arrived on the morning of the 13th at Avesnes, about 150 miles from Paris. In the vicinity of this city, which is on the extreme frontier of France, Napoleon had, by rapid marches, accumulated all his available troops. The success of the campaign depended upon promptness of action. A few hours even of delay might enable his enemies to crush him with overwhelming forces. From the lips of the whole army acclamations greeted him such as no other man has ever heard. He immediately issued the following proclamation to his troops:

"Soldiers! this is the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, which twice decided the destinies of Europe. Then, as after Austerlitz and after Wagram, we were too generous. We confided in the protestations and oaths of the princes whom we suffered to remain upon their thrones. Notwithstanding which, they have now coalesced among themselves, aiming at the independence and the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust of aggressions. Let us march to meet them. They and we—are we no longer the same men?

"Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, to-day so arrogant, you were one against two; and at Montmirail one against three. Let those among you who have been in the hands of the English, recite the story of their prison-ships and the miseries they there endured. The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, and the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, bewail the necessity of lending their arms to the cause of princes who are the enemies of justice and of the rights of nations. They know that this co-

alition is insatiable; and that after having devoured twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, and six millions of Belgians, it will also devour the second class states in Germany.

"A moment of prosperity has blinded them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people are beyond their power. If they enter France, there they will find their tomb. Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to wage, perils to encounter. But with constancy the victory will be ours. The rights, the honor, the happiness of our country will be recovered. For every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment has now arrived to conquer or perish."

The intrepid and intelligent army, fully conscious of the fearful odds against which it was to contend, with proud acclamations bade defiance to the whole coalition, and nerved itself with the courage of despair. Not fifty miles north of Napoleon there were two armies ready to combine. Wellington, at Brussels, had over one hundred thousand men. Blucher, but a few leagues from him, headed an army of one hundred and thirty thousand Prussians. These two forces, not dreaming of attack, even unconscious that Napoleon had left Paris, were negligently awaiting the arrival of the Russian troops, rapidly approaching, two hundred thousand in number. Napoleon was about to plunge into these masses with but one hundred and twenty thousand men. Immediately upon his arrival the troops enthusiastically thronged around him. With a few glowing words he almost supernaturally roused their ardor. They rushed toward him, raised their caps upon their bayonets, and filled the air with their shouts. They were all eager to be led by their beloved chieftain upon any adventure however desperate.

In one hour after Napoleon's arrival at Avesnes, his whole army was on the march. The Emperor gave minute directions to every corps, traversing different roads and starting from different points, so to order their march as to meet, at an appointed hour, at Charleroi, about thirty-five miles from Avesnes. General Bourmont had command of one of the divisions of the army. He had been in early life a stanch royalist, and upon Napoleon's return from Elba was an officer in the army of the Bourbons. He had, however, fallen in with the views of the nation in welcoming the return of the Emperor, and had solicited a command in the Imperial army. Napoleon distrusted him, but yielded to the importunities of Ney. This man, considering the cause of Napoleon now desperate, in the basest manner deserted, and carried to the Allies, as his peace-offering, the knowledge of the Emperor's order of march. Napoleon, a perfect master of himself, received the tidings of this untoward defection with his



NAPOLEON ADDRESSING HIS TROOPS.



MARSHAL SOULT.

accustomed tranquillity. Blucher welcomed the traitor Bourmont cordially, and the Bourbons loaded him with honors. This event rendered it necessary for Napoleon to countermand some of his orders, that he might deceive the enemy.

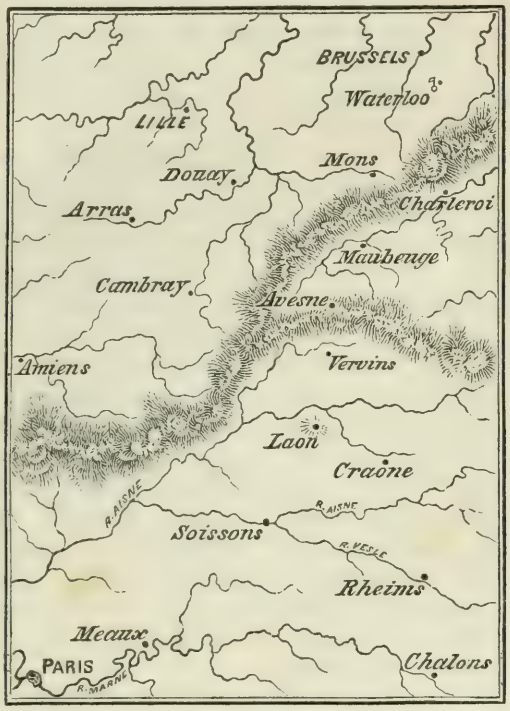
Marshal Soult, upon the abdication of Napoleon had, with unseemly cordiality, entered into the service of the Bourbons. Upon the return of the Emperor, with equal alacrity he hastened back to his side. This apparent fickleness alienated from him the affections of the army. The Emperor, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Davoust, made Soult the second in command. The suspected marshal was, however, shorn of his power; and by his feeble co-operation even incurred the probably unjust suspicion of treachery. Napoleon, however, never doubted him. He was also accused, by the Bourbons, of treachery to *their* cause, and was threatened with a trial. In reference to this charge the Emperor said, "Soult is innocent. He even acknowledged to me that he had taken a real liking to the king. The authority he enjoyed under him, he said, so different from that of my ministers, was a very agreeable thing, and had quite gained him over."

On the evening of the 14th the Emperor arrived in the vicinity of Charleroi. The Prussians had posted here, behind their entrenchments, an advance-guard of ten thousand men. In the earliest dawn of the morning of the 15th, the Imperial troops fell upon the enemy and drove them, with great slaughter, from the city. At six o'clock the French passed triumphantly across the bridges of the Sambre, and took possession of Charleroi. The Prussians, having lost two thousand men, retreated to join the main body of their army. It is about thirty miles from Charleroi to Brussels. Ten miles from Charleroi, on the road to Brussels, is situated the little hamlet of Quatre-Bras, so called from the intersection of two roads, forming *four arms*. Ney was ordered to advance immediately with 40,000 men and take possession of this important post.

"Concentrate there your men," said Napoleon. "Fortify your army by defensive field-works. Hasten, so that by midnight this position, occupied and impregnable, shall bid defiance to any attack.

Blucher, with the mass of his army, was at the fortified city of Namur, at the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse. By the occupation of Quatre-Bras, the one hundred thousand men of Wellington's army would be cut off from the one hundred and thirty thousand of Blucher. It was then Napoleon's intention to leave a small force behind the intrenchments to beat back the Prussians, while with the rest of his army he would cut in pieces Wellington's forces at Brussels. He would then turn back and make short work with Blucher. The Belgians, who were devoted to Napoleon, thus rescued from the Allies, would join his cause. This would revive the hopes of the liberal party throughout the Con-

tinent. Saxony, Italy, Hungary, Poland would rally, and the despots of Europe would again quail before the indignant uprising of enslaved nations. On the evening of the 15th of June, all Napoleon's plans had prospered, according to his most sanguine hopes. His star was again luminous, and the meteor glare of despotism began to wane.



MAP OF WATERLOO.

Napoleon having received intelligence from Ney that he had taken possession of Quatre-Bras, advanced on the morning of the 16th by another road, in the direction of Ligny, which was about half way between Quatre-Bras and Namur. Here he quite unexpectedly met Blucher, who with eighty thousand troops had left Namur to form a junction with Wellington. Blucher was rescued from surprise by the intelligence communicated by the deserter Bourmont. Napoleon had with him sixty thousand veterans. One of the most desperate conflicts recorded in history then ensued. All the day long the bloody surges of battle rolled to and fro over the plain. As the evening sun went down, Napoleon was every where a victor on this widely-extended field, and the Prussians, leaving ten thousand prisoners in his hands, and twenty thousand weltering in blood, fled, as they had ever been accustomed to do, before the genius of Napoleon. Had Ney brought up his force to cut off the retreat of the Prussians, as Napoleon had ordered and expected, not one of the enemy would have escaped, and "Waterloo" would not have been.

Leaving Napoleon a victor upon the plains of Ligny, we must turn again to Ney. On the evening of the 15th, as Ney was approaching Quatre Bras, night came on, dark, tempestuous, and with floods of rain, before the Marshal had reached the cross of the roads. The soldiers were exceedingly exhausted by two days' march, in dreadful weather. Ney, having arrived within a few miles of the place, and encountering no foe, and ascertaining by couriers that there was no enemy at Quatre Bras, felt sure that he could take the position without any obstacle in the morning. He accordingly considered the enterprise accomplished, and sent a messenger to the Emperor, informing him that he *was actually in possession.* The soldiers, half dead with fatigue, threw themselves upon the flooded sods, and, with the careering tempest for their lullaby, forgot their perils and their toils. Little did they dream that by those few hours of repose they were overthrowing the throne of Napoleon, the Empire of France, and popular liberty throughout Europe.

While these heroic defenders of the independence of France were sleeping upon the storm-drenched ground, the Duke of Wellington was attending a very brilliant ball, given by the Duchess of Richmond, at Brussels. In the midst of the gayety, as Wellington was conversing with the Duke of Brunswick in the embrasure of a window, a courier approached, and informed him, in a low tone of voice, that Napoleon had crossed the frontier and was, with his army, within ten miles of Brussels. Wellington, astounded by the intelligence, turned pale. The Duke of Brunswick started from his chair so suddenly, that he quite forgot a child slumbering in his lap, and rolled the helpless little one violently upon the floor. The news instantly spread through the ball-room. Wellington and all the officers hastily retired. The energies of the Iron Duke were immediately aroused to their utmost tension. Bugles sounded, drums beat, soldiers rallied, and the whole mighty host, cavalry, artillery, infantry, and field-trains, were in an hour careering through the dark and flooded streets of Brussels.

The genius of Byron has thrown its splendor around this scene.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

. . . . . .

"And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, 'The foe! they come! they come!'"

The night was black and stormy. For three days and three nights the rain had fallen almost without intermission. The roads were miry and flooded. It was but fifteen miles from Brussels to Quatre-Bras. Wellington was as fully aware as was Napoleon of the imminent importance of

that post. Through the whole night the inundation of war rolled along the road, mingling its tumult with the uproar of the tempest. In the morning Ney was appalled in discerning through the driving rain that Wellington had possession of Quatre Bras, and that its recovery, even by the fiercest assault, was doubtful.

At the same time his perplexity was augmented to anguish by receiving an order from the Emperor, who, relying upon his statement that Quatre Bras was in his possession, requested him to leave a suitable force behind the intrenchments to prevent Wellington from coming to the aid of the Prussians, while Ney, with all his available squadrons, hastened to cut off the retreat of Blucher. "The destiny of France," said the Emperor, in his earnest dispatch to Ney, "*is in your hands.*"

But for this unfortunate failure of Ney, Blucher's army would have been entirely annihilated. The next day Napoleon, with his united force, flushed with victory, would have fallen upon Wellington, and the result of the conflict could not have been doubtful. The Hanoverian and Belgian troops were strongly in favor of Napoleon, and were fighting against him by compulsion. They would eagerly have rallied beneath his standard, and the history of the world would have been changed. Upon casualties apparently so slight are the destinies of mankind suspended.

But Ney, instead of being able to cut off the retreat of Blucher, was compelled to employ the whole day in desperate, sanguinary, though unavailing attempts to get possession of Quatre Bras. Wellington, fully conscious of his peril, urged the march of his troops to the utmost. "They must not wait for one another," said he, "but march by regiments, by divisions, by companies even; battalion by battalion, company by company; the first ready, the nearest and the bravest. They must not walk but run, as to a fire. Here we must stand or fall to the last man." Thus every hour reinforcements were arriving, and crowding the post with invincible strength.

The anguish of Ney, as he perceived his irreparable fault, was awful. "You see those balls," said he to Labédoyère, as the shot from the English batteries tore his ranks, "would to Heaven they had all passed through my body!" Galloping up to Kellerman, he exclaimed, in tones of despairing anguish, "One more charge, my dear general! Dash forward at the heart of the English army, and break it at any cost. I will support you. The country requires it of you." Kellerman, at the head of his cuirassiers, plunged into the dense masses of the foe. A storm of balls, shells, grape-shot, and bullets rolled horses and riders in blood. The feeble and mangled remnants of the squadrons were driven back as by a hurricane.

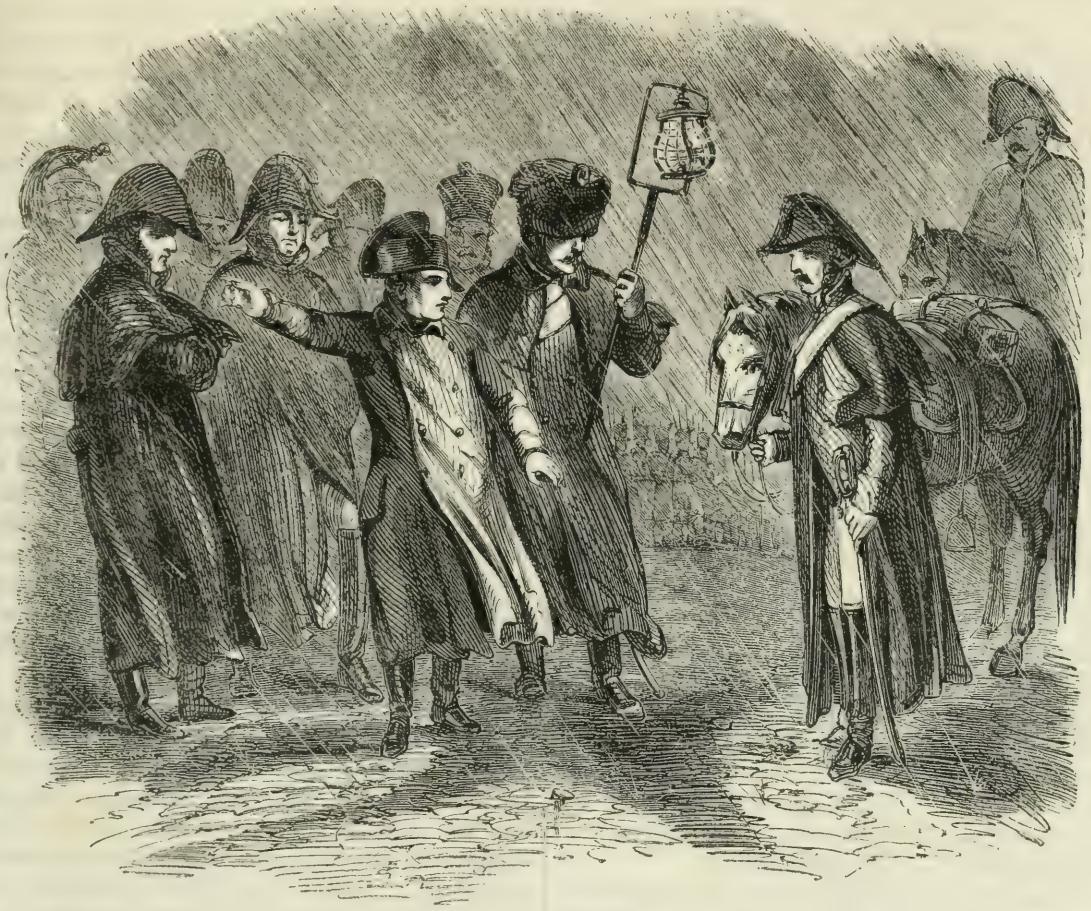
A series of unparalleled fatalities appear to have thwarted Napoleon's profoundly laid plans throughout the whole of this momentous campaign. The treachery of Bourmont rescued the enemy from that surprise which would unquestionably have secured his destruction. The neglect of Ney to take possession of Quatre-Bras, and the false intelligence sent to Napoleon that it was occupied, again snatched a decisive victory from the Emperor. And yet this great man—never disposed to quarrel with his destiny—uttered no angry complaints. He knew that Ney had intended no wrong, and he lost not a moment in useless repining. He immediately sent a friendly message to Ney, and calmly gathered up his resources to do what he could under the change of circumstances.

Night again came with its unintermitted storm. It was the night of the 16th of June. The soldiers, drenched, hungry, weary, bleeding, dying, in vain sought repose beneath that inclement sky and in those miry fields. Napoleon, at Ligny, not ten miles from Quatre-Bras, was a victor. Ney, repulsed at every point, slept upon his arms before his indomitable foe at Quatre-Bras. Blucher, with his broken battalions, retreated, unopposed, during the night, toward Wavre. Wellington, informed of this retreat, fell back to form a junction with the Prussian army at Waterloo. Napoleon dispatched Marshal Grouchy, with thirty thousand men, to pursue the retreating Prussians, to keep them continually in sight, to harass them in every way, and to press them so hotly that they should not be able to march to the aid of Wellington.

The morning of the 17th of June dawned dismally upon these exhausted and wretched victims of war, through the clouds and the rain, and the still continued wailings of the storm. The soldiers of Grouchy were so worn down by the superhuman exertions and sufferings of the last few days, that they were unable to overtake the rapidly retreating Prussians. They, however, toiled along through the miry roads with indomitable energies. Napoleon, leaving Grouchy to pursue the Prussians, immediately passed over to Quatre-Bras, to unite his forces with those of Ney, and to follow the retreat of Wellington. Their combined army amounted to about 70,000 men. With these the Emperor followed vigorously in the track of Wellington.

The Duke had retreated during the day toward Brussels, and halted on the spacious field of Waterloo, about nine miles from the metropolis. Here, having skillfully selected his ground and posted his troops, he anxiously awaited the arrival of Blucher, to whom he had sent urgent dispatches to hasten to his aid. Blucher was at Wavre, but a few hours' march from Waterloo, with 72,000 men. The junction of these forces would give Wellington an overwhelming superiority of numbers. He would then have at least 150,000 troops with whom to assail less than 70,000.

As night approached, the troops of Napoleon, toiling painfully through the storm, the darkness, and the mire, arrived also on the fatal plain. The late hour at which the several divisions of the French army reached the unknown field of bat-



RECONNOITRING THE FIELD.

tle, involved in the obscurity of darkness and the storm, embarrassed the Emperor exceedingly. As the light was fading away, he pointed toward the invisible sun, and said, "What would I not give to be this day possessed of the power of Joshua, and enabled to retard thy march for two hours!"

Napoleon, judging from the bivouac fires of the enemy that they were strongly posted and intended to give battle, reconnoitered the ground by groping over it on foot, and posted his battalions as they successively arrived. He immediately sent a dispatch to Marshal Grouchy, ordering him to press the Prussians vigorously, and to keep himself in a position to combine with the Emperor's operations. For eighteen hours the Emperor had tasted neither of sleep, repose, nor nourishment. His clothes were covered with mud and soaked with rain. But regardless of exposure and fatigue, he did not seek even to warm himself by the fires around which his drenched troops were shivering. All the night long the rain fell in torrents, and all the night long the Emperor toiled, unprotected in the storm, as he prepared for the conflict of the morrow.

Wellington's army, variously estimated at from 72,000 to 90,000 in number, was admirably posted along the brow of a gentle eminence, a mile and a half in length. A dense forest in the rear, where the ground gradually fell away, concealed from the view and the shot of the enemy all but those who stood upon the brow of the eminence. Napoleon established his troops, estimated at from 65,000 to 75,000, within cannon-shot of the foe, and on the gentle declivity of a corresponding rise of land, which extended parallel to that occupied by the English.

The dreadful night at length passed away, and the morning of the 18th of June dawned, lurid and cheerless, through the thick clouds. It was the morning of the Sabbath day. The vast field of Waterloo, plowed and sown with grain, soaked by the rains of the past week, and cut up by the wheels and the tramp of these enormous armies, was converted into a quagmire. The horses sank to their knees in the humid soil. The wheels of the guns, encumbered with adhesive clay, rolled heavily, axle-deep, in the mire. Under circumstances of such difficulty, the French were compelled to attack down one ridge of slopes, across a valley, and up another ridge, toiling through the mud, exposed all the way to point-blank discharges from the batteries and lines of the English. Wellington was to act simply on the defensive, endeavoring to maintain his position until the arrival of Blucher.

About eight o'clock the clouds of the long storm broke and dispersed; the sun came out in all its glory, and one of the most bright and lovely of summer Sabbaths smiled upon Waterloo. The skies ceased to weep, and the vail of clouds was

withdrawn, as if God would allow the angels to look down and witness this awful spectacle of man's inhumanity to man.

Napoleon assembled most of his general officers around him to give them his final orders. "The enemy's army," said he, "is superior to ours by nearly a fourth. There are, however, ninety chances in our favor to ten against us."

"Without doubt," exclaimed Marshal Ney, who had that moment entered, "if the Duke of Wellington were simple enough to wait for your Majesty's attack. But I am come to announce that his columns are already in full retreat, and are fast disappearing in the forest of Soignes."

"You have seen badly," the Emperor replied, with calm confidence. "It is too late. By such a step he would expose himself to certain ruin. He has thrown the dice; they are now for us."

At half past ten o'clock all the movements were made, and the troops were in their stations for the battle. Thus far profound silence had reigned on the field, as the squadrons moved with noiseless steps to their appointed stations. The hospitals were established in the rear. The corps of surgeons had spread out their bandages and splinters, knives and saws, and, with their sleeves rolled up, were ready for their melancholy deeds of mercy. The Emperor rode along his devoted lines. Every eye was riveted upon him. Every heart said, "God bless him!"

"One heart," says Lamartine, "beat between these men and the Emperor. In such a moment they shared the same soul and the same cause. The army was Napoleon. Never before was it so entirely Napoleon as now. At such a moment he must have felt himself more than a man, more than a sovereign. His army bent in homage to the past, the present, and the future, and welcomed victory or defeat, the throne or death with its chief. It was determined on every thing, even on the sacrifice of itself, to restore him his empire, or to render his last fall illustrious. To have inspired such devotion was the greatness of Napoleon; to evince it even to madness was the greatness of his army." Such is the reluctant concession, blended with ungenerous slurs, of Napoleon's most uncandid and most envenomed foe

The acclamations which burst from the lips of nearly seventy thousand men, thus inspired with one affection, one hope, one soul, resounded in prolonged echoes over the field, and fell portentously on the ears of the waiting enemy.

In the English army there was probably not a man who was not proud of the renown of Old England, and proud of the genius of the Duke of Wellington. But in all those serried ranks there was perhaps not one single private who *loved* the Iron Duke. Indeed, there was so strong a sympathy with the Emperor, among the Belgian and Hanoverian troops, who were *compelled* to march under the banner of the Allies, that the Duke had great fears that they would abandon him in the heat of battle, and pass over to the generous, sympathizing, warm-hearted chieftain of the people. In reference to these German contingents, Sir Walter Scott says—in truthful utterance, though with inelegant phrase—"They were in some instances suspected to be lukewarm to the cause in which they were engaged, so that it would have been imprudent to trust more to their assistance and co-operation than could not possibly be avoided."*

At eleven o'clock the horrid carnage commenced. On either side every thing was done which mortal courage or energy could accomplish. Hour after hour the French soldiers, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" made onset after onset, up to the very muzzles of the British guns, and were cut down by those terrific discharges like grass before the scythe. The demon of destruction and woe held its high carnival in the midst of the demoniac revelry of those bloody hours. Every discharge which blended its thunder with the roar of that awful battle, was sending widowhood and orphanage to distant homes, blinding the eyes of mothers and daughters with tears of agony, and darkening once happy dwellings with life-long wretchedness.

For many hours the whole field was swept with an unintermitted storm of balls, shells, bullets, and grape-shot; while enormous masses of cavalry, in fluent and refluent surges, trampled into the bloody mire the dying and the dead. There were now forty thousand of the combatants weltering in gore. The wide-extended field was every where covered with bodies in every conceivable form of hideous mutilation. The flash of the guns, the deafening thunder of artillery and musketry, the groans and the piercing shrieks of the wounded, the dense volumes of smoke, which enveloped the plain in almost midnight gloom, the delirious shouts of the assailants as they rushed upon death, the shrill whistling of the missiles of destruction, and the wild flight of the fugitives, as, in broken bands, they were pursued and sabred by the cavalry, presented the most revolting spectacle of war in all the enormity of its guilt and of its fiendish brutality. Who, before the tribunal of God, is to be held responsible for that day of blood?

In the midst of these awful scenes, early in the afternoon, as portions of Wellington's line were giving way, and flying in dismay toward Brussels, carrying the tidings of defeat, and when Napoleon felt sure of the victory, the Emperor's quick eye discerned, far off upon his right, an immense mass of men, more than thirty thousand strong, emerging from the forest, and with rapid step deploying upon the plain. At first Napoleon was sanguine that it was Marshal Grouchy, and that the

* But a few years after this the Duke of Wellington, so obnoxious to the people, on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, was chased and pelted by the populace through the streets of London. He narrowly escaped with his life. The windows of his magnificent mansion were dashed in, and for a long time he kept them barricaded as a protection against the fury of the mob. Wellington was the idol of the aristocracy, and the bold, consistent, undisguised enemy of all reform in favor of the people.

battle was decided. But in another moment their artillery balls began to plow his ranks, and the Emperor learned that it was Bulow, with the advance-guard of Blucher's army, hastening to the rescue of Wellington.

This was giving the foe a fearful preponderance of power. Napoleon had now less than sixty thousand men, while Wellington, with this reinforcement, could oppose to him a hundred thousand. But the Emperor, undismayed, turned calmly to Marshal Soult, and said, "We had ninety chances out of a hundred in our favor this morning. The arrival of Bulow makes us lose thirty. But we have still sixty against forty. And if Grouchy sends on his detachment with rapidity the victory will be thereby only the more decisive, for the corps of Bulow must, in that case, be entirely lost."

Napoleon was compelled to weaken his columns, which were charging upon the wavering lines of Wellington, by dispatching ten thousand men to beat back these fresh battalions, thirty thousand strong. The enthusiastic French, armed in the panoply of a just cause, plunged recklessly into the ranks of this new foe, and drove him back into the woods. The Emperor with his diminished columns continued his terrible charges. He kept his eye anxiously fixed upon the distant horizon, expecting every moment to see the gleaming banners of Grouchy. The Marshal heard the tremendous cannonade booming from the field of Waterloo, and yet refused, notwithstanding the entreaties of his officers, to approach the scene of the terrific strife. He has been accused of treason. Napoleon charitably ascribes his fatal inactivity to want of judgment. The couriers sent to him in the morning were either intercepted by the enemy or turned traitors. Grouchy did not receive the order. In the circumstances of the case, however, to every one but himself the path of duty seemed plain.

General Excelsmann rode up to Marshal Grouchy, and said, "The Emperor is in action with the English army. There can be no doubt of it. A fire so terrible can not be a skirmish. We ought to march to the scene of action. I am an old soldier of the army of Italy, and have heard General Bonaparte promulgate this principle a hundred times. If we turn to the left we shall be on the field of battle in two hours." Count Gerard joined them, and urged the same advice. Had Grouchy followed these counsels, and appeared upon the field with his division of thirty thousand men, probably not a man of the English or Prussian army could have escaped the Emperor. But Grouchy, though he had lost sight of Blucher, pleaded his orders to follow him, and refused to move.

"Do you think," said O'Meara to Napoleon at St. Helena, "that Grouchy betrayed you intentionally?"

"No! no!" the Emperor promptly replied; "but there was a want of energy on his part. There was also treason among the staff. I believe that some of the officers whom I had sent to Grouchy betrayed me, and went over to the enemy. Of this, however, I am not certain, as I have never seen Grouchy since."

As the French soldiers witnessed the prompt retreat of Bulow's reinforcement, and the Emperor was about to make a charge with the Old Guard, which never yet had charged in vain, they deemed the victory sure. Loud shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rang along their lines, which rose above the roar of the battle, and fell ominously, in prolonged echoes, upon the ears of the allied troops. A panic spread through the ranks of Wellington's army. Many of the regiments were reduced to skeletons, and some, thrown into disorder, were rushing from the field in fugitive bands. The whole rear of the English army now presented a tumultuary scene of confusion, the entire space between Waterloo and Brussels being filled with stragglers, and all the *débris* of a routed army.

Wellington stood upon a gentle eminence, watching with intense anxiety for the coming of Blucher. He knew that he could hold out but a short time longer. As he saw his lines melting away, he repeatedly looked at his watch, and then fixed his gaze upon the distant hills, and as he wiped the perspiration which mental anguish extorted from his brow, exclaimed, "Would to Heaven that Blucher or night would come."

Just at this critical moment, when the Emperor was giving an order for a simultaneous attack by his whole force, two long, dark columns, of thirty thousand each, the united force of Blucher and Bulow, came pouring over the hills, down upon the torn and bleeding flank of Napoleon's exhausted troops. Thus an army of sixty thousand fresh soldiers, nearly equal to Napoleon's whole force at the commencement of the conflict, with exultant hurrahs and bugle peals, and thundering artillery, came rushing upon the plain. It was an awful moment. It was a thunderbolt of fate.

"It is almost certain," says General Jomini, who had deserted to the Allies, and was at this time aid-de-camp to Emperor Alexander, "that Napoleon would have remained master of the field of battle, but for the arrival of 65,000 Prussians on his rear."

The Emperor's wasted bands were now in the extreme of exhaustion. For eight hours every physical energy had been tasked to its utmost endurance, by such a conflict as the world had seldom seen before. Twenty thousand of his soldiers were either bleeding upon the ground or motionless in death. He had now less than fifty thousand men to oppose to one hundred and fifty thousand. Wellington during the day had brought up some additional forces from his rear, and could now oppose the Emperor with numbers three to one.

The intelligent French soldiers instantly perceived the desperate state of their affairs. But, undismayed, they stood firm, waiting only for the command of their Emperor. The allied army saw at a glance its advantage, and a shout of exultation burst simultaneously from their lips. The Emperor, with that wonderful coolness which

never forsook him, promptly recalled the order for a general charge, and by a very rapid and skillful series of manœuvres, as by magic, so changed the front of his army as to face the Prussians advancing upon his right, and the lines of Wellington before him.

Every thing depended now upon one desperate charge by the Imperial Guard, before the Prussians, trampling down their feeble and exhausted opponents, could blend their squadrons with the battalions of Wellington. The Emperor placed himself at the head of this devoted and invincible band, and advanced in front of the British lines, apparently intending himself to lead the charge. But the officers of his staff entreated him to remember that the safety of France depended solely upon him. Yielding to their solicitations, he resigned the command to Ney.

The scene now presented was one of the most sublime which war has ever furnished. The Imperial Guard had never yet moved but in the path of victory. As these renowned battalions, in two immense columns, descended the one eminence and ascended the other to oppose their bare bosoms to point-blank discharges from batteries double-shotted or loaded to the muzzle with grape, there was a moment's lull in the storm of battle. Both armies gazed with awe upon the scene. The destinies of Napoleon, of France, of Europe were suspended upon the issues of a moment. The fate of the world trembled in the balance. Not a drum beat the charge. Not a bugle uttered its inspiriting notes. Not a cheer escaped the lips of those proud, determined, indomitable men. Silently, sternly, unflinchingly they strode on till they arrived within a few yards of the batteries and bayonets which the genius of Wellington had arrayed to meet them. There was a flash as of intensest lightning gleaming along the British lines. A peal as of crashing thunder burst upon the plain. A tempest of bullets, shot, shells, and all the horrible missiles of war, fell like hailstones upon the living mass, and whole battalions melted away and were trampled in the bloody mire by the still advancing host. Defiant of death, the intrepid Guard, closing up its decimated ranks, pressed on, and pierced the British line. Every cannon, every musket which could be brought to bear, was directed to this unfaltering and terrible foe. Ney, in the course of a few moments, had five horses shot beneath him. Then, with a drawn sabre, he marched on foot at the head of his men. Napoleon gazed with intense anxiety upon the progress of this heroic band, till enveloped in clouds of smoke it was lost to sight.

At the same moment the Prussians came rushing upon the field, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, entirely overpowering the feeble and exhausted squadrons left to oppose them. A gust of wind swept away the smoke, and as the anxious eye of Napoleon pierced the tumult of the battle to find his Guard, it had disappeared. Almost to a man they were weltering in blood. A mortal paleness overspread the cheek of the Emperor. The French army also saw that the Guard was annihilated. An instantaneous panic struck every heart. With exultant shouts the army of Blucher and of Wellington rushed upon the plain, and a scene of horror ensued at which humanity shudders. The banners of despotic Prussia and of constitutional England blended in triumph, and intertwined their folds over that gory field, where the liberties of Europe were stricken to the dust. Blucher and Wellington, with their dripping swords, met with congratulations in the midst of the bloody arena. Each claimed the honor of the victory. Together they had achieved it. Wellington's troops were so exhausted as to be unable to follow the discomfited army. "Leave the pursuit to me," said Blucher. "I will send every man and every horse after the enemy." He fulfilled his promise with a merciless energy characteristic of this debauched and fierce dragoon. No quarter was shown. The unarmed were cut down, and even the prisoners were sabred.

The English soldiers, as usual, were generous and merciful in the hour of victory. They dispersed over the field and carried refreshments and assistance, not only to their own wounded countrymen, but also to their bleeding and dying foes.

Napoleon threw himself into a small square, which he had kept as a reserve, and urged it forward into the densest throngs of the enemy. He was resolved to perish with his Guard. Cambronne, its brave commander, seized the reins of the Emperor's horse, and said to him, in beseeching tones, "Sire, death shuns you. You will but be made a prisoner." Napoleon shook his head, and for a moment resisted. But then his better judgment told him that thus to throw away his life would be but an act of suicide. With tears filling his eyes, and grief overspreading his features, he bowed to these heroes, ready to offer themselves up in a bloody sacrifice. Faithful even to death, with a melancholy cry they shouted, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" These were their last words, their dying farewell. Silent and sorrowful, the Emperor put spurs to his horse, and disappeared from the fatal field. It was the commencement of his journey to *St. Helena.**

This one square, of two battalions, alone covered the flight of the army as a gallant rear-guard. The Prussians and the English pressed it on three sides, pouring into its bosom the most destructive discharges. Squadrons of cavalry plunged upon

* "The ranks of the English," according to the statement of Blucher, as quoted by W. H. Ireland, Esq., "were thrown into disorder; the loss had been considerable, so that the reserves had advanced into the line, and the situation of the Duke of Wellington was exceedingly critical. Still greater disorder prevailed in the rear of the English army. The roads of the forest of Soignes were encumbered by wagons, artillery, and baggage deserted by their drivers; while numerous bands of fugitives had spread confusion and affright throughout Brussels and the neighboring roads. Had not the French successes been interrupted by the march of Bulow, or if Marshal Grouchy, as the Emperor had every reason to hope, had followed at the heels of the Prussians, a more glorious victory could not have been obtained by the French, as it has been affirmed on all hands that not a single man of the Duke of Wellington's army could have escaped."



NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

them, and still they remained unbroken. The flying artillery was brought up, and pitilessly pierced the heroic band with a storm of cannon balls. This invincible square, the last fragment of the Old Guard, nerved by that soul which its Imperial creator had breathed into it, calmly closing up as death thinned its ranks, slowly and defiantly retired, arresting the flood of pursuit. General Cambronne was now bleeding from six wounds. But a few scores of men, torn and bleeding, remained around him. The English and Prussians, admiring such heroism, and weary of the butchery, suspended for a moment their fire, and sent a flag of truce, demanding a capitulation. General Cambronne returned the immortal reply, "*The Guard dies, but never surrenders!*" A few more volleys of bullets from the infantry, a few more discharges of grape-shot from the artillery, mowed them all down. Thus perished, on the fatal field of Waterloo, the Old Guard of Napoleon. It was the creation of the genius of the Emperor; he had inspired it with his own lofty spirit; and the fall of the Emperor it devotedly refused to survive.

It was now night. The awful clamor of battle, the rattle of musketry, and the thunder of artillery, the infuriated shouts of the pursuing Prussians, and the shrieks of their victims as they



THE RETREAT FROM WATERLOO.

were pierced by bayonets or cut down by sabres, presented a scene of brutal, demoniac war which the imagination even shrinks from contemplating. The bloody field of Waterloo was covered with forty thousand gory bodies. The Duke of Wellington, well-satisfied with his day's work, granted his soldiers repose, and left the pursuit to the Prussians. The savage Blucher, with his savage band, all the night long continued the work of death. The French army was dispersed in every direction, and nothing remained for Napoleon but to return as rapidly as possible to Paris, and endeavor to raise new forces to attempt to repel the invasion of the enemy. Such was the bloody deed by which the Allies succeeded in quenching the flame of Continental liberty, and in establishing over Europe Russian and Prussian and Austrian despotism. That England should have aided in this work, is the darkest blot upon England's escutcheon.

Napoleon immediately turned his steps toward Paris. At one o'clock in the morning he arrived at Quatre-Bras. He stopped here for an hour to give some directions respecting the retreat, and to designate a rallying-point for his fugitive bands, to which he could press forward reinforcements from Paris, and then hastened on to Charleroi. It was a lovely summer's night. The moon shone brilliantly in the unclouded and tranquil sky. All the night long the exhausted Emperor, accompanied by a few of his suite, in silence and anguish urged on his horse, while the thunder and the tumult of the awful pursuit resounded through the clear midnight air appallingly behind him.*

He arrived at this place in the early dawn of the morning. Utterly worn down in body and mind, he threw himself upon a couch for a few moments of repose. But the calamity in which he was overwhelmed was too awful to admit of a moment's slumber. Several of his followers came in with swollen eyes, and haggard countenances, and clothes covered with blood and dirt. As Napoleon contemplated the melancholy spectacle, and appreciated the enormity of the woe which threatened France, he was for a moment quite unmanned. Silently pressing the hand of his friend, Baron Fleury, tears gushed from his eyes, betraying the cruel anguish with which his heart was lacerated.

* "He had proved," says Baron Jomini, "at Arcola, Eylau, Ratisbon, Arcis, and also at Waterloo, that he was not afraid of bullets; and had he not believed in the resources of France, he would have died at the head of the remains of his army; he quitted them because he had not a general of his rear-guard who could not lead them to Laon as well as himself, while no one could replace him at the helm of the vessel of state, which, for the instant, was not at his head-quarters, but at the Tuileries."



THE RETURN TO PARIS.

Again mounting his horse, he pressed rapidly on to Laon, where he arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon. Here he dispatched various orders, and sent a frank and honest bulletin to Paris, concealing nothing of the measurelessness of the calamity. "Here," said he to General Druot, "is the bulletin of Waterloo. I wish you to hear it read. If I have omitted any essential circumstances, you will remind me of them. It is not my intention to conceal any thing. Now, as after the affair of Moscow, the whole truth must be disclosed to France. I might have thrown on Marshal Ney the blame of part of the misfortunes at Waterloo. But the mischief is done. No more must be said."

After a few hours of unrefreshing and troubled slumber, the Emperor entered a carriage, and, accompanied by a few friends and a feeble escort, drove all the day, and just after midnight on the morning of the 21st arrived in Paris. It was a dark and gloomy hour. The street lamps were flickering and expiring. With characteristic propriety, instead of directing his steps to the Tuileries, he modestly turned aside to the less ambitious palace of the Elysée. A few servants were at the gate of the palace with glimmering torches. He was received upon the steps by his faithful friend Caulaincourt Fatigue and grief had prostrated him into the last stage of exhaustion. His cheek was emaciate and pallid, and his dress disordered by travel. His tottering limbs could hardly support his steps, and his head drooped upon his shoulder. Throwing himself upon a sofa, he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his heart,

"I am suffocating here. The army has performed prodigies of valor. It is grievous to think that we should have been overcome after so many heroic efforts. My most brilliant victories do not shed more glory on the French army than the defeat at Waterloo. Our troops have not been beaten; they have been sacrificed, massacred by overwhelming numbers. My Guard suffered themselves to be cut to pieces without asking for quarter; but they exclaimed to me, 'Withdraw! withdraw! You see that death is resolved to spare your Majesty.' And opening their ranks, my old grenadiers screened me from the carnage by forming around me a rampart of their own bodies. My brave, my admirable Guard has been destroyed, and I have not perished with them."

He paused, overcome by anguish, and heaving a deep sigh, and saying, "I desire to be alone," retired to the silence and the solitude of his cabinet.

A NATURALIST AMONG THE HIMALAYAS.*

THERE are but few portions of our globe left for the naturalist to explore. Dr. Hooker is to be esteemed a fortunate man in having had for his share the exploration of two of these unknown regions. Many years ago he accompanied Sir James Ross in his voyage of Antarctic discovery, for the purpose of studying the botany of those sterile regions. After his return he looked about him for fresh worlds to conquer. For a while he hesitated between the Andes and the Himalayas; but finally decided upon the latter. Three years were spent by him among these mountains, the loftiest upon the globe, and the results of his explorations are embodied in a couple of handsome volumes, which have been received with great favor by the scientific world. With the purely scientific portions of the work, we do not intend to meddle. But intermingled with these are many pictures of life and manners which it seems to us can not fail to prove interesting to the general reader.



VALLEY OF TAMBUR AMONG THE HIMALAYAS.

The expedition was undertaken partly under the auspices of the British Government, who appropriated a sum of money to aid in defraying the expenses, and likewise furnished many other facilities for the prosecution of the learned Doctor's researches. His attendants and assistants were numerous, amounting often to fifty or sixty persons. We will therefore, for the occasion, appoint ourselves as honorary members of the expedition, and accompany our respected principal on his travels.

We leave Calcutta in January, 1848. Our most direct way would be to ascend the Ganges for a couple of hundred miles, which would bring us within sight of the Himalayan range, at a distance of fifty leagues. But our naturalist leader wishes to make a preliminary exploration of a tract lying far to the west of our direct route; so we set off overland. Public conveyances are unknown, and we travel, as every body else does, by a *palkee* or palanquin. A very pleasant and commodious mode of journeying this appears to one unaccustomed to it. The traveler has nothing to do but to stretch himself out at lazy length in a kind of bier, and be borne along upon men's shoulders. But a few days' experience is sufficient to make one long to exchange the palkee for the

* Himalayan Journals; or, Notes of a Naturalist in Bengal, the Sikkim and Nepaul Himalayas, the Khasia Mountains, etc. By JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER, M.D., R.N., F.R.S.

rudest vehicle tugged over the roughest of corduroy roads. You travel chiefly by night, and at the end of every stage you are awakened by your bearers letting you down with a jerk; and then, thrusting their flaming torches in your drowsy eyes, they ask imploringly for *bucksheesh*—that word so familiar to all Eastern travelers. If you have made it a point to "remember the coachman" when bowling over the beautiful English roads, have given "pour boire" to French postillions, "Trinkgelt" to German Postknechten, and "buona mana" to Italian vetturini, you can not, of course, be hard-hearted enough to turn a deaf ear to the petition of these lean swarthy fellows who in their own persons have acted the part both of coachman and horses. You set off again with a fresh relay, but somehow your new bearers can not get rightly to work until you have been roused from your uneasy slumbers, rubbed your eyes, and applied the universal quickener to their palms. Then, after all, you find that there are few things more wearisome than lying hour after hour stretched out in your low, narrow palkee. If the blinds are closed you are stifled with the heat, if they are open you are smothered with dust. You are at times half inclined, by way of experiment, to alight and change places with one of your bearers, convinced that any alteration in your position must be for the better.

We pass numerous straggling villages, or rather collections of hovels, nestling among mango and fig trees, with feathery palms floating over their roofs. Water-tanks form a prominent feature in the landscape, often white with water lilies. As we advance farther into the hill country, we enter a sterile tract, covered with stunted grass. We encounter travelers in numbers; most of them are pilgrims bound for the sacred temple of Juggernaut. The greater part are on foot, though here and there we see one of the rude vehicles of the country, drawn by oxen. Here is an old man borne along in the arms of his kindred. He wishes to behold Juggernaut before he dies, and then he will depart in peace. What a different *nunc dimittis* is his from that uttered by the aged Simeon when he held in his withered arms the Desire of Ages.

The Ganges is the great highway for the commerce of India, and we see but little merchandise upon our inland route. A few wagons drag along the cotton of the upper country; it is clumsily packed in rotten bags, and is hardly worth transporting to market. The most thriving branch of business seems to be the traffic in the holy waters of the Ganges, hawked about by wandering dealers for the benefit of those who can not visit the purifying stream. The farther they recede from the river, the more precious and costly is the water; and when their jars run low, what should hinder them from replenishing them from any other stream? It would require a nice analysis to distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit article.

In the mean time, we have exchanged our palkee for the more magnificent conveyance of an elephant. The huge beast sways along with a perpetual swinging motion, which in a few hours becomes absolutely distressing, worse than the uneasy jolt of camel-riding. The *mahouts*, or drivers, it is said, never reach an advanced age, their life is jolted out of them in a few years. They are not unfrequently afflicted with spinal diseases caused by the perpetual motion imparted to the vertebral column. The huge black back of the animal absorbs the rays of the sun, till we seem to be sitting on a sheet of hot iron. He has likewise an unpleasant habit of blowing water over his parched skin, and his rider not seldom comes in for an untimely shower-bath of very questionable purity. The mahout, seated upon the animal's neck, guides him by poking his toes under one of the great flapping ears, as he wishes him to turn to the right or the left. He carries a huge iron goad with which to enforce obedience. With the butt end he hammers away upon the animal's head, with force enough to crack a cocoa-nut or even the obdurate skull of a negro; or drives the pointed end through the thick skin down to the very quick, leaving great punctures through which the blood and yellow fat ooze out in the broiling sun, occasioning us some disagreeable qualms till we get used to it. There is one advantage which, however, goes far to compensate for these annoyances: the height of the beast elevates his rider far above the dust.

One morning, just at sunrise, we behold a fine conical mountain drawn sharply up against the clear gray sky. It is the sacred hill of Parasnath, so called after one of the Hindoo deities who became incarnate and abode for a hundred years at Benares. After his death he was interred on the summit of this mountain, which thus became a sacred spot. His worshipers, the "Jains," are very numerous; their principal object of adoration being the blessed foot of their deity. His worship appears to be in a flourishing condition, judging from the number and excellent condition of the temples. Beggars, of course, abound in their neighborhood—the lame, the halt, the blind, and deformed, but above all, those suffering from the horrible diseases of leprosy and elephantiasis.

We make our way still further into the hill country, where the roads become almost impassable. Our luggage is hauled along upon bullock carts, behind which an elephant pushes with his forehead, while the oxen drag in front. At last the patient creature's head becomes so sore with pushing that he can push no longer, and we are not seldom sorely put to it to advance. In the steeper places we fasten eight or ten oxen to a single wagon, and at the rear of each we station a driver. At a preconcerted signal each seizes the tail of an ox, and gives it a violent wrench. The poor beasts give a simultaneous start, and the wagon is tugged up the crest of the declivity. Unluckily it sometimes happens that one of the beasts, in his torture, breaks out of the line, at the imminent risk of overturning the vehicle. When we come to a river which we must cross, we skirt along it till we find a shallow place; then packing our baggage on our elephants, we get it



CROSSING A RIVER.

over, our bullock carts getting across as they best can.

It is a hot, unpleasant journey altogether. Our skins peel with the heat and dryness of the atmosphere, our nails crack, while all our implements of wood and tortoise-shell become as brittle as glass, and are fractured by the slightest blow.

We come upon the Ganges at Mirzapore, a great town with a hundred thousand inhabitants. Here is the main establishment for the suppression of the numerous gangs of robbers, poisoners, and murderers who until within less than a score of years infested the whole country. One of the "Thugs," who has been admitted as "approver," or government witness, is introduced to us. He is as mild-looking a man as you would wish to meet; but born and bred to his pleasant profession, he never thinks of looking upon it as any thing but a perfectly reputable one. The Doctor, who is something of a phrenologist, examines his head, and finds the organ of "destructiveness" largely developed. At our request, the Thug lets us into some of the secrets of his profession. He takes off his linen girdle, and slipping it around our arm, shows us the peculiar turn with which they strangle their victims; he does this with the same self-satisfied air with which some "old salt" will show some intricate knot to a "greenhorn." We could not help thinking that our mild-looking friend would have been all the better p'eased to have been experimenting on our necks instead of our arms. He regarded us with such a look as quaint old Izaak Walton might have given his writhing victim just as he was impaling him on his hook, "gently as though he loved him." These gentle stranglers had favorite stations all through the country—lonely spots among the jungle where some tree or well made a favorite halting-place for travelers. Here they would encounter a stranger, seat themselves cosily by his side, enter into confidential discourse with him, in the midst of which the fatal cord would be wound about his neck. A vigorous pull or two, and all is over. Of these favorite stations there were 274 in the little kingdom of Oude, a territory 170 miles long by 100 broad. They looked upon these stations precisely as the gentle Izaak regarded some quiet reach of the Thames, where he was always reasonably sure of a fish or two. During the half score of years previous to 1835, more than 1500 Thugs were apprehended, of whom some 400 were hanged and twice as many transported. Their murders were numbered by thousands every year; how many thousands no man knows. Of a gang numbering a score, one member confessed to having been in at the death of 931 persons, while the least eminent of his associates had assisted in taking off four-and-twenty. The victims were mostly travelers from distant parts of the country, for whom

no inquiries were ever made. Major Sleeman, the officer at the head of the establishment for the suppression of the Thugs, states that he was for three years in charge of a district which was a favorite spot with them. He supposed that nothing took place there without his hearing of it; but he subsequently learned that during that time one hundred people had been murdered and buried within a quarter of a mile from his residence. These "gentle Hindoos" can upon occasion do very ferocious things.

From Mirzapore we drop down the Ganges, past the holy city of Benares, with its crumbling temples and narrow, filthy streets. The images of the sacred bulls and the obscene symbols of the Hindoo faith, of all shapes and sizes, are the most prominent objects in this "Athens of India." Ghazepore, fifty miles further, is famous for the tomb of Lord Cornwallis, who regained in India the laurels he lost in America. Here are the celebrated gardens of roses from which is produced the finest attar of roses. The weight of a half-dollar of the first quality of this perfume costs fifty dollars; to produce this quantity requires twenty thousand flowers.

So we float down the sacred stream. It is here four or five miles broad, and is covered with boats of all forms and dimensions, among which we now and then see a square-built steamer puffing along, tugging huge passenger-barges. Upon the shore at frequent intervals we see the rotting *charpoy*, or bedstead, once occupied by some devotee who has been brought to die upon the banks of the holy river. Now and then the disgusting form of a huge aligator is seen basking in the sun, or a pariah dog making his meal from a corpse flung upon the silent shore. Sundry annoyances try us on board our boat. Flies and mosquitoes abound of course. Great spider webs as large as fine thread float in the air, and when inhaled produce an unpleasant irritation. Worse than all is a species of flying bug that makes its way under our clothing. Try to remove one of them, and he resents the liberty by emitting an odor tenfold more nauseous than that of our familiar "boarding-house companion."

At Patna we stop to visit the opium *godowns*, or stores. The production of this drug in all its stages is a monopoly of the East India Company. No one can cultivate the poppy without a special license, and the Company purchase all produce at certain fixed rates. The opium is delivered to collectors, who transmit it to Patna, where it is prepared for market. The operation is carried on in a large paved room, where the drug is first flung into great vats. The workmen are all ticketed. Each has before him a table upon which is a little basin of opium and a brass cup. By his side is a box of poppy leaves. His business is to make the drug up into round balls of a specified weight, for which purpose the cup is used, and to cover them neatly with the leaves. At night he deposits his balls in a rack bearing a number corresponding to his own. They are then placed separately in a cup of clay, and conveyed to a drying room, where they are carefully watched by little urchins who creep about among the racks. Their special mission is to keep away a species of weevil, who are as fond of the sedative drug as John Chinaman himself. But as our friend of the pigtail has money, while the weevil has none, he of course gets the preference. In fact the distinction goes further. John Bull shoots the Chinaman if he does not take the opium, and kills the weevil if he does. A good workman makes thirty or forty of these narcotic balls a day. During a season nearly a million and a half of balls are manufactured here for the Chinese market alone. Great care is taken to prevent the smallest loss of the drug. Each workman undergoes a thorough



MONGHYR, ON THE GANGES.

ablution every day, so as to secure the opium adhering to all parts of his person. The water is evaporated, leaving the drug behind. The opium for home consumption is given out to licensed dealers, but before it reaches the consumers it is adulterated in the proportion of thirty parts of foreign substances to one of the pure gum.

From Patna we float down the river for a hundred miles, past Monghyr, the Birmingham of India, until we reach the mouth of the Cosi river, which comes sweeping directly down from the snow-clad Himalayas, whither we are bound. Here we abandon the river, and take our way by palkee, due north for the mountains, whose white summits, 170 miles distant, are visible low down in the horizon.

In due time we reach the outposts of the great Himalayan range, which, clothed with verdure, spring grandly up from the parched plain. They form huge confused masses toward the north, flinging great spurs upon either hand far out into the plain. Between these spurs lie close, damp valleys, smothered in the rank luxuriance of a tropical forest. Torrents dash foaming down the slopes, their position indicated by clouds of spray floating above the tree tops. Far away to the south the plain stretches like a sea, overhung by vapors wafted from the Indian Ocean, hundreds of miles distant. These clouds discharge no moisture upon the plain; but no sooner do they come in contact with the flanks of the hills than they are condensed, and descend into the valleys in a perpetual drizzle; or, still more condensed by the greater cold of the higher summits, they fall in showers of heavy rain, which feeds the torrents that rush down the valleys, and find their way to the ocean, whence the waters are again exhaled, borne across the plains, again collected and conveyed to the ocean, in perpetual and gigantic interchange.

The path winds through ravines filled with dense jungle, peopled with great ants and leeches innumerable, and vocal with the ceaseless hum of the shrill cicadæ. Elephants, tigers, leopards, wild boars, and rhinoceroses inhabit these jungles, though in no great numbers. The paths trodden through the forests by the elephants are the most available roads.

At last our party reach Dorjiling, in the Sikkim territory, a place purchased by the English Government as a sanatory station where the Europeans, wasted by the heats of the low country, may recruit their enfeebled constitutions, in a climate bearing some likeness to that of their native land. It lies, at an elevation of some 7000 feet, on the sharp spur of a mountain whose wooded sides slope down to the river bottoms on either hand. Here is presented the most magnificent mountain prospect in the world. A fourth of the whole circuit of the horizon is bounded by a line of perpetual snow. Peak after peak flings its great summit up into the air, to an elevation of more than five miles, Central, and supreme over all, at a distance of five-and-forty miles, towers Kinchin-junga, the loftiest mountain on the globe. Its white summit reaches nearer the moon by five hundred feet than any other spot upon which the sun shines. It is two and a half miles higher than Mont Blanc, "the monarch of hills:" eight thousand feet higher than the foot of man or beast has ever climbed, or than the strong pinions of the condor have ever borne him through the thin atmosphere.

At Dorjiling our naturalist spent the months of the rainy season, busily engaged in collecting and preserving his specimens in natural history. We leave him to his chosen tasks, and occupy ourselves with studying the new forms of social life that present themselves in this wild region.

Foremost among the population are the Lepchas, the aboriginal people of the mountains, a quiet, peaceable, diminutive race. They have a



LEPCHA GIRL AND BOODHIST LAMA.



FEMALES OF THE HIMALAYAS.

dim tradition of the deluge, from which they say a couple of their ancestors managed to save themselves by climbing one of the lofty peaks in their country. A few hundred years ago they were visited by missionaries from Thibet, who converted them to Boodhism, taught them to plait their hair into pigtails, and sundry other things equally edifying. They are wonderfully patient and good-humored, remarkably honest and trustworthy, but greatly given to laziness, and abominably filthy in their persons. "In this rainy climate," remarks the Doctor very philosophically, "they are supportable out of doors." They are fond of ornaments, which together with their pigtails constitute the joy and pride of their lives. The most delicate compliment which a Lepcha damsel can pay to one of her male friends is to steal up softly behind him, unplait his long queue, smooth out its tangled hairs, free it from a portion of its swarming inhabitants, and braid it again into a nice plait. As their pigtails constitute the main feature of their personal attractions, the fairer sex are endowed with a double portion, wearing two tails, instead of the single one with which their masculine companions content themselves. They have one inexcusable habit; this is, that as they grow old they become most intolerably ugly.

The dress of the Lepchas consists in great part of a single wide garment wrapped loosely about the body. This is for ordinary weather; in the winter they add an outer garment with sleeves. They usually go bareheaded; but when the Lepcha assumes a hat it is of dimensions ample enough to make full amends for the unfrequency of its use. Its broad brim of bamboo-leaves answers a capital purpose as an umbrella in rainy weather, at which season indeed it is generally worn. The males carry a long heavy knife in their girdles, which they use, however, for no offensive purposes. It is called "ban," and serves, nevertheless, a variety of useful purposes, among which may be mentioned those of plow, tooth-pick, table-knife, hammer, and hatchet. They also carry a bow slung over their shoulders, and a quiver full of poisoned arrows. As for food, it would be difficult to point out any thing in the animal or vegetable kingdom which they do not eat. Nothing comes amiss to them, from a mushroom to an elephant, though rice is the staple article of ordinary consumption. They are capital woodsmen, and are invaluable as assistants to the tourist. Two or three of them, with no other implement than their knives, will in the space of a couple of hours knock up a very comfortable hut, having a water-tight roof of bamboo thatch, a table, bedstead, and seats. Their ideas upon the subject of religion are rather cloudy. They believe most devoutly in spirits, both good and bad: but as the former class are sure to do them no harm, they pay little heed to them; but are very anxious to keep on good terms with the evil ones. Though they are but half-converted Boodhists, after all, they manifest the deepest reverence for the Lamas or priests of Boodh, while they also maintain in comfort their own native priests, half mountebanks and half sorcerers, who go about the country in harlequin attire, blessing, cursing, begging, carrying messages, and performing all the small offices and petty knaveries pertaining to their wandering way of life. They sometimes carry on a petty traffic in addition to their legitimate professional avocations. One whom we encountered dealt in teapots of red clay, sheep, and puppies.

It is no very easy matter to procure permission to travel through these mountains. The country



WANDERING PRIEST.

is not under the dominion of the English, the Rajah of Sikkim being merely one of the petty protected princes. But our naturalist was backed up by strong influences, and after having exhausted the botany of the region about Dorjiling, we succeeded in making arrangements for a journey among the mountain passes to the frontiers of Thibet. The first of these expeditions lasted for three months, and in the course of it we skirted the base of the great Kinchin-junga. The preparations for this expedition were no trifling affair. The whole party consisted of fifty-six persons. There was a guard of Nepaulese soldiers, bearers for tents, books, provisions, papers, and a host of those miscellaneous functionaries inseparable from Indian life.

We set out late in October upon this tour. We have by this time got bravely over the necessity of a palkee and bearers, and find ourselves abundantly able to climb the mountains and thread the ravines, loaded with knife, dagger, and a multiplicity of scientific instruments. The routine of a day's journey is as follows. By 10 o'clock the immediate vicinity of the camp has been explored, breakfast concluded, and the preparations for the day's march completed. The whole party now set out and travel until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when the word is given to halt for the night. A few blankets spread over poles enclose a space six or eight feet in length by four or five broad, constituting the study, for the time being, of our explorer. The dexterous Lepchas in a very short time construct a table and bedstead of bamboo. A candle enclosed in a glass shade, to keep off the insects and preserve the flame from the wind, affords light by which we write up the journal and notes of the day. Meanwhile the attendants are preparing the dinner under the shade of some tree or rock. Fatigue and a hot dinner—even though none of the best—are capital opiates, and sleep comes without being summoned.

The vegetation presents a commingling of the productions of temperate and tropical climates. Oranges and maize, the broad-leafed banana and purple buckwheat, sugar cane and barley, grow in close juxtaposition. One of the most serviceable plants of the Himalayas is the bamboo. There is no end to the uses to which the different species are applied. The young shoots of one kind are eaten as salad; the seeds of another supply a substitute for bread, and when fermented produce a slightly intoxicating drink, which constitutes the favorite "tipple" of the country; while its broad leaves furnish the material of a water-tight thatch. Cut into splints it furnishes the means of constructing tables and furniture. Another species grows in the form of long rope-like cables, from which are formed the slight suspension bridges which span the foaming torrents that come dashing down the ravines. Two of these canes are placed parallel to each other, their extremities firmly lashed to the rocks or trees on either bank. Loops of slender vines are suspended from these, answering the purpose of chains to uphold the roadway, which consists merely of one or sometimes two canes. A European needs steady nerves to enable him to traverse one of these swaying structures, over which the agile Lepcha walks steadily bearing a load of a hundred and a half. Climbing and parasitical plants abound in the dark valleys. Some coil serpent-like around the trees, smothering them in their close embrace; while others throw out aerial roots like the arms of a huge centipede, with which they grasp the trunks of the trees, and thus climb to their very tops. At first sight one can scarcely believe that one of these parasites is any thing other than some huge reptile making its way up the tree.

Advancing further among the mountains, the character of the population gradually changes. The diminutive Lepchas are replaced by the Thibetans, a dark, square-built, muscular race of men, with broad Mongolian faces, wide mouths, flat noses, high cheek bones, low foreheads, and little twinkling eyes with the exterior corners turned upward. Every vestige of hair is carefully removed from their faces with a pair of tweezers, which form a part of their equipment as indispensable as a pair of razors to a European traveler before the advent of the mustache movement. Their natural color is scarcely darker than our own, but filth, smoke, and constant exposure to the most rigorous climate upon the globe soon effaces every vestige of their rosy complexion. They wear loose blanket robes girt



A HIMALAYAN CLIMBING PLANT.

about the waist with a leathern belt, which serves as a repository for their pipes made of iron or brass, their tobacco-pouch, knife, chop-sticks, tinder box, tweezers, and sundry other implements. They are vastly good-humored, and when parties of them encounter upon the road, they go through a succession of ceremonious salutes which one can never see without an explosion of inextinguishable laughter. The ceremony begins by each running the tongue to its full extent from his leathery jaws; then comes a profusion of nods and grins, expressive of the height of amity and good-will; and the performance closes by each party scratching his ear. They have learned that this fashion of salutation strikes strangers as somewhat ludicrous; and when they encounter them the mode of greeting undergoes a variation. First they bring the hand up to the eye, then prostrate themselves to the earth, bumping the forehead three times upon the ground; when they rise from this posture of humiliation they invariably put in a claim for *bucksheesh*, which is always most acceptable when presented in the shape of tobacco or snuff.

These Thibetans are employed in conveying salt from the mines in Thibet, on the northern side of the great Himalayan range, to supply the countries to the south. To convey this almost every animal larger than a cat is pressed into service. A salt caravan presents a motley spectacle. In the van comes a man or woman driving a silky haired *yak*, the small buffalo of the mountains, grunting along under a load of two or three hundred pounds of salt, besides pots, pans, kettles, and paraphernalia of all sorts, with a rosy infant nestled somewhere in the load, sucking away at a lump of cheese curd. Then follow a long file of sheep and goats, each with a bag or two of salt on its back. After these comes a huge black mastiff, of a breed peculiar to the mountains, with a head like Socrates, a great bushy tail sweeping grandly over his back, and a gay collar around his neck. He looks like the lord of the caravan, but, like all the rest, he bears his load of the precious commodity; by day he acts as carrier, and officiates as a watch-dog by night. The rear is brought up by a group of children, laughing and chatting together as they clamber along the mountain passes; the very youngest of them who is able to walk alone bearing a bag of salt.

It is difficult to conceive the amount of labor expended in conveying every pound of salt which finds its way over these mountains. Before reaching the first village on the southern side, it must make a circuit of one-third of the distance around the great peak of Kinchin-junga. It is evident that the most direct route is that which



THIBET MASTIFF.

keeps nearest to the summit; avoiding the descent of the valleys which radiate in every direction. The actual distance traveled is not more than fifty miles in a straight line, but to accomplish this at least a hundred and fifty miles must be traversed, involving an amount of labor which would accomplish at least twice as far over tolerable roads. So that in effect the salt is conveyed on the backs of men and animals a distance of fully three hundred miles before reaching the nearest point of the country where it is to be consumed. This occupies under the most favorable circumstances ten days, making no allowance for any interval of rest. After the first day the path in no case descends lower than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and at least four passes covered with perpetual snow are to be traversed, all of which attain an altitude of more than 15,000 feet, as high as the summit of Mont Blanc, while one, the Kanglachen Pass, is 16,500 feet above the sea. Perhaps no better idea can be formed of the gigantic scale upon which Nature has here wrought, than by comparing the Himalayas with the Alps. The circuit of Mont Blanc may be accomplished in four days, while at least a month must be occupied in making that of Kinchinjunga.

By way of specimen of life in the Himalayas, let us look at one of the villages of the mountains. It shall be that of Wallanchoon, in the kingdom of Nepaul. It stands ten thousand feet and more above the level of the sea, say half a mile above the convent of Saint Bernard. The few trees which find rooting upon the steep mountain sides look gaunt and haggard; long streamers of lichen, bleached by exposure to sun and wind, float from the naked branches. The village lies in a plain sown over with huge boulders that have from age to age been loosened from the heights around. The houses creep up the mountain side. They are gayly painted and ornamented with poles, from which streamers float in the sharp mountain breeze. You might almost suppose that a fleet of Noah's arks, as that vessel is represented in old Dutch Bibles, had somehow got stranded among the mountains. The buildings are formed of pine planks set upright, the interstices being filled with compost. The roofs are low pitched, covered with shingles, loaded with large stones to keep them from blowing away. A narrow slit, closed with a shutter, answers the purpose of a window. As we pass through the narrow streets groups of swarthy, blear-eyed Thibetans salute us with their deferential *kotowing*. By way of public buildings there are a number of *manis*, square-roofed temples containing rows of praying cylinders, five or six feet high, gaudily painted, some turned by hand, others by water; and *mendongs*, blank walls, upon which are painted the universal Bhoodist formula, *Om Mani Padmi om*—"Hail to him of the lotus flower and the jewel."

High above the level of the dwellings a long low convent building sits perched. Few things are more noticeable than the frequency of temples and monasteries all through the mountains. The principal establishment is at Tassiding, upon a spur which shoots down from the flanks of Kinchin-junga. Here are three temples, with the corresponding houses for the Lamas. They are singular-looking structures, built of huge stones, the walls sloping upward from their base upon the outside, though they are perpendicular within. The roof is low and thickly thatched, projecting eight or ten feet beyond the walls. A ladder upon the outside gives access to a small



BOODHIST TEMPLE



VESTIBULE OF TEMPLE.

garret under the roof, inhabited by the attendant monks. Passing through the outer door, we enter a vestibule in which are tall praying machines, which are kept continually turning, and the quantity of prayer and supplication thus ground out is astonishing. From this vestibule the main body of the temple is entered by folding doors studded with copper bosses. The walls and floor are plastered over with clay, upon which are depicted allegorical representations of Boodh, and various other figures. The pillars and cross beams are ornamented with brilliant colors, vermilion, green, gold, and azure, disposed in masses of color, with slender streaks of white between. In the general arrangement of the colors, particularly in separating the heavier masses of color, they have in a measure anticipated those principles of decorative art adopted in the Great Exhibition of London.

The altars and images are placed opposite the entrance. The chief image is placed behind the altar, under a canopy. He is represented sitting cross-legged, with the left heel elevated, the corresponding hand resting on the thigh. In this hand he holds the *padmi*, or sacred lotus and jewel. The right hand is either raised in benediction, or holds the *dorje*, or thunderbolt. On either side of him are arranged the lesser divinities and saints, male and female. In portraying the aspect of the divinities, the aim of the artist seems to have been to represent them with an air of calm and serene contemplation.

It must be borne in mind that, properly speaking, the Boodhists are not idolaters. The images are not idols; they are objects of reverence, not of adoration. In theory at least, no image is any thing more than the symbol of the being in whose honor it is erected; a token to remind the worshipers of the holy person to whom alone the adoration is given.

One must be cold and unimaginative if his deepest emotions are not stirred when standing among the memorials of a faith which counts more votaries than any other upon the globe. Turn which way you will the eye is met by some beautiful specimen of carving or coloring. The dim light which finds its way through the narrow windows pierced in the thick walls subdues into harmony much that would seem harsh and glaring if beheld under a stronger light. Incense and sweet-smelling herbs, burned by the priests on entering, add no little to the general effect, harmonizing with the grave and decorous deportment of the worshipers. In some respects the Lámas have engrafted the peculiarities of the old religion of the mountains upon the purer and more spiritual doctrines of Boodhism. Perhaps out of complaisance to the instinctive feelings of the people, they still make offerings and present supplications to the spirits who preside over Kinchin-junga and his giant brotherhood of peaks. And in the solemn presence of those great summits which rise in perpetual solitude, as inaccessible to any living thing of earth as are the calm stars, it is almost impossible for us not to feel sympathy with the belief that peoples them with beings of a higher order than ourselves, whose serene existence knows none of the cares and anxieties which disturb our mortal life. Though we can not embrace we must yet sympathize with these fair humanities of old religion.

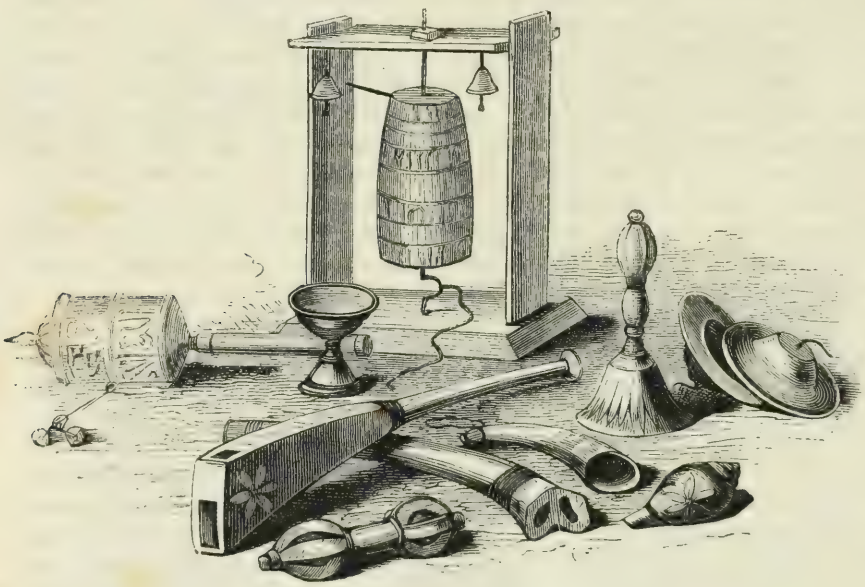
In the temple worship there are few or no traces of this admixture of foreign elements. As you enter you see a group of Lamas sitting cross-legged upon benches running along the side of the apartment. One, with finger upraised in the



THIBETAN MONKS AND LAMAS.

attitude of enforcing attention, is reading aloud from some sacred book. After a while all join in chanting a hymn, while the attendant boys beat the gongs and cymbals, blow the conches and thigh-bone trumpets, and wheel the *manis*, every stroke of whose tinkling bells announces that the supplications of the audience have again ascended to the deity.

The sacred implements in these temples are curious enough. First in importance is the *mani*, or praying machine. It is a cylinder of leather, of any size up to that of a large barrel or even



SACRED IMPLEMENTS, IN BOODHIST TEMPLES.

hogshead, placed vertically upon an axis, so that it may revolve with facility. It is often painted in brilliant colors, and is inscribed with the universal *Om Mani Padmi om*. Written prayers are deposited within this cylinder, which is made to revolve by pulling a string attached to a crank. An iron arm projecting from the side of the cylinder strikes a small bell at each revolution, and any one who pulls the string properly is supposed to have repeated all the prayers contained in the cylinder at every stroke of the bell. Some of these machines are put in motion by water-power, and thus turn out an amount of supplication too great to be easily estimated. There is another kind borne in the hand, which can be made to revolve by a very slight movement of the owner. These are usually carried about by the wandering priests, half mountebank, half Lama, and whole beggar, who perambulate the country, managing to pick up a very comfortable subsistence, though they not unfrequently present a very dilapidated appearance in the matter of clothing. If these cylinders do their work in a satisfactory manner—and those who use them have no doubts on that score—no labor-saving machine ever invented can begin to compare with them. What is a sewing machine that makes a thousand stitches a minute, a printing machine that throws off twenty thousand sheets in an hour, compared with an instrument which repeats all the supplications in the prayer-book as often as a cylinder can be made to revolve on its axis?

The implement next in importance to the *mani* is the trumpet, made of a human thigh bone, perforated through both condyles. These are often handsomely mounted and decorated with silver. There is some peculiar sanctity attached to the bones of a Lama which is held to give a special efficacy to the trumpets manufactured from them. It can not fail to be vastly consolatory to these holy men to reflect that not only are their throats exercised in performing the sacred offices while they are living, but for generations after they are dead their bones will still continue to enact an important part in divine worship. We have heard of enthusiastic devotees of science who derived great pleasure from the hope that after their death

their bodies might subserve the cause to which they were devoted, by finding their way to the dissecting room; and that many a lesson upon anatomy would be illustrated by means of their skeletons in a lecture-room. This is doubtless a noble function for one's body to perform, but it hardly equals that to which any Lama may reasonably hope his thigh-bones may attain. Nor is this honor exclusively destined for the Lamas. Bones of unusual size are in great demand. Any man who chances to be gifted with limbs of extraordinary length may hope to attain this pre-eminence. In fact, in a country where saints are more common than giants, an inch or two in the length of a bone will counterbalance a number of degrees of sanctity. The first European who died at Dorjiling was a man of extraordinary stature, and it is confidently affirmed that his body was dug up by some enthusiastic resurrectionists, for the sake of converting his thigh-bones into trumpets.

In addition to the *manis* and trumpets, the principal implements of worship found in the Boodhist temples are the *dorje*, or double thunderbolt — which the Lamas use much as the Catholic priests do the cross—bells, cymbals, gongs, conch-shells, and brazen cups. These latter are perhaps intended to represent the sacred lotus, which bears so important a part in Boodhist mythology.

Some of the temples are very humble edifices, consisting merely of a building of a single room, with sliding shutters over the window-slits, furnished in a rude manner; but the implements of worship correspond in general to those found in temples of more pretension, though of smaller size and cheaper construction. Even in these there are not unfrequently implements of no little beauty, and the worship is performed with as much apparent earnestness and solemnity as in the larger structures. The most singular religious structures are the praying-mills which occur at intervals along the courses of the mountain torrents. They consist simply of a slight hut built over the stream, large enough to contain a *mani*. The shaft descends through the floor, and being provided with floats at the lower extremity, dipping into the water, the cylinder is kept in constant motion, praying away night and day on its own account, or for the benefit of whom it may concern.

Besides these religious edifices, in traversing the steep mountain paths we frequently encounter rude memorials, consisting merely of a pile of stones, from which projects a staff ornamented with a streamer. The Lepchas never pass these



LEPCHA DEVOTIONS.

without pausing for a moment to go through with their devotions. They walk slowly around them three times, always from left to right, repeating the mystical *Om padmi;* then pause with heads bowed and pigtails streaming behind, apparently repeating their prayers; and conclude the ceremony by making a votive offering of three pine cones. The ceremony concluded, they walk off, smirking, grinning, nodding, and elevating the corners of their eyes, in the joyful consciousness of having performed their religious duties in the most edifying and satisfactory manner.

During our naturalist's journeyings he was presented to the Rajah of Sikkim. The reader must not imagine that the ceremony was very pompous or imposing; for the country is very small and thinly inhabited. Still there are formalities to be observed every where in approaching royal personages; and as constant botanizing and geo-

logizing in all sorts of rough places had reduced the shooting-jacket which he wore to a state of woeful dilapidation, the Doctor was obliged to borrow a coat for the reception. He likewise furnished himself with a quantity of red cloth and beads by way of presents, and was ushered into the presence of royalty. The audience-room was merely a shed, some twenty feet in length, made of bamboos, and wattled up at the sides. The royal body-guard just then on duty consisted of a couple of soldiers in red jackets, with bows slung over their shoulders. His Majesty, however, possesses a few Sepoys armed with muskets. As they entered the audience-chamber, they saw a score or so of the Rajah's relatives—the royal family, in fact—drawn up on each side of the apartment. At the further end was a wicker platform covered with purple silk, embroidered in white and gold; above this was a tattered blue canopy. This platform was the throne, and upon it was seated cross-legged an insignificant, funny-looking old fellow, whose little angular eyes winked and twinkled like stars in a cold night. He wore a robe of yellow silk, and had upon his head a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat of pink silk, covered with tassels of silken floss. The wearer of this very juvenile costume had apparently passed man's allotted three-score years and ten, without having picked up much wisdom by the way. He was a great saint, and quite above attending to any sublunary business, but kept himself in a state of serene self-contemplation; and, as his subjects believed, was quite prepared to be absorbed in the divine essence of Boodh. They thought that he was something quite out of the common way, who could not think of doing so common-place and vulgar an action as dying; but some day, when he had become tired of his earthly tabernacle and pink hat, would just shift them both, and reappear somewhere else, in a new body and a fresh hat to match.



SIKKIM SOLDIERS.

In the mean while, like many another sainted sovereign—such for instance as the "royal martyr" Charles I. of England, and Saint Louis XVI. of France—he had suffered his dominions to fall into a rather bad way. He had by way of Dewan, or Prime Minister, a certain Thibetan, who contrived to display upon the limited stage to which he was restricted all the vices proper to a royal favorite. As a natural consequence, he was thoroughly detested, and the court of Tumlong became the scene of intrigues as busy as those of Paris or Vienna.

It was a great point with the Dewan to prevent any interview between the Rajah and the English Resident at Dorjiling. When, after a while, the interview was appointed to be held at a little town situated on the banks of a river which formed the boundary between the dominions of the Rajah and the acquisitions of his European neighbors, the Minister tried every means to frustrate it. Arrows were shot over the stream, to which were attached letters urging the visitors to return, and demonstrating that it was quite impossible that the interview should take place. The reasons assigned were conclusive enough, though hardly consistent with each other. One letter would solemnly assert that the Rajah was very sick at his capital; the next would just as solemnly declare that he had gone to Thibet, whence he would not return for nobody knew how long. This was scarcely read and considered before another missive would be sent over announcing that he was deeply engaged in his devotions, and could by no possibility receive the foreigners, and so on.

Finding at last that the interview could not be prevented, the Dewan concluded to be present. He made his appearance in the audience-chamber clothed in a superb robe of purple silk wrought with gold, and gave the visitors a very cool reception. He had contrived to have the articles they had brought for the Rajah delivered before the audience was granted, instead of during its continuance, thus giving them the appearance of being intended as tribute rather than as presents. He managed to have the interview cut down to a

brief period. As a signal for its close white silken scarfs were thrown over the shoulders of the visitors, to whom presents were also made, consisting of China silks, bricks of tea, cattle, ponies, and a quantity of the precious commodity, salt.

This was in December, 1848. The whole of the ensuing year was spent by Dr. Hooker in traversing the mountains in various directions, making botanical and geological collections. The Dewan was much opposed to these journeyings, and succeeded on some occasions in throwing serious obstacles in their way. At length, at the close of the following year, he ventured upon a decisive step, which ultimately lead to his disgrace and ruin. In company with the English Resident, together with a considerable party, the Doctor was on his way to the capital of the Rajah, when they were all suddenly seized by a band of the followers of the Dewan, and detained as prisoners, in the hope of extorting certain stipulations which the Minister was very desirous of gaining. They were carried to the capital, and



RESIDENCE OF THE RAJAH, AND HUT ASSIGNED TO THE PRISONERS.

kept in close confinement for a month, though subjected to no very serious ill-treatment. The Doctor spent the time in making meteorological observations, playing upon a sort of Jew's harp, and smoking. At length the news reached the Rajah that the English were actually sending a body of troops to punish him for his seizure of their representative. He became terribly frightened, and packed the prisoners off with all the haste he could muster. The Dewan was disgraced, and his property taken from him, in punishment for having led his master into such a difficulty. The upshot of the matter was that the English government seized upon a portion of the Rajah's territories, lying at the foot of the mountains, which they formally annexed to their own dominions. The process of annexation was performed in a very summary manner. Four policemen marched in solid phalanx up to the treasury, of which they took formal possession in the name of the British government, announcing to the inhabitants of the district that the territory was confiscated: an arrangement in which they acquiesced with the most perfect equanimity. It is but fair to add that the amount of treasure which fell into their hands was hardly sufficient to figure in the Parliamentary Blue Book. The exact sum is stated to have been twelve shillings.

Here we must part with our worthy friend the Doctor. We have abstained from all mention of his scientific labors. Those who would know how he botanized and geologized, watched the thermometer and barometer, registered the rain gauge, measured the heights of mountains and the depth of valleys, will find all these particulars laid down in his "Journals." After exhausting the natural history of the Himalayas, he had still a year at his disposal. Bhotan and Nepaul were untrodden fields; but no European could visit them without imminent peril. So he decided upon the Khasia Mountains, at the head of the great delta of the Ganges and the Burrampooter. He descended the Himalayas, floated down the Ganges to Calcutta, where he was greeted by a box of living American plants, which had been brought in a frozen state in a vessel laden with ice from Wenham Lake. This ice is much used by physicians in cases of inflammation, and sells in the Calcutta market for a penny sterling a pound. From Calcutta he proceeded to his new field of research, whither we will not now follow him.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

LADY KEW AT THE CONGRESS.

WHEN Lady Kew heard that Madame d'Ivry was at Baden, and was informed at once of the French lady's graciousness toward the Newcome family, and of her fury against Lord Kew, the old Countess gave a loose to that energetic temper with which nature had gifted her; a temper which she tied up sometimes and kept from barking and biting; but which when unmuzzled was an animal of whom all her ladyship's family had a just apprehension. Not one of them but in his or her time had been wounded, lacerated, tumbled over, otherwise frightened or injured by this unruly brute. The cowards brought it sops and patted it; the prudent gave it a clear berth, and walked round so as not to meet it; but woe be to those of the family who had to bring the meal, and prepare the litter, and (to speak respectfully) share the kennel with Lady Kew's "Black Dog!" Surely a fine furious temper, if accompanied with a certain magnanimity and bravery which often go together with it, is one of the most precious and fortunate gifts with which a gentleman or lady can be endowed. A person always ready to fight is certain of the greatest consideration among his or her family circle. The lazy grow tired of contending with him: the timid coax and flatter him; and as almost every one is timid or lazy, a bad-tempered man is sure to have his own way. It is he who commands, and all the others obey. If he is a gourmand, he has what he likes for dinner; and the tastes of all the rest are subservient to him. She (we playfully transfer the gender, as a bad temper is of both sexes) has the place which she likes best in the drawing-room; nor do her parents, nor her brothers and sisters, venture to take her favorite chair. If she wants to go to a party, mamma will dress herself in spite of her headache; and papa, who hates those dreadful soirées, will go up-stairs after dinner and put on his poor old white neckcloth, though he has been toiling at chambers all day, and must be there early in the morning—he will go out with her, we say, and stay for the cotillon. If the family are taking their tour in the summer, it is she who ordains whither they shall go, and when they shall stop. If he comes home late, the dinner is kept for him, and not one dares to say a word though ever so hungry. If he is in a good humor, how every one frisks about and is happy! How the servants jump up at his bell and run to wait upon him! How they sit up patiently, and how eagerly they rush out to fetch cabs in the rain! Whereas for you and me, who have the tempers of angels, and never were known to be angry or to complain, nobody cares whether we are pleased or not. Our wives go to the milliners and send us the bill, and we pay it; our John finishes reading the newspaper before he answers our bell, and brings it to us; our sons loll in the arm-chair which we should like; fill the house with their young men, and smoke in the dining-room; our tailors fit us badly; our butchers give us the youngest mutton; our tradesmen dun us much more quickly than other people's, because they know we are good-natured; and our servants go out whenever they like, and openly have their friends to supper in the kitchen. When Lady Kew said *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, I promise you few persons of her ladyship's belongings stopped, before they did her biddings, to ask her reasons.

If, which very seldom happens, there are two such imperious and domineering spirits in a family, unpleasantries of course will arise from their contentions; or, if out of doors, the family Bajazet meets with some other violent Turk, dreadful battles ensue, all the allies on either side are brought in, and the surrounding neighbors perforce engaged in the quarrel. This was unluckily the case in the present instance. Lady Kew, unaccustomed to have her will questioned at home, liked to impose it abroad. She judged the persons around her with great freedom of speech. Her opinions were quoted, as people's sayings will be; and if she made bitter speeches, depend on it they lost nothing in the carrying. She was furious against Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry, and exploded in various companies whenever that lady's name was mentioned. "Why was she not with her husband? Why was the poor old Duke left to his gout, and this woman trailing through the country with her vagabond court of billiard-markers at her heels? She to call herself Mary Queen of Scots, forsooth!—well, she merited the title in some respects, though she had not murdered her husband as yet. Ah! I should like to be Queen Elizabeth if the Duchess is Queen of Scots!" said the old

* Continued from the September Number.

lady, shaking her old fist. And these sentiments being uttered in public, upon the Promenade, to mutual friends, of course the Duchess had the benefit of Lady Kew's remarks a few minutes after they were uttered; and her Grace, and the distinguished princes, counts, and noblemen in her court, designated as billiard-markers by the old Countess, returned the latter's compliments with pretty speeches of their own. Scandals were dug up respecting her ladyship, so old that one would have thought them forgotten these forty years—so old that they happened before most of the Newcomes now extant were born, and surely therefore out of the province of this contemporary biography. Lady Kew was indignant with her daughter (there were some moments when *any* conduct of her friends did not meet her ladyship's approbation) even for the scant civility with which Lady Ann had received the Duchess's advances. "Leave a card upon her!—yes, send a card by one of your footmen; but go in to see her, because she was at the window and saw you drive up. Are you mad, Ann? That was the very reason you should not have come out of your carriage. But you are so weak and good-natured, that if a highwayman stopped you, you would say, 'Thank you, Sir,' as you gave him your purse: yes, and if Mrs. Macheath called on you afterward you would return the visit!"

Even had these speeches been made *about* the Duchess, and some of them not addressed to her, things might have gone on pretty well. If we quarreled with all the people who abuse us behind our backs, and began to tear their eyes out as soon as we set ours on them, what a life it would be, and when should we have any quiet? Backbiting is all fair in society. Abuse me, and I will abuse you; but let us be friends when we meet. Have not we all entered a dozen rooms, and been sure, from the countenances of the amiable persons present, that they had been discussing our little peculiarities, perhaps as we were on the stairs? Was our visit, therefore, the less agreeable? Did we quarrel and say hard words to one another's faces? No—we wait until some of our dear friends take their leave, and then comes our turn. My back is at my neighbor's service; as soon as that is turned let him make what faces he thinks proper: but when we meet we grin and shake hands like well-bred folk, to whom clean linen is not more necessary than a clean sweet-looking countenance, and a nicely got-up smile, for company.

Here was Lady Kew's mistake. She wanted, for some reason, to drive Madame d'Ivry out of Baden; and thought there were no better means of effecting this object than by using the high hand, and practicing those frowns upon the Duchess which had scared away so many other persons. But the Queen of Scots was resolute, too, and her band of courtiers fought stoutly round about her. Some of them could not pay their bills, and could not retreat: others had courage, and did not choose to fly. Instead of coaxing and soothing Madame d'Ivry, Madame de Kew thought by a brisk attack to rout and dislodge her. She began on almost the very first occasion when the ladies met. "I was so sorry to hear that Monsieur le Duc was ill at Bagnères, Madame la Duchesse," the old lady began on their very first meeting, after the usual salutations had taken place.

"Madame la Comtesse is very kind to interest herself in Monsieur d'Ivry's health. Monsieur le Duc at his age is not disposed to travel. You, dear miladi, are more happy in being always able to retain the *gout des voyages!*"

"I come to my family! my dear Duchess."

"How charmed they must be to possess you! Miladi Ann, you must be inexpressibly consoled by the presence of a mother so tender! Permit me to present Madame la Comtesse de la Crûche-Cassée to Madame la Comtesse de Kew. Miladi is sister to that amiable Marquis of Steyne, whom you have known, Ambrosine! Madame la Baronne de Schlangenbad, Miladi Kew. Do you not see the resemblance to milor? These ladies have enjoyed the hospitalities—the splendors of Gaunt House. They were of those famous routs of which the charming Mistress Crawly, *la sémillante Becki*, made part! How sad the Hôtel de Gaunt must be under the present circumstances! Have you heard, miladi, of the charming Mistress Becki? Monsieur le Duc describes her as the most spirituelle Englishwoman he ever met." The Queen of Scots turns and whispers her lady of honor, and shrugs and taps her forehead. Lady Kew knows that Madame d'Ivry speaks of her nephew, the present Lord Steyne, who is not in his right mind. The Duchess looks round, and sees a friend in the distance whom she beckons. "Comtesse, you know already Monsieur the Captain Blackball? He makes the delight of our society!" A dreadful man with a large cigar, a florid waistcoat, and billiards written on his countenance, swaggers forward at the Duchess's summons. The Countess of Kew has not gained much by her attack. She has been presented to Crûche-Cassée and Schlangenbad. She sees herself on the eve of becoming the acquaintance of Captain Blackball.

"Permit me, Duchess, to choose my *English* friends at least for myself," says Lady Kew, drumming her foot.

"But, madam, assuredly! You do not love this good Monsieur de Blackball? Eh! the English manners are droll—pardon me for saying so. It is wonderful how proud you are as a nation, and how ashamed you are of your compatriots!"

"There are some persons who are ashamed of nothing, Madame la Duchesse," cries Lady Kew, losing her temper.

"Is that *gracieuseté* for me? How much goodness! This good Monsieur de Blackball is not very well-bred; but, for an Englishman, he is not too bad. I have met with people who are more ill-bred than Englishmen in my travels."

"And they are—?" said Lady Ann, who had been in vain endeavoring to put an end to this colloquy.

"English women, madam! I speak not for you. You are kind; you—you are too soft, dear Lady Ann, for a persecutor."

The counsels of the worldly woman who governed and directed that branch of the Newcome family of whom it is our business to speak now for a little while, bore other results than those which the elder lady desired and foresaw. Who can foresee every thing and always? Not the wisest among us. When his Majesty, Louis XIV., jockeyed his grandson on to the throne of Spain (founding thereby the present revered dynasty of that country), did he expect to peril his own, and bring all Europe about his royal ears? Could a late king of France, eager for the advantageous establishment of one of his darling sons, and anxious to procure a beautiful Spanish princess, with a crown and kingdom in reversion, for the simple and obedient youth, ever suppose that the welfare of his whole august race and reign would be upset by that smart speculation? We take only the most noble examples to illustrate the conduct of such a noble old personage as her ladyship of Kew, who brought a prodigious deal of trouble upon some of the innocent members of her family, whom no doubt she thought to better in life by her experienced guidance, and undoubted worldly wisdom. We may be as deep as Jesuits, know the world ever so well, lay the best ordered plans, and the profoundest combinations, and by a certain not unnatural turn of fate, we, and our plans and combinations, are sent flying before the wind. We may be as wise as Louis Philippe, that many-counseled Ulysses whom the respectable world admired so; and after years of patient scheming, and prodigies of skill, after coaxing, wheedling, doubling, bullying wisdom, behold yet stronger powers interpose, and schemes, and skill, and violence, are naught.

Frank and Ethel, Lady Kew's grandchildren, were both the obedient subjects of this ancient despot—this imperious old Louis XIV. in a black front and a cap and ribbon—this scheming old Louis Philippe in tabinet; but their blood was good and their tempers high; and for all her bitting and driving, and the training of her *manège*, the generous young colts were hard to break. Ethel, at this time, was especially stubborn in training, rebellious to the whip, and wild under harness; and the way in which Lady Kew managed her won the admiration of her family: for it was a maxim among these folks that no one could manage Ethel but Lady Kew. Barnes said no one could manage his sister but his grandmother. He couldn't, that was certain. Mamma never tried, and indeed was so good-natured, that rather than ride the filly, she would put the saddle on her own back and let the filly ride her; no, there was no one but her ladyship capable of managing that girl, Barnes owned, who held Lady Kew in much respect and awe. "If the tightest hand were not kept on her, there's no knowing what she mightn't do," said her brother. "Ethel Newcome, by Jove, is capable of running away with the writing-master."

After poor Jack Belsize's mishap and departure, Barnes's own bride showed no spirit at all, save one of placid contentment. She came at call and instantly, and went through whatever paces her owner demanded of her. She laughed whenever need was, simpered and smiled when spoken to, danced whenever she was asked; drove out at Barnes's side in Kew's phaeton, and received him certainly not with warmth, but with politeness and welcome. It is difficult to describe the scorn with which her sister-in-law regarded her. The sight of the patient timid little thing chafed Ethel, who was always more haughty, and flighty, and bold when in Clara's presence than at any other time. Her ladyship's brother, Captain Lord Viscount Rooster, before mentioned, joined the family party at this interesting juncture. My Lord Rooster found himself surprised, delighted, subjugated by Miss Newcome, her wit and spirit. "By Jove, she is a plucky one," his lordship exclaimed. "To dance with her is the best fun in life. How she pulls all the other girls to pieces, by Jove, and how splendidly she chaffs every body! But," he added, with the shrewdness and sense of humor which distinguished the young officer, "I'd rather dance with her than marry her—by a doosed long score—I don't envy you that part of the business Kew, my boy." Lord Kew did not set himself up as a person to be envied. He thought his cousin beautiful: and with his grandmother, that she would make a very handsome countess, and he thought the money which Lady Kew would give or leave to the young couple a very welcome addition to his means.

On the next night, when there was a ball at the room, Miss Ethel chose to appear in a toilet the very grandest and finest which she had ever assumed, who was ordinarily exceedingly simple in her attire, and dressed below the mark of the rest of the world. Her clustering ringlets, her shining white shoulders, her splendid raiment (I believe indeed it was her court-dress which the young lady assumed) astonished all beholders. She *écrasé'd* all other beauties by her appearance; so much so that Madame d'Ivry's court could not but look, the men in admiration, the women in dislike, at this dazzling young creature. None of the countesses, duchesses, princesses, Russ, Spanish, Italian, were so fine or so handsome. There were some New York ladies at Baden as there are every where else in Europe now. Not even these were more magnificent than Miss Ethel. General Jeremiah J. Bung's lady owned that Miss Newcome was fit to appear in any party in Fifth Avenue. She was the only well-dressed English girl Mrs. Bung had seen in Europe. A young German Durchlaucht deigned to explain to his aid-de-camp how very handsome he thought Miss Newcome. All our acquaintances were of one mind. Mr. Jones of England pronounced her stunning; the admirable Captain Blackball examined her points with the skill of an *amateur*, and described them with agreeable frankness. Lord Rooster was charmed as he surveyed her, and complimented his late

companion in arms on the possession of such a paragon. Only Lord Kew was not delighted—nor did Miss Ethel mean that he should be. She looked as splendid as Cinderella in the prince's palace. But what need for all this splendor? this wonderful toilet? this dazzling neck and shoulders, whereof the brightness and beauty blinded the eyes of lookers on? She was dressed as gaudily as an actress of the Variétés going to a supper at the Trois Frères. "It was Mademoiselle Mabille *en habit de cour*," Madame d'Ivry remarked to Madame Schlangenbad. Barnes, who with his bride-elect for a partner made a vis-à-vis for his sister, and the admiring Lord Rooster, was puzzled likewise by Ethel's countenance and appearance. Little Lady Clara looked like a little school-girl dancing before her.

One, two, three, of the attendants of her Majesty the Queen of Scots were carried off in the course of the evening by the victorious young beauty, whose triumph had the effect, which the headstrong girl perhaps herself anticipated, of mortifying the Duchesse d'Ivry, of exasperating old Lady Kew, and of annoying the young nobleman to whom Miss Ethel was engaged. The girl seemed to take a pleasure in defying all three, a something embittered her, alike against her friends and her enemies. The old dowager chafed and vented her wrath upon Lady Ann and Barnes. Ethel kept the ball alive by herself almost. She refused to go home, declining hints and commands alike. She was engaged for ever so many dances more. Not dance with Count Punter? it would be rude to leave him after promising him. Not waltz with Captain Blackball? He was not a proper partner for her. Why then did Kew know him? Lord Kew walked and talked with Captain Blackball every day. Was she to be so proud as not to know Lord Kew's friends? She greeted the Captain with a most fascinating smile as he came up while the controversy was pending, and ended it by whirling round the room in his arms.

Madame d'Ivry viewed with such pleasure as might be expected the defection of her adherents, and the triumph of her youthful rival, who seemed to grow more beautiful with each waltz, so that the other dancers paused to look at her, the men breaking out in enthusiasm, the reluctant women being forced to join in the applause. Angry as she was, and knowing how Ethel's conduct angered her grandson, old Lady Kew could not help admiring the rebellious beauty, whose girlish spirit was more than a match for the imperious dowager's tough old resolution. As for Mr. Barnes's displeasure, the girl tossed her saucy head, shrugged her fair shoulders, and passed on with a scornful laugh. In a word, Miss Ethel conducted herself as a most reckless and intrepid young flirt, using her eyes with the most consummate effect, chattering with astounding gayety, prodigal of smiles, gracious thanks, and killing glances. What wicked spirit moved her? Perhaps had she known the mischief she was doing, she would have continued it still.

The sight of this willfulness and levity smote poor Lord Kew's honest heart with cruel pangs of mortification. The easy young nobleman had passed many a year of his life in all sorts of wild company. The chaumière knew him, and the balls of Parisian actresses, the coulisses of the opera at home and abroad. Those pretty heads of ladies whom nobody knows, used to nod their shining ringlets at Kew, from private boxes at theatres, or dubious Park broughams. He had run the career of young men of pleasure, and laughed and feasted with jolly prodigals and their company. He was tired of it: perhaps he remembered an earlier and purer life, and was sighing to return to it. Living as he had done among the outcasts, his ideal of domestic virtue was high and pure. He chose to believe that good women were entirely good. Duplicity he could not understand; ill temper shocked him: willfulness he seemed to fancy belonged only to the profane and wicked, not to good girls, with good mothers, in honest homes. Their nature was to love their families; to obey their parents; to tend their poor; to honor their husbands; to cherish their children. Ethel's laugh woke him up from one of these simple reveries very likely, and then she swept round the ball-room rapidly, to the brazen notes of the orchestra. He never offered to dance with her more than once in the evening; went away to play, and returned to find her still whirling to the music. Madame d'Ivry remarked his tribulation and gloomy face, though she took no pleasure at his discomfiture, knowing that Ethel's behavior caused it.

In plays and novels, and I daresay in real life too sometimes, when the wanton heroine chooses to exert her powers of fascination, and to flirt with Sir Harry, or the Captain, the hero, in a pique, goes off and makes love to somebody else: both acknowledge their folly after a while, shake hands and are reconciled, and the curtain drops, or the volume ends. But there are some people too noble and simple for these amorous scenes and smirking artifices. When Kew was pleased he laughed, when he was grieved he was silent. He did not deign to hide his grief or pleasure under disguises. His error, perhaps, was in forgetting that Ethel was very young; that her conduct was not design so much as girlish mischief and high spirits; and that if young men have their frolics, sow their wild oats, and enjoy their pleasure, young women may be permitted sometimes their more harmless vagaries of gayety, and sportive outbreaks of willful humor.

When she consented to go home at length, Lord Kew brought Miss Newcome's little white cloak for her (under the hood of which her glossy curls, her blushing cheeks, and bright eyes looked provokingly handsome), and encased her in this pretty garment without uttering one single word. She made him a saucy courtesy in return for this act of politeness, which salutation he received with a grave bow; and then he proceeded to cover up old Lady Kew, and to conduct her ladyship to her chariot. Miss Ethel chose to be displeased at her cousin's displeasure. What were balls made for but that people should dance?

She a flirt? She displease Lord Kew? If she chose to dance, she would dance; she had no idea of his giving himself airs, besides it was such fun taking away the gentlemen of Mary Queen of Scots' court from her: such capital fun! So she went to bed singing and performing wonderful roulades as she lighted her candle, and retired to her room. She had had such a jolly evening! such famous fun, and, I daresay (but how shall a novelist penetrate these mysteries?), when her chamber door was closed, she scolded her maid and was as cross as two sticks. You see there come moments of sorrow after the most brilliant victories; and you conquer and rout the enemy utterly, and then you regret that you fought.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE END OF THE CONGRESS OF BADEN.

Mention has been made of an elderly young person from Ireland, engaged by Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry as companion and teacher of English for her little daughter. When Miss O'Grady, as she did some time afterward, quitted Madame d'Ivry's family, she spoke with great freedom regarding the behavior of that duchess, and recounted horrors which she, the latter, had committed. A number of the most terrific anecdotes issued from the lips of the indignant Miss, whose volubility Lord Kew was obliged to check, not choosing that his countess, with whom he was paying a bridal visit to Paris, should hear such dreadful legends. It was there that Miss O'Grady, finding herself in misfortune, and reading of Lord Kew's arrival at the Hôtel Bristol, waited upon his lordship and the Countess of Kew, begging them to take tickets in a raffle for an invaluable ivory writing-desk, sole relic of her former prosperity, which she proposed to give her friends the chance of acquiring: in fact, Miss O'Grady lived for some years on the produce of repeated raffles for this beautiful desk: many religious ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, taking an interest in her misfortunes, and alleviating them by the simple lottery system. Protestants as well as Catholics were permitted to take shares in Miss O'Grady's raffles; and Lord Kew, good-natured then as always, purchased so many tickets, that the contrite O'Grady informed him of a transaction which had nearly affected his happiness, and in which she took a not very creditable share. "Had I known your lordship's real character," Miss O'G. was pleased to say, "no tortures would have induced me to do an act for which I have undergone penance. It was that black-hearted woman, my lord, who maligned your lordship to me—that woman whom I called friend once, but who is the most false, depraved, and dangerous of her sex." In this way do ladies' companions sometimes speak of ladies when quarrels separate them, when confidential attendants are dismissed, bearing away family-secrets in their minds, and revenge in their hearts.

The day after Miss Ethel's feats at the assembly, old Lady Kew went over to advise her granddaughter, and to give her a little timely warning about the impropriety of flirtations; above all, with such men as are to be found at watering-places, persons who are never seen elsewhere in society. "Remark the peculiarities of Kew's temper, who never flies into a passion like you and me, my dear," said the old lady (being determined to be particularly gracious and cautious); "when once angry he remains so, and is so obstinate that it is almost impossible to coax him into good humor. It is much better, my love, to be like us," continued the old lady, "to fly out in a rage and have it over; but *que voulez vous?* such is Frank's temper, and we must manage him." So she went on, backing her advice by a crowd of examples drawn from the family history; showing how Kew was like his grandfather, her own poor husband; still more like his late father, Lord Walham, between whom and his mother there had been differences, chiefly brought on by my Lady Walham of course, which had ended in the almost total estrangement of mother and son. Lady Kew then administered her advice, and told her stories with Ethel alone for a listener; and in a most edifying manner she besought Miss Newcome to *ménager* Lord Kew's susceptibilities, as she valued her own future comfort in life, as well as the happiness of a most amiable man, of whom, if properly managed, Ethel might make what she pleased. We have said Lady Kew managed every body, and that most of the members of her family allowed themselves to be managed by her ladyship.

Ethel, who had permitted her grandmother to continue her sententious advice, while she herself sat tapping her feet on the floor, and performing the most rapid variations of that air which is called the Devil's Tattoo, burst out, at length, to the elder lady's surprise, with an outbreak of indignation, a flushing face, and a voice quivering with anger.

"This most amiable man," she cried out, "that you design for me—I know every thing about this most amiable man, and thank you and my family for the present you make me! For the past

year, what have you been doing? Every one of you, my father, my brother, and you yourself, have been filling my ears with cruel reports against a poor boy, whom you choose to depict as every thing that was dissolute and wicked, when there was nothing against him; nothing, but that he was poor. Yes, you yourself, grandmamma, have told me many and many a time, that Clive Newcome was not a fit companion for us; warned me against his bad courses, and painted him as extravagant, unprincipled, I don't know how bad. How bad! I know how good he is; how upright, generous, and truth-telling: though there was not a day until lately that Barnes did not make some wicked story against him—Barnes, who, I believe, is bad himself, like —like other young men. Yes, I am sure there was something about Barnes in that newspaper which my father took away from me. And you come, and you lift up your hands, and shake your head, because I dance with one gentleman or another. You tell me I am wrong; mamma has told me so this morning. Barnes, of course, has told me so, and you bring me Frank as a pattern, and tell me to love and honor and obey *him!* Look here"—and she drew out a paper and put it into Lady Kew's hands—"here is Kew's history, and I believe it is true; yes, I am sure it is true."

The old dowager lifted her eye-glass to her black eye-brow, and read a paper written in English, and bearing no signature, in which many circumstances of Lord Kew's life were narrated for poor Ethel's benefit. It was not a worse life than that of a thousand young men of pleasure, but there were Kew's many misdeeds set down in order: such a catalogue as we laugh at when Leporello trolls it, and sings his master's victories in France, Italy, and Spain. Madame d'Ivry's name was not mentioned in this list, and Lady Kew felt sure that the outrage came from her.

With real ardor Lady Kew sought to defend her grandson from some of the attacks here made against him; and showed Ethel that the person who could use such means of calumniating him, would not scruple to resort to falsehood in order to effect her purpose.

"Her purpose!" cries Ethel; "how do you know it is a woman?" Lady Kew lapsed into generalities. She thought the handwriting was a woman's—at least it was not likely that a man should think of addressing an anonymous letter to a young lady, and so wreaking his hatred upon Lord Kew. "Besides Frank has had no rivals —except—except one young gentleman who has carried his paint-boxes to Italy," says Lady Kew. "You don't think your dear Colonel's son would leave such a piece of mischief behind him? You must act, my dear," continued her ladyship, "as if this letter had never been written at all; the person who wrote it no doubt will watch you. Of course we are too proud to allow him to see that we are wounded; and pray, pray do not think of letting poor Frank know a word about this horrid transaction."

"Then the letter is true!" burst out Ethel. "You know it is true, grandmamma, and that is why you would have me keep it a secret from my cousin; besides," she added with a little hesitation, "your caution comes too late—Lord Kew has seen the letter."

"You fool!" screamed the old lady, "you were not so mad as to show it to him?"

"I am sure the letter is true," Ethel said, rising up very haughtily. "It is not by calling me bad names that your ladyship will disprove it. Keep them, if you please, for my aunt Julia; she is sick and weak, and can't defend herself. I do not choose to bear abuse from you, or lectures from Lord Kew. He happened to be here a short while since, when the letter arrived. He had been good enough to come to preach me a sermon on his own account. He to find fault with my actions!" cried Miss Ethel, quivering with wrath and clinching the luckless paper in her hand. "He to accuse me of levity, and to warn me against making improper acquaintances! He began his lectures too soon. I am not a lawful slave yet, and prefer to remain unmolested, at least as long as I am free."

"And you told Frank all this, Miss Newcome, and you showed him that letter?" said the old lady.

"The letter was actually brought to me while his lordship was in the midst of his sermon," Ethel replied. "I read it as he was making his speech," she continued, gathering anger and scorn as she recalled the circumstances of the interview. "He was perfectly polite in his language. He did not call me a fool, or use a single other bad name. He was good enough to advise me, and to make such virtuous pretty speeches that, if he had been a bishop, he could not have spoke better; and as I thought the letter was a nice commentary on his lordship's sermon, I gave it to him. I gave it to him," cried the young woman, "and much good may it do him. I don't think my Lord Kew will preach to me again for some time."

"I don't think he will indeed," said Lady Kew, in a hard, dry voice. "You don't know what you may have done. Will you be pleased to ring the bell and order my carriage? I congratulate you on having performed a most charming morning's work."

Ethel made her grandmother a very stately courtesy. I pity Lady Julia's condition when her mother reached home.

All who know Lord Kew may be pretty sure that in that unlucky interview with Ethel, to which the young lady has just alluded, he said no single word to her that was not kind, and just, and gentle. Considering the relation between them, he thought himself justified in remonstrating with her as to the conduct which she chose to pursue, and in warning her against acquaintances of whom his own experience had taught him the dangerous character. He knew Madame d'Ivry and her friends so well that he would not have his wife-elect a member of their circle. He could not tell Ethel what he knew of those wo-

men and their history. She chose not to understand his hints—did not, very likely, comprehend them. She was quite young, and the stories of such lives as theirs had never been told before her. She was indignant at the surveillance which Lord Kew exerted over her, and the authority which he began to assume. At another moment, and in a better frame of mind, she would have been thankful for his care, and very soon and ever after she did justice to his many admirable qualities —his frankness, honesty, and sweet temper. Only her high spirit was in perpetual revolt at this time against the bondage in which her family strove to keep her. The very worldly advantages of the position which they offered her served but to chafe her the more. Had her proposed husband been a young prince with a crown to lay at her feet, she had been yet more indignant very likely, and more rebellious. Had Kew's younger brother been her suitor, or Kew in his place, she had been not unwilling to follow her parents' wishes. Hence the revolt in which she was engaged—the wayward freaks and outbreaks her haughty temper indulged in. No doubt she saw the justice of Lord Kew's reproofs. That self-consciousness was not likely to add to her good humor. No doubt she was sorry for having shown Lord Kew the letter the moment after she had done that act, of which the poor young lady could not calculate the consequences that were now to ensue.

Lord Kew, on glancing over the letter, at once divined the quarter whence it came. The portrait drawn of him was not unlike, as our characters described by those who hate us are not unlike. He had passed a reckless youth, indeed he was was sad and ashamed of that past life, longed like the poor prodigal to return to better courses, and had embraced eagerly the chance afforded him of a union with a woman young, virtuous, and beautiful, against whom and against heaven he hoped to sin no more. If we have told or hinted at more of his story than will please the ear of modern conventionalism, I beseech the reader to believe that the writer's purpose at least is not dishonest, nor unkindly. The young gentleman hung his head with sorrow over that sad detail of his life and its follies. What would he have given to be able to say to Ethel, "This is not true!"

His reproaches to Miss Newcome of course were at once stopped by this terrible assault on himself. The letter had been put in the Baden post-box, and so had come to its destination. It was in a disguised handwriting. Lord Kew could form no idea of the sex of the scribe. He put the envelope in his pocket, when Ethel's back was turned. He examined the paper when he left her. He could make little of the superscription or of the wafer which had served to close the note. He did not choose to caution Ethel as to whether she should burn the letter or divulge it to her friends. He took his share of the pain, as a boy at school takes his flogging, stoutly and in silence.

When he saw Ethel again, which he did in an hour's time, the generous young gentleman held his hand out to her. "My dear," he said, "if you had loved me you never would have shown me that letter." It was his only reproof. After that he never again reproved or advised her.

Ethel blushed. "You are very brave and generous, Frank," she said, bending her head, "and I am captious and wicked." He felt the hot tear blotting on his hand from his cousin's downcast eyes.

He kissed her little hand. Lady Ann, who was in the room with her children when these few words passed between the two in a very low tone, thought it was a reconciliation. Ethel knew it was a renunciation on Kew's part—she never liked him so much as at that moment. The young man was too modest and simple to guess himself what the girl's feelings were. Could he have told them, his fate and hers might have been changed.

"You must not allow our kind letter-writing friend," Lord Kew continued, "to fancy we are hurt. We must walk out this afternoon, and we must appear very good friends."

"Yes, always, Kew," said Ethel, holding out her hand again. The next minute her cousin was at the table carving roast fowls and distributing the portions to the hungry children.

The assembly of the previous evening had been one of those which the *fermier des jeux* at Baden beneficently provides for the frequenters of the place, and now was to come off a much more brilliant entertainment, in which poor Clive, who is far into Switzerland by this time, was to have taken a share. The Bachelors had agreed to give a ball, one of the last entertainments of the season; a dozen or more of them had subscribed the funds, and we may be sure Lord Kew's name was at the head of the list, as it was of any list, of any scheme, whether of charity or fun. The English were invited, and the Russians were invited; the Spaniards and Italians, Poles, Prussians, and Hebrews; all the motley frequenters of the place, and the warriors in the Duke of Baden's army. Unlimited supper was set in the restaurant. The dancing-room glittered with extra lights, and a profusion of cut-paper flowers decorated the festive scene. Every body was present, those crowds with whom our story has nothing to do, and those two or three groups of persons who enact minor or greater parts in it. Madame d'Ivry came in a dress of stupendous splendor, even more brilliant than that in which Miss Ethel had figured at the last assembly. If the Duchess intended to *écraser* Miss Newcome by the superior magnificence of her toilet, she was disappointed. Miss Newcome wore a plain white frock on the occasion, and resumed, Madame d'Ivry said, her *rôle* of *ingénue* for that night.

During the brief season in which gentlemen enjoyed the favor of Mary Queen of Scots, that wandering sovereign led them through all the paces and vagaries of a regular passion. As in a fair, where time is short and pleasures numerous, the master of the theatrical booth shows you

a tragedy, a farce, and a pantomime, all in a quarter of an hour, having a dozen new audiences to witness his entertainments in the course of the forenoon; so this lady with her Platonic lovers went through the complete dramatic course—tragedies of jealousy, pantomimes of rapture, and farces of parting. There were billets on one side and the other; hints of a fatal destiny, and a ruthless lynx-eyed tyrant, who held a demoniac grasp over the Duchess by means of certain secrets which he knew: there were regrets that we had not known each other sooner: why were we brought out of our convent and sacrificed to Monsieur le Duc? There were frolic interchanges of fancy and poesy: pretty *bouderies;* sweet reconciliations; yawns finally—and separation. Adolphe went out and Alphonse came in. It was the new audience; for which the bell rang, the band played, and the curtain rose; and the tragedy, comedy, and farce were repeated.

Those Greenwich performers who appear in the theatrical pieces above mentioned, make a great deal more noise than your stationary tragedians; and if they have to denounce a villain, to declare a passion, or to threaten an enemy, they roar, stamp, shake their fists, and brandish their sabres, so that every man who sees the play has surely a full pennyworth for his penny. Thus Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry perhaps a little exaggerated her heroines' parts; liking to strike her audiences quickly, and also to change them often. Like good performers, she flung herself heart and soul into the business of the stage, and *was* what she acted. She was Phèdre, and if in the first part of the play she was uncommonly tender to Hyppolyte, in the second she hated him furiously. She was Medea, and if Jason was *volage*, woe to Creusa! Perhaps our poor Lord Kew had taken the first character in a performance with Madame d'Ivry; for his behavior in which part, it was difficult enough to forgive him; but when he appeared at Baden the affianced husband of one of the most beautiful young creatures in Europe—when his relatives scorned Madame d'Ivry—no wonder she was maddened and enraged, and would have recourse to revenge, steel, poison.

There was in the Duchess's Court a young fellow from the South of France, whose friends had sent him to *faire son droit* at Paris, where he had gone through the usual course of pleasures and studies of the young inhabitants of the Latin Quarter. He had at one time exalted republican opinions, and had fired his shot with distinction at St. Méri. He was a poet of some little note; a book of his lyrics—*Les Râles d'un Asphyxié*—having made a sensation at the time of their appearance. He drank great quantities of absinthe of a morning; smoked incessantly; played roulette whenever he could get a few pieces; contributed to a small journal, and was especially great in his hatred of *l'infâme Angleterre*. *Delenda est Carthago* was tatooed beneath his shirt-sleeve. Fifine and Clarisse, young milliners of the Students' district, had punctured this terrible motto on his manly right arm. *Le léopard*, emblem of England, was his aversion; he shook his fist at the caged monster in the Garden of Plants. He desired to have "Here lies an enemy of England" engraved upon his early tomb. He was skilled at billiards and dominos; adroit in the use of arms; of unquestionable courage and fierceness. Mr. Jones of England was afraid of M. de Castillonnes, and cowered before his scowls and sarcasms. Captain Blackball, the other English aid-de-camp of the Duchesse d'Ivry, a warrior of undoubted courage, who had been "on the ground" more than once, gave him a wide berth, and wondered what the little beggar meant when he used to say, "Since the days of the Prince Noir, Monsieur! my family has been at feud with l'Angleterre!" His family were grocers at Bordeaux, and his father's name was M. Cabasse. He had married a noble in the revolutionary times; and the son at Paris called himself Victor Cabasse de Castillonnes; then Victor C. de Castillonnes; then M. de Castillonnes. One of the followers of the Black Prince had insulted a lady of the house of Castillonnes, when the English were lords of Guienne; hence our friend's wrath against the Leopard. He had written, and afterward dramatized a terrific legend describing the circumstance and the punishment of the Briton by a knight of the Castillonnes family. A more awful coward never existed in a melodrama than that felon English knight. His *blanche-fille*, of course, died of hopeless love for the conquering Frenchman, her father's murderer. The paper in which the feuilleton appeared died at the sixth number of the story. The theatre of the Boulevard refused the drama; so the author's rage against *l'infâme Albion* was yet unappeased. On beholding Miss Newcome, Victor had fancied the resemblance between her and Agnes de Calverley, the blanche Miss of his novel and drama, and cast an eye of favor upon the young creature. He even composed verses in her honor (for I presume that the "Miss Betti" and the Princess Crimhilde of the poems which he subsequently published, were no other than Miss Newcome, and the Duchess, her rival). He had been one of the lucky gentlemen who had danced with Ethel on the previous evening. On the occasion of the ball he came to her with a high-flown compliment, and a request to be once more allowed to waltz with her—a request to which he expected a favorable answer, thinking, no doubt, that his wit, his powers of conversation, and the *amour qui flambait dans son regard* had had their effect upon the charming Meess. Perhaps he had a copy of the very verses in his breast-pocket with which he intended to complete his work of fascination. For her sake alone, he had been heard to say that he would enter into a truce with England, and forget the hereditary wrongs of his race.

But the blanche Miss on this evening declined to waltz with him. His compliments were not of the least avail. He retired with them and his unuttered verses in his crumpled bosom. Miss Newcome only danced in one quadrille with Lord Kew, and left the party quite early, to the despair

of many of the bachelors, who lost the fairest ornament of their ball.

Lord Kew, however, had been seen walking with her in public, and particularly attentive to her during her brief appearance in the ball-room; and the old Dowager, who regularly attended all places of amusement, and was at twenty parties and six dinners the week before she died, thought fit to be particularly gracious to Madame d'Ivry upon this evening, and, far from shunning the Duchesse's presence, or being rude to her, as on former occasions, was entirely smiling and good-humored. Lady Kew, too, thought there had been a reconciliation between Ethel and her cousin. Lady Ann had given her mother some account of the handshaking. Kew's walk with Ethel, the quadrille which she had danced with him alone, induced the elder lady to believe that matters had been made up between the young people.

So by way of showing the Duchesse that her little shot of the morning had failed in its effect, as Frank left the room with his cousin, Lady Kew gayly hinted, "that the young earl was *aux petits soins* with Miss Ethel; that she was sure her old friend, the Duc d'Ivry, would be glad to hear that his godson was about to range himself. He would settle down on his estates. He would attend to his duties as an English peer and a country gentleman. We shall go home," says the benevolent Countess, "and kill the *veau gras*, and you shall see our dear prodigal will become a very quiet gentleman."

The Duchesse said, "My Lady Kew's plan was most edifying. She was charmed to hear that Lord Kew loved veal; there were some who thought that meat rather insipid." A waltzer came to claim her hand at this moment; and as she twirled round the room upon that gentleman's arm, wafting odors as she moved, her pink silks, pink feathers, pink ribbons, making a mighty rustling, the Countess of Kew had the satisfaction of thinking that she had planted an arrow in that shriveled little waist, which Count Punter's arms embraced, and had returned the stab which Madame d'Ivry had delivered in the morning.

Mr. Barnes, and his elect bride, had also appeared, danced, and disappeared. Lady Kew soon followed her young ones; and the ball went on very gayly, in spite of the absence of these respectable personages.

Being one of the managers of the entertainment, Lord Kew returned to it after conducting Lady Ann and her daughter to their carriage, and now danced with great vigor and with his usual kindness, selecting those ladies whom other waltzers rejected because they were too old, or too plain, or too stout, or what not. But he did not ask Madame d'Ivry to dance. He could condescend to dissemble so far as to hide the pain which he felt; but did not care to engage in that more advanced hypocrisy of friendship, which, for her part, his old grandmother had not shown the least scruple in assuming.

Among other partners, my lord selected that intrepid waltzer, the Gräfinn von Gumpelheim, who, in spite of her age, size, and large family, never lost a chance of enjoying her favorite recreation. "Look with what a camel my lord waltzes," said M. Victor to Madame d'Ivry, whose slim waist he had the honor of embracing to the same music. "What man but an Englishman would ever select such a dromedary!"

"Avant de se marier," said Madame d'Ivry. "Il faut avouer que my lord se permet d'énormes distractions."

"My lord marries himself! And when and whom?" cries the Duchesse's partner.

"Miss Newcome. Do not you approve of his choice? I thought the eyes of Stenio (the Duchess called M. Victor Stenio) looked with some favor upon that little person. She is handsome, even very handsome. Is it not so often in life, Stenio? Are not youth and innocence (I give Miss Ethel the compliment of her innocence, now surtout that the little painter is dismissed)—are we not cast into the arms of jaded roués? Tender young flowers, are we not torn from our convent gardens, and flung into a world of which the air poisons our pure life, and withers the sainted buds of hope and love and faith? Faith! The mocking world tramples on it, n'est-ce pas? Love! The brutal world strangles the heaven-born infant at its birth. Hope! It smiled at me in my little convent chamber, played among the flowers which I cherished, warbled with the birds that I loved. But it quitted me at the door of the world, Stenio. It folded its white wings and vailed its radiant face! In return for my young love, they gave me—sixty years, the dregs of a selfish heart, egotism cowering over its fire, and cold for all its mantle of ermine! In place of the sweet flowers of my young years, they gave me these, Stenio!" and she pointed to her feathers and her artificial roses. "O, I should like to crush them under my feet!" and she put out the neatest little slipper. The Duchesse was great upon her wrongs, and paraded her blighted innocence to every one who would feel interested by that piteous spectacle. The music here burst out more swiftly and melodiously than before; the pretty little feet forgot their desire to trample upon the world. She shrugged the lean little shoulders—"Eh!" said the Queen of Scots, "dansons et oublions;" and Stenio's arm once more surrounded her fairy waist (she called herself a fairy; other ladies called her a skeleton), and they whirled away in the waltz again: and presently she and Stenio came bumping up against the stalwart Lord Kew and the ponderous Madame de Gumpelheim, as a wherry dashes against the oaken ribs of a steamer.

The little couple did not fall; they were struck on to a neighboring bench, luckily: but there was a laugh at the expense of Stenio and the Queen of Scots—and Lord Kew, settling his panting partner on to a seat, came up to make excuses for his awkwardness to the lady who had been its victim. At the laugh produced by the catastrophe, the Duchesse's eyes gleamed with anger.

"M. de Castillonnes," she said, to her partner, "have you had any quarrel with that Englishman?"

"With ce Milor? But no," said Stenio.

"He did it on purpose. There has been no day but his family has insulted me!" hissed out the Duchesse; and at this moment Lord Kew came up to make his apologies. He asked a thousand pardons of Madame la Duchesse for being so maladroit.

"Maladroit! et très maladroit, Monsieur," says Stenio, curling his mustache; "C'èst bien le mot, Monsieur."

"Also, I make my excuses to Madame la Duchesse, which I hope she will receive," said Lord Kew. The Duchesse shrugged her shoulders and sunk her head.

"When one does not know how to dance, one ought not to dance," continued the Duchesse's knight.

"Monsieur is very good to give me lessons in dancing," said Lord Kew.

"Any lessons which you please, Milor!" cries Stenio; and every where where you will them."

Lord Kew looked at the little man with surprise. He could not understand so much anger for so trifling an accident, which happens a dozen times in every crowded ball. He again bowed to the Duchesse, and walked away.

"This is your Englishman—your Kew, whom you vaunt every where," said Stenio to M. de Florac, who was standing by and witnessed the scene. "Is he simply bête, or is he poltroon as well? I believe him to be both."

"Silence, Victor!" cried Florac, seizing his arm, and drawing him away. "You know me, and that I am neither one nor the other. Believe my word, that my Lord Kew wants neither courage nor wit!"

"Will you be my witness, Florac?" continues the other.

"To take him your excuses? yes. It is you who have insulted—"

"Yes, parbleu, I have insulted!" says the Gascon.

"A man who never willingly offended soul alive. A man full of heart: the most frank—the most loyal. I have seen him put to the proof, and believe me he is all I say."

"Eh! so much the better for me!" cried the Southern. "I shall have the honor of meeting a gallant man: and there will be two on the field."

"They are making a tool of you, my poor Gascon," said M. de Florac, who saw Madame d'Ivry's eyes watching the couple. She presently took the arm of the noble Count de Punter, and went for fresh air into the adjoining apartment, where play was going on as usual; and Lord Kew and his friend Lord Rooster were pacing the room apart from the gamblers.

My Lord Rooster, at something which Kew said, looked puzzled, and said, "Pooh, stuff, damned little Frenchman! Confounded nonsense!"

"I was searching you, Milor!" said Madame d'Ivry, in a most winning tone, tripping behind him with her noiseless little feet. "Allow me a little word. Your arm! You used to give it me once, mon filleul! I hope you think nothing of the rudeness of M. de Castillonnes: he is a foolish Gascon: he must have been too often to the buffet this evening."

Lord Kew said, No, indeed he thought nothing of M. de Castillonnes' rudeness.

"I am so glad! These heroes of the *salle d'armes* have not the commonest manners. These Gascons are always *flamberge au vent*. What would the charming Miss Ethel say, if she heard of the dispute?"

"Indeed there is no reason why she should hear of it," said Lord Kew, "unless some obliging friend should communicate it to her."

"Communicate it to her—the poor dear! who would be so cruel as to give her pain?" asked the innocent Duchesse. "Why do you look at me so, Frank?"

"Because I admire you," said her interlocutor with a bow. "I have never seen Madame la Duchesse to such advantage as to-day."

"You speak in enigmas! Come back with me to the ball-room. Come and dance with me once more. You used to dance with me. Let us have one waltz more, Kew. And then, and then, in a day or two I shall go back to Monsieur le Duc, and tell him that his filleul is going to marry the fairest of all Englishwomen: and to turn hermit in the country, and orator in the Chamber of Peers. You have wit! ah si—you have wit!" And she led back Lord Kew, rather amazed himself at what he was doing, into the ball-room; so that the good-natured people who were there, and who beheld them dancing, could not refrain from clapping their hands at the sight of this couple.

The Duchesse danced as if she was bitten by that Neapolitan spider, which, according to the legend, is such a wonderful dance incentor. She would have the music quicker and quicker. She sank on Kew's arm, and clung on his support. She poured out all the light of her languishing eyes into his face. Their glances rather confused than charmed him. But the bystanders were pleased; they thought it so good-hearted of the Duchesse, after the little quarrel, to make a public avowal of reconciliation!

Lord Rooster looking on, at the entrance of the dancing-room, over Monsieur de Florac's shoulder, said, "It's all right! She's a clipper to dance, the little Duchess."

"The viper!" said Florac, "how she writhes!"

"I suppose that business with the Frenchman is all over," says Lord Rooster. "Confounded piece of nonsense."

"You believe it finished? We shall see!" said Florac, who perhaps knew his fair cousin better. When the waltz was over, Kew led his partner to a seat, and bowed to her; but though she made room for him at her side, pointing to it, and gathering up her rustling robes, so that he might sit down, he moved away, his face full of gloom. He never wished to be near her again. There was something more odious to him in her friendship than her hatred. He knew hers was the hand that had dealt that stab at him and Ethel in the morning. He went back and talked with his two

friends in the doorway. "Couch yourself, my little Kiou," said Florac. "You are all pale. You were best in bed, mon garçon!"

"She has made me promise to take her in to supper," Kew said, with a sigh.

"She will poison you," said the other. "Why have they abolished the roue chez nous? My word of honor they should rétabliche it for this woman."

"There is one in the next room," said Kew, with a laugh. "Come, Vicomte, let us try our fortune," and he walked back into the play-room.

That was the last night on which Lord Kew ever played a gambling game. He won constantly. The double zero seemed to obey him; so that the croupiers wondered at his fortune. Florac backed it; saying, with the superstition of a gambler, "I am sure something goes to arrive to this boy." From time to time M. de Florac went back to the dancing-room, leaving his *mise* under Kew's charge. He always found his heaps increased; indeed the worthy Vicomte wanted a turn of luck in his favor. On one occasion he returned with a grave face, saying to Lord Rooster, "She has the other one in hand. We are going to see." "Trente-six encor! et rouge gagne," cried the croupier with his nasal tone. Monsieur de Florac's pockets overflowed with double Napoleons, and he stopped his play, luckily, for Kew putting down his winnings, once, twice, thrice, lost them all.

When Lord Kew had left the dancing-room, Madame d'Ivry saw Stenio following him with fierce looks, and called back that bearded bard. "You were going to pursue M. de Kew," she said; "I knew you were. Sit down here, Sir," and she patted him down on her seat with her fan.

"Do you wish that I should call him back, Madame?" said the poet, with the deepest tragic accents.

"I can bring him when I want him, Victor," said the lady.

"Let us hope others will be equally fortunate,"



the Gascon said, with one hand in his breast, the other stroking his mustache.

"Fi, Monsieur, que vous sentez le tabac! je vous le défends, entendez vous, Monsieur?"

"Pourtant, I have seen the day when Madame la Duchesse did not disdain a cigar," said Victor. "If the odor incommodes, permit that I retire."

"And you also would quit me, Stenio. Do you think I did not mark your eyes toward Miss Newcome? your anger when she refused you to dance? Ah! we see all. A woman does not deceive herself, do you see? You send me beautiful verses, Poet. You can write as well of a statue or a picture, of a rose or a sunset, as of the heart of a woman. You were angry just now because I danced with M. de Kew. Do you think in a woman's eyes jealousy is unpardonable?"

"You know how to provoke it, Madame," continued the tragedian.

"Monsieur," replied the lady, with dignity, "am I to render you an account of all my actions, and ask your permission for a walk?"

"In fact, I am but the slave, Madame," groaned the Gascon, "I am not the master."

"You are a very rebellious slave, Monsieur," continues the lady, with a pretty *moue*, and a glance of the large eyes artfully brightened by her rouge. Suppose—suppose I danced with M. de Kew, not for his sake—Heaven knows to dance with him is not a pleasure—but for yours. Suppose I do not want a foolish quarrel to proceed. Suppose I know that he is ni sot ni poltron, as you pretend. I overheard you, Sir, talking with one of the basest of men, my good cousin, M. de Florac: but it is not of him I speak. Suppose I know the Comte de Kew to be a man, cold and insolent, ill-bred, and grossier, as the men of his nation are—but one who lacks no courage—one who is terrible when roused; might I have no occasion to fear, not for him, but—"

"But for me! Ah Marie! Ah Madame! Believe you that a man of my blood will yield a foot to any Englishman? Do you know the story of my race? do you know that since my childhood I have vowed hatred to that nation? Tenez, Madame, this M. Jones who frequents your salon, it was but respect for you that has enabled me to keep my patience with this stupid islander. This Captain Blackball, whom you distinguish, who certainly shoots well, who mounts well to horse, I have always thought his manners were those of the marker of a billiard. But I respect him because he has made war with Don Carlos against the English. But this young M. de Kew, his laugh crisps me the nerves; his insolent air makes me bound; in beholding him I said to myself, I hate you; think whether I love him better after having seen him as I did but now, Madame!" Also, but this Victor did not say, he thought Kew had laughed at him at the beginning of the evening, when the blanche Miss had refused to dance with him.

"Ah, Victor, it is not him, but you that I would save," said the Duchess. And the people round about, and the Duchess herself afterward said, Yes, certainly, she had a good heart. She entreated Lord Kew; she implored M. Victor; she did every thing in her power to appease the quarrel between him and the Frenchman.

After the ball came the supper, which was laid at separate little tables, where parties of half a dozen enjoyed themselves. Lord Kew was of the Duchess's party, where our Gascon friend had not a seat. But being one of the managers of the entertainment, his lordship went about from table to table, seeing that the guests at each lacked nothing. He supposed too that the dispute with the Gascon had possibly come to an end; at any rate, disagreeable as the other's speech had been, he had resolved to put up with it, not having the least inclination to drink the Frenchman's blood, or to part with his own on so absurd a quarrel. He asked people in his good-natured way to drink wine with him; and catching M. Victor's eye scowling at him from a distant table, he sent a waiter with a Champagne bottle to his late opponent, and lifted his glass as a friendly challenge. The waiter carried the message to M. Victor, who, when he heard it, turned up his glass, and folded his arms in a stately manner. "M. de Castillonne dit qu'il refuse, milor," said the waiter, rather scared. "He charged me to bring that message to milor." Florac ran across to the angry Gascon. It was not while at Madame d'Ivry's table that Lord Kew sent his challenge, and received his reply; his duties as steward had carried him away from that pretty early.

Meanwhile the glimmering dawn peered into the windows of the refreshment-room, and behold, the sun broke in and scared all the revelers. The ladies scurried away like so many ghosts at cock-crow, some of them not caring to face that detective luminary. Cigars had been lighted ere this; the men remained smoking them with those sleepless German waiters still bringing fresh supplies of drink. Lord Kew gave the Duchesse d'Ivry his arm, and was leading her out; M. de Castillonne stood scowling directly in their way, upon which, with rather an abrupt turn of the shoulder, and a "Pardon, Monsieur," Lord Kew pushed by, and conducted the Duchess to her carriage. She did not in the least see what had happened between the two gentlemen in the passage; she oggled, and nodded, and kissed her hands quite affectionately to Kew as the fly drove away.

Florac in the mean while had seized his compatriot, who had drunk Champagne copiously with others, if not with Kew, and was in vain endeavoring to make him hear reason. The Gascon was furious; he vowed that Lord Kew had struck him. "By the tomb of my mother," he bellowed, "I swear I will have his blood!" Lord Rooster was bawling out—"D— him; carry him to bed, and shut him up;" which remarks Victor did not understand, or two victims would doubtless have been sacrificed on his mamma's mausoleum.

When Kew came back (as he was only too sure to do), the little Gascon rushed forward with a glove in his hand, and having an audience of smokers round about him, made a furious speech



about England, leopards, cowardice, insolent islanders, and Napoleon at St. Helena; and demanded reason for Kew's conduct during the night. As he spoke, he advanced toward Lord Kew, glove in hand, and lifted it as if he was actually going to strike.

"There is no need for further words," said Lord Kew, taking his cigar out of his mouth. "If you don't drop that glove, upon my word I will pitch you out of the window. Ha!..... Pick the man up, somebody. You'll bear witness, gentlemen, I couldn't help myself. If he wants me in the morning, he knows where to find me."

"I declare that my Lord Kew has acted with great forbearance, and under the most brutal provocation—the most brutal provocation entendez-vous, M. Cabasse," cried out M. de Florac, rushing forward to the Gascon, who had now risen; "Monsieur's conduct has been unworthy of a Frenchman and a gallant homme."

"D— it; he has had it on his nob, though," said Lord Viscount Rooster, laconically.

"Ah, Roosterre! ceci n'est pas pour rire," Florac cried sadly, as they both walked away with Lord Kew; "I wish that first blood was all that was to be shed in this quarrel."

"Gaw! how he did go down!" cried Rooster, convulsed with laughter.

"I am very sorry for it," said Kew, quite seriously; "I couldn't help it. God forgive me." And he hung down his head. He thought of the past, and its levities, and punishment coming after him *pede claudo*. It was with all his heart the contrite young man said "God forgive me." He would take what was to follow as the penalty of what had gone before.

"Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, mon pauvre Kiou," said his French friend. And Lord Rooster, whose classical education had been much neglected, turned round, and said, "Hullo, mate, what ship's that?"

Viscount Rooster had not been two hours in bed, when the Count de Punter (formerly of the Black Jägers), waited upon him upon the part of M. de Castillonnes and the Earl of Kew, who

had referred him to the Viscount to arrange matters for a meeting between them. As the meeting must take place out of the Baden territory, and they ought to move before the police prevented them, the Count proposed that they should at once make for France; where, as it was an affair of honneur, they would assuredly be let to enter without passports.

Lady Ann and Lady Kew heard that the gentlemen after the ball had all gone out on a hunting party, and were not alarmed for four-and-twenty hours at least. On the next day none of them returned; and on the day after, the family heard that Lord Kew had met with rather a dangerous accident; but all the town knew he had been shot by M. de Castillonnes on one of the islands on the Rhine, opposite Kehl, where he was now lying.



CHAPTER XXXV.

ACROSS THE ALPS.

Our discursive muse must now take her place in the little britzka in which Clive Newcome and his companions are traveling, and cross the Alps in that vehicle, beholding the snows on St. Gothard, and the beautiful region through which the Ticino rushes on its way to the Lombard lakes, and the great corn-covered plains of the Milanese; and that royal city, with the Cathedral for its glittering crown, only less magnificent than the imperial dome of Rome. I have some long letters from Mr. Clive, written during this youthful tour, every step of which, from the departure at Baden, to the gate of Milan, he describes as beautiful; and doubtless, the delightful scenes through which the young man went, had their effect in soothing any private annoyances with which his journey commenced. The aspect of nature, in that fortunate route which he took, is so noble and cheering, that our private affairs and troubles shrink away abashed before that serene splendor. O, sweet peaceful scene of azure lake, and snow-crowned mountain, so wonderfully lovely is your aspect, that it seems like heaven almost, and as if grief and care could not enter it! What young Clive's private cares were I knew not as yet in those days; and he kept them out of his letters; it was only in the intimacy of future life that some of these pains were revealed to me.

Some three months after taking leave of Miss Ethel, our young gentleman found himself at Rome, with his friend Ridley still for a companion. Many of us, young or middle-aged, have felt that delightful shock which the first sight of the great city inspires. There is one other place of which the view strikes one with an emotion even greater than that with which we look at Rome, where Augustus was reigning when He saw the day, whose birth-place is separated but by a hill or two from the awful gates of Jerusalem. Who that has beheld both can forget that first aspect of either! At the end of years the emotion occasioned by the sight still thrills in your memory, and it smites you as at the moment when you first viewed it.

The business of the present novel, however, lies neither with priest nor pagan, but with Mr. Clive Newcome, and his affairs and his companions at this period of his life. Nor, if the gracious reader expects to hear of cardinals in scarlet, and noble Roman princes and princesses, will he find such in this history. The only noble Roman into whose mansion our friend got admission, was the Prince Polonia, whose footmen wear the liveries of the English Royal family, who gives gentlemen and even painters cash upon good letters of credit; and, once or twice in a season, opens his transtiberine palace and treats his customers to a ball. Our friend Clive used jocularly to say, he believed there were no Romans. There were priests in portentous hats; there were friars with shaven crowns; there were the sham peasantry, who dressed themselves out in masquerade costumes, with bagpipe and goat-skin, with crossed leggings and scarlet petticoats, who let themselves out to artists at so many pauls per sitting; but he never passed a Roman's door except to buy a cigar or to purchase a handkerchief. Thither, as elsewhere, we carry our insular habits with us. We have a little England at Paris, a little England at Munich, Dresden, every where. Our friend is an Englishman, and did at Rome as the English do.

There was the polite English society, the society that flocks to see the Colosseum lighted up with blue fire, that flocks to the Vatican to behold the statues by torchlight, that hustles into the churches on public festivals in black vails and deputy-lieutenants' uniforms, and stares, and

talks, and uses opera-glasses while the pontiffs of the Roman church are performing its ancient rites, and the crowds of faithful are kneeling round the altars; the society which gives its balls and dinners, has its scandal and bickerings, its aristocrats, parvenues, toadies imported from Belgravia; has its club, its hunt, and its Hyde Park on the Pincio: and there is the other little English world, the broad-hatted, long-bearded, velvet-jacketed, jovial colony of the artists, who have their own feasts, haunts, and amusements by the side of their aristocratic compatriots, with whom but few of them have the honor to mingle.

J. J. and Clive engaged pleasant lofty apartments in the Via Gregoriana. Generations of painters had occupied these chambers and gone their way. The windows of their painting-room looked into a quaint old garden, where there were ancient statues of the Imperial time, a babbling fountain and noble orange-trees, with broad clustering leaves and golden balls of fruit, glorious to look upon. Their walks abroad were endlessly pleasant and delightful. In every street there were scores of pictures of the graceful characteristic Italian life, which our painters seem one and all to reject, preferring to depict their quack brigands, Contadini, Pifferari, and the like, because Thompson painted them before Jones, and Jones before Thompson, and so on, backward into time. There were the children at play, the women huddled round the steps of the open doorways, in the kindly Roman winter; grim portentous old hags, such as Michael Angelo painted, draped in majestic raggery; mothers and swarming bambins; slouching countrymen, dark of beard and noble of countenance, posed in superb attitudes, lazy, tattered, and majestic. There came the red troops, the black troops, the blue troops of the army of priests; the snuffy regiments of Capuchins, grave and grotesque; the trim French abbés; my lord the bishop, with his footman (those wonderful footmen); my lord the cardinal, in his ramshackle coach and his two, nay three, footmen behind him—flunkies that look as if they had been dressed by the costumier of a British pantomime—coach with prodigious emblazonments of hats and coats of arms, that seems as if it came out of the pantomime too, and was about to turn into something else. So it is, that what is grand to some persons' eyes appears grotesque to others; and for certain skeptical persons, that step, which we have heard of, between the sublime and the ridiculous, is not visible.

"I wish it were not so," writes Clive, in one of the letters wherein he used to pour his full heart out in those days. "I see these people at their devotions, and envy them their rapture. A friend, who belongs to the old religion, took me, last week, into a church where the Virgin lately appeared in person to a Jewish gentleman, flashed down upon him from heaven in light and splendor celestial, and, of course, straightway converted him. My friend bade me look at the picture, and, kneeling down beside me, I know prayed with all his honest heart that the truth might shine down upon me too; but I saw no glimpse of heaven at all, I saw but a poor picture, an altar with blinking candles, a church hung with tawdry strips of red and white calico. The good, kind W—— went away, humbly saying, 'that such might have happened again if heaven so willed it.' I could not but feel a kindness and admiration for the good man. I know his works are made to square with his faith, that he dines on a crust, lives as chastely as a hermit, and gives his all to the poor.

"Our friend J. J., very different to myself in so many respects, so superior in all, is immensely touched by these ceremonies. They seem to answer to some spiritual want of his nature, and he comes away satisfied as from a feast, where I have only found vacancy. Of course our first pilgrimage was to St. Peter's. What a walk! Under what noble shadows does one pass; how great and liberal the houses are, with generous casements and courts, and great gray portals which giants might get through and keep their turbans on. Why, the houses are twice as tall as Lamb Court itself; and over them hangs a noble dinge, a venerable mouldy splendor. Over the solemn portals are ancient mystic escutcheons—vast shields of princes and cardinals, such as Ariosto's knights might take down; and every figure about them is a picture by himself. At every turn there is a temple: in every court a brawling fountain. Besides the people of the streets and houses, and the army of priests black and brown, there's a great silent population of marble. There are battered gods tumbled out of Olympus and broken in the fall, and set up under niches and over fountains; there are senators namelessly, noselessly, noiselessly seated under archways, or lurking in courts and gardens. And then, besides these defunct ones, of whom these old figures may be said to be the corpses; there is the reigning family, a countless carved hierarchy of angels, saints, confessors, of the latter dynasty which has conquered the court of Jove. I say, Pen, I wish Warrington would write the history of the Last of the Pagans. Did you never have a sympathy for them as the monks came rushing into their temples, kicking down their poor altars, smashing the fair calm faces of their gods, and sending their vestals a-flying? They are always preaching here about the persecution of the Christians. Are not the churches full of martyrs with choppers in their meek heads; virgins on gridirons; riddled St. Sebastians, and the like? But have they never persecuted in their turn? Oh, me! You and I know better, who were bred up near to the pens of Smithfield, where Protestants and Catholics have taken their turn to be roasted.

"You pass through an avenue of angels and saints on the bridge across Tiber, all in action; their great wings seem clanking, their marble garments clapping; St. Michael, descending upon the Fiend, has been caught and bronzified just as he lighted on the Castle of St. Angelo, his enemy doubtless fell crushing through the roof and so downward. He is as natural as blank verse—that bronze angel—set, rhythmic, grandiose.

You'll see, some day or other, he's a great sonnet, Sir, I'm sure of that. Milton wrote in bronze; I am sure Virgil polished off his Georgics in marble—sweet calm shapes! exquisite harmonies of line! As for the Æneid; that, Sir, I consider to be so many bas-reliefs, mural ornaments which affect me not much.

"I think I have lost sight of St. Peter's, haven't I? Yet it is big enough. How it makes your heart beat when you first see it! Ours did as we came in at night from Civita Vecchia, and saw a great ghostly darkling dome rising solemnly up into the gray night, and keeping us company ever so long as we drove, as if it had been an orb fallen out of heaven with its light put out. As you look at it from the Pincio, and the sun sets behind it, surely that aspect of earth and sky is one of the grandest in the world. I don't like to say that the façade of the church is ugly and obtrusive. As long as the dome overawes, that façade is supportable. You advance toward it—through, O, such a noble court! with fountains flashing up to meet the sunbeams; and right and left of you two sweeping half-crescents of great columns; but you pass by the courtiers and up to the steps of the throne, and the dome seems to disappear behind it. It is as if the throne was upset, and the king had toppled over.

"There must be moments, in Rome especially, when every man of friendly heart, who writes himself English and Protestant, must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are insulated from European Christendom. An ocean separates us. From one shore or the other one can see the neighbor cliffs on clear days: one must wish sometimes that there were no stormy gulf between us; and from Canterbury to Rome a pilgrim could pass, and not drown beyond Dover. Of the beautiful parts of the great Mother Church I believe among us many people have no idea: we think of lazy friars, of pining cloistered virgins, of ignorant peasants worshiping wood and stones, bought and sold indulgences, absolutions, and the like common-places of Protestant satire. Lo! yonder inscription, which blazes round the dome of the temple, so great and glorious it looks like heaven almost, and as if the words were written in stars, it proclaims to all the world that this is Peter, and on this rock the Church shall be built, against which Hell shall not prevail. Under the bronze canopy his throne is lit with lights that have been burning before it for ages. Round this stupendous chamber are ranged the grandees of his court. Faith seems to be realized in their marble figures. Some of them were alive but yesterday: others, to be as blessed as they, walk the world even now doubtless; and the commissioners of heaven, here holding their court a hundred years hence, shall authoritatively announce their beatification. The signs of their power shall not be wanting. They heal the sick, open the eyes of the blind, cause the lame to walk to-day as they did eighteen centuries ago. Are there not crowds ready to bear witness to their wonders? Isn't there a tribunal appointed to try their claims; advocates to plead for and against; prelates and clergy and multitudes of faithful to back and believe them? Thus you shall kiss the hand of a priest to-day, who has given his to a friar whose bones are already beginning to work miracles, who has been the disciple of another whom the Church has just proclaimed a saint—hand in hand they hold by one another till the line is lost up in heaven. Come, friend, let us acknowledge this, and go and kiss the toe of St. Peter. Alas! there's the Channel always between us; and we no more believe in the miracles of St. Thomas of Canterbury, than that the bones of His Grace, John Bird, who sits in St. Thomas's chair presently, will work wondrous cures in the year 2000: that his statue will speak, or his portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence will wink.

"So, you see, at those grand ceremonies which the Roman church exhibits at Christmas, I looked on as a Protestant. Holy Father on his throne or in his palanquin, cardinals with their tails and their train-bearers, mitred bishops and abbots, regiments of friars and clergy, relics exposed for adoration, columns draped, altars illuminated, incense smoking, organs pealing, and boxes of piping soprani, Swiss guards with slashed breeches and fringed halberts—between us and all this splendor of old-world ceremony, there's an ocean flowing: and yonder old statue of Peter might have been Jupiter again, surrounded by a procession of flamens and augurs, and Augustus as Pontifex Maximus, to inspect the sacrifices—and my feelings at the spectacle had been doubtless pretty much the same.

"Shall I utter any more heresies? I am an unbeliever in Raphael's Transfiguration—the scream of that devil-possessed boy, in the lower part of the figure of eight (a stolen boy too), jars the whole music of the composition. On Michael Angelo's great wall the grotesque and terrible are not out of place. What an awful achievement! Fancy the state of mind of the man who worked it—as alone, day after day, he devised and drew those dreadful figures! Suppose in the days of the Olympian dynasty, the subdued Titan rebels had been set to ornament a palace for Jove, they would have brought in some such tremendous work: or suppose that Michael descended to the Shades, and brought up this picture out of the halls of Limbo. I like a thousand and a thousand times better to think of Raphael's loving spirit. As he looked at women and children, his beautiful face must have shone like sunshine; his kind hand must have caressed the sweet figures as he formed them. If I protest against the Transfiguration, and refuse to worship at that altar before which so many generations have knelt, there are hundreds of others which I salute thankfully. It is not so much in the set harangues (to take another metaphor), as in the daily tones and talk that his voice is so delicious. Sweet poetry, and music, and tender hymns drop from him: he lifts his pencil, and something gracious falls from it on the paper. How noble his mind must have been! it seems but to receive, and his eye seems only to rest on, what is great, and generous, and lovely. You walk through crowded galleries,

where are pictures ever so large and pretentious, and come upon a gray paper, or a little fresco, bearing his mark—and over all the brawl and the throng you recognize his sweet presence. 'I would like to have been Giulio Romano,' J. J. says (who does not care for Giulio's pictures?), 'because then I would have been Raphael's favorite pupil.' We agreed that we would rather have seen him and William Shakspeare than all the men we ever read of. Fancy poisoning a fellow out of envy—as Spagnoletto did! There are some men whose admiration takes that bilious shape. There's a fellow in our mess at the Lepre, a clever enough fellow too—and not a bad fellow to the poor. He was a Gandishite. He is a genre and portrait painter by the name of Haggard. He hates J. J. because Lord Fareham, who is here, has given J. J. an order; and he hates me, because I wear a clean shirt, and ride a cock-horse.

"I wish you could come to our mess at the Lepre. It's such a dinner! such a table-cloth! such a waiter! such a company! Every man has a beard and a sombrero: and you would fancy we were a band of brigands. We are regaled with woodcocks, snipes, wild swans, ducks, robins, and owls and *οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι* for dinner: and with three pauls worth of wines and victuals, the hungriest has enough, even Claypole the sculptor. Did you ever know him? He used to come to the Haunt. He looks like the Saracen's head with his beard now. There is a French table still more hairy than ours, a German table, an American table. After dinner we go and have coffee and mezzo-caldo at the Café Greco over the way. Mezzo-caldo is not a bad drink—a little rum—a slice of fresh citron—lots of pounded sugar, and boiling water for the rest. Here, in various parts of the cavern (it is a vaulted, low place), the various nations have their assigned quarters, and we drink our coffee and strong waters, and abuse Guido, or Rubens, or Bernini, *selon les gouts*, and blow such a cloud of smoke as would make Warrington's lungs dilate with pleasure. We get very good cigars for a bajoccho and half—that is very good for us, cheap tobacconalians; and capital when you have got no others. M'Collop is here: he made a great figure at a cardinal's reception in the tartan of the M'Collop. He is splendid at the tomb of the Stuarts, and wanted to cleave Haggard down to the chine with his claymore for saying that Charles Edward was often drunk.

"Some of us have our breakfasts at the Café Greco at dawn. The birds are very early birds here: and you'll see the great sculptors—the old Dons, you know, who look down on us young fellows, at their coffee here when it is yet twilight. As I am a swell, and have a servant, J. J. and I breakfast at our lodgings. I wish you could see Terribile our attendant, and Ottavia our old woman! You will see both of them on the canvas one day. When he *hasn't* blacked our boots and has got our breakfast, Terribile the valet-de-chambre becomes Terribile the model. He has figured on a hundred canvases ere this, and almost ever since he was born. All his family were models. His mother having been a Venus, is now a Witch of Endor. His father is in the patriarchal line: he has himself done the cherubs, the shepherd-boys, and now is a grown man, and ready as a warrior, a pifferaro, a capuchin, or what you will.

"After the coffee and the Café Greco we all go to the Life Academy. After the Life Academy, those who belong to the world dress and go out to tea-parties just as if we were in London. Those who are not in society have plenty of fun of their own—and better fun than the tea-party fun too. Jack Screwby has a night once a week, sardines and ham for supper, and a cask of Marsala in the corner. Your humble servant entertains on Thursdays: which is Lady Fitch's night too; and I flatter myself some of the London dandies who are passing the winter here, prefer the cigars and humble liquors which we dispense, to tea and Miss Fitch's performance on the pianoforte.

"What is that I read in Galignani about Lord K— and an affair of honor at Baden? Is it my dear, kind, jolly Kew with whom some one has quarreled? I know those who will be even more grieved than I am, should any thing happen to the best of good fellows. A great friend of Lord Kew's, Jack Belsize commonly called, came with us from Baden through Switzerland, and we left him at Milan. I see by the paper that his elder brother is dead, and so poor Jack will be a great man some day. I wish the chance had happened sooner if it was to befall at all. So my amiable cousin, Barnes Newcome Newcome, Esq., has married my lady Clara Pulleyn; I wish her joy of her bridegroom. All I have heard of that family is from the newspaper. If you meet them, tell me any thing about them. We had a very pleasant time altogether at Baden. I suppose the accident to Kew will put off his marriage with Miss Newcome. They have been engaged, you know, ever so long—And—do, do write to me and tell me something about London. It's best I should stay here and work this winter and the next. J. J. has done a famous picture, and if I send a couple home, you'll give them a notice in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' won't you? for the sake of old times, and yours affectionately,

"CLIVE NEWCOME."

A TRUE STORY, THOUGH A FAIRY TALE.

THERE are few who reside in Ireland, and who have mixed much with the poor of that country, who do not see the truth of what is so often said, that "they are a most superstitious race." If any thing extraordinary occurs in a family, immediately it is said, "The fairies did it." If a child is left with one not half old enough to take care of it, and any accident happens to it, the fairies did it; if a cow is going to calve, a piece of red worsted must be tied round the tail to prevent the "good ladies" taking the butter; if that animal gets sick, the owner must go to the nearest fairy lake, to offer a piece of

rope that has been used with the cow, and some prints of butter, which are thrown upon the water. In fact, they as firmly believe in the tradition of the good spirits, as they do in the existence of a God. I was most forcibly struck with this fact while witnessing a scene which I will endeavor to describe.

When sitting one morning at breakfast during my stay at —— Park, in the county of Mayo, I was disturbed by the entrance of the servant, who informed me that one of the tenants was most anxious to see me; but as this was no uncommon event, from the circumstance of my being constantly in the habit of visiting among the poor people on my uncle's property, and administering to their bodily wants in sickness, I merely told the man to say I was at breakfast, and begged the applicant to wait in the hall until I had finished.

The servant left the room, but soon returned, saying that Thomas Gardiner was in a state of great excitement, and hoped I would not lose a moment in coming to him. Accordingly I left the table and hurried to the hall, where I found the poor old man with his hair hanging about his shoulders, and looking quite distracted. This person was one of that class of men so often styled in Ireland "*a bettermost farmer*"—one who is able to hold a farm of twenty acres of land, keep his horse and cart, his three cows, and some pigs; in short, what is most generally termed by the people "*a snug man.*" He was always to be seen on Sunday, with his good frieze coat and felt hat, seeming quite content with himself and the whole world besides; he was to be seen also on the rent days, punctually paying his half year, and was always spoken of as one of the best tenants on the property. To see him, therefore, in this state of mind was, of course, a matter of great surprise to me. It is true that I know Tom had not been without his trials; he had early been deprived of a thrifty wife, who left him with three fine children, two boys and a girl; but after bringing them up respectably under the guidance of a good, steady woman-servant, he had married his daughter to a wealthy farmer near Westport, and placed his eldest boy Charles in the police force. Then, with his youngest son, he thought himself happy at home; but this happiness did not long continue. Tom the younger took a violent fancy to go to America, and wrote to his brother begging of him to come home and take his place at the fireside, which, accordingly, he did; and it was about three months after this event that the circumstance which I am about to relate occurred. The youngest son had sailed, and although the old man was not left without one to console him, he still mourned the departure of his favorite child.

"Well, Gardiner," I exclaimed, on entering the hall, "what is the matter? I am sorry to see you look so agitated."

"Matter enough, my dear young lady, matter enough; but sure I can't tell it; sure I can not—it fails me entirely;" and, falling back, I thought he would have sunk to the ground.

"Oh, nonsense, man! Come, you must rouse yourself, and tell me what has happened."

"Oh, it is a hard task; but how can I begin? Sure you will give me your advice. I know you will, as you are always kind and good to us poor people. It is a sad story I have to tell; but ye know the lake which is just behind our house, about which those beings dwell called the fairies. Well, sure enough, they have been busy of late, and now they have taken away my fine son Charles—one I thought strong enough to fight them all down, and beat even Finmacool itself;* he went out as well as I am this blessed day, and a good deal better, by the same token, for troth I am not fit for much after all I have gone through the last forty-eight hours. Well, as I was saying, he went out riding on the mare, just to drive the cows to the field and let out the beast, without his coat and with a straw rope round the head of the animal; but he did not come back to us either to breakfast or dinner; so Peggy and I went out over the brae, calling him till we were tired, but no answer came. There was the mare, with the halter on, and the cows grazing in the field, but no trace of Charles. We went to the neighbors' houses to inquire for him, but not a bit could we see or hear of him. Well, it was soon known abroad, and some of the neighbors said "the ladies" were seen with their golden coach out that night, and the noise of wheels were heard round the road we used to go; but sure I would not give in to all this, and said he had gone out fowling with a neighbor's boy he used to go over the hills with. But sure I found his fowling-piece was in the corner at home, and I felt quite bewildered. In vain we searched; and when it grew dark, poor Peggy and I had nothing to do but sit by the fire and cry all the night long. 'Well,' says Peggy, 'by the first light I will be off to the priest and see what his reverence will do to get him back from "the ladies;" for sure if they had not got him hard and tight he would have been back before this. Oh! oh! but they are wonderful people.' Well, the night seemed a month to us; but as the first dawn of morning appeared, we bounded up from our seats and opened the door. 'Well,' says Peggy, 'his reverence won't be in good humor if I disturb him too early; but come, let us have another look over the hill toward the lake side, but be sure not to make any noise to alarm "the good folk." Do you take one side of the hill, and I will take the other.' Off we set, and just as we reached the brow of the hill, and were going to separate, Peggy saw the figure of a man sitting on one of the hillocks among the rocks, his arms stretched out toward us. We ran up, and there he was, but not himself at all: his eyes glaring, his cheeks swollen, and not a word could he speak, but he roared like a bull. He made an effort to rise, but, sinking back, he groaned heavily. 'Oh, Peggy dear, what will we do?' said I, 'what will we do?' 'Here,' said she, 'let us take him to the house, for sure he is stone-cold after being out all night, and maybe *they* have

* Finmacool, the Irish giant.

done with him now.' So up we took him, she holding the feet and I the body, till we got him up to the cottage, at the sight of which he bellowed again. When we tried to make him stand, it was all to no use; but, crawling on hands and knees, he made his way into the sleeping-room, signing to us that he wished to get into bed; so we put him in, and then he fell to snoring that you could hear him a mile off, and now betimes he is fighting with his arms at a great rate, and I don't know what to think; perhaps you will step over and see him."

"To be sure I will, Gardiner," I exclaimed; "but have you sent for a doctor yet?"

"Oh no, madam, I was ashamed that any one should see him in the state he is in; and I thought after the sleep he would be better a bit; but he is just as bad this morning, and I am fretted to death."

"Well, Tom, just go to the stable and order out my pony, and I will see what can be done for the poor fellow, though I do not clearly understand what is the matter yet; we must try and trace this unfortunate circumstance to its true cause, and not attribute to the power of fairies what has certainly a natural origin."

Poor Tom left me to return to his sad home, and as soon as the pony was ready, without waiting to finish my breakfast I started for the scene of this adventure. The cottage was situated in a distant part of the parish, on a rocky eminence toward those beautiful lakes which travelers never fail to visit, called the Pontoon.

Stopping at a small lane called a "bohreen" which ran from the public road, I left the carriage in charge of the servant and pursued my way to the cabin. I was soon followed by numbers of the country people, all anxious to know what I thought of the affair. "Oh," said one, "she will not believe in the good people; but sure it is no other than them that has got him, and it's not himself there that is in it at all; but Peggy will be back shortly, and I'll be bound, if it is any one gets him back, it's the priest that will; the holy cross be between us and harm! Sure it was a terrible thing to take so fine a lad from his father.

The train increased until we reached the cabin, on entering which I was surprised to see a house full of people. A number of old women sat on stools round the fire, all going through various antics; some, with their hair white as snow, hanging about their shoulders, with beads in their hands, were praying most earnestly; some with pieces of old nails, red cloth, and horse-shoes, were speaking as if to themselves, while others were singing a low ditty to put the queen of the fairies in good humor.

"Who are these, and what are they doing?" I inquired.

"Oh, my lady, don't speak to them; they are communicating with them 'good ladies,'" was the reply.

Passing on, I entered the room where the young man was; he lay as if in a deep sleep, breathing heavily, his arms moving convulsively now and then. Two men stood by his bedside to prevent him from throwing himself out on the floor.

It struck me at once that the poor patient was suffering from concussion of the brain, and I urged them to send for medical assistance immediately. The whole house was up in arms; they would have no such thing as a doctor; he could do no good. However, being determined to have my own way (and what woman has not?), I made my exit, and, hastening to the barn, got a youth, on promise of a shilling, to ride for the doctor. Being glad of the opportunity to reason with those present against the existence of such beings as fairies, I endeavored to show them, from the word of God, the falsity of such things, and how wrong it was to pray to and believe in fairy spirits. I told them that God in his providence ruleth over all things, and even as a sparrow could not fall to the ground without his permission, I trusted they would yet be enabled to trace the accident to its true and proper cause. While waiting for the arrival of the doctor, I wandered to the spot where the young man was discovered, and there the mystery was soon explained. The horse having evidently made a false step, had slidden some length down from the top of the hill, and thrown its rider on a large rock which lay at the bottom, for marks of hair and blood were on the rock. After striking the stone, he rolled over into some high heather, which grew near the spot, and thus he was hidden from view.

On the doctor's arrival my opinion was confirmed; and after the usual remedies were resorted to, much against the consent of all present but myself, the young man was restored to health again, and was able in a short time to leave his native shores, with his father, for America, to join the youngest son. Many were the prayers offered up, and the blessings invocated for me; but I could not help thinking how sad it was to see the hearts of those confiding people drawn away from the true God, and left in such gross darkness. Much of that darkness has, I know, been removed from the west by the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, and aided, I will say, by many valuable books distributed among the poor; and I trust the exertions may not be slackened for the Irish peasantry, whom all must allow to be a *thinking* and a *reading* people.

MY BROOCH.

I HAVE in my possession an article of jewelry which costs me many an uncomfortable twinge, though it was certainly not stolen. Neither was it begged, borrowed, given, or bought; yet looking at it, I often feel myself in the position of the old man in the nursery tale, who, having peculated from some churchyard a stray ulna, or clavicle, was perpetually haunted by the voice of its defunct owner, crying, in most unearthly tones, "Give me my bone." Now, the ornament that has unluckily fallen to my lot—I picked it up in the street—is a miniature-brooch, set with small garnets, in heavy antique gold. It is evidently

a portrait of somebody or other's great-grandmother, then a fair damsel, in a rich peaked boddice and stomacher, and a heavy necklace of pearls; her hair combed over a cushion, and adorned with a tiny wreath—a sweet-looking creature she is, though not positively beautiful. I never wear the brooch (and on principle I wear it frequently, in the hope of lighting upon the real owner) but I pause and speculate on the story attached to it and its original, for I am sure that both had a story. And one night lying awake, after a *conversazione*, my ears still ringing with the din of many voices—heavens! how these literary people do talk!—there came to me a fantasy, a vision, or a dream, whichever the reader chooses to consider it.

It was moonlight, of course; and her silvery majesty was so powerful that I had drawn the "draperies of my couch" quite close, to shut her out; nevertheless, as I looked on the white curtains at the foot of the bed, I saw growing there—I can find no better word—an image like—what shall I say?—like the dissolving views now so much the rage. It seemed to form itself out of nothing, and gradually assume a distinct shape. Lo! it was my miniature-brooch, enlarged into a goodly-sized apparition; the garnet setting giving forth glimmers of light, by which I saw the figure within, half-human, half-etherial, waving to and fro like vapor, but still preserving the attitude and likeness of the portrait. Certainly, if a ghost, it was the very prettiest ghost ever seen.

I believe it is etiquette for apparitions only to speak when spoken to; so I suppose I must have addressed mine. But my phantom and I held no distinct conversation; and in all I remember of the interview the speech was entirely on its side, communicated by snatches, like breathings of an Æolian harp, and thus chronicled by me:

How was I created, and by whom? Young gentlewoman (I honor you by using a word peculiar to my day, when the maidens were neither "misses" nor "young ladies," but essentially *gentlewomen*), I derived my birth from the two greatest Powers on earth—Genius and Love; but I will speak more plainly. It was a summer day—such summers one never sees now—that I came to life under my originator's hand. He sat painting in a quaint old library, and the image before him was the original of what you see.

A look at myself will explain much; that my creator was a young, self-taught, and as yet only half-taught, artist, who, charmed with the expression, left accurate drawing to take its chance. His sitter's character and fortune are indicated too: though she was not beautiful, sweetness and dignity are in the large dark eyes and finely-penciled eyebrows; and while the pearls, the velvet, and the lace, show wealth and rank, the rose in her bosom implies simple maidenly tastes. Thus the likeness tells its own tale—she was an Earl's daughter, and he was a poor artist.

Many a time during that first day of my existence I heard the sweet voice of Lady Jean talking in kindly courtesy to the painter as he drew. "She was half-ashamed that her father had asked him to paint only a miniature; he whose genius and inclination led him to the highest walks of art." But the artist answered somewhat confusedly, "That having been brought up near her father's estate, and hearing so much of her goodness, he was only too happy to paint any likeness of the Lady Jean." And I do believe he was.

"I also have heard of you, Mr. Bethune," was the answer; and the lady's aristocratically pale cheek was tinged with a faint rose color, which the observant artist would fain have immortalized, but could not for the trembling of his hand. "It gives me pleasure," she continued, with a quiet dignity befitting her rank and womanhood, "to not only make the acquaintance of the promising artist, but the good man." Ah! me, it was a mercy Norman Bethune did not annihilate my airy existence altogether with that hurried dash of his pencil; it made the mouth somewhat awry, as you may see in me to this day.

There was a hasty summons from the Earl, "That himself and Sir Anthony desired the presence of the Lady Jean." An expression half of pain, half of anger, crossed her face, as she replied, "Say that I attend my father. I believe," she added, "we must end the sitting for to-day. Will you leave the miniature here, Mr. Bethune?"

The artist muttered something about working on it at home, with Lady Jean's permission; and as one of the attendants touched me, he snatched me up with such anxiety that he had very nearly destroyed his own work.

"Ah! 'twould be unco like her bonnie face gin she were as blithe as she was this morn. But that canna be, wi' a dour father like the Earl, and an uncomely, wicked wooer like Sir Anthony. Hech, sir, but I am wae for the Leddy Jean!"

I know not why Norman should have listened to the "auld wife's clavers," nor why, as he carried me home, I should have felt his heart beating against me to a degree that sadly endangered my young tender life. I suppose it was his sorrow for having thus spoiled my half-dry colors that made him not show me to his mother, though she asked him, and also from the same cause that he sat half the night contemplating the injury thus done.

Again and again the young artist went to the castle, and my existence slowly grew from day to day; though never was there a painting whose infancy lasted so long. Yet I loved my creator, tardy though he was, for I felt that he loved me, and that in every touch of his pencil he infused into me some portion of his soul. Often they came and stood together, the artist and the Earl's daughter, looking at me. They talked, she dropping the aristocratic hauteur, which hid a somewhat immature mind, ignorant less from will than from circumstance and neglect. While he, forgetting his worldly rank, rose to that which nature and genius gave him. Thus both unconsciously fell into their true position as man and

woman, teacher and learner, the greater and the less.

"Another sitting, and the miniature will be complete, I fear," murmured Norman, with a conscience-stricken look, as he bent over me, his fair hair almost touching my ivory. A caress, sweet, though no longer new to me; for many a time his lips—but this is telling tales, so no more! My painted, yet not soulless eyes, looked at my master as did others of which mine were but the poor shadow. Both eyes, the living and the lifeless, were now dwelling on his countenance, which I have not yet described, nor need I. Never yet was there a beautiful soul that did not stamp upon the outward man some reflex of itself; and therefore, whether Norman Bethune's face and figure were perfect or not, matters not.

"It is nearly finished," mechanically said the Lady Jean. She looked dull that day, and her eyelids were heavy as with tears—tears which (as I heard many a whisper say) a harsh father gave her just cause to shed.

"Yes, yes, I ought to finish it," hurriedly replied the artist, as if more in answer to his own thoughts than to her, and he began to paint; but evermore something was wrong. He could not work well; and then the Lady Jean was summoned away, returning with a weary look, in which wounded feeling struggled with pride. Once, too, we plainly heard (I know my master did, for he clinched his hands the while) the Earl's angry voice, and Sir Anthony's hoarse laugh; and when the Lady Jean came back, it was with a pale, stern look, pitiful in one so young. As she resumed the sitting her thoughts evidently were wandering, for two great tears stole into her eyes, and down her cheeks. Well-a-day! my master could not paint *them;* but he felt them in his heart. His brush fell—his chest heaved with emotion—he advanced a step, murmuring, "Jean, Jean," without the "Lady;" then recollected himself, and, with a great struggle, resumed his brush, and went painting on. She had never once looked or stirred.

The last sitting came—it was hurried and brief, for there seemed something not quite right in the house; and as we came to the castle, Norman and I (for he had got into the habit of always taking me home with him) heard something about "a marriage," and "Sir Anthony." I felt my poor master shudder as he stood.

The Lady Jean rose to bid the artist adieu. She had seemed agitated during the sitting at times, but was quite calm now.

"Farewell," she said, and stretched out her hand to him with a look, first of the Earl's daughter, then of the *woman* only; the woman, gentle, kindly, even tender, yet never forgetting herself or her maidenly reserve.

"I thank you," she added, "not merely for this (she laid her hand on me), but for your companionship;" and she paused as if she would fain have said friendship, yet feared. "You have done me good; you have elevated my mind; and from you I have learned, what else I might never have done, reverence for man. God bless you with a life full of honor and fame, and, what is rarer still, happiness!" She half sighed, extended her hand without looking toward him; he clasped it a moment, and then—she was gone!

My master stared dizzily round, fell on his knees beside me, and groaned out the anguish of his spirit. His only words were, "Jean, Jean, so good, so pure! Thou the Earl's daughter, and I the poor artist!" As he departed he moaned them out once more, kissed passionately my unresponsive image, and fled; but not ere the Lady Jean, believing him gone, and coming to fetch the precious likeness, had silently entered and seen him thus.

She stood awhile in silence, gazing the way he had gone, her arms folded on her heaving breast. She whispered to herself, "Oh! noble heart!—Oh! noble heart!" and her eyes lightened, and a look of rapturous pride, not pride of rank, dawned in the face of the Earl's daughter. Then she too knelt, and kissed me, but solemnly, even with tears.

The next day, which was to have been that of her forced marriage with Sir Anthony, Lady Jean had fled. She escaped in the night, taking with her only her old nurse and me, whom she hid in her bosom.

"You would not follow the poor artist to wed him?" said the nurse.

"Never!" answered the Lady Jean. "I would live alone by the labor of my hands; but I will keep true to him till my death. For my father, who has cursed me, and cast me off, here I renounce my lineage, and am no longer an Earl's daughter."

So went she forth, and her place knew her no more.

For months, even years, I lay shut up in darkness, scarcely ever exposed to the light of day; but I did not murmur; I knew that I was kept, as you mortals keep your hearts' best treasures, in the silence and secrecy of love. Sometimes, late at night, pale, wearied hands would unclasp my coverings, and a face, worn indeed, but having a sweet repose, such as I had never seen in that of the former Lady Jean, would come and bend over me with an intense gaze, as intense as that of Norman Bethune, under which I had glowed into life. Poor Norman! if he had but known!

All this while I never heard my master's name. Lady Jean (or Mistress Jean as I now heard her called) never uttered it, even to solitude and me. But once, when she had shut herself up in her poor chamber, she sat reading some papers with smiles, oftener with loving tears, and then placed the fragments with me in my hiding-place; and so—some magic bond existing between my master and me, his soul's child—I saw, shining in the dark, the name of Norman Bethune, and read all that Lady Jean had read. He had become a great man, a renowned artist; and these were the public chronicles of his success. I, the pale

reflex of the face which Norman had loved—the face which, more than any other in the wide world, would brighten at the echo of his fame—even my faint being became penetrated with an almost human joy.

One night Lady Jean took me out with an agitated hand. She had doffed her ordinary dress, which now changed the daughter of an Earl into the likeness of a poor gentlewoman. She looked something like her olden self—like me; the form of the dress was the same; I saw she made it scrupulously like; but there was neither velvet, nor lace, nor pearls, only the one red rose, as you may see in me, was once more placed in her bosom.

"I am glad to find my child at last won out into society," said the nurse, hobbling in; "though the folk she will meet, poor authors, artists, musicians, and such like, are unmeet company for the Lady Jean."

"But not for simple Jean Douglas," she answered, gently smiling—the smile not of girlhood, but of matured womanhood, that has battled with and conquered adversity; and, when the nurse had gone, she took me out again, murmuring, "I marvel will he know me now?"

I heard her come home that night. It was late; but she took me up once more, and looked at me with a strange joy, though mingled with tears; yet the only words I heard her say were those she had uttered once before in the dim years past—"Oh! noble heart!—thrice noble heart!" and then she fell on her knees and prayed.

My dear master!—the author of my being!—I met his eyes once more. He took me in his hand, and looked at me with a playful compassion, not quite free from emotion.

"And this was how I painted it! It was scarce worth keeping, Lady Jean."

"*Mistress* Jean, I pray you; that name best suits me now, Mr. Bethune," she said, with gentle dignity.

I knew my master's face well. I had seen it brighten with the most passionate admiration as it turned on the Lady Jean of old; but never did I see a look such as that which fell on Jean Douglas now—earnest, tender, calm—its boyish idolatry changed into that reverence with which a man turns to the woman who to him is above all women. In it one could trace the whole life's history of Norman Bethune.

"Jean," he said, so gently, so naturally, that she hardly started to hear him use the familiar name, "have you in truth given up all?"

"Nay, all have forsaken me, but I fear not; though I stand alone, heaven has protected me, and will, evermore."

"Amen!" said Norman Bethune. "Pardon me; but our brief acquaintance—a few weeks then, a few weeks now—seems to comprehend a lifetime."

And he took her hand, but timorously, as if she were again the Earl's daughter, and he the poor artist. She too trembled and changed color, less like the pale, serene Jean Douglas, than the bonnie Lady Jean, whose girlish portrait he once drew.

Norman spoke again; and speaking, his grave manhood seemed to concentrate all its subdued passion in the words:

"Years have changed, in some measure, my fortunes at least, though not me. I—once the unknown artist—now sit at princely tables, and visit in noble halls. I am glad; for honor to me is honor to my art, as it should be." And his face was lifted with noble pride. "But," he added, in a beautiful humility, "though less unworthy toward men, I am still unworthy toward you. If I were to woo you, I should do so, not as an artist who cared to seek an Earl's daughter, but as a man who felt that his best deserts were poor, compared to those of the woman he has loved all his life, and honored above all the world."

Very calm she stood—very still, until there ran a quiver over her face—over her whole frame.

"Jean—Jean!" cried Norman Bethune, as the forced composure of his speech melted from it, and became transmuted into the passion of a man who has thrown his whole life's hope upon one chance, "if you do not scorn me—nay, that you can not do—but if you do not repulse me—if you will forget your noble name, and bear that which, with God's blessing, I will make noble—ay, nobler than any of your earls!—if you will give up all dreams of the halls where you were born, to take refuge in a lowly home, and be cherished in a poor man's loving breast—then, Jean Douglas, come!"

"I will!" she answered.

He took her in his protecting arms; all the strong man's pride fell from him—he leaned over her, and wept.

For weeks, months afterward, nobody thought of me. I might have expected it; and yet somehow it was sad to lie in my still darkness, and never to be looked at at all. But I had done my work, and was content.

At last I was brought from my hiding-place, and indulged with the light of day. I smiled beneath the touch of Lady Jean, which even now had a lingering tenderness in it—more for me than for any other of her best treasures.

"Look, Norman, look!" she said, stretching ont to him her left hand. As I lay therein, I felt the golden wedding-ring press against my smooth ivory.

Norman put down his brush, and came smiling to his young wife's side.

"What! do you keep that still? Why, Jean, what a boyish daub it is! The features nearly approach Queen Elizabeth's beau ideal of art, as she commanded her own portrait to be drawn. 'Tis one broad light, without a single shadow. And look how ill drawn are the shoulders, and what an enormous awkward string of pearls."

Jean snatched me up and kissed me. "You shall not, Norman—I will hear no blame of the poor miniature. I love it, I tell you—and you love it, too. Ah! there." And she held me playfully to my maker's lips (which now I touched not

for the first time, as he knew well). "When we grow rich, it shall be set in gold and garnets, and I will wear it every time my husband ceases to remember the days when he first taught me to love him, and in loving him, to love all that was noble in man."

And then Norman— But I do not see that I have any business to reveal further.

I did attain to the honor of gold and garnets, and, formed into a bracelet, I figured many a time on the fair arm of Jean Bethune, who, when people jested with her for the eccentricity of wearing her own likeness, only laughed, and said that she did indeed love the self that her husband loved, for his sake. So years went by, until fairer things than bracelets adorned the arms of the painter's wife, and she came to see her own likeness in dearer types than my poor ivory. So her ornaments—myself among the rest—were slowly put by; and at last I used to lie for months untouched, save by tiny baby-fingers, which now and then poked into the casket to see "mamma's picture."

At length there came a change in my destiny. It was worked by one of those grandest of revolutionists—a young lady entering her teens.

"Mamma, what is the use of that ugly bracelet?" I heard one day. "Give me the miniature to have made into a brooch. I am sixteen—quite old enough to wear one, and it will be so nice to have the likeness of my own mamma."

Mrs. Bethune could refuse nothing to her eldest daughter—her hope—her comfort—her sister-like companion. So, with many an anxious charge concerning me, I was dispatched to the jeweler's. I hate to be touched by strangers, and during the whole time of my sojourn at the jeweler's, I shut up my powers of observation in a dormouse-like doze, from which I was only awakened by the eager fingers of Miss Anne Bethune, who had rushed with me into the painting-room, calling on papa and mamma to admire an old friend in a new face.

"Is that the dear old miniature?" said the artist.

The husband and wife looked at me, then at one another, and smiled. Though both now glided into middle age, yet in that affectionate smile I saw revive the faces of Norman Bethune and the Lady Jean.

"I do believe there is something talismanic in the portrait," said young Anne, their daughter. "To-day, at the jeweler's, I was stopped by a disagreeable old gentleman, who stared at me, and then at the miniature, and finally questioned me about my name and my parents, until I was fairly wearied of his impertinence. A contemptible, malicious-eyed creature he looked; but the jeweler paid him all attention, since, as I afterward learnt, he was Sir Anthony A——, who succeeded to all the estates of his cousin, the Earl of ——."

Mrs. Bethune put me down on the table, and leaned her head on her hand; perhaps some memories of her youth came over her on hearing those long-silent names. Her husband glanced at her with a restless doubt—some men will be so jealous over the lightest thought of one they love. But Jean put her arm in his, with a look so serene, so clear, that he stooped down and kissed her yet scarce-faded cheek.

"Go, my own wife—go and tell our daughter all."

Jean Bethune and her child went out together. When they returned, there was a proud glow on Anne's cheek—she looked so like her mother, or rather so like *me*. She walked down the studio; it was a large room, where hung pictures that might well make me fear to claim brotherhood with them, though the same hand created them and me. Anne turned her radiant eyes from one to the other, then went up to the artist and embraced him.

"Father, I had rather be your daughter than share the honors of all the Douglasses."

Anne Bethune wore me, year after year, until the fashion of me went by, till her young daughters, in their turn, began to laugh at my ancient setting, and—always aside—to mock at the rude Art of "grandmamma's" days. But this was never in grandmamma's presence, where still I found myself at times; and my pale eyes beheld the face of which my own had once been a mere shadow—but of which the shadow was now left as the only memorial.

"And was this indeed you, grandmamma?" many an eager voice would ask, when my poor self was called into question. "Were you ever this young girl; and did you really wear these beautiful pearls, and live in a castle, and hear yourself called 'the Lady Jean?'"

And grandmamma would lay down her spectacles, and look pensively out with her calm, beautiful eyes. Oh! how doubly beautiful they seemed in age, when all other loveliness had gone. Then she would gather her little flock round her, and tell, for the hundredth time, the story of herself and Norman Bethune—leaning gently, as with her parent-feelings she had now learnt to do, on the wrongs received from her own father, and lingering with ineffable tenderness on the noble nature of him who had won her heart, more through that than even by the fascination of his genius. She dwelt oftener on this, when, in her closing years, he was taken before her to his rest; and while the memory of the great painter was honored on earth, she knew that the pure soul of the virtuous man awaited her, his beloved, in heaven.

"And yet, grandmamma," once said the most inquisitive of the little winsome elves whom the old lady loved, who, with me in her hand, had lured Mrs. Bethune to a full hour's converse about olden days—"Grandmamma, looking back on your long, long life, tell me, do you not feel proud of your ancient lineage? and would you not like to have it said of you that you were an Earl's daughter?"

"No!" she answered. "Say, rather, that I was Norman Bethune's wife."

I waked, and found myself gazing on the blank white curtains, from whence the fantasmal image

of the Lady Jean had all melted away. But still, through the mystic stillness of dawn, I seemed to have a melancholy ringing in my ears—a sort of echo of Gylbyn's cry—"Lost—lost—lost!" Surely it was the unquiet ghost of the miniature, thus beseeching restitution to its original owners. "Rest thee, perturbed spirit!" said I, addressing the ornament that now lay harmlessly on my dressing-table—a brooch, and nothing more. "Peace! Though all other means have failed, perhaps thy description going out into the world of letters may procure thy identification. Ha!—I have it—I will write thy autobiography."

Reader, it is done. I have only to add that the miniature was found in Edinburgh, in August, 1849, and will be gladly restored to the right owner, lest the unfortunate author should be again visited by the phantom of Lady Jean.

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF SAILORS.

SOME years ago a British frigate, mounting fifty guns, and manned by four hundred of old England's hardiest seamen—men fit to face any danger, or thrash any human foe—lay becalmed on a bright sunny day in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, hundreds of miles away from any land. Not a breath of wind disturbed the dog-vane, not a ripple was upon the sea; the man at the wheel stood idle and listless, the canvas flapped against the masts powerless, and the tall spars towered up into the bland air as motionless as if they were growing in their native forests. The vast expanse of the ocean was like a sheet of glass, gently broken into tiny ripples by the dark pointed fin of the stealthy shark, as he slowly moved along in quest of his prey. Ever and anon a long rolling swell swept over the surface of the sea at regular, though distant intervals, and but for this all-but imperceptible motion, nature seemed asleep, and the heavings and settings of the water might be taken for the deep-drawn respirations of some enormous animal.

The frigate was alone, no other sail dotted the sea within the scope of her horizon. All was silent, solemn, and calm; when in the midst of this stillness, the attention of the crew, on deck and below, was suddenly arrested by the loud and distinct ringing of a bell. Clang, clang, clang, it went, to the amazement of many, and the astonishment of all.

There was something so extraordinary in the sound that it startled all hands. There was no describing it. At first it appeared to come from a distance, and then from the ship's bell, for the noise was clear and loud; and, but for a slightly muffled tone, might have been, as indeed it was, mistaken for the bell of the frigate. Yet who had dared to strike the ship's bell, violently and without orders? And the officer of the watch, as soon as he had overcome the intense astonishment such a breach of naval discipline had occasioned, demanded, sternly—

"Who rang that bell?"

No answer was given.

"Who rang that bell, I say?" he again demanded, in the short, trumpet tone of the quarter-deck.

No answer.

"I tell ye what it is, my men," continued the officer, getting warm. "I'll have an answer out of some one. Here, quarter-master, tell me directly, who dared to ring that bell?"

The man thus appealed to gaped with astonishment, for he had, like every man aboard, heard the singular peal. Yet he was perfectly aware that no person had touched the bell; and as the sounds appeared to him to come from the direction where it was placed, he was as much puzzled as the officer to account why it had been struck or rung in such an unaccountable manner.

Finding that the quarter-master still hesitated, the officer said,

"Come, my man, tell me who rang that bell?"

"Well, then, I don't know, sir," solemnly replied the seaman; "leastways," he continued, awkwardly scraping his hair, "I 'spose 'twas n't done by any human fingers: 'cos ye see, sir, I was just about to *make* it twelve o'clock myself, when the duty was took clean out of my hands, by some invisible power, as it seems to me—"

"Invisible power, was it? Well, perhaps it was; but I'll stop his grog if I find him out; so come, that yarn won't do for me. Again I say, who dared to ring the ship's bell in that way?"

Again the quarter-master solemnly avowed that unless it was a freak of old Neptune, Davy Jones, or the Flying Dutchman, that he did not know who did it.

As the quarter-master was a steady hand, not given to liquor, and one of the best men in the ship, there was no reason to suspect him of falsehood; besides, the ship's bell was hung in open view of the quarter-deck, and seen by all hands.

"Strange!" muttered the lieutenant, and he looked over the ship's side. Others followed his example at the bow and stern of the vessel, as though they expected to find a boat there. Active topmen ran up the rigging, but nothing could be seen but the gently heaving sea, the fair blue sky, and the clouds.

By this time the captain, astonished at the unusual noise and bustle on deck, for he had also heard the vehement ringing of the bell, had left his cabin, and was silently listening to the inquiries made by his lieutenant. This last-named officer now reported in due form to his superior what had occurred, but that he had failed to detect the offender for the present.

Our captain was one of the peppery breed—hasty, but good-natured—a strict disciplinarian, and a thorough seaman. He heard the lieutenant, then the quarter-master, and one or two of the waisters, describe what they knew of the matter; but as all their statements amounted to nothing, he cut the affair short by ordering every man in the watch to have his grog stopped until the culprit was found.

Clang, clang, clang, went the bell again, as soon as the words were out of the captain's mouth. Well, of course the captain was petri-

fied, so was the lieutenant; and as for the quarter-master and the rest of the watch, it would be difficult to describe their sensations, for they were a compound of terror at the sound of the bell, and joy at the prospect of having the stoppage taken off their grog; for of course the captain could now judge for himself who it was that was having a freak with his bell.

"This is very unaccountable," said the captain.

"Very," replied the lieutenant.

"Young gentleman," said the captain, "go below and inquire if any one sounded a bell just now between decks."

"Ay, ay, sir," and the midshipman of the watch dived down the after-hatchway, and there he found every body asking every body the very question he came himself to ask; nobody knew any thing about the matter.

As soon as the youngster came on deck he reported accordingly.

From whence then could these sounds proceed? No bell, by the ordinary mode of conveying sound, could be heard from the distance they could see. Even while the whole of the ship's company were palpitating with excitement, the inexplicable sounds continued—clang, clang, clang.

The crew now crowded on deck—midshipmen, marines, doctor, purser, cook, and idlers. The men stood at a respectful distance from the sacred precincts of the quarter-deck; but giving the mysterious bell a wide berth, not so much from fear as to remove all doubt about touching it, and to keep out of (h)arm's way of having their grog stopped.

Presently the same loud ringing was heard again; this time it floated high over head, and increased in intensity, and then it died away in long cadences, only to be renewed with fresh energy. Now it sounded broad upon the bow—now upon the beam, and then astern—while the whole of this time there hung the ship's bell, seen by all, and untouched.

Astonishment sat upon every countenance, from the captain to the cook's mate, and it was pretty evident that it would have been a relief to have exchanged the anxiety produced by their invisible enemy for a rattling broadside with the most spanking frigate that ever floated. Many a man believed they heard the ship's knell, and many a hardy tar grew pale.

The bell now ceased for a time, and a capstan consultation was instituted among the oldest seamen and officers in the ship. Nothing of the kind had ever been heard in all their experience at sea before. One old forecastle man admitted that he had seen the Flying Dutchman, *that* he was sartin of; another equally observant son of Neptune had seen (or else he was blind) a mermaid; many had heard all sort of dismal noises in great storms, and seen large fires at night burning upon the sea; but as for the bell-ringing, they had never heard of the like before. Among the officers there were many opinions as to the place from whence the sounds came; some believed they proceeded from above, others from the ship; but the majority were incredulous, and suspected the whole affair was a trick; but then, how could it be performed? And in order to settle all doubts upon that point, the bell was unhooked and placed upon the deck; but nevertheless the same mysterious clang, clang, clang, ran fore and aft the ship.

It was now evident that the sounds did *not* come from the ship's bell; and being satisfied upon that point, the investigation was pushed in another direction. Luckily for us all, we had a purser of a scientific turn in the frigate. He was one of those *idlers* belonging to a ship of war, who, having no sea duties to perform, are, nevertheless, always busy. He was always studying something; and he now stepped forth and assured us that the sounds which had so puzzled all hands were caused by some strange vessel at a distance.

"But no ship is in sight," remarked the first luff, in an incredulous tone.

"No matter," said the purser.

"Why we can see miles, from the mast-head, in every direction, and not an inch of canvas is visible."

"No matter," doggedly said the purser. "One of two things is certain," he continued: "the sounds either proceed from the frigate's bell, or from some ship's bell not at present in sight. You admit that, I presume?"

"Well," said the captain, "go on."

"And you do not believe with the quarter-master that Neptune, Davy Jones, or the Flying Dutchman have any hand in the matter?"

The officers didn't believe they had, evidently giving way before the reasoning of the purser.

"Well, then," continued he; "if these remarkable sounds do not proceed from this ship's bell, and you discard supernatural agency, then the inference is, that they must come from some ship in the distance.

"But how?" inquired the first lieutenant, triumphantly. "Explain that if you can."

"In this way," calmly replied the purser. "In the theory of sound there is a known principle, called, I believe, the acoustic tube."

"What's that?" demanded the officers.

"Why, your speaking trumpet—the speaking pipe by which messages are conveyed from one part of a large building to another—whispering galleries, in which the softest sound is carried round vast areas, as the dome of St. Paul's—a thunder-clap—or the discharge of a gun on an elevated situation, which produces an echo from cliff to cliff, are familiar examples of this principle."

"But we have no cliffs within hundreds of miles to repeat the echo," remarked the captain.

"True," said the purser; "but we have clouds."

"Clouds!"

"Yes, clouds!" echoed the man of science; "for in all matters where reason is concerned, the best demonstrations must be adopted as the heir-apparent to truth; so now, the most probable conjecture is, that this large mass of cloud,

hanging so like a cupola over our heads, assisted, perhaps, by some electrical or other peculiar state of the atmosphere, has repeated or reflected the sound of the ringing of a ship's bell now lying just without the verge of our horizon."

"Very learned, indeed," said the captain.

"And most unsatisfactory," repeated the lieutenant, who felt himself in duty bound to side with his commanding officer.

"But it may be true, nevertheless," replied the purser. "At all events it is a much more rational conclusion than supposing the sounds to be the result of supernatural agency."

It was evident that the hypothesis of Old Nipcheese, as the purser was nicknamed, was scouted by "Jack;" and, indeed, the majority of the "hands" put their heads together and prophesied that evil would come of it. "There never was such a stupid yarn ever spun as the purser's. *A cow sticks* indeed!—what had that to do with bell-ringing? He'd better attend to his own business, and serve out better baccay and slops." Then followed all manner of absurd predictions; for, like their officers, the men preferred to believe in the impossible rather than in the probable.

However, as the sounds were now discontinued, the frigate's bell was re-hooked, the captain returned to his cabin, and the crew to their respective duties; but it was remarked on that night, that every mess spun more yarns about supernatural events than had been heard for months before.

But the reader demands to know if the hypothesis of the purser was confirmed. Happily it was. After we had been becalmed another day, a stranger hove in sight, borne down to us by a whiffling catspaw that died away just as she reached us. She proved to be an outward-bound Indiaman. If I remember right, her name was the "General Palmer." As the two ships lay becalmed for some hours very near each other, we sent a boat on board for news from England —the frigate having been in the East for three years. While discussing other matters, we heard that the Indiaman had crossed the line on the day of our alarm at the bell-ringing, and that they had performed the usual ceremony of shaving the "greenhorns" on that occasion, accompanied with immense fun.

After the usual compliments, somewhat hastened by an appearance of a breeze, we were about to step over the side, when it suddenly occurred to the officer in command of the boat to ask the captain of the Indiaman if, during the Saturnalia of crossing the line, his ship's bell had been rung very violently.

"Very," replied the captain; "very; it was one of the main features of our droll pastime. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing particular—at least, not very," he said hesitatingly; "only we fancied we heard it."

"What! on board your frigate?" replied the captain; "that's impossible. Why, we never sighted you till this morning."

"Nevertheless, I believe we heard your bell," said the lieutenant; and then followed a description of the peculiar manner the bell was rung, which so exactly tallied with what occurred on board the Indiaman, that no doubt any longer existed as to the truth of the hypothesis so cleverly advanced by the purser. But, notwithstanding this explanation, and its singular confirmation, there were scores of sailors in the frigate, bold, hardy, strong-willed men, who resolutely refused to believe; and to the day of their deaths were doubtless prepared to maintain that the ship's bell was rung by supernatural agency.

THREE VISITS TO THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES, 1705, 1806, 1840.

ON the 9th of May, 1705, the soldiers of the Hôtel des Invalides were ranged in line in the great Court of Honor. It was touching to see two thousand brave fellows, all more or less mutilated in war, pressing round the banners which they had won in many a bloody fight. Among these victims of war might be seen soldiers of all ages. Some had fought at Fribourg or Rocroy; others at the passage of the Rhine, or the taking of Mäestricht; a few of the oldest had assisted in the capture of La Rochelle, under Cardinal Richelieu, while one or two could even remember the battle of Mariendal under Turenne. But all alike appeared happy and pleased, waiting for the coming of Louis XIV., who had announced his intention of visiting for the first time these, as he called them, "glorious relics of his battalions."

At length, surrounded by a magnificent *cortège* of guards and nobles, the royal carriage approached; and, with that delicate courtesy so well understood by the king, the troops in attendance were ordered to sheathe their swords and fall back as he entered the gateway. "M. de Breteuil," said the monarch to the captain of his guard, "the King of France has no need of an escort when he finds himself in the midst of his brave veterans."

Followed by the Dauphin, the Marquis de Louvais, and other distinguished personages, Louis carefully inspected the invalids, pausing now and then to address a few kind words to those whom he recognized. One very young lad chanced to attract the king's attention. His face was very pale, and he seemed to have received a severe wound in the neck.

"What is your name?" asked Louis.

"Maurice, sire."

"In what battle were you wounded?"

"At Blenheim, sire."

At that word the brow of Louis darkened.

"Under what marshal did you serve?"

"Sire, under Monseigneur de Tallard."

"Messieurs de Tallard and de Marsein," said the monarch, turning to Louvais, "can reckon a sufficient number of glorious days to efface the memory of that one. Even the sun is not without a spot." And again addressing the young soldier, he said, "Are you happy here?"

"Ah! sire," replied Maurice, "your majesty's goodness leaves us nothing to wish for."

The Marshal de Grancey, governor of the establishment, advanced and said: "Sire, behold the fruits of your beneficence! Before your accession the defenders of France had no asylum: now, thanks to your majesty, want or distress can never reach those who have shed their blood for their country. And if that which still runs through our veins can do aught for the safety or glory of our king, doubtless we will yet show our successors what stout hearts and willing hands can do."

Once more Louis looked around, and asked in a loud voice: "Well, my children, are ye happy here?"

Till that moment etiquette and discipline had imposed solemn silence; but when the king asked a question, must he not be answered? So two thousand voices cried together: "We are! we are!—Long live the king! Long live Louis!"

Accompanied by the governor and a guard of honor chosen from among the invalids, the monarch then walked through the establishment. The guard consisted of twenty men, of whom ten had lost a leg, and ten an arm, while the faces of all were scarred and seamed with honorable wounds. One of them, while serving as a subaltern at the battle of Berengen, threw himself before his colonel in time to save him, and received a *ricochet* bullet in his own leg. Another at the age of seventy-five was still a dandy, and managed to plait a *queue* with three hairs which yet remained on the top of his head. In one of the battles his arm was carried off by a bullet. "Ah, my ring! my ring!" cried he to a trumpeter next him—"go get me my ring!" It had been a present from a noble lady; and when the trumpeter placed it in his remaining hand, he seemed perfectly contented.

The royal procession quitted the Hôtel amidst the saluting of cannon, and the shouting of the inmates; and the next day, in order to commemorate the event, the following words were engraved on a piece of ordnance: "Louis the Great honored with his august presence, for the first time, his Hôtel des Invalides, on the 9th May, 1705."

II.

On the afternoon of the 1st September, 1806, Napoleon mounted his horse, and quitted St. Cloud, accompanied only by his grand marshal, his aid-de-camp, Rapp, and a page. After enjoying a brisk gallop through the Bois de Boulogne, he drew up at the gate of Maillot, and dismissed his attendants, with the exception of Rapp, who followed him into the avenue of Neuilly. Galloping by the spot where the triumphal arch was then beginning to rise from its foundations, they reached the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, and proceeded toward the Hôtel des Invalides. There Napoleon stopped and gazed at the splendid edifice, glowing in the beams of the setting sun.

"Fine! very fine!" he repeated several times. "Truly Louis XIV. was a great king!" Then addressing Rapp, he said, "I am going to visit my invalids this evening. Hold my horse—I shall not stay long." And throwing the bridle to his aid-de-camp, Napoleon passed beneath the principal gateway. Seeing a man dressed in a military hat, and with two epaulets badly concealed by his half-buttoned *redingote*, the sentry supposed him to be a superior officer, and allowed him to pass without question.

Crossing his arms on his chest, the visitor, having reached the principal court, stopped and looked around him. Suddenly the conversation of two invalids coming out of the building attracted his attention. In order to listen, he walked behind them, regulating his pace by theirs, for they walked very slowly. These two men seemed bowed down with years. The least feeble of them led his companion, and as they tottered on he looked anxiously around.

"Jerome," said the eldest, in a husky voice, "do you see him coming?"

"No, father; but never mind! I'll read him a lecture which he won't forget in a hurry—careless boy that he is!"

"But, Jerome, we must make some allowance for him—we were once young ourselves. Besides, I dare say he thought my prayers would not be finished so soon this evening—the boy has a kind heart."

Napoleon stepped forward, and addressing the old men, said, "Apparently, my friends, you are waiting for some one?"

The youngest looked up and touched his hat, for he saw the gleam of the epaulets.

"Yes, colonel," replied he, "my father Maurice and I have been waiting for my truant son. He knows well that his grandfather requires the support of his arms to reach the dormitory, as one of mine is—" Here he shook his empty sleeve.

"You are a brave fellow!" said the Emperor, "and your son has done wrong. But how came your father," he continued, as they walked along, "to remain so late out?"

"Because, colonel, he always devotes the afternoon of the 1st of September to commemorate the anniversary of the death of the king under whom he formerly served."

"What king was that?"

"His late majesty, Louis XIV.," said the old man, who had not before joined in the conversation.

"Louis XIV.!" repeated Napoleon in astonishment. "Where can you have seen him?"

"Here, in this place; he spoke to me, and I answered," said Maurice, grandly.

"How old are you?"

"If I live till Candlemas, colonel, I shall be one hundred and twenty-one years old."

"A hundred and twenty-one years!" cried the Emperor. And taking the old man's arm, he said kindly, "Lean on me, old comrade, I will support you."

"No, no, colonel; I know too well the respect—"

"Nonsense! I desire it." And the Emperor gently placed the arm within his own, although the veteran still resisted.

"Come, father," said Jerome, "do as the col-

onel orders you, or else the end of your politeness will be, that you'll have a fine cold to-morrow. And then this young Cyprian is not coming yet!"

"You must have entered this Hôtel while very young?" said Napoleon, as they walked along.

"Yes, colonel; I was but eighteen when I fought at Freidlingen, and the next year, at Blenheim, I received a wound in my neck which disabled me, and obtained for me the favor of entering here."

"It was not a favor," interrupted Napoleon—"it was a right."

"I have lived here upward of a hundred years. I was married here, and I have seen all my old comrades pass away. But, although there are only young people now in the Hôtel, I am very happy since my children came to join me."

"M. Jerome," said Napoleon, "how old are you?"

"Going on ninety-one, colonel; I was born in 1715."

"Yes," said his father, "the very year that his late majesty, Louis XIV., died. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday."

"What battles have you been in, my friend?"

"At Fontenoy, colonel, at Lamfedl, at Rosbach, at Berghen, and at Fribourg. It was in the last battle I lost my arm. I came here in the year 1763, in the time of Louis XV."

"That poor king," said Napoleon, as if speaking to himself, "who signed a shameful treaty that deprived France of fifteen hundred leagues of coast."

"And for the last forty-three years," said Maurice, "Jerome has watched me like a good and dutiful son. Pity that *his* should be so forgetful!"

"Well," said Napoleon, "I will do my best to supply M. Cyprien's place. At your age it is not good to be under the night air."

"Here he comes at last!" cried Jerome.

The Emperor looked with some curiosity at this wild boy, for whose youth allowance was to be made, and saw to his astonishment an invalid of s someixty years old, with two wooden legs, but one eye, and a frightfully scarred face, advancing toward them as quickly as his infirmities would permit. Jerome began to reproach his truant son, but the latter interrupted him by holding up a flask, a piece of white bread, and a few lumps of sugar. "See," he said, "it was getting these things that delayed me. I knew grandfather would like a draught of warm wine and sugar after his long stay out; so I went to my old friend Colibert, and persuaded him to give me his allowance of wine in exchange for my mounting guard in his place to-morrow."

"Well, well," said Jerome, "that was thoughtful of you, my boy, but meantime we should have been badly off but for the kindness of this noble colonel, who has made your grandfather lean on him."

Cyprien saluted the Emperor, whom, in the increasing darkness, he did not recognize, and said, "Now then, sir, with your permission I will resume my post."

"And an honorable one it is," said Napoleon. "Pray, in what engagement were you wounded?"

"At the battle of Fleurus, colonel, gained against the Austrians by General Jourdan, now Marshal of the Empire. A volley of grape-shot knocked out my eye, and carried off both my legs at the same time. But," added Cyprien, striking his powerful chest, "my heart was not touched, nor my stomach either, and they have both, I hope, some good days' work in them yet."

Napoleon smiled. "The battle of Fleurus," he said, "was fought, I think, in 1794?"

"Yes, colonel."

"That was already in Bonaparte's time," remarked Maurice.

"Grandfather," replied Cyprien, "please to say the Emperor Napoleon the Great; that is his proper title."

"In the time of his late majesty, Louis XIV.—"

"Ah, grandfather," interrupted Cyprien, impatiently, "we're tired of hearing about that monarch of the old *régime*, who used to go to war in a flowing wig and silk stockings! He's not to be mentioned in the same year with the Emperor, who dresses and lives like one of ourselves. Is it not so, colonel?"

Napoleon knitted his brows, and answered coldly: "You are mistaken, M. Cyprien; Louis XIV. was a great king! It was he who raised France to the first rank among the nations of Europe; it was he who first marshaled 400,000 soldiers on land, and one hundred vessels on the sea. He added to his dominions Roussillon, Franche-Comté, and Flanders; he seated one of his children on the throne of Spain; and it was he who founded this Hôtel des Invalides. Since Charlemagne, there has not been a king in France worthy of being compared to him!"

This eulogium on the monarch whom he almost idolized, caused the dim eyes of old Maurice to sparkle; he tried to straighten himself, and said, in a broken voice: "Bravo! bravo! Ah! colonel, you are worthy to have served his late majesty, Louis XIV. Had you lived in his time he would have made you a field-marshal!"

Somewhat abashed, Cyprien stammered out, "Excuse me, colonel; but you know I never knew this king of grandfather's. I only heard him spoken of by some of the oldest men here."

"And those who spoke disrespectfully of him," said Napoleon, "did wrong. *Here*, at all events, the memory of Louis XIV. ought to be venerated."

At that moment lights appeared at the end of the court, a sound of voices was heard, and many persons approached. Rapp had waited a long time on the spot where the Emperor had left him; but when it became dark, and his master did not return, he grew uneasy, and giving the horses in charge to a soldier, he entered the Hôtel, and told the governor, Marshal Serrurier, that the Emperor had been for the last hour *incognito* within the walls. The news spread quickly among the officers; they hastened to look for their beloved master, and found him on the terrace conversing with his three companions.

At the cries of "Here he is! long live the Emperor!" Cyprien, fixing his eye attentively on the supposed colonel, suddenly recognized him, and clasping his hands, exclaimed: "Ah! Sire, pardon me. Father, grandfather—this is the Emperor himself!"

"*You* the Emperor, colonel!" cried the two old men.

"Yes, my children," replied Napoleon, kindly holding each by an arm, in order to prevent them from kneeling, "although much younger than you, I am your father, and the father of every soldier who has fought for the honor of France!"

At that moment, Rapp, the governor, and their attendants, came up and saluted Napoleon. With a stern look, he said to his aid-de-camp, in an under tone, "You should have had patience to wait." Then, turning to the others in an affable manner, he said: "Approach, marshal and gentlemen; help me to recompense three generations of heroes. These brave men," pointing to Maurice, Jerome, and Cyprien, "have fought in three glorious battles—Freidlingen, Racours, and Fleurus. Marshal," to Serrurier, "lend me your cross; you shall have one in its stead to-morrow," he added, smiling. "Give me yours also, Rapp."

Having received the two crosses, Napoleon gave one to Jerome, the other to Cyprien; and then taking off his own, he fastened it on the breast of the venerable Maurice, saying, as he did so, "My old comrade, I regret that I did not sooner discharge this debt which France owes you."

"Long live the Emperor! long live the Emperor!" shouted all present.

"Sire," said old Maurice, in a voice trembling with rapture, "you have made the remainder of life happy to me and my children."

"My brave fellow," replied Napoleon, giving his hand, which the old man seized and pressed respectfully with his lips, "I repeat that I am only discharging a debt which our country owes you."

Meantime the news had spread throughout the Hôtel that the Emperor was there. All the inmates, disregarding rules and discipline, came out of their rooms, and rushed into the court, crying out, "Long live the Emperor!"

In a moment Napoleon found himself surrounded by a crowd of eager veterans, each trying who could get nearest to his beloved general.

"My Emperor!" cried one, "I was with you at Toulon!" "And I at the passage of St. Bernard!" "And I at Trebia!" "You spoke to me at Aboukir!" "I shared my bread with you at Roveredo!" "I picked up your hat at Marengo!" "I was at Austerlitz!" etc., etc.

Napoleon smiled at the reminiscences of these extempore Xenophons, and tried to answer each individually, inquiring whether they were content with their position, or wished for any thing with which he could supply them.

At length Napoleon took leave of the governor; and the crowd opening, respectfully made way for him to pass to the gate. Rapp had sent back the horses, and ordered a carriage with an escort of dragoons to be in attendance. The Emperor got in with his aid-de-camp, while the echoes of the Seine resounded with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

"This has been one of the happiest evenings in my life!" he said to Rapp. "I should like well enough to pass the remainder of my days in the Hôtel des Invalides."

"Then I," replied the aid-de-camp, with his usual frankness, "should like to be assured of dying and being buried there."

"Who knows?" said Napoleon; "that may happen; and I myself—who knows—" He did not finish the sentence, but fell into a profound reverie, which lasted during the remainder of the drive.

III.

On the 15th of December, 1840, a funeral car, covered with crowns of laurel, preceded by the banner of France, and followed by the surviving relics of her forty armies, passed slowly beneath the Triumphal Arch de l'Etoile. The sarcophagus it bore contained the mortal spoils of him who, in the space of fifteen years, had well-nigh conquered the world. The dead Napoleon was thus tardily borne to his place beneath that dome raised for the shelter of heroes.

Late in the evening, when the crowd had slowly dispersed, when the murmur of its thousand mournful voices was hushed, when the solitude was complete, and the silence unbroken, an invalid, a centegenarian, almost blind, and walking on two wooden legs, entered the chapel where reposed the body of Napoleon. Supported by two of his comrades, he reached with difficulty the foot of the imperial catafalque. Taking off his wooden legs in order to kneel down, he bent his venerable head on the steps; and presently, mingled with sobs, he uttered in broken accents the words, "Emperor! father!"

At length his companions succeeded in drawing him away; and as he passed out, the superior officers of the Hôtel respectfully saluted the old man. He who thus came to render his last homage to his master was Cyprien, the grandson of father Maurice.

A CHAPTER ON ASHES.

SOME of the most beautiful provisions of an Almighty power are lost to our comprehension from the very circumstance of their being so common. If the world's economy had been regulated by the Creator after the fashion of our own imperfect schemes, among which there are various degrees of excellence, then we might have been struck with perfections by comparison with things less perfect; but where all is so perfect, so excellent, the beauty of that excellence is only to be learned by study and attention.

What can seemingly present so uninteresting a scope for investigation as the theme of ashes? What subject apparently so commonplace, so poor, so uninviting? Yet beautiful considerations spring out of the study of this material, and proofs of God's benevolence are made evident, as we shall see.

Reader, have you never stood before a blacksmith's forge? Have you never seen a piece of iron, white-hot and glowing, snatched from the forge, and then, when laid on the anvil and struck by a hammer, dart forth in every direction its sparkling coruscations? What do you imagine to be the nature of these metallic coruscations? They are ashes, nothing but ashes—ashes of burning iron; and although such ashes are dignified by chemists with a peculiar name, being called "oxide of iron," yet they are nevertheless ashes. Let us here pause awhile to create in the reader's mind an idea with which he is perhaps not yet familiar—an idea of the combustibility of iron. Every body knows that candles and coal and wood, and many other things ordinarily termed combustibles, will burn, but every body does not yet know that a piece of iron will in like manner burn, even though they may have seen the operation performed.

Although the heating of a piece of iron in a smith's forge is the instance we have chosen, yet there are far commoner examples than this. Is the circumstance not quite familiar to most of us, that a fire-poker becomes after the lapse of time considerably diminished in size? and do we not even in common language say that the poker has burned away? The expression is not figurative, it is real; in point of fact, iron is a combustible body, and so, under peculiar circumstances, is every other metal, not even gold being an exception to the rule. Perhaps the reader will like to witness a rather more decided case of iron combustion than any of those we have already cited. Well, his desires can be gratified with much ease. If a very fine sewing needle be stuck by means of its eye extremity in a piece of cork, and its point inserted into the flame of a candle, the point will take fire, and dart off sparks in every direction. Presently, however, for some reason not yet evident, although it will be soon, the needle ceases to burn, and now it is time for us to pause, and reflect on what we have seen. The very fact that iron *burns* under ordinary circumstances, yet does not burn well, demonstrates the beauty of that provision by which the Almighty has rendered the metal iron adapted to our wants. Supposing it were so constituted as not merely to burn, but to burn well in the ordinary manner of combustibles, then we at once see that the metal iron might as well have not existed for aught of service it would have been to man. Who would be thoughtless enough to build fire-stoves of wood! or to make tongs and pokers and shovels of wood? It is evident such instruments never could be used for their appropriate purposes. They would take fire, and burn, dissipated *for the most part* into invisible fleeting gases, but leaving a little, a very little, ashes. Well, if iron had been capable of burning a little more readily than it does, then we could no more have formed fire-tongs and shovels and grates and pokers of iron than we now can of wood. All this is evident; but a very wonderful fact remains to be told. Although burning wood is dissipated for the most part into gases and smoke, leaving but very little ashes, yet iron when burned yields no gas or smoke, but is converted entirely into ashes; and still more wonderful to relate, the ashes weigh more than the original iron, so that twenty-eight pounds of iron yield after combustion no less than thirty-three pounds of ashes. See what a beautiful provision of nature this circumstance makes known to us. It appears that wood and coal and coke, and every other variety of fuel commonly used by mankind, would have been totally unadapted to our uses, if provision had not been made relative to the quantity of their resulting ashes. Thus, suppose for an instant that every twenty-eight pounds of coals had been so constituted that they must have yielded thirty-three of ashes, it follows that in process of time we could no longer have employed coal as fuel. The constant necessity for clearing away so vast an amount of ashes would have been too much for us. The vicinity of man's dwelling-places would be disfigured by enormous heaps of unsightly cinders. But the mere embarrassment connected with the presence of such a material where not required is not the only disadvantage that would ensue. Providence has so arranged matters, that the ashes of wood and coals, and perhaps of all other bodies commonly employed by man as articles of fuel, shall be advantageous to man's future wants. Thus, for instance, supposing wood to be the combustible under consideration, the resulting ashes are for the most part a mixture of various substances which are soluble in water, and which being dissolved by rain, prove advantageous to the growth of plants. Of this kind is potash, a substance not only useful as a manure, but employed in the manufacture of soap and numerous other articles. All the potash sold in shops was originally produced from wood-ashes; and in certain places, where soap is dear, water that has been poured over wood-ashes and has extracted the potash is used as a substitute.

At this period of our description, the reader may as well perform an experiment. It will require no costly apparatus, and will teach an important fact; therefore, although not of a very showy character, the experiment will not be devoid of interest. Taking a portion of actually pure water —that is to say, distilled water—the young experimentalist may pour it into a watch-glass, and, placing the watch-glass in a heated oven, the whole may be allowed to remain until perfectly dry. These directions being attended to, it will be found, at the expiration of a certain time—dependent on the quantity of water used, the degree of heat employed, and some other considerations —that the watch-glass is not only perfectly dry, but also quite clean and unsoiled; in other words, that all the water has been driven off in the form of steam. But if the experiment be repeated with water that has been allowed to come in contact with wood-ashes, and from which the ashes have been allowed to deposit, then the watch-glass will contain a portion—a small portion it is true—of white solid matter, which, in general terms, may be called "*potash*;" and in this way potash, sold in commerce under the name of pearlash, is actually made on the large scale.

Now if, instead of the ashes of wood, the reader take some of the ashes, or "oxide," of iron collected at a smith's forge, he will find that water dissolves no portion of them, supposing them to be free from admixture with every other substance; whence it appears that, if the Creator had so willed it that iron should be our fuel, we should have been met with another impediment. At present the substances employed by us as fuel are so constituted, that they shall minister to some further use; that they shall aid us in some manufacture, or fertilize our gardens and fields; that they shall, for the most part, be capable of solution by rains and floods, and not inconvenience us by their accumulation. Circumstances are very different with the ashes of iron. Once generated, they are, so to speak, permanent. They can not dissolve, or melt away. They confer no benefit in any shape; neither fertilizing our ground, nor yielding us valuable results. How different is it with ordinary combustibles! As regards them, God has so arranged matters that the act of burning, instead of merely serving to evolve heat, shall be attended with all manner of secondary benefits. In the first place, the extent of burning power is so regulated that it never (under the guidance of prudent people) becomes unmanageable; in the second place, the results of combustion are products not only useful to man, but endowed with such natures that they can not accumulate in unmanageable quantities. The materials of a billet of wood, consumed to-day, may, to-morrow, form a part of a living tree or animal—a portion, it may be, of ourselves! The world's economy is so arranged that no element concerned in the ordinary process of combustion ever lies idle. As a prudent merchant never locks up his capital in a strong box, but keeps it continually moving—buying here, selling there, that his riches may increase—so, in the economy of combustion, do we find it with the elements concerned. If iron had been our combustible, then, once burned, it would have lain idle so far as relates to the ordinary scheme of the world's economy. It admits of comparison to money lying idle in a strong box; whereas, with wood, coal, and all ordinary combustibles, the production of ashes, so far from being a final operation, is only a middle stage toward thousands of new developments. Thus flowers will to-morrow spring up, and blossoms shoot forth, and animals grow, nourished directly or indirectly by the ashes of to-day!

Perhaps iron, the instance of extraordinary combustion chosen for our theme, may have begotten ideas of this function which the reader did not before possess; but it is so far from being the only material that we might have chosen for this purpose, that even at random we might have glanced our eye over the elements of nature, and shown that the few materials designed for us by the Almighty as sources of heat are really the only ones that could be employed; and, although man by availing himself of scientific aids can succeed in developing results which in the ordinary course of nature do not take place, yet, for some reason or other, they are totally unadapted to the necessities of man's existence. All metals are combustible; two so exceedingly combustible, that they take fire when thrown into water, or upon ice. Others there are which burn immediately on coming into contact with the air; but no metal will serve the ordinary purposes of fuel for man. Some, like iron, yield ashes, which, though not poisonous, would in process of time convert the world's surface into a barren heap of cinders; others yield as the result of their combustion substances so terribly poisonous, that did no other bar to their use exist, this circumstance would be sufficient. Of the latter kind is arsenic. Zinc is another metal which burns with remarkable facility, and, like iron, its ashes weigh heavier than the metal burned. The combustion of zinc may be very easily accomplished without the aid of any apparatus whatever. The reader has only to send to the first zinc plate worker resident in his neighborhood for some zinc shavings, or small strips of that metal resembling the paper clippings wherewith grates are ornamented in summer, and he may readily satisfy himself as to the combustibility of zinc. Shavings of this metal can be lighted in the flame of a candle with the readiness of ordinary paper, and they will continue to burn until all are gone, nothing but a white powder remaining. One very important circumstance relative to this instance of combustion remains to be mentioned. Although zinc in the condition of very fine shavings readily takes fire and burns, yet zinc in thick pieces will not; and this remark equally applies to several other metals. Lead, which apparently is one of the most incombustible substances in nature, admits of being reduced to so fine a powder that it takes fire immediately on coming into contact with the atmosphere.

THE LOST ISLAND.

IT was generally believed by the inhabitants of Zamia that they were descended from Doric ancestors, who had originally left the shores of the Peloponnesus, and peopled their island. Beyond this vague and uncertain tradition their knowledge on the subject did not extend. Certain it is, that the emigrants must have forsaken their home at a most remote time, when Barbarism reigned supreme even over that favored land of Science and Art.

The period of which I write was in the seven hundred and fiftieth year of the Christian era. Then, among all the fifteen thousand inhabitants of Zamia, there was but little trace of the intellectuality of the Grecian race, or of that superior personal beauty for which it was renowned. Civilization had not crossed the rocky barriers of this island state, and through the darkness that pervaded its moral atmosphere, it does not appear that a single spark of Christianity ever forced its way.

It seems, however, that public worship was confined to one Omnipotent God. That stupendous fabric of Pantheism, which Athenian ingenuity had reared, was not recognized here. At least no record remains whereby we can infer

that the people of Zamia knelt at any other shrine than that of the Olympian Zeus.

The island was not unknown to ancient historians and geographers, for Herodotus mentions it as having once been a penal settlement, or rather, a place of exile for parties convicted of light and unimportant offenses. Its name is probably a corruption of *Ζημία*—a term used by the Greeks to signify punishment, in a general as well as in a particular sense.

Be this as it may, the island subsequently known as Zamia lay some eighteen leagues distant from the southern coast of Messenia. From the north it looked upon the Ionian, and from the south upon the Mediterranean Sea; and, of an oblong shape, contained about one hundred and four square miles. It was an extremely fertile and beautiful island, producing wine and oil in abundance, but more especially famed for the purity of the marble discovered in its quarries.

Polybius, who wrote three hundred years after Herodotus, alludes briefly to its existence. He ignores the fact of its ever having been a place of banishment, and calls it a very flourishing Greek colony.

But we must come down to Strabo for more tangible and reliable information. That celebrated geographer, after describing the locality and general appearance of Zamia, proceeds to say: "The city, which is situated almost in the centre of the island, and which contains probably some ten thousand inhabitants, glories in the renowned and ancient name of Argos. It is surrounded by a massive wall, built of huge polygonal shaped stones, fitted one into the other. The buildings consist of low wooden huts, and the streets are straggling and irregular. In their midst, on a slight elevation, in humble imitation of the Athenian Acropolis, stands the Temple of Zeus. Of Doric architecture, simple and majestic in its style, and perfect in its proportions, it is the admiration of all, and looks a fitting sanctuary for the god of gods—a worthy tribute to his omnipotence."

The same writer adds that the laws against foreigners, or even against those who harbored foreigners of another faith, were very stringent, and this perhaps will account, as well for the absence of all friendly communication between the island and the rest of the world, as for the degeneracy of its inhabitants.

Such was Zamia, her people, and her capital, as described by the ancients. I take up the thread of their history seven hundred years after Strabo wrote.

During this long lapse of time nothing is known of the island. Satisfied we must be that the intellectual, the moral, and the physical decline among its inhabitants was unparalleled in the annals of nations. The population had not increased, nor was it diminished, but the race seemed to have dwindled into a deformed and stunted species, upon whose countenances Nature had branded her curse.

The appearance of the city was still almost the same as Strabo has described it. Of a circular shape, it was surrounded by the same impregnable walls—specimens of which may be seen to this day in parts of the Peloponnesus. Low, miserable-looking houses were grouped round the Acropolis, which rose in the centre—its surface forming a large level square, at the eastern extremity of which stood the Temple of Zeus. Now, the stately edifice looked gray and hoary with antiquity, for it had successfully battled with the storms of a thousand winters. Marble columns—the order of their architecture distinguished by the thickness and rapid diminution of the shaft, and by the massiveness and simplicity of the capital—surrounded the entire structure. They supported a plain architrave and a frieze ornamented with triglyphs. In the vacant spaces between the triglyphs, there were sculptures in high relief, representing the gods and ancient heroes in various mythological designs. These sculptures were bold but rude, bearing traces of the earlier schools of Grecian art, and were devoid of that grace and ideal beauty which had long ere this been attained in all their splendid perfection.

Doric columns ornamented the interior as well as the exterior of the Temple, which, after the usual manner, was divided into vestibule and cella. In the centre stood a colossal statue of the immortal Jove. The same coarseness was displayed in the formation of the figure that has been noticed in the sculptures on the frieze without. But still, it was a grand piece of workmanship—a noble specimen of ancient art. It did not lack majesty, and the sensualism stamped upon its features only gave a life, a truth, a reality to the image of Heathendom's greatest god.

From the scanty information afforded us, we must infer that the history, the people, even the name of Zamia were almost unknown to the world beyond; and this, together with its appalling fate, shrouded as it is in mystery, have caused its existence to be doubted, or altogether disbelieved to-day.

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According to modern computation of time, it was the 6th of June, in the year of Christ seven hundred and fifty.

That morning the rising sun crimsoned the Mediterranean. As he ascended, he shone like a ball of liquid fire through a dusky atmosphere. Heat—an oppressive, suffocating heat—hung broodingly over land and water. There was no ripple on the waves—there was no motion among the leaves—there was no trembling on the tenderest blossom. Some secret influence weighed down and crippled the powers of body and soul—an undefined foreboding of evil darkened men's minds.

People rose wearily from a sleepless, unrefreshing rest, and commenced their preparations for the observance of the Festival. For this was the day of Hilaskeia. Propitiatory sacrifices were to be offered to avert the anger of offended omnipotence.

They pressed forward to the square of the Acropolis, where the rites of their unholy faith

were to be celebrated. They looked eagerly to the ceremonies of the day, as to something that would rouse them from their languor. They seemed to revel prospectively in bloodshed, which would appease the wrath of their god. Never were they so determined, or so prepared, to carry out to the very last extreme their hell-begotten orgies.

The fate of that people was even then forever sealed. Their doom was at hand. They might have read it in the face of high Heaven—in the face of inanimate nature. There was the stillness before a tempest in the air; while the sun's sullen, sultry redness told of impending destruction. They seemed to feel this—such an unusual, such a profound silence reigned throughout the multitude.

It was yet early, but the hour had come. Men, women, and children from all parts of the island flocked to the city. Old men, tottering on the precipice of death, seemed to have spent their feeble energies in leaving their homes—never again to return. Infants in their mothers' arms were rudely jostled in the throng. Every hearth had been left deserted, and the whole population of the island had relinquished for the nonce the protection of Penates, to do homage at the shrine of mightier gods.

An altar had been raised in front of the Temple, for the most important part of the day's ceremonies were to be performed in open air. With the exception of a space kept vacant round this altar, the whole summit of the Acropolis was now thronged. The people stood silent in expectation; and the city, gloomy and deserted, encircled them. Beyond, fields and vineyards stretched away on every side toward the sea, glimpses of which might be occasionally caught in the distance. To the east—immediately without and overlooking the city—rose a cone-like hill, called Olympus, after the god they were taught to worship. A fair picture! but far, far better, if, an inhospitable rock, this island had never drawn the wanderer to its shores.

Clear the way for the priests and priestesses of Zeus—the god of gods!

They come from the Temple—these priests and priestesses of Zeus—in long and stately procession, and the people press forward eagerly at their approach. It has been rumored that on this day human victims are to be offered up, and the curiosity of the multitude knows no bounds. They even venture within the sacred precincts of the altar itself.

A difference will be noticed between the sacrificial rites of the people of Zamia and those of other Hellenic tribes. Let it be said to the everlasting honor of the Greeks, that, unlike most heathen nations, they seldom offered up human victims to their gods, though they have been accused of the crime by some of the early Christian writers. In later ages only, when the country had relapsed into a semi-barbarous state, and the ancient glory of Hellas had departed, if at all, can this guilt be laid at their door. The sole authenticated instance we have of such an inhuman practice, is that recorded by Plutarch, where Themistocles is said to have offered up some captives, in order to procure the assistance of the gods in the war with Persia. There is another, on the authority of Homer, who asserts that Achilles sacrificed twelve Trojan captives at the funeral of Patroclus. But this should be received with caution.

We are unable, however, to realize events that might or might not have occurred at so remote a period, and turn with a sickening shudder to the atrocities of more modern times.

They come from the Temple—these priests and priestesses of Jupiter—arrayed in all the gorgeous drapery of their office. Their purple clothing hangs loosely about them—their feet are bare—and their heads are encircled with wreaths and garlands.

Robed in white, and decorated with evergreens, the victims are now brought forward. A cord has been passed round the waist of either, and by it they are led unresisting along. There is a strange contrast in their appearance—one, an old man, bent down by the weight of years—the other, a girl on the threshold of womanhood. Fairer far than the maidens of this island, she comes from a distant land. The name of her home is unknown—or, if known, would sound harsh and unfamiliar to these southern ears. Father and daughter, they are to die—to die a martyr's death. They look calm and self-possessed—they do not seem to fear, for with them the bitterness of death has passed. It is said that they belong to a hostile faith—that they are called Christians. They speak little, but what they do say is not understood, for it is in a foreign tongue. Whence they come, or by what disastrous fate their lot has been cast upon this island, none know, and none care to inquire. It is sufficient for the people to learn that a fitting sacrifice will this day be offered up to propitiate the Celestial Jove.

The procession has passed on. Priests and priestesses are now grouped round the altar. They have besprinkled the people with holy water. Prayers and incantations have been muttered—the cups have been crowned with the purest wine—the libations of drink are concluded, and all is ready for the sacrifice.

The old man is to die first. He is laid upon the altar—his head bent back, and his throat turned upward, ready to receive the blow. He makes no sign of resistance. It is a breathless moment of suspense for the crowd. The officiating priest has raised the knife—it descends—and from the gaping wound inflicted the blood comes rushing out and crimsons the altar. The limbs of the victim are fearfully convulsed in the agonies of death.

Yet look! He rears himself up with a last superhuman effort, and stands upon the altar. The priests shrink back in affright, for the old man's eyes glare wildly, and his arms are thrown aloft in a menacing attitude. His lips move as though about to speak—it seems as if some fearful imprecation was struggling for utterance. But

the blood comes oozing and bubbling forth, and the power of speech passes away.

It was but a momentary spasm—a precursor of death. A film is over his eyes now, and he gropes with his arms, like a man stricken with blindness, seeking for some familiar object on which to lay his hands.

Now he sinks down, and makes once more a faint, wavering, uncertain motion to rise. It is in vain, for the tide of life is on the ebb; and, as it trembles on that mysterious turning-point between Time and Eternity, a murmur, and then a loud prolonged shout of triumph from the assembled spectators announce that the sacrifice is complete!

Hark! The voices of the multitude are hushed, but the echoes have taken up the shout. Hark! a distant roar, like the sound of many waters. What can it mean? they mutter one to another.

But stay. There is another victim. A desire for blood has been roused, and the eager eyes of the crowd are still expectant—their appetites have not been glutted yet.

The sacrifice! The sacrifice! It occupies all their thoughts. They can think of nothing else. In their frenzied excitement they know not that wrath has gone out from the presence of a greater God than him whom they have been wont to worship. A dry scorching wind has sprung up—a strange unaccountable wind, that carries with it no life, no health, no animation to exhausted nature. It increases, but they heed it not. The sun grows dim and sickly, but they see it not. Their voices are raised in a frantic shout, as the last victim is brought forth, and, in her white garments, is laid upon the altar. Again the uplifted knife—again the fierce unrelenting countenance of the murderer—again the calm, resigned, and deathlike countenance of the unresisting victim pass away like some hideous dream. There is heard a shriek of untold agony—there is seen a quivering of the body as the knife enters the flesh—a gasping, a struggling—a fearful spasmodic struggling—and then the triumphant shout of the multitude proclaims the presence of Death!

But loud, loud, loud over that shout—Hark! again the roar of waters!

What is it? Far from the sea, what means this sound of waves, rushing and rising riotously one over the other! I can hear them froth, and foam, and surge, and break, as though I were tossed about in their very midst!

Thus they looked inquiringly, but spoke not. Some charm seemed to have paralyzed their tongues now. The excitement of the sacrifice was over, and they stood spell-bound.

The priests paused, and were unable to perform the concluding rights of the ceremony. They retreated in dismay to the Temple, and left the yet bleeding body of their victim upon the high altar.

Only one hour had elapsed since noon, and yet it grew dark and darker. There was a great confusion, and a hurrying to and fro in the throng. The entire mass seemed swayed by some mysterious agency. People strove to separate themselves from the multitude, and get without the city, for they wanted breathing room. Wild rumors too, began to pass from mouth to mouth, foreshadowing, at first indefinitely, some great misfortune. And then, amidst the increasing darkness, faces paled to a ghastly pallor, as, simultaneously from a thousand voices, a loud cry is suddenly rung out, "The sea has broken through its barriers and is bursting over the island. The sea! The sea is upon us!"

Increased darkness, and a fierce, feverish wind, that comes hissing through the atmosphere with the scorching air of a furnace. Loud, and louder still—like earthquake shocks—the noise of contending elements breaks upon the ear.

Come, come to the top of yon hill without the eastern gate of the city, whither the more courageous are flocking, and learn somewhat of this awful catastrophe. Along the streets you meet groups of terror-stricken citizens, hastening they scarcely know whither. They know not where to turn for safety. They endeavor, but in vain, to shake off the stifling feeling of suffocation with which they are oppressed. On reaching the summit of the hill masses of human beings may be discerned around its base groping their way in the pitchy blackness. The roar here is terrific. Beyond, and around in every direction—but at uncertain distances—a dim, shadowy, phosphoric light may be seen dancing madly about. It comes from the water. The waves have encircled you. They are whirling round, and round, and round in a vortex, and you feel that they draw nearer at every sweep. They rise, moreover, at times, to a towering height, and you fancy that each succeeding one is destined to fling its huge body over the city, and bury all beneath its weight. But no such hasty and merciful annihilation is at hand.

The vast multitude know now that they are in the midst of a maelstrom—a mighty maelstrom—that must sooner or later ingulf their island and themselves. They are stupefied—partly with terror, and partly with astonishment—unable to comprehend this mysterious convulsion of nature.

Anon strange illuminations—for they are more prolonged than ordinary lightnings—are seen to flash across the face of heaven, and open up a scene unparalleled in its sublimity. Turn toward the city—the central point of attraction. Its small, insignificant houses can scarcely be discerned; but, gloomily and grandly, the Temple rises up from their midst. The lightning plays around the sculptured summits of its pillars, and makes them stand out boldly against the trebly blackened sky beyond. It only wears an appearance of unaltered, majestic serenity; it only stands unchanged amidst the surrounding wreck.

Above, the sky has assumed a wild and fearful aspect. The clouds are riven and torn into shreds, for it seems as if the very winds are opposed one against the other in deadly strife. And the infuriated waters, rising higher and higher, drawing nearer and nearer, are leveling hills, filling up valleys, hurling down huts, and destroying

villages in their progress. Darkness again shuts out this fearful sight, and the terrified people flock back to the city. Its streets are once more thronged, and the King of Terrors stalks about stamping his image upon every face.

Helpless and mute they instinctively hasten toward the Temple of Zeus. The place where erst the sacred rites were celebrated is once more filled—filled with people in whom a great change has been wrought. But an hour since their eyes were glutted with the revolting sight of human sacrifice, and, with their senses reeling under the excitement, they shouted in impious triumph. Now, in the thick darkness, they are unconsciously treading on the very spot where the crime has been perpetrated, and are trampling on the body of their victim. Now the sound of human voices is either hushed, or, when heard, is almost unnatural in its accents of terror and despair.

All those who had fled in the direction of their homes, at the first moment of alarm, are forced to return. On every side the waters had encompassed them, and the spray, that fell in showers over the city, told of a fast approaching destruction. The outskirts of the city have already been swept away.

Even the superstitions of their faith are flung aside. They burst into and fill the sacred edifice, as if it could afford them protection. They cling to the statue of Jove imploring its aid; but, alas! the lightning that plays around that immortal head only betrays an angry scowl upon its face. The majesty but not the mercy of a god is written there. The high altar is desecrated, and the rich ornaments of gold, and silver, and sculptured marble are torn from their places to make room for the maddened throng. They became so firmly wedged in, so knit together, that it was impossible for any one man who had entered to return.

Many crowd outside, endeavoring, if it were possible, to touch the Doric pillars of the Temple, in the fancied hope that they might yet be saved.

Can it be credited that all this happened in an age when civilized Europe acknowledged the truth of the Christian's faith, and bowed down before the Christian's only God? Yet so it was.

Loud and louder roared the sea as it swept with terrific rapidity round the doomed city. As the area of the vortex diminished that rapidity increased. Many houses had been carried away, and by the mysterious light emitted from the foam the people could partially see the fearful destruction going on, and feel, in advance, all the horrors of the death that inevitably awaited them.

It was nearly midnight now, and for long hours they had endured this suspense, this torture, this despair. How many during this time died through fear or by suffocation, or how many fell from the violence of their fellow-sufferers, may never be disclosed. True it is that the weaker sex, the sick, and the aged were trampled down and destroyed, and that the frantic multitude finally turned their hands on each other in foul unearthly murder.

Reason had at last left them to their own maddened, unrestrained passions. The sacrifice, the previous excitement of the day, and the fear of impending death, combined to drive them into the wildest insanity. They knew no longer what they did. The scene had become a Pandemonium, not of men, but of infuriated demons.

From this description the writer naturally shrinks, and I only venture to give a few feeble outlines, and leave them to be filled up by the imagination.

A fearful sight is it, at any time, to witness man engaged in combat with his fellow; but how much more fearful was this! Shut up in that heathen temple, unable to extricate themselves, bent only upon murder—Death encircling them without—Death at work within—amidst demoniac yells, rising above the roar of approaching waters—and, brooding over all, a pitchy darkness, occasionally dispersed by flashes of vivid lightning that revealed for a moment the scene of carnage. The combat was all the more terrible because the combatants were unarmed, and the cries of the dying could be distinguished by their prolonged, unearthly, convulsive shrieks. What a spectacle! A multitude maddened with fear—hemmed in by destruction—unable to escape—hoping for nothing, seeking for nothing, desiring nothing but the death of each other—an uncontrolled multitude of frenzied, raving maniacs! It was a tragedy enacted on this earth that rivaled the terrors of a very hell!

I must pause. That last flash of lightning reveals too much horror. It reveals men, women, and children trampled down remorselessly, furiously. It reveals the survivors still struggling faintly, locked inseparably together in a deathly embrace. It reveals the agonized expression of their faces, which bear now but little trace of humanity. It reveals their hands stretched wildly, frantically, but helplessly, upward. Ah! Let darkness come again!

The waters approach nearer—nearer—nearer. As the circle of the mighty maelstrom decreases, its velocity augments. The city, the last remnant of Zamia, is fast disappearing. Nothing remains but the mass of people thronging in and around the Temple; and that Temple still looms grandly through the mist and darkness. Now the lightning flashes and plays upon its sculptured friezes. It stands alone amidst that wreck, and looks proud, gloomy, defiant, gorgeous, sublime—ay, sublime even as the storm itself! What wonder that they sought its sacred shadow for protection!

The waters approach nearer—nearer—nearer. The waves have at last reached the building, and, sweeping round its walls, hurry away a thousand victims. Amidst their roar, the cry of human suffering is drowned.

Within, there is a pause, and Murder holds back its bloody hand. The people seemed startled into reason—their storm of passion and frenzy is mysteriously calmed before the approach of Jehovah's mightier wrath. Again the lightning flashes forth, and, illuminating every feature, betrays a ghastly array of countenances with eyes

glaring wildly upward. A colossal wave rises, and hangs suspended over the proud building. It totters—it falls—it breaks down arches, architraves, pillars, and dome. They offer but a feeble resistance to its power. The sound of that crash might be heard miles, miles away, above the bellowing of the tempest. Another sweep of the maelstrom, and all, all are ingulfed—the people, their Temple, their city, their island are lost—Zamia is blotted out of existence, and the Book of her History is forever closed!

Every trace of the storm had passed away the next morning. The waves rolled calmly and lazily along, perhaps with a mightier swell than usual, but there was not a wreck upon their surface to tell that beneath them a fair, and but yesterday a thickly-populated, island lay buried.

For a long time the fact of its disappearance from the face of creation seemed to be unknown. It might be that the mariner could not account for missing his landmarks, and at first believed that his own calculations were at fault. But when years elapsed, and no trace of Zamia or its inhabitants could be discovered—when their fate was established beyond all doubt—the remembrance of this Heathen Island, as it was called, began to be regarded with superstitious awe. Little communication had ever existed between it and the rest of the world, and in those days, when geographical science was unstudied, none cared to inquire into the cause of its mysterious destruction.

Thus it was that Zamia was forgotten. Yet among the fishermen who frequent the Ionian Sea, from the shores of Italy to those of Greece, a vague tradition of the event I have recorded still exists; and at the mere mention of "The Lost Island" the sailor to this day devoutly crosses himself.

Thirty years ago, a French company undertook to retrieve some of Zamia's relics from the sea, wherein they had lain entombed for nearly eleven centuries.

A ship was freighted for the express purpose, and started from Marseilles, but returned without effecting the object in view. Whether these parties were unable to discover the precise locality of the island, or whether, from its depth, it was found to be beyond reach, I have not been able to learn. I only know that such a scheme was conceived, and that an energetic attempt was made to carry it out.

The enterprise was a complete failure.

A DAY IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

AMONG the numerous charitable institutions founded by the benevolence of our City and State, we know of none of which New York can be more justly proud than the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island. The building is situated on the north side of the island, and is about six miles distant from the City Hall. It is the property of the City, and was established exclusively for the support and treatment of those lunatics whose friends are unable to pay for the superior accommodations of a private asylum. The location is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was selected, the only objection to it being the want of sufficient land for the employment of "the patients," as its inmates are termed, in agriculture, horticulture, and other healthful work, so necessary for persons in their condition. The population of the institution is between six and seven hundred, among whom are natives of almost every part of the world. This, however, is more than it was originally intended to accommodate, and it is therefore desirable that it should be enlarged to meet the constantly-increasing demands upon its means. Excellent taste is displayed in the manner in which the surrounding grounds are laid out, and the highest cultivation is exhibited in the quality of their products. Those who are not employed at this kind of work, or occupied in the Asylum, are allowed to saunter through the walks or recline under the shade trees with which this part of the island abounds. The visitor at once recognizes among these out-door patients two distinct classes—the gay and the melancholy; the one characterized by the greatest hilarity and apparent happiness, and the other by the deepest despondency and inaction.

Before entering the building the eye is attracted by the fine proportions and elegant appearance of the exterior. The main building, in which are the rooms of the principal officers, is constructed of granite. It is built in the form of an octagon, having a diameter of 90 feet. Two wings, constructed of the same material, extend from it at right angles to each other, the length of both being 490 feet. One wing is occupied exclusively by male, and the other by female patients. They are each three stories in height, and running through the entire length are three corridors, or halls, in which the inmates are allowed to take exercise at stated intervals during the day. Opening into these halls are the rooms occupied by the patients as sleeping apartments, and the visitor, as he pauses on the landing of the splendid staircase that winds from the ground to the cupola in the centre of the octagon, is at once struck by the general order and neatness which prevail. There is but little commingling of the patients, each being apparently too much absorbed in his own affairs to attend to those of his neighbors. If one is listening to the delusions of another, great patience and forbearance are manifested, unless there be a clashing of insane views, when toleration is at an end, and a scene of confusion ensues. Kings quarrel here as well as in the great world outside, aristocratic pretensions clash, and rival philosophers disagree. There is enough imagination among them to make the fortune of a romancer, and we doubt if even Mrs. Radcliffe or Monk Lewis ever exceeded them in exaggerated fancy or marvelous invention. Some believe that they are in possession of untold wealth, gigantic strength, incredible swiftness, and other desirable endowments, but imagine that they are deprived of the use of them by some power or agency over which they have no control. A lady of tall and commanding appearance met us near the door of one of the halls, and solicited our assistance in

obtaining ninety millions of dollars which were wrongfully withheld from her, and which are at present secreted in the sacristy of a church in Cincinnati. Her reasoning was quite cogent, and the inducements which she held forth for the successful prosecution of her claims were such as might tempt the cupidity of the most avaricious lawyer. She promised a commission of 33⅓ per cent. on the whole amount, besides furnishing all the necessary evidences of title, and free tickets over the railroad to the place where the treasures were concealed. The asylum she regards as a large central telegraph office, and she is constantly occupied in attending to its management, and the transmission of intelligence to all parts of the country. Communications are often received by her, informing her of the various devices taken by her enemies to prevent the recovery of her property. The agent who consents to undertake the case can have the advantage of all the facilities presented by the telegraph, and her valuable advice in addition.

While she was telling us the story of her wrongs, and soliciting us to take an active interest in obtaining redress, we were addressed by a rival claimant to the property, who informed us that there was no truth in what we had just heard, and that *she* was the rightful owner of the ninety millions.

"It is all false; she has no property," she exclaimed; "it is all mine; I own every thing—the gold mines, the tea plantations—all, all are mine. She is nobody; she is crazy. I am the Queen; I am the Union; it is all mine! mine! mine!"

The speaker was about seventy years old, but her eye had not been dimmed by age, and every sentence she uttered was rendered peculiarly impressive by her looks and strong gesticulations. She told us she had been sent to school in this building for the purpose of completing her education, and that, much against her wishes, the place had been changed from a boarding-school to a common boarding-house.

Another, with a smiling face, and an expression of pity for the delusion under which she labored, said, "Is it not funny that she should believe all this nonsense? But she does not know who *I* am" (with a low and by no means ungraceful courtesy). "I am the Queen, and these are all my attendants." Before she could proceed further with her history, she was interrupted by another patient, who addressed Dr. Ranney in a business-like manner about the condition of the institution and its inmates. She was a staid, matronly woman, and had we not been previously told that she was a patient, we should certainly have taken her for one of the attendants. Her manner and her conversation too would lead a stranger to believe that she was employed by the institution to administer to the wants of its inmates. The moment she perceived us she approached, and after the usual remarks upon the weather, she commenced talking with Dr. Ranney in a most serious manner about the treatment of "the poor creatures," as she called them, who were placed under her charge.

"I have every thing, as you can see for yourself, Doctor," said she, "in the most perfect order; and, as you know, it is the great object of my desires to have the poor creatures as comfortable as their condition and circumstances will permit. Of course," she continued, "it is not possible for people in their state of mind to be always kept in order, and we must therefore make all allowances for them. They are sometimes" —and here she lowered her voice, as if apprehensive that they might hear her—"they are sometimes a little violent, but then we can not expect that people in their state of mind should act like us, who have got our reason and judgment perfect. Yes, all things considered, I think there is no cause for complaint. I have been here now over ten years, and I was never so well satisfied with the state of the institution as I am at present, and that is saying a great deal."

"Yes, indeed," said the Doctor, "you are deserving of credit for the admirable manner in which you perform your duties; and we are much indebted for your kind care and treatment of those around you. We fully appreciate the important services you render to the institution, and we are grateful to you for all you have done."

"Thank you, Doctor," she replied, "it shall always be my desire to deserve your approval and confidence. Good-morning, gentlemen;" and so saying she left us with an air that seemed to say, "What could they do without me in this establishment?" We watched her till she entered one of the sitting apartments at the end of the corridor, where we afterward found her looking over some work at which the women were employed. There was nothing whatever in her appearance or actions that would have led any one to imagine that she was not in complete possession of all her senses. Perfectly calm and self-possessed, when she was addressed she answered every question that was asked with remarkable promptness and accuracy, her only solicitude being the care and treatment of those who, as she believed, were confided to her charge.

She had hardly left us when another patient introduced herself, and began to enlighten us in regard to the subject which occupied her mind. She believed that she was the wife of the President of the United States, and that her present abode was the White House at Washington. "Those people," said she, referring to the inmates, "have not a proper respect for my position and that of my husband; but they shall be made to know their proper place." A few feet from the Presidentess we observed a young woman, of lady-like appearance, who seemed to take no interest in any thing about her, but whose whole attention appeared to be riveted on the passing vessels which could be seen from the window at which she stood. Her face had a melancholy expression, which too plainly told the cause of her insanity. Every day she took up her position by the window, in the hope of seeing the long-expected vessel that was to convey her from the island. This was her sole occupa-

tion: she took no part in the conversation around her; she heeded not the visitors, and did not shrink from the observation which her sad tale excited; she was unconscious of every thing in the world save the creations of her own disordered mind; the earth contained nothing for her but the swelling sails and the tapering masts of the vessel that was to bear her to her lover. Her tale was a melancholy one. The morning of her life was bright and unclouded; but she had scarcely reached the age of fifteen when her father failed in business, and after struggling in vain to retrieve his shattered fortune died, leaving his children to battle with the world. Her brother came to this country, and obtained a situation in one of the Western States, and wrote to his two sisters to join him in his adopted home. Jouy, a celebrated French writer, says that the folly of woman, whether sane or insane, is traceable to two distinct causes—love or vanity; and in her case, it was the first of these that had driven reason from its throne. The separation from one she loved, brooded over amidst the wild solitude of the ocean, unhinged her mind; for there, on shipboard, she first manifested symptoms of insanity. The sight of a ship would excite her to madness; and, when passing one, it was found necessary to confine her; for she would try strength and subtlety, strain every nerve, use every wile to escape from those who guarded her, that she might fling herself into the sea, and so reach the passing vessel, which she believed would convey her to the beloved one. Many a miserable sufferer has crossed the Atlantic—many an instance of self-devotion has that ocean witnessed; but we doubt if any misery could be greater, any love more unwavering, than that of the sister who tended and watched over her during her long and dreary voyage.

In 1849 they landed in New York, and the first intelligence they received was that the brother whom they had come so far to see had died of cholera. The sister, though worn out by accumulated griefs, and her health destroyed by constant labor and watching, worked on until she was able to work no longer. She had contrived with the scanty earnings she obtained by her needle, and by giving lessons in music and French, to support herself and her helpless charge, until finding herself no longer able to maintain her, she brought her to the Asylum, where she has remained ever since. The devoted sister died two years ago of consumption, and the afflicted creature whom we saw at the Institution is the only one left of the family She not unfrequently repeats the tale of hope deferred, and in a sad, plaintive tone of voice inquires of the attendants if her lover has come to take her with him to her own country. She believes that Queen Victoria has ordered a fleet expressly to convey her to her distant home; every hour she is expecting the arrival of her betrothed, and the boatmen, as they pass the island, may see her at one of the windows waving a handkerchief to the vessels as a signal of her residence. This is the absorbing idea of her mind; and although death has left her alone of all her family, she can not be made conscious of her loss.

Turning from her with a feeling of melancholy caused by her sorrowful story, our eyes met those of a beautiful child whose bright and happy countenance seemed to exercise a cheerful influence on all about her. The mother was brought to the Asylum about six months ago with the child in her arms During the first few days she would not speak, but clung to her child as though her whole existence was centred in its being. At last the kindness of the attendants overcame her obstinacy; she began to speak, entreating not to be sent away, and asserting that the babe in her arms was Jesus Christ. She still labors under this delusion, although she has greatly improved in her physical and mental condition, and will in a few months probably recover.

Supposing that all we saw in the hall or corridor were patients, a most ludicrous mistake occurred, which we will here describe for the benefit of those who may have a curiosity to see the interior of a lunatic asylum. Addressing one of the women who was walking about among the patients with the air of a person invested with some authority, we inquired as to her health, and shook hands with her, supposing that we were speaking to one of the patients. This opinion was strengthened when we saw her winking at another woman, and we left her wondering what was her particular hallucination. Upon asking Dr. Ranney, we found that we had mistaken one of the attendants for a lunatic; this explained at once the cause of her winking at the other, who was also an attendant, and who evidently enjoyed the whole occurrence as a capital joke.

We had as yet seen none of the violent cases, but before we left we had no complaint to make in regard to that particular. While we were passing through the wards, one of the patients came out and commenced abusing the Doctor with the virulence of a virago, called him by the most opprobrious epithets, and concluded by telling him she would be glad to see him hung. She became so violent that the attendants were obliged to lock her up in her room, from which she continued to pour forth a torrent of abuse till we left the place.

Among the various delusions with which these poor creatures are afflicted, there appears to be none more prevalent than the belief that they are either related to some eminent person or that they are themselves celebrated. This is a delusion, however, which is not confined to the inmates of lunatic asylums. We had an opportunity of seeing several who were thus afflicted before leaving the Institution.

"When will Lord Bantyne call and see me? Has he not sent Mr. McCormick, his embassador, for me yet?" impatiently inquired a woman about forty years of age, and of an appearance which certainly would not be called prepossessing.

"I have waited here for years, and as yet I have received no intelligence of either Lord Bantyne or the Marquis of Ballina. The Queen will surely send some of my noble friends to visit me,

and have me conveyed from this place. Who says that I am not acquainted with the Earl of Derby? Don't I know him and all his family? Will they never come near me again? Tell them I am here, and that they must take me away with them. Won't you write to them?" she said in beseeching tones; "write to them and let them know where I am."

This patient, we were informed, would sit on her chair for hours, and repeat over for the thousandth time the long list of her aristocratic connections and friends. She was firmly impressed with the idea that she was related to some noble family, and that her childhood was passed in the midst of wealth and luxury, but now all her friends had abandoned her. Still she never gave up the hope that they would relent, and would finally place her in the position she once occupied. Day after day she made the same inquiries of the attendants, who always gave her an answer which they believed would gratify her. Every night she retires to rest with the expectation of seeing on the morrow some of her titled acquaintances; and although the morrow brings with it disappointment, she hopes on still, and will continue to hope till the advent of that morrow which shall end her life of misery.

On arriving at the end of the corridor, we entered one of the apartments which is used by the inmates as a sitting-room. Here we found about a dozen of them assembled; some engaged at needle-work, and others in reading the newspapers of the day. They did not seem to be disturbed by our visit; but, with a very few exceptions, they were rather pleased than otherwise. Two or three, who were evidently the victims of that peculiar kind of insanity called *melancholia*, sat apart from the rest muttering some unintelligible jargon. Among these there was one in particular who attracted our attention by her singular appearance and the peculiarly harsh and unpleasant sound she made with her throat. She sat on a chair, with her feet resting upon one of the rails, and her body bent forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Her head was sunk between her shoulders, and her face bore an expression of half-subdued terror. There she sat from morning till night, uttering a sound entirely unlike any thing earthly that we have ever heard. She raised her eyes to look at us as we entered; and then relapsing into her accustomed posture, she made the sound of which we have spoken. Opening her mouth, she cried, "Shoo—shoo—shoo!" in a tone of terror, as if frightened at some horrible object which she saw before her. We could not learn the cause of her insanity, but it was our opinion, from her appearance and her strange manner of acting, that she had actually been frightened out of her senses.

While passing again through the corridor for the purpose of visiting that portion of the building which is set apart for the males, a girl about sixteen years of age came toward us, and looked up in the face of each with an idiotic smile that was melancholy to behold. Dr. Ranney patted her on the head, and calling her by name, asked if she did not know him; but she did not seem to understand what he said, gazing at him with the same expression. "Don't you remember me, Janey?" he said. "Say *Doctor*."

She looked at him for a moment, and then repeated the word after him with imperfect articulation; but no ray of intelligence lighted up her features, nor did she appear to have any consciousness of what she said. She is a hopeless case of idiotcy; for while the majority of the patients understand sometimes what they are doing, her mind seems to be utterly devoid of comprehension.

Passing from the female department, we entered that appropriated to the males, which, as we have already stated, is in another part of the building. Here we found the wards at either side of the corridor all open, and their occupants walking up and down the hall, or intently gazing out of the windows at some objects of attraction. We had just entered, when one of the patients stepped forth from a group of which he was the centre, and in the most courteous style bade us welcome. He had at one time been in affluent circumstances, and even in his present condition you could observe a certain refinement of manner, which distinguished him from his associates. "How are you, gentlemen?" said he. "This is really pleasant weather. Visiting our institution, eh? Doctor," he continued, addressing Dr. Ranney, "how long am I to continue here? Have you written to my friends and informed them that my health is quite recovered, and I would leave my present dwelling?"

After assuring him that his desires would be attended to, and that he would be removed very soon, he appeared to be satisfied. On another occasion, however, he was not so easily quieted, and at last became very abusive, making use of the most opprobrious epithets to one of the officers, and accusing him of theft and other crimes. "Yes, sir," said he to this gentleman, when he had been told that his friends would be informed of his request—"yes, sir, you said that before, sir, and now I desire to let you know that I will not be imposed upon any longer, and that if I am not released from this place I will find a way to get out! I have been here longer than is requisite for the good of my health; and once for all, sir, I tell you I must be liberated." He was assured by the officer that he would do every thing in his power to oblige him. But this only served to exasperate him still more, and he eventually worked himself into a perfect fury, without, however, committing any act of violence on those about him. He had killed his wife because, as he alleged, she had sold his blood to a doctor, and he conceived the idea of destroying her in self-defense. This, with other proofs of his mental aberration, caused his removal to the Lunatic Asylum, from which he is always pleading to be liberated.

One of the most interesting cases—if subjects of this description can be called interesting—is that of a man who is firmly impressed with the belief that he has discovered the real *elixir vitæ* for

which philosophers and alchemists have toiled in vain for centuries.

He has named it *Longevine;* and he says that one drop of it taken by a person who has attained the age of one hundred years will give him renewed life for another century, at the termination of which a repetition of the dose will be attended with the same result. The great obstacle, however, to the universal application of this wonderful discovery, is to be found in the fact that but very few live to the required age; and this he gives as a reason why it has not received that popularity to which he considers it justly entitled. He descants upon its virtues by the hour, and presents himself as another instance to prove that men of true genius are never thoroughly appreciated by the age in which they live.

Sitting in gloomy isolation, we observed a man of almost gigantic proportions, with a strong leathern belt fastened around his waist, to which his hands were bound by cuffs of the same material. Among all the inmates of the Asylum there was none to whom the title of madman could be applied with more justice than to him. He was a true personification of those madmen that we sometimes read of, but which we had supposed were long ago extinct. There was a mingled expression of wildness and ungovernable passion in his eyes, and this, combined with large, coarse, brutal features, made him a truly terrible-looking being. He said nothing, but glared at us in a manner that was any thing but pleasant; so we left him in undisturbed possession, not caring to rouse one whose passions when excited are like the fierce rage of the volcano, threatening destruction to every living thing within its compass. It seemed as if the other patients had an instinctive dread of him, for they all kept at a most respectful distance, although the manner in which his hands were fastened rendered it impossible for him to do mischief.

Of a far different temperament was another to whom we were introduced. He had a benevolent cast of countenance, and appeared much gratified when spoken to by any of the visitors. His principal amusement was a game of chess, which he played with a skill that would have done credit to a Spanish grandee. His whole attention was fixed upon the pieces before him with an intensity that nothing could disturb. He watched every move of his antagonist as eagerly as if a life were depending upon the game, and had him checkmated in less than ten minutes after the first piece was moved. This man, we were told, spoke several languages with remarkable fluency, and if learning were "the one thing needful," he would certainly be better entitled to the professor's chair than many who occupy that position in our first-class colleges.

But perhaps the most singular case of delusion which we had yet seen was that of a patient, who imagined that he had charge of the planet Jupiter. He conversed with us for a few moments, when breaking off abruptly in the course of some remarks he was making on the weather, he said he must attend to Jupiter. Then going to one of the windows, he took up the same position which he assumed every day, gazing intently on the sky, as if he really saw there in the broad daylight the object of his solicitude. Upon him he believed depended the safety of the planet, which, if once destroyed, would plunge the world into irretrievable misery and ruin. His insanity was somewhat like that of the astronomer in Rasselas, who believed he had the control of the elements, the regulation of the weather, and the distribution of the seasons. "The sun," said he, "has listened to my dictates, and passed from tropic to tropic by my direction. The clouds at my call have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command. I have restrained the rage of the Dog Star, and mitigated the fervors of the Crab. The winds alone of all the elemental powers have hitherto refused my authority; and multitudes have perished by equinoctial tempests, which I found myself unable to prohibit or restrain. I have administered this great office with exact justice, and made to the different nations of the earth an impartial dividend of rain and sunshine. What must have been the misery of half the globe, if I had limited the clouds to particular regions or confined the sun to either side of the equator?"

A very remarkable change of the intellectual faculties sometimes occurs, as exhibited in the manifestation of a power before entirely dormant. Two extraordinary cases of this description were related to us, one of which was that of an improvisatore, the other of an improvisatrice, both of whom exhibited decided talent in rhyming; and what was particularly remarkable was the fact, that during the continuance of their disease almost all their conversation was carried on in verse. Before and after their illness—for they both ultimately recovered—they had not the power of extemporizing rhymes, and its existence was to them, after the accomplishment of the cure, as amazing and strange as to those who witnessed its exhibition. It is not unfrequently the case that poetical talent is much more active during the period of insanity, the increased excitement of the nervous system seeming to call it forth.*

Among the amusements allowed the patients in this Asylum, not the least interesting and beneficial in their effects are the concerts which are occasionally given in the reception parlors. The insane are very susceptible to the influence of music, and even those who are excitable or noisy will frequently listen quietly to a song or a performance on the piano. The invitations to the concert are given out several hours before the time appointed, for all the arrangements are conducted with the formality of a public exhibition. When it is known that a concert is to take place, the greatest bustle and hurry ensues among the invited company; and from the attention which they give to their toilet, it would appear that the

* This is exemplified by the case of Christopher Smart, an English poet, who, while imprisoned in a lunatic asylum, wrote his magnificent "Song of David," on which his fame almost wholly depends.

Beau Brummels are not to be found in the society of princes and nobles alone. They vie with each other in their deportment, which is marked by extreme courtesy and respect. The evening is passed with additional pleasure when the musical programme is varied by the performance of a Virginia reel, a cotillion or waltz. There are two pianos furnished for their use, at one of which a female patient was practicing at the time of our visit.

Our impressions were very favorable in regard to the general treatment pursued, the kindness of the attendants, and we were not a little astonished at the liberty enjoyed by the inmates. There is perhaps no large asylum in the world in which there is so much freedom from restraint as is to be found on Blackwell's Island. An impartial description, however, requires a notice of the defects as well as of the excellences of the Institution. The principal are its overcrowded state, and a want of sufficient land for agricultural and horticultural purposes. All physicians who have made the subject of insanity a specialty, concur in the opinion that farm labor is not only of great service as a remedial measure in the restoration of the reason, but that it is in many cases absolutely indispensable. There are but few of the insane who refuse to work, and many who are apt to complain of want of occupation. One of the greatest arguments that can be urged in favor of the employment of the insane is, that it relieves the mind from the hallucinations which are generally fostered by a state of idleness. While engaged at work their delusions and fancied wrongs are forgotten for the time being, and much is thus effected in the removal of one of the most prominent causes of the disease. In addition to this, the system is strengthened by manual labor, and the superabundance of *vis nervosa* is expended on the muscles instead of on the brain. It is only necessary to state, as a proof of the beneficial consequences resulting from this treatment, that it has in numerous instances been attended with the complete restoration of all the mental faculties. When the overcrowded state of the Asylum on Blackwell's Island is considered, it is surprising that the Governors of the Alms-house have not taken the necessary steps to procure a farm near the city, on which the male patients could be employed. The present condition of the building, which contains one hundred and fifty more patients than any similar institution in the country, proves the necessity for this. Insanity is rapidly on the increase, and ere long the city of New York will require as extensive accommodations for this afflicted class of the community as are afforded by the two celebrated institutions for the insane in France, the Salpétrière and the Bicêtre, the former for females and the latter for males.

The actual existence of a village of lunatics has for many years afforded convincing proof of the benefits of farm labor. The manner in which this institution was founded possesses more than ordinary interest even for those who are not in any way concerned in the treatment of the insane. The first attempt ever made to change the harsh, and sometimes cruel treatment to which lunatics were subjected was in the year 1792, during the French Revolution. M. Pinel, who was physician to the lunatic asylum in Paris known as the Bicêtre, removed the chains from a great number of its inmates. The result which attended his first efforts proved the truth of the views he had entertained as to the efficiency of kindness in the treatment of the insane. He was also convinced that insanity proceeded from nearly the same causes as other diseases. The popular opinion that it was produced by spiritual agencies, was at once rejected by him, as well as the equally absurd belief that the moon was possessed of power to induce it. The name "lunacy," which arose from this foolish notion, is therefore wholly inappropriate.

It is impossible to form a just idea of the great reform produced by Pinel in this department of medical science, except by a comparison of the former condition of the insane with the treatment which at present prevails in lunatic asylums. The frightful prison of the Bicêtre furnishes the best evidence of the great change which has been effected in this particular, though it is doubtful whether it was worse than the great English asylum so well known by the singular title of "Bedlam." In the Bicêtre the general practice was to load the patients with heavy chains, which remained on during their whole lifetime, and to immure them in dark, unwarmed, unventilated cells. In the year 1792, Pinel, after having frequently urged the French government to allow him to unchain the maniacs at the Bicêtre in vain, went himself to the authorities, and with much earnestness and warmth advocated the removal of this monstrous abuse. Couthon, a member of the Commune, yielded to Pinel's arguments, and agreed to meet him at the Bicêtre. On his arrival, he interrogated those who were chained, but the abuse he received, and the confused sounds, cries, and vociferations, the clanking of chains, and the filthy, damp cells in which they were lodged, at the same time that it shocked his feelings, made him recoil from Pinel's benevolent proposition to release them.

"You may do what you will with them, however," said he, "but I fear you will become their victim." With this permission Pinel instantly commenced his undertaking. There were about fifty who he considered might, without danger to the others, be unchained; and he began by releasing twelve, with the sole precaution of having previously prepared the same number of strait waistcoats, with long sleeves, which could be tied behind the back if necessary. The first man on whom the experiment was to be tried was an English captain, whose history no one knew, as he had been in chains forty years. He was thought to be one of the most furious among them, and his keepers approached him with caution, as he had in a fit of fury killed one of them upon the spot with a blow of his manacles. He was chained more rigorously than any of the others. Pinel

entered his cell unattended, and calmly said to him,

"Captain, I will order your chains to be taken off, and give you liberty to walk in the court, if you will promise me to behave well, and injure no one."

"Yes, I promise you," said the maniac; "but you are laughing at me—you are all too much afraid of me."

"I have six men," Pinel answered, "ready to enforce my commands, if necessary. Believe me, then, on my word, I will give you your liberty if you will put on this waistcoat."

He submitted to this willingly, without a word; his chains were removed, and the keepers retired, leaving the door of his cell open. He raised himself many times from the seat, but fell back again, for he had been in a sitting posture so long that he had for the time lost the use of his legs. In a quarter of an hour, however, he succeeded in maintaining his balance, and with tottering steps came to the door of his miserable abode. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, "How beautiful!" During the rest of the day he was constantly in motion, walking up and down the staircases, and uttering exclamations of delight. In the evening he retired of his own accord to his cell, where a better bed than he had been accustomed to was prepared for him, and he slept tranquilly. During the two succeeding years which he spent at the Bicêtre he had no return of his previous paroxysms, but even rendered himself useful, by exercising a kind of authority over the insane patients, whom he ruled after his own fashion.

The earliest account we have of madhouses is in the twelfth century. At this time there was one at Bagdad, called "*Dar al Maraphtan*," which literally means the abode of those who require to be chained. The oldest asylum in England is the noted Bedlam, which was first occupied by the insane in 1547, it having been used three hundred years previously as a monastery. Since that time it has been twice rebuilt. Many of the asylums now in use in Europe were at first erected for churches or monasteries, but the reforms which have since taken place in the treatment of the insane, have led to corresponding changes in the structure of the buildings. In our own country there are at present about forty asylums for the insane, the majority of which are in the Northern States. In all of these institutions the treatment is of the most humane and successful character. The large number of cures which have been produced by the form of treatment at present pursued by the respective superintendents constitute a much greater percentage on the admissions than is generally supposed, ranging from thirty to sixty, as the cases may be of recent or of longer duration. The number of patients admitted to the Asylum on Blackwell's Island during the last seven years was 3160, of which 2381 were foreigners, and 779 natives. The whole institution is under the care of Dr. M. H. Ranney, whose treatment of the insane has been attended with the most marked success.

FAITHFUL MARGARET.

THE moonlight was lying broad and calm on the mountains and the lake, silvering the fir trees massed against the sky, and quivering through the leaves of the birch and the ash, as they trembled in the light air which could not move the heavy horse-chestnut growing by them. The call of the corncraik from the meadow, and the far-off barking of a sheep-dog on the fells, were the only sounds that broke through the evening stillness; except whenever now and then the plash of oars in the lake, and the subdued voices of men and women gliding by, recalled to the listeners standing on the balcony, that other hearts were worshiping with them before the holy shrine of nature.

They had been on the balcony for a long time, looking out on the scene before them; Horace resting against the pillar, and Margaret standing near him. A curtain of creeping plants hung far down, and their leaves threw Horace into deep shadow; but the moonlight fell full and bright over the woman by his side; yet not to show any thing that art or fancy could call lovely. A grave and careworn face, with nothing but a pair of dark eyes lying beneath the shadow of a broad brow, and a mass of raven hair resting heavy on her cheek, to redeem it from absolute ugliness; a tall lean figure, not even graceful in its movements, nor fine in its proportions; and hands with fingers so long and thin they were almost transparent—ill-formed, and ungainly too; a mode of dress that was not picturesque, and most certainly was not fashionable, scanty, black, and untrimmed—all this made up an exterior which the most facile admiration could not admire. And few in the passing world care to discover the spiritual beauty which an outward form of unloveliness may hide.

No, Margaret stood in the moonlight by the side of an artist of high poetic temperament—a man who lived in the sunniest places of human happiness—a woman shut out from all the beauty of life; a woman who had never been fair, and who was now no longer young, to whom hope and love are impossible; the handmaid only to another's happiness, mistress of none herself. Was she thinking of the difference between herself and the stars as she looked at them shedding light on the black rocks and the barren fells? Was she measuring the distance between her and her fate, her desires and her possessions, as she watched the waves striving to reach the soft cool moss upon the bank, to be thrust back by shingles and the stones? Or was she dreaming of a possible future, when the rocks should be beautiful with flowers, and the fells golden with furze, and when the waves would have passed that rough bar, and have crept peacefully to the foot of the mossy bank? Was she dreaming of happiness, or was she learning to suffer? Narrowing her heaven to within the compass of the earth, or losing earth in the heaven of nobleness and sacrifice? Who could tell? Thoughts are but poorly interpreted by eyes, and a sigh gives no more than the indication of a feeling.

"Let us go on the lake, Margaret, and take

Ada with us," said Horace, suddenly rousing himself from his reverie, and leaving the shadow in which he had been standing.

"Yes," said Margaret, in a low voice, and with the start of one awakened out of a sleep in which she had been dreaming pleasantly. "Ada will enjoy that!"

She turned her face to the window where Ada sat, poring over a book of pictures by the lamplight, her little head hidden under its weight of ringlets, like an apple-blossom spray bent down with flowers.

"Child, will you come to Lily Island with Horace and me?" she said, caressingly. "Your vase is empty, and the old enchanters used to say that flowers should be gathered when the moonlight is upon them, if they were to have any spell. And you know you said you wished to enchant Horace. Will you come?"

She smiled and held out her hand caressingly.

The girl flung her book on the floor with a little cry of pleasure. "Oh, that will be delightful!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "It was so stupid, Margaret, in here all alone, with nothing but those wearisome old pictures that I have seen hundreds of times before. I was wondering when you and Horace would be tired of talking philosophy together, for you are always wandering away among minds and stars—far out of my depth." Which, perhaps, would not have been difficult to any one who could wade deeper than the horn-book.

All the time Ada was chattering thus, she was gathering up from the sofa her gloves, shawl, and bonnet; losing vast quantities of time in searching behind the pillars for her shawl pin, which she did not find after all. For the sofa was Ada's toilet-table and unfathomable well generally, serving various kinds of duties. "We will go, Margaret," she continued, running through the room on to the balcony, her shawl thrown on to her shoulders awry, and holding her straw bonnet by its long blue strings. "Remember, I am to crown you like a naiad, and Horace is to be your triton. Are those words pronounced properly, Horry?" And she put her arms round the artist as a child might have done, and looked into his face prettily.

"You are to do just as you like, fairy Ada," said Horace, fondly, patting her round cheek. "You are too childish to contradict, and not wise enough to convince; so you must even be indulged for weakness' sake if not for love." This was to correct his flattery.

But it was not flattery after all; for she was like a fairy, hanging round him and caressing him so childishly; her little feet falling without echo as they glanced restlessly from beneath her wide flounces, and her yellow hair hanging down like golden strands. She was like one of those flowers in fairy books from whose heart flows out an elfin queen; like a poet's vision of a laughing nymph; a wandering peri masked for a while in human features; like a dewdrop sparkling in the sun; a being made up of light, and love, and laughter; so beautiful and innocent that the coldest cynic must have praised, the sternest stoic must have loved.

"What a child! What a lovely child!" said Horace, half to himself, turning from her and yet still holding her hand against his shoulder. "You are repaid now, Margaret," he added, tenderly, "for your long years of thought and care. Your life is blessed indeed; far more so than many which have more the appearance of fulfillment."

"Yes," said Margaret," raising her dark eyes full into his. "My life is very, very happy now, Horace. Nothing is wanting to it, nothing. A home, a child, a friend; what could I ask of fate that I have not got?"

He looked at her affectionately. "Good, unselfish Margaret!" he said. Boon and blessing to your whole world! Without you, at least two lives would be incomplete—your sister's and mine. We should be desolate wayfarers, without a guide and without a light, if you were not here. I can not say that you are needful to us, Margaret: you are much more than needful."

A smile of infinite happiness wandered over Margaret's face as she repeated softly, "Am I then needful to you, Horace?" and her eyes lighted up with such love and fervor, that for a moment she was as absolute in youth and beauty as little Ada herself. Even Horace looked at her again, as at a face he did not know; but the smile and the glance faded away as they had come, and the gloom of physical unloveliness clouded over her face thick and dark as ever.

"Margaret is very good; she is true and noble; but she is fearfully plain!" Horace thought to himself. "My father, who was so fond of beauty, would have said she was sinfully ugly. What a pity, with such a fine nature!" And he looked from her to Ada.

Ada was all impatience to set off; and Margaret must go in for her shawl and bonnet without a moment's delay. Smiling at her little sister's impetuous sovereignty, Margaret went into the house, like a patient mother with a favorite child; shaking her head, though, as she passed the little one, standing there in her woman's beauty and her child's artlessness; and saying, "You are spoilt, my darling," conveyed by look and accent, "I love you better than my own life," instead.

"Come to me, Ada," said Horace, as Margaret went into the house. "Your hair is all in disorder. Careless child! at seventeen you ought still to have a nurse."

"Now leave me alone, Horace, and never mind my hair," said Ada, escaping from him to the other end of the balcony. "You never see me without finding fault with my hair; and I am sure it is not so bad. What is the matter with it!" She shook it all over her face, and took up the ringlets one by one, to examine them; pouting a little, but very lovely still.

Horace was not to be coaxed nor frightened. He caught her in her retreat, and drew her to him, giving her a lecture on neatness that was rather against his instincts. But no matter; it served its purpose. Part of those yellow ringlets had

been caught among the blue cornflowers under the bonnet she had perched on the top of her head, and part had been folded in with her awkward shawl. They were all in a terrible condition of ruffle; and Horace made her stand there before him like a child, while he smoothed them back deftly enough, scolding her all the time, but very tenderly. Then, impelled by a sudden impulse, that seemed to overmaster him, he bent down close to her, and whispered something in her ear, so low that the very swallows sleeping under the eaves could not have dreamed they heard its echo; and when he ended he said, "Do you, Ada?" as if his very soul and all his hopes had been centered in her answer.

"Yes—no—ask Margaret," cried Ada, struggling herself free; and then she added with a ringing laugh, "Oh, it is only a jest. You are not serious, Horace?" rushing almost into Margaret's arms as she stepped through the open window.

"What is it all about?" asked Margaret, looking from Ada with her burning cheeks, to Horace, pale and agitated. "Have you been quarreling ever since I left you?"

Neither spoke for a moment; and at last, Horace said with a visible effort: "I will speak to you alone of this, Margaret. You alone can decide it;" grasping her hand warmly.

They went down the balcony steps, through the garden, and then through the shrubbery of rhododendrons and azalias, and then through the little wicket gate that opened upon the shingly bay, where the May Fly lay moored in Ada's harbor—just under the shadow of the purple beech. Ada sprang into the little skiff first, as usual, insisting on steering; an art about which she knew as much and attended to as carefully as if a problem of Euclid had been before her. But she was generally allowed to have her own way; and they pushed out of the harbor, Ada at the helm, murmuring a love-song about a Highland Jeanie tried and true—"chanting to the nixies," Horace said—as she bent over the gunwale and looked into the water. Margaret's face was turned upward, and Horace—his fine head almost idealized in this gentle light—sat gazing at the two sisters, while the tender moon flowed over all; flooding Ada's golden curls with a light as gay as laughter, and losing itself in the thick braids of Margaret's hair, like life absorbed in death.

"Ada means to shipwreck us," cried Horace suddenly, avoiding Dead Man's Rock only by a skillful turning of the oar, as the Venetian boatmen had taught him.

Margaret caught the tiller-string and drew it home, and the little boat glanced off, just grazing her keel as she scudded over the furthest point of the sunken rock.

"Ada, child, are your thoughts so far from earth that you can not see Death when he stands in the way? What were you thinking of, love, when you nearly gave a plural to Dead Man's Rock?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. But do you take the helm, Mar," Ada exclaimed, half in tears. "I am not steady enough to guide myself; still less, others!" And she almost cried, which was a common manifestation of feeling with her, and looked so distressed that Margaret took her face between her hands and kissed her forehead for comfort.

"Don't be downcast, my child," she said gently; "we all make mistakes sometimes, and seldom any so venial as all-but running the May Fly on the rocks. Go and comfort Horace, and ask him if he sprained his wrist in that strange Venetian manœuvre of his. I am sure you have been quarreling on the balcony, Ada—you look so shy of him!" And she laughed pleasantly.

"Oh, no—no!" cried Ada, trying to look indifferent, but unsuccessfully. Then, with a sudden shake of her head, as if shaking it clear of fancies, she ran over the thwarts and sat down by Horace frankly; but terribly in his way for the sweep of an oar. She leaned on his shoulder and played with his hair, in her old familiar manner; asking him "if he were cross yet?—what made him so grave?"

"Not cross at any time with you," he said, bending his head to her hands. "Sometimes thoughtful—and about you."

His grave voice made Ada pause. "Are you unhappy?" she said; and her hand stole gently to his forehead.

"No. I am very happy at this moment," he said. "At the worst of times only in doubt." He looked at Margaret as he spoke wistfully.

"In doubt of what, Horace?" she asked.

"Whether sisterly affection might ever take a dearer name; or whether a niche might be reserved for me in the temple of a beloved life."

The boat was floating through the water-lilies as he spoke. They touched the shore of the island.

"Now sermonize together!" cried Ada, springing on shore and rushing away into the wood. She was going to look for mosses, she said, and ferns for the rockwork in her garden; for Horace and Margaret were best alone.

A rustic bench or chair had been placed in the green knoll just above the landing-place, and there Horace and Margaret seated themselves; watching the stars in the lake, and waiting until their darling should return to them again.

"Your life has been an anxious one for many years, Margaret," said Horace, after another of their long intervals of silence had fallen like a dark cloud over them. He was agitated; for his voice trembled, though his face was hidden by his slouched hat, and Margaret could not see it.

"Yes," she answered quietly; "since my dear father's death, when Ada was left to my care—I so young and she a mere infant—I have had many hours of care and anxious thought. But I have come out into the calm and sunshine now. My darling has grown up all that the tenderest mother could demand for her child; and I am more than repaid by the beauty of the nature which perhaps I helped to form, by the power of my own love and the sacrifice of my whole life."

"Ah, Margaret!" cried Horace, warmly—

"queen in soul as well as in name; queen of all womanly virtues and of all heroic powers, my heart swells with gratitude and love when I think of all that you have been to Ada; of how you have fed her life with your own, and emptied your cup of happiness into her's. Dear Margaret!—friend more than sister—what do we not owe you of boundless love, of infinite return!"

Margaret did not speak. Her heart was beating loud and fast, and her eyes, heavy with joy, were bent on the ground. But the lashes and the black brows were portals which suffered no meaning to pass beyond them; and Horace did not read the revelation written in those eyes, which else might have arrested, if it had not changed, the future.

"And now, Margaret," continued Horace, "you know how dear you are to me. You know that your happiness will be my chief care, and to honor and cherish you my joy as well as my duty." Margaret's thin hands closed convulsively on each other; she bent nearer to him unconsciously—her head almost on his shoulder. "You know how much I have loved you and our fairy child there, and how this love has gradually closed round the very roots of my heart, till now I can scarcely distinguish it from my life, and would not esteem my life without it. Tell me, Margaret, you consent to my prayer. That you consent to deliver up to my keeping your very heart and soul, the treasure of your love and the passion of your life. Will you make me so blessed, Margaret—dearest Margaret!"

She turned her eyes upon him, dark with love, and moist and glad. Her arms opened to receive him and to press him close upon her heart; and her lips trembled as she breathed softly, "Yes, Horace, yes, I will give you all."

"Dearest!—best! he cried. "Friend, sister, beloved Margaret! how can I thank you for your trust in me—how reward your gift? Ada!—my Ada!" and his voice rang through the island, the little one coming at its call. "Here, to me, child adored!" he continued, snatching her to him; "here to your home; to your husband's heart, first thanking your more than mother there for the future, which, my love, infinite as Heaven, shall make one long day of joy and happiness to you. Thank her, Ada—thank her! for she has given me more than her own life."

"Horace!" groaned Margaret, covering her face with her hands. "This is a pain too great; a sacrifice too hard. My heart will break. God, do Thou aid me!"

The passionate agony of that voice checked even Horace in his joy. It was too grieving, too despairing, to be heard unmoved. The man's eyes filled up with tears, and his lip quivered. "Poor Margaret!" he said to himself, "how she loves her sister. I have asked too much of her. Yet she shall not lose her."

"No, Margaret," whispered Ada, crying bitterly, one hand on her lover's shoulder and the other round her sister's waist, "it shall be no pain, no sacrifice. Will you not still love me, and shall I not always love you and be near you? Horace will not separate us."

A shudder ran through Margaret. This blindness and unconscious egotism shocked and chilled her. A moment more, and the pain was pressed back with a strong hand: the sacrifice was accepted with a firm heart. She raised her head and looked up, saying, "God be with you, dear ones, now and ever!" as she joined their hands, tears slowly filling her dark eyes, and falling hot and heavy over her face.

Nothing could be done without Margaret. Every inch of the way, to the steps of the altar, she must walk hand in hand with Ada, the little one never dreaming of the fiery ordeal her love and childish weakness caused that suffering spirit to endure. And even when she had descended the altar-steps by the side now of another guide, Margaret was still her support, and her counsel the favorite rule of her conduct. The loving gentle child!—frightened somewhat at the new duties she had undertaken, and feeling that she could not fulfill them without Margaret's help: believing that she could not even please Horace unless Margaret taught her how. When her sister remonstrated with her, and endeavored to give her confidence in herself, and told her that she must act more independently now, and not look for advice in every small affair, but study to win her husband's respect as well as to preserve his love, Ada's only answer was a weary sigh, or a flood of tears, and a sobbing complaint that "Margaret no longer loved her, and if she had known it would have changed her so she would never have married—never!"

What could the sister do? What only great hearts can do—pity; be patient, and learn from sorrow the nobleness not always taught by happiness. Ada was too young for her duties; and Margaret knew this, and had said so; daring to be so brave to her own heart, and to rely so wholly on her truth and singleness of purpose, as to urge on Horace her doubts respecting this marriage, telling him she feared that its weight would crush rather than ennoble the tender child, and advising him to wait, and try to strengthen, before he tried, her. Advice not much regarded, how much soever it might be repented of hereafter that it had not been more respected, but falling, as all such counsels generally do fall, on ears too fast closed by love to receive it. All that Margaret could do was to remain near them, and help her sister to support the burden of her existence; drinking daily draughts of agony no one dreamed of, yet never once rejecting the cup as too bitter or too full. She acted out her life's tragedy bravely to the last, and was more heroic in that small domestic circle than many a martyr dying publicly before men, rewarded by the knowledge that his death helped forward Truth. With Margaret there was no excitement, no reward, save what suffering gives in nobleness and worth.

Horace fell in with this kind of life naturally enough. It was so pleasant to have Margaret always with them—to appeal to her strong sense

and ready wit when he was in any doubt himself, and to trust Ada to her care—that he now asked whether it were not rather a divided life he was leading, and whether, between his wife and sister, it was not the last who held the highest place? This is scarcely what one looks for in a perfect marriage. It was Margaret who was his companion, his intellectual comrade; while Ada played with the baby or botched kettle-holders and urnstands; and they were Margaret's thoughts which he sketched on the canvas, Ada standing model for the heads and hands.

It was Margaret too who taught the children when they were old enough to learn, and who calmed down their little storms, and nursed them when they were ill. Ada only romped with them, laughed with them, let down her hair for their baby hands to ruffle into a mesh of tiny ringlets, kissed them as they rushed past, or stood terrified and weeping by the cot where they lay sick and sad in illness. But the real discipline and the real work of life she never helped on. When the eldest child died it was Margaret who watched by his pillow the whole of that fearful illness: it was Margaret who bathed his fevered temples, placed the leeches on his side, and dressed that red and angry sore: it was Margaret who raised his dying head, and laid him quietly to rest in the narrow coffin forever: it was Margaret, worn and weak with watching as she was, who consoled Horace and soothed Ada's tears to a sobbing sleep; who ordered the details of the funeral, and saw that they were properly performed. All steadily and strongly done, although that pretty boy had been her godson and her favorite, had slept in her arms from the first hour of his birth, and had learnt every childish lesson from her lips. And it was only at night, when the day's work was done and all others had been comforted, that Margaret suffered herself to sit down with her grief, and give vent to the sorrows she had to strengthen in action.

And when that debt, for which Horace had been bound, became due; the friend to whom he had lent his name failing him, and the lawyers sent bailiffs into the house, it was Margaret who calmed the frightened servants; who restored Ada, fainting with terror, and who arranged the means of escape from this embarrassment, by giving up her own property; every farthing she possessed barely covering the claim. A sacrifice Horace was forced at last to accept, after much delay and much anguish of mind, not seeing his way clearer out of the strait, and unwilling, for Ada's sake, delicate as she was just now, to brave the horrors of an arrest. So Margaret, who had always been the giver and the patroness, had her world reduced to dependence; of itself a sore trial to a strong will.

In every circumstance of life it was the same. She was the good angel of the household, without whom all would have been loose and disjointed; to whom love gave the power of consolation, and suffering the might of strengthening. Yet Horace and Ada lived on sightless and unperceiving; satisfied to taste life—enjoying that gentle epicurean thankfulness which accepts all blessings lovingly but without question, and never traces the stream which waters its garden to its source near the heavens.

Ada's summons had sounded; her innocent and loving life was sentenced to its end. Useless on earth, but asked for in heaven, she must die, that she may be at peace. And it was in mercy that she was taken away; for age and care were not made for her. They would have made life more tiresome than she could support. But this last little blossom, although it looked so fragile, broke down the slight twig on which it flowered, and the young mother and her baby passed to heaven together. The light had faded away and the shadow fell softly in its place.

What had passed from Horace? A child; a sunny landscape; a merry laugh; a tamed woodbird; something very lovely but not necessary; something loved more than himself, and yet not his true self. With Ada, all the beauty and the joy of his life had gone; but the spirit remained. Not a thought hung tangled in his brain for want of a clearer mind to unravel it: not a noble impulse fell dead for want of a strong hand to help it forward. What he was with Ada he was without her; in all save pleasure. She had been the delight of his life, not its inspiration. It was beauty, not nobleness, that she had taken with her: love, not strength. It made even him—unreflecting artist, man of impulse as he was, stand by that grave-side wondering. He knew how much he loved her. He knew his whole heart and soul had been centred on her and her alone; but he almost shuddered to find that one part of his being had been uninfluenced by her, and that his mind was not wrecked in the ruin of his heart.

Ada's death made Margaret's path yet more difficult. Of course she was to remain with Horace. He could not understand existence without her; and the world would not be ill-natured to a wife's sister; so unlovely and so ancient in her spinsterhood. Not even the most suspicious prudery could imagine a love that had been given to the fairy Ada, that darling child of Nature, transferred to the tall thin figure clothed in the scant black dress, with even the once magnificent tresses turning sadly from their purer beauty, and silvered now with white hairs. No, she might remain there safe enough, the poor Margaret! Who cared to know that she had loved with that one deep powerful love of a neglected heart; that she had bound herself to a daily cross when she accepted agonies without name and without term, that she suffered and was still? Who cared to praise her strength or to honor her heroism? Not even they for whom she had suffered. The sacrifice had been accepted; but not even a garland had been prepared for the victim. Without pity and without praise for her own deed, she must be contented without reward.

Time went on; and, excepting that Horace was graver and more watchful of his sister-in-law, with a certain indefinable tenderness at times, and then a rigid coldness that was almost like

displeasure at others, there was no change in him since his wife's death; neither in their position with each other, nor in Margaret's place in the household. For strong souls the ordeal of life never ends, and Margaret must pass through hers to the end.

On a certain soft, still summer's night, Horace and Margaret, for the first time for many months, went on the lake together, the little Ada, the eldest now of that fairy world, with them. They rowed about for some time in silence, the child saying to itself pretty hymns or nursery rhymes, muttering in a sweet low voice, like a small bell tinkling in the distance. They landed on the island where, years ago, they had landed with another Ada. The moonlight now, as then, filled the wide sky and rested over the whole valley; and, again, of all the things that stood in its light, Margaret was the only unlovely thing. But Horace had changed since then.

They sat down on the rustic bench, the child playing at their feet.

"Years ago we sat together, Margaret, on this same bench," said Horace, suddenly, "when I asked my destiny at your hands. I have often thought, of late, that I asked it amiss." He spoke rapidly, as if there was something he wished to say, and a weight he wished to thrust off his heart.

"Amiss, Horace? Was any life happier than yours? The sorrow that has darkened it was not a part of the destiny you asked from me."

"But now, now, Margaret," he cried impatiently.

"And now, Horace, you have a life of duty."

"Margaret, Margaret, give me your strength! This gray life of mine terrifies me. It is death I live in, not life."

"Learn strength, then, by your sorrow," she whispered. "Be content to suffer in the present for the gain and good of the future. Learn that life is striving, not happiness; that love means nobleness, not pleasure. When you have learnt this well enough to act it, you have extracted the elixir from the poison."

As she spoke, a heavy cloud wandering up from the east, passed over the moon, and threw them all into the shadow.

Margaret turned to Horace. "To-morrow, my dear brother," she said, smiling, "the shadow of the moonlight will have passed away, and we shall be in the full light of heaven. The present, Horace, with its darkness and its silence will lead us into a blessed future if we have but faith and hope in ourselves, and in each other. Let us go; I have long learnt to suffer; you are only beginning. Lean on me, then, and I will help you; for the task of self-denial and self-suppression is hard when learnt alone and in silence."

She held out her hand, clasped his, and carried it to her lips, affectionately and reverently, adding gently—"A sister's arm is a safe guide, Horace. Lean on it never so hardly; it will bear your weight, and will neither fail nor misdirect you."

"Sister," sobbed the artist, "blessed though that name may be, one must walk over the graves of hope and love to reach it; my feet refuse, Margaret—I can not!"

"We will walk together, Horace, and I will show you the graves which I have strewn before me. Come!"

THE KIND OF PREACHING THAT DOES GOOD TO THE POOR.

JAMES FIELDING was the son of a potter, and bred up to his father's trade. He married young—long before he could keep a wife—and with both his parents' consent, or rather with their forgiveness, as they could not help themselves. For, as they said, it war very nat'ral, an' he might ha' done worse: 'twar, to be sure, the first time, an' belike he wouldn't do it agen. And so they cordially shook hands with him, and pledged the pretty bride in a flagon of old Burton, and were both present at the first child's christening. But the cholera came soon afterward, and took off the old man and his wife. This was the opening-scene of James Fielding's sufferings—want—pestilence—and death. His wife and himself were soon afterward both seized with the disorder, and, though they recovered slowly, it was only to find their father and mother, and first-born child, removed from their once comfortable home to the churchyard, and they themselves with feeble bodies and accumulated debts, which had run on wildly during sickness. First, James was put into jail for the doctor's bill, and then the landlord distrained for rent, and turned them on the world; and so they were ruined.

To be in prison, never serves a man; he gets a habit of shifting and shuffling, and leaning, and talking, and idling; he has the short hand-in-the-pocket walk, and the hang-down look of a jail companion; he is never a man again. James Fielding came out of Stafford jail a changed character: more clever and less capable of work—daintier, but not so refined—prouder, but not more honorable; the edge was taken from the mind and given to the appetites; nevertheless, he was a fond father, for he shortly became one again, and a loving husband to a wife who doated on him. But a thoroughly fallen man seldom rights himself, and bankruptcy is a break-up for life in the constitution of successful industry. James Fielding labored, but his toil was thriftless; he found friends, but, one way or other, he let in every body who had any thing to do with him. By degrees, he got, as was natural, a very bad character, and, as is generally the case under such circumstances, without altogether deserving it. He was an unfortunate, but not an evil man; and we all know how falling bodies quicken in their descent.

Still, he was a man born to suffer, and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Men of all countries, stations, and fortunes, labor—from the serf to the lord—and Fielding's destiny was only that of his sex. But the gentle, pretty girl, whom he had taken from her father's home to comfort and cherish, to keep his fireside clean, and to nurse his little ones around him—her lot

was not cast by God for labor, for toil and moil, and anguish; yet who can tell what arrows of grief pierced that woman's heart during her twelve years apprenticeship to wifehood! Who shall describe the unwomanly miseries, alas, too common in England! of her daily shifts and struggles, her pigmy gaunt looks, her thread-bare clothes insufficient to protect her from the winter weather, her hard day-labor, her sharp endurance of her children's hunger, and forgetfulness of her own: her long, sad catalogue of distresses, compared with which the pains of childbirth, and even the death of the child at the breast, are nothing, being feminine sufferings.

This poor woe-begone mother stood before good curate Godfrey, one of a noiseless wayfaring body of Christian men who make little stir beyond their own parish, but are there constantly felt and heard of; the true disciples of the Father of the poor, the world's first teacher of quiet charity.

"He be goin' fast, indeed he be," said Mary Fielding, speaking of the potter, who had been down some weeks in a low fever. "'Tis hard to lose the father of one's child'en. I could ha' borne any stroke but thisn. Every where is a churchyard now—the life is dug out o' me."

"Do not murmur, but think of the past. I remember christening some of those children, when he and you were full of health and joy. In this journey of life, Mary, there is no hill without its hollow. Your neighbor Susan Jackson will not have to mourn the loss of a husband, for she has never known the love and protection of one; and when she goes, she will not leave orphans to grieve for her. But, for all that, Susan is very lonely and destitute, and says nobody cares for her."

"Mayhap; but Susan Jackson can't be sorry for what she never had; and poor folk didn't ought to be fanciful. 'Tis me, sir, partin' wi' my husband, that should fret."

"But you should remember, Mary, that when James and you were married, it was on the condition you were to part one day. We must not forget the ninety-nine favors because the hundredth is not granted. The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away."

"Oh, sir, 'tis beautiful to hear ye talk; you alway say summut so comfortin', feelin', an' sensible like. One is ashamed to grumble afore you, 'tis so selfish and ill-natured."

"But how are the little ones, Mary?"

"I can't say much for 'em, sir—they be but poorly."

"They have had some food to-day, I hope?"

"'Tis early yet, sir." It was past mid-day. "But indeed they hante well."

"Did they eat any thing last night before lying down?"

"Baby had a sup o' gruel out o' James's cup, but Billy an' Jacky, an' the t'other ent had nothing."

"And you?"

"Oh, sir, God be praised, I am used to it. Ten years is a long 'prentisage. 'Tis surprisin' how the famine feeds itself. An' then, the children's cries, an' him a dyin', drives the thought away from me. I ant got the hard stomach o' hunger, sir; 'tis unfeelin' in a mother."

No wonder she did not feel the gnawings of want; she had passed her being into other existences; she had lost her identity in the wife and the mother.

"Well, well, we must do something for the children, Mary."

"Oh, sir, I did na come for that. What I wants is work. You ha' comed atween us an' death many's a time. But indeed, what I am here for, is, afore Jeames goes I wish he could see you, sir, an' talk wi' you a bit. His mind be strange an' uncomfortable like, about religion."

"I thought him a believer, Mary."

"Mayhap he be; but men tell their wives what, if they could, they would hide from God, an' I ha' heerd him say awful things; he war always so courageous like. Howsomdever, his hour be come, an' he ha' losed his darin, an' believes jist like a child. I thought if he could on'y see you, sir."

Mr. Godfrey rang the bell. An aged, but notable servant woman came.

"Martha, bring Mrs. Fielding a little warm bread and milk."

"Oh, no, no, sir! 'Tis only my way, what you see in my face; I war alway' palish like—leastways this many a day."

Martha, who had promptly obeyed her master, returned in a few minutes with a basin.

"There, take that gently, Mary; it will warm you."

"Will you forgive me, sir? Indeed I can not. It 'ud choke me. The child'en—the poor hungry child'en, sir!"

"They shall be thought of." Mr. Godfrey left the room, returning shortly after with his long surtout buttoned closely up, and a small parcel in his hand.

"This contains a loaf, Mary—and something else—you know what to do with it. Let me have the ticket when I call, which will be in the course of the evening. Leave me now."

The comforted mother looked on Heaven's minister and then up to heaven, and passed noiselessly through the small door, with faith, hope, and maternal love—the three strongest pulses of the heart—to support her. She had had the only full and perfect lesson of religion—charity. But she did not know, until she got to the pawnshop, that the poor curate had taken his only waistcoat from his back to feed her children. Then, indeed, the tide of religion came strong upon her. So true it is, that one act of kindness is worth a volume of sermons in converting people. The curate's vest was a baptismal robe to the unregenerated spirit of Mary Fielding, the freethinking potter's wife.

It was on an evening in the middle of June that Mr. Godfrey passed along to the potter's cottage. There had been some smart refreshing showers during the day, and the grass was healthily green, and the flowers were vigorous and balmy, and here and there was the restless un-

easy chirp, in the tree or hedge, of the young bird in its nest. The sheep were settling down for the night in the meadows; and the cows, after milking, were scattered over the distant pasturages. At intervals there was an unyoked horse exulting in abundance and freedom. The poor saluted Mr. Godfrey as he passed, and the rich cordially greeted him, for he was universally beloved.

"All God's works are beautiful and happy," said he to himself, as he wound among the green lanes, and gazed upon the broad benignant sky. "Man alone makes the world miserable. I can not think the design of Providence was to make the chief of a joyous creation wretched; there must be some key to human felicity. The departing sun shines on these dingy cottages, and the few straggling flowers bloom cheerfully, and cast their sweetness abroad on the air. Outside is God's work; within, is man's."

And the curate entered the cabin of James Fielding, the potter.

There had evidently been preparations to receive him. The clay floor was newly sprinkled and swept, and the few articles of crockery and china, nearly all misshapen, or otherwise defective, were as clean as the pebbles in a river. The children's faces, hands, and feet—for they had no shoes—were all fresh from the washing-basin, and their hair was sleekly combed across their foreheads. There was evident poverty, but an equally evident wish to conceal it. Not a vestige of furniture or ornament was in the room, beyond the few articles of earthenware mentioned; all the rest, to the three-legged stool for the baby, had either been sold or burned for fuel. There were three or four hassocks of hay for seats, but these too had been preyed on for fuel, and ran out at the sides; and there were some layers of chipped, dried-up straw, as a bed, in the corner. On this was stretched the dying man. The eldest boy ran to borrow a chair as Mr. Godfrey entered, and the thrifty housewife had just drawn the old rags from the three lower panes of the glassless and only window in the hovel, to let the sun and air in. This was the abode of an Englishman in the heart of England.

The patient had been propped up somewhat on his straw, and a neighbor had shaved him and lent him a shirt, which, though old, was clean. So, what with well-washed skin and combed hair, and a cup of refreshing tea, he was prepared to receive the curate's visit in something of a decent and Christian manner. One of the boys was in, or rather on, the bed—for there was no covering—from sheer nakedness. He partly nestled in the straw, and was partly concealed by the rags taken from the window; he was contented and happy, for he had had the blessing of a full meal: a rarity in the hut of the dying potter.

The curate took the chair borrowed for him, placed it by the bedside, and leaned toward the sick man.

"Well, James, how do you feel now?"

"Better, sir, thank you, but still weakly. God will bless you for what you ha' done. 'Tis mony a long day sin' I could prove my gratitude to any body."

"Never mind that. The Searcher of all hearts knows your intentions, James."

"Yes—true! But d'ye think God heeds a poor critter like me?"

"Undoubtedly. Our Father."

"Ah! Good—good. But I never found a true friend but Him and yourself, sir—they all forsook and misbelied me. I never was as bad as people made me; He knows that, and the children. One's hearth is a fair assize."

"True, a fond husband and a kind father can not be a very bad man. I never believed you ill-disposed, Fielding."

"No, bless thee for it, and *He* will bless thee. Ye ha' made me a Christian; the ways o' the world made me an infidel long ago. A man kindly treated, feels like a Christian, sir."

"But we must give up resentments now. I see by your countenance you will soon meet your God. Prepare, Fielding, for that great judgment."

"Yes, I know it will come soon, an' that ha' changed me. But, indeed, sir, I am aweary of the world. If it war not for her and the children, I had gone years back."

"The Christian religion always supposes poverty and suffering, James. Were all the world sinless and happy, the Atonement had been useless."

"I can well believe thisn o' thee, sir. If yer wer dumb an' blind, yer han' would preach; 'tis the on'y sarmint as goes home to a hungry man. Fine words be o' small account. But when a rich parson, or a bishop, or such, as never gives, an' never suffers, tells starvin poor fellows like me to bear their crosses, as the only road to heaven, it looks like humbug, sir. If heaven is to be won by poverty—sartintly nothing is so easy for 'em as to give all they ha' more than enow, to feed the hungry, an' comfort the afflicted."

"Ah, James, this is bad grace in a dying man. It is enough for every one to look to himself; to bear his own burden, and to know that in the midst of trial, and sorrow, and suffering, he can have recourse to One who knew them all on earth. This, surely, is fair comfort."

"It be, sir. 'Tis at the point I am at now, a man feels he must believe in some religion, an' there is none so nat'ral like as our own. A dyin' man is not a doubter. I wish I ha' been o' this way o' thinkin' long ago—'twould ha' made me content—an' a contented man is a regular man, an' a regular man is a toilsome man, an' a toilsome man is a thriving man; but when one begins in grumblin' one ends wi' sorrow. Mary dear, gi' me a drink. I feel faintish."

The curate took the teapot from the yearning and attentive wife's hand, and the fevered patient, from the broken spout held to his mouth, drained the vessel greedily, till the few leaves at the strainer whizzed with their dryness. As he drank, Godfrey had an opportunity of observing his countenance. "This man," said he to himself, "was formed for a lofty destiny, but with him ignorance has marred nature. When will man vindicate the

purposes of God to his fellows? When will England provide education for all her people?" As these thoughts passed rapidly through the pastor's mind, the sick man spoke with a fainter voice, but with renewed energy: "'The spirit war willing, but the flesh war weak.' Well, sir, I know I am a dyin'. I war never a coward, but I does fear death. 'Tis like a goin' over a common one don't know, on a dark night—there be none about you but sperits."

"Keep your eyes steadily on your guiding star, James. That light sufficeth."

"I believe, sir. O Lord, help my unbelief."

"Thank Heaven for those words," said the curate; "and now, Fielding, since you are in this good frame of mind, I must tell you one thing that will lighten your last moments. Old Mrs. Williams is getting too aged for the parish school, and as she is to retire on a small pension, I have secured the post for Mary. I know she will fill it well. This will keep the wolf from the door, and I will look to the little ones. So you see things are not so bad as you expected. You will leave those dear to you pretty middling off, and they will remain, under Providence, to be a blessing to themselves and to their country."

"Thank God, thank God! My soul is at peace now. She is provided for, and they, too. Read to me, sir, please; 'twill rouse me up—I feel drowsyish."

The curate opened his pocket Bible, and in a sweet low voice read from the fourteenth to the seventeenth of John. As he proceeded, the little boy peeped up from his straw, and sucked in the words. The sick man opened his stiffening lids from time to time, and murmured a prayer from unparted, motionless lips, which sounded strange and unearthly in the small chamber. The pale wife, with her infant daughter in her lap, wept silently; and the little boy, Jemmy, was seated on one of the worn-out hassocks, holding the candle, which was stuck in a bottle, for the good pastor, as he read. The other boy was gone of an errand for a neighbor. Night had set in, and a gentle breeze fanned the chamber through the open door and paneless window. People glided cautiously by, from time to time, urged by pity or curiosity.

After about an hour's stillness, the sick man stirred, then tried to sigh, but the groan died within him, and for a time he whispered; but nobody knew what he said. At length, after the curate had applied a few drops of moisture from an orange to his lips, he spoke audibly.

"I was dreaming, Mary, as we war happy with God. The children had enow to eat; they give me my good name back agen; an' we were all very happy." After a pause, and much internal muttering, he resumed with a perceptible spirit of energy, although his spent powers made him scarcely audible. "Oh, Mr. Godfrey, if more would, like thee, on'y come and see the poor, an what they suffers! Tell the lads, sir, to wait a bit—but to struggle on, for there is hope for the working man. An' bid the rich folk consider the laborer, an' the parsons to be all like thee, an' England will be right. Mary, a drink, dear: the heart is as dry as a cinder within me."

His wife brought him a little cold water, into which the curate squeezed some orange juice.

"Mary! To our Father I commit thee, girl, when I am gone. I am dead afore I am dead, leaving my Mary. Kiss my forehead, girl. God bless thee! Comfort these little children, God! they be orphans now."

And he prayed inwardly. In that hour he had no succor but prayer, and the remembrance of any good he had done in his life. The baby was crying on its mother's breast, and the candle trembled in the hands of the weeping boy who still held it. The wife was still and pale; her heart was being rifted from her. The curate had bent his knee in prayer, and comforted the dying and the desolate.

LADY AMBER MAYNE.

AH! how beautiful were the young girls of my youthful days. Perhaps it might be from the style of dress, which I shall always think was *piquante* and elegant, notwithstanding that little Mary looks at a print of the *Lady's Magazine* for 1777 with grimaces and exclamations of "What frights!" What is there in the freedom and ease of the modern belle to compare with the rich petticoat, the looped robe, the flowing sacque, the jaunty lace kerchief, half revealing, half hiding, the snowy neck, or the rich ruffles, showing off the rounded arms? Even in the tedious headdress and the elaborate *coiffure*, there was a dignity and majesty of beauty quite unknown in the present day. Then grandmothers dressed like grandmothers, and did not ape their juveniles; then class had some distinction. All were not confused in heaps of cheap and gaudy finery. Every thing in female attire was good and durable, lasting out sometimes the life of the wearer, but always appropriate to her age, station, and appearance. And also with regard to female names, there were many pretty simple appellations, quite unknown to us in our time. The youngest daughter of the Marchioness of Summerdown had one of these quaint, pretty names—Amber!—and what a lovely creature she was! The first time I ever saw her was on the occasion of her coming to our establishment to choose a court-dress for her approaching presentation. She had then just attained her eighteenth year, and was a great heiress; for though the Summerdown family were never rich, and not likely to be then, the marquis being lately deceased, and having left no son to inherit his honors; yet a maternal uncle, who had been resident in India, and had amassed one of those fortunes which seem now all but fabulous, had left this vast wealth to the young lady, Amber Mayne. On the occasion I speak of, her slight figure was hidden by the marchioness, a lady of much presence, and who was haughty and pompous; and, indeed, I knew not that any one was with my Lady Summerdown, till, on her ladyship desiring, in a haughty voice, to see some rose-color paduasoys, one of the sweetest voices I ever heard said, as

if it issued from my lady's crimson sacque, "Let it be blue, dear madam, if you please." "No, Amber," said my lady, "I have made up my mind; it must be *coleur-de-rose*." "Just what you have looked on, my honored mamma, all your life."

You must please to remember that in my day, and Lady Amber's, phraseology was a little different to the careless talk now in vogue. Young persons then were deferential to their seniors, and parents were only to be approached and spoken to with great reverence and homage. I doubt sometimes, though, if this enforced state and servility did not produce a disposition to tyrannize, where tyranny could be indulged. And perhaps this was the case with Lady Amber, who mingled with her reverence toward her mother a sweet playfulness truly charming, but who addressed a young gentleman who accompanied them in a strikingly different tone. He was one of the most interesting young men I ever beheld. Ah! I do not see many such now. Such a mixture of humility and spirit, of intelligence and modesty. He might have been about six-and-twenty years old; and his sober attire, as well as the way in which the marchioness addressed him, spoke his condition plainly enough. He was the domestic chaplain. Great families usually had these appendages then, and sometimes, I am sorry to say, they were but a disgrace to their patrons and their cloth. But this young man looked rather as if he were semi-divine than imbued with the usual faults of his class, which were commonly time-serving and hypocrisy, vices of the meanest. He differed from the lovely young lady, I believe, about some trifle of taste, and she spoke to him with such disdain. He had a kind of hectic flush in his face, which deepened as she spoke to him. He only looked at her in reply; but such a look! Good heaven! it might have melted a stone. I was just handing her some tiffany to choose from, and the tears fell hot and fast from her eyes on my hand. I knew too well to notice her distress; but thought I, "Here is more than meets the sight."

When they were ready to depart, he was about to lead my Lady Summerdown to her coach, when Lady Amber, who had dried her tears, and whose eyes looked as bright as if they had never been dimmed with one, sprang to his side.

"And won't you take me with you, Mr. Arden?" said she.

He merely bowed low, and offered her his other hand, for it was not the fashion then to take arms.

"Of course, child, he will," said my lady, haughtily.

And as they went down the stairs I heard Lady Amber teazing and rallying him unmercifully. I watched them into the coach. Ah me! they both, after that slight storm, looked radiantly happy. We thought what a pair they would have made if fortune had matched them as well as nature, for his auburn hair, fair skin, and elegant appearance, harmonized well with her clear brunette complexion, tinted with a bright color, her large, glowing black eyes, and sweet, fascinating vivacity of manner.....What followed I shall tell, not as I learned it, which was by bits and scraps afterward, from the marchioness and Lady Amber's own women, and Mrs. Crumb, the housekeeper, but as if it had all occurred beneath my own notice. After all, perhaps, if my readers, whoever they may be, expect much of a story, they may feel disappointed; for however I may have felt it at the time, yet when I come to write I feel much like Corporal Trim, in Mr. Sterne's affecting book, when he says, "Story, God bless your honor, I have none to tell."....

By the will of her uncle, Lady Amber came of age at eighteen, and into possession of her great wealth; at which period her noble father, the marquis, had been deceased a year. She had always been her mother's favorite, and Lady Summerdown, who was the mother of five daughters, and had married four of them into noble families, looked forward toward achieving the highest consequence by means of her youngest daughter's wealth and beauty. But before this Lady Amber had formed wishes of her own totally at variance with her mother's previsions.

Herbert Arden had lived in the noble family of Summerdown some years. He had been tutor to the only son of that house, who died, and who had been very fond of him. At his son's dying request, the late marquis had nominated him the chaplain to his household, though, I believe, he had a sort of dislike to the admission of such a functionary. Yet Mr. Arden's exemplary conduct, his freedom from place-hunting, and his gentle piety, had much commended him to my lord, who was, I have heard, a very worthy nobleman. As a girl, Lady Amber had studied with Herbert Arden. She knew the deep stores of learning which, never vauntingly displayed, yet existed in him, and obtained from the noble young lady profound admiration. She had an innate thirst for the well of knowledge herself, and had quaffed pretty deeply, when she found she had not merely learned to admire her teacher, but to love him also. It was the old, old story over again—the philosopher and his pupil—but on one side in this case, pride had a deeper root than love; and Lady Amber's pride was of this persuasion, that although Herbert Arden's family (albeit a reduced one) was of as good blood as her own, her brother's tutor was yet no match for her.

At that early time she was poor, and, for a marquis's daughter, well-nigh portionless; but when the tide of Indian wealth rolled in at her feet, I am told that her woman heard her exclaim in the privacy of her chamber, "Now true love shall triumph;" as if *true* love ever triumphed. It is too submissive, too fond of sacrificing, to dream of triumph. From the time, then, that she became her own mistress did Lady Amber torture and goad the heart which her woman's instinct truly told her wooed her for herself alone.

Perhaps secret lovers were never more cruelly circumstanced than Lady Amber Mayne and Mr.

Arden. He dared not avow his love because of her high station and wealth; she dared not own hers, because a woman would rather let her own heart eat itself away by sorrow and regret than she would seek in words to know the extent of her lover's affection. But she had unluckily a most contrary spirit: at one time she would have given her whole wealth if he would but have acknowledged his regard; at another, if she but fancied she perceived the smallest indication of it, she would so lower him to the earth by her contempt and amazed disdain, that she too often raised in that deep-feeling heart a storm of passionate self-reproach. Oh! the spirit of a coquette. Oh! the galling existence of one dependent on a patron's bounty.

It was about this time that she contrived to do deliberately the most cruel thing—cruel, considing her subsequent determination. Among the things which Lady Mary Wortley Montague brought from the East was the system of the language of flowers. Lady Amber insisted on Mr. Arden's studying these floral telegraphs, and imparting the knowledge to her. It was in vain that he, seeing the danger, and aware of her wayward disposition, resisted this wish. All the artillery of her fascinations, her charms, her varied caprices, were brought to bear on this scheme, by which she thought she might convey her mind without compromising her feminine dignity. At length the marchioness's aid was enlisted, and Mr. Arden, against his better judgment, complied, perhaps pleased to do so in spite of himself. She was no sooner perfected in this art, fitter I think for the intriguing East than our own soil, than she took an opportunity one day—company being present—to gather from the conservatory exactly those blooms which convey to a lover his mistress's affection, and carelessly presented them to the young chaplain, with "Here, Mr. Arden, accept this for your dinner nosegay." To the rest, these flowers were sealed books, but to him—he flushed with joy and rapture. What man—young, enthusiastic, and loving like him—would not have done so. Their eyes met, hers fell, unable to bear the wondrous happiness of that glance, but thenceforth Herbert, though the furthest from being a coxcomb, believed that he needed not the surety of words to convince him that he was beloved; and he felt a modest happiness in that belief. He had never dared aspire to forget his station, though she had often grievously tempted him to do so. Lady Amber was, he knew, her own mistress, and though opposition might reasonably be feared, yet—what!—if she loved him all would be well. Not for a whole fortnight after this could he obtain an interview with her; if he sent to request one, she was going to dress, or visit, or a hundred trivial excuses were made. She intentionally deprived him of every opportunity to speak, now that speaking became as obvious a matter of duty to his fine mind as hitherto he had deemed silence to be. At last, one day he found himself alone with her. She became suddenly aware of this, and rose to quit the room, but he placed himself between the door and his capricious mistress, and closing it, led her by the hand to a settee.

"I know not," he said, "by what cruel fate I have been deprived of your conversation lately, but methinks the dear favor you bestowed on me should not go unacknowledged. You will not deem it presumption, in the humblest of your servants, dear Lady Amber, if he thanks you for that which came as a ray of the sun's beams to some poor prisoner pining for light."

She haughtily declared she knew not what he could mean, and insolently challenged him to explain himself.

The young man's spirit rose at this treatment. At that minute he only knew that he was Herbert Arden—a man—honest—unpresuming—and of a capacity noways inferior to the proudest. He saw in her a capricious, exacting, and unresponding woman, presuming on her wealth, her rank, and her beauty, and no wonder if his soul rebelled.

"Did you not, madam, give me these flowers?" he said; opening his vest, and taking them from the riband which, hung round his neck, suspended them on his heart.

"A few flowers!" was her exclamation; "what next? Did a gift bestowed in courtesy from one whose position"—so she phrased it—"entitled her to bestow courtesies, subject her thus to be insolently reminded of the implication they might be made to bear, she must request that her simplest actions might not thus be distorted."

"The arrangement of these flowers, then," he asked, "was it purely accidental? He must have her own assurance of this."

"*Must!* She was not accustomed, he must be aware, to be thus catechised."

"Would she condescend, then, to give the assurance he required, and if possible forgive his mad presumption, which only the most devoted love could excuse."

"Well, then, she supposed her late studies had given an accidental determination to the stupid things, which might have seemed odd, but—"

The dry and withered tokens were cast at her feet, and her faint cry, as he fled from the room, never reached his ear.

She sat, buried in thought, absorbed in repentant tears, for some time, and then left the room. Presently, she bethought herself that the poor discarded flowers were on the floor of the apartment she had quitted. She went back for them, but they were gone—she never saw them again till she saw them mingled with dust kindred to their own.

Such were the strange moods of her mind—now resolving to sacrifice all to love, and now to repel affection by dignity—that she continued exercising these varieties of behavior to him, whenever the arrangements of the family brought him into her presence. At all other times he avoided her. She knew not, though many of the servants did, that his distraction of mind had brought on, in an advanced degree, a pulmonary complaint to which he was liable, and that any renewed anxiety caused him to expectorate blood.

He was implored by some of the head servants to see a physician, and went secretly out of doors to visit one—lest it should alarm her, whose peace was only too dear to him.

At this time, though suitors had never been wanting, one was evidently encouraged. A man of rank, who received marks of favor only when Herbert Arden was by to see and suffer from it. She was urged to marry this gentleman, but seemed in no hurry to make up her mind; but he was not one who would be trifled with. It was intimated that her decision must be irrevocable and immediate. He was a man of high fashion, immense influence, and she hesitated. As a refinement of cruelty, she affected to consult her former tutor. Could looks have struck her with an eternity of remorse, his would have done so then. Once she was on the point of throwing herself at his feet, of confessing all—all—that he was the only one she loved, or could love, or would love. And then the cold and cautious demon whispered, "Think what you will lose, the homage of the world"—as if the world could give one grain of happiness in return for the sacrifices made to it of truth, of justice, of honor. And so the impulse was lost, and she dismissed him with so stately coldness that he asked himself, "Was I not a vain fool? can this woman have ever loved?" Then there passed such a scene of passion and madness in her dressing-room, with none about her but her women, that one might have thought she was possessed by a devil as of old. And was she not? If the spirit of a coquette is not diabolical, then demons never walk this earth. And so did that great, fine house hold as it were a casket, these two spirits, one chafing at itself, the other humbled, prayerful, and forgiving. . . . . .

The news was soon spread—Lady Amber was to be married to his Grace the Duke of Torhampton, and she came to our house to choose wedding clothes. No chaplain now hung on her accents, or attended her steps. She was more lively than beseeming, I thought, and yet, ever and anon, a change came over her, and she heaved great sighs, and was so lost in thought that she knew nothing, saw nothing, heard nothing. Some lady who was with them asked the marchioness with much concern, "how poor Mr. Arden was?" "Oh! dying, I think," said my lady, "the servants say he neither eats, sleeps, nor rests." At these words a sort of spasm flitted over Lady Amber's face, but she said nothing, only pulled at the lace she was examining till it was squeezed into a rag. "I'll take this thing," she said, and then—as if she could bear no more—she went to the window, and pulling out her handkerchief, wept. Her mother and the lady whispered—"Such a feeling heart. He was the tutor of poor James, and she loved her brother so dearly it will be like losing him over again." Why did the sixth commandment flit before her eyes like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, with this difference, that she could decipher too well the characters, "Thou shalt do no murder?" There are more ways of slaying a young lady than stabbing with a knife or giving a bowl of poison. Who shall tell if one day you may not rank with those who have been arraigned at man's tribunal, and have been dismissed to the punishment of heaven? When she left our showrooms her eyes were inflamed with tears, but she persisted, and not only that, but ——

* * * * *

Can it be conceived; what fiend ruled the soul of this young girl? The day before her appointed nuptials, which were to take place in the private chapel of the marchioness, Dower House, in town, she took her woman with her and drove to the Bishop of C——'s, the prelate who had promised to read the ceremony. What arguments she made use of I know not, but as even bishops are not always invulnerable, they must have been powerful ones. On the wedding-day, when all were assembled waiting only for the reverend bishop, there came at the last moment a note from that dignitary, explaining that sudden illness would prevent him from attending, and expressing a hope, more like a command, that his young friend Mr. Arden would be his substitute. He who, pale and attenuated, yet was there maintaining his post among the wedding guests, and striving with all his might to brave it out, was struck speechless at this request. When he could find words, he protested against such a task; why, none of course could imagine, it being obviously his duty. At length Lady Amber herself urged him—"the last request of mine, Mr. Arden." He yielded; perhaps he felt how terrible would be the revenge she was drawing on herself. He took his place. Those who remember the scene said that his face was of the same color as his surplice. He read every word slowly and distinctly, till just at the benediction, when every one noticed how short his breath had become. The bride had her eyes fixed on the ground, and as the bridegroom turned to salute her, Herbert Arden fell heavily, face foremost, to the ground, right between the new married pair. They raised him; they tore open the breast of his ruffled shirt; as they did so, a little satin packet fell out of his bosom and went on the ground: it contained dead flowers—"ashes to ashes." Doctors came, but she had done her work effectually—life had departed. No one could mend that broken heart.

* * * * *

Now you know as much as I do of Lady Amber Mayne's history. I thought when I saw her go to the "drawing-room" on the occasion of her marriage, like the gentlewoman in the play Mr. Garrick was so fine in, "I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body." Two years after that her family went into mourning for her. She had taken laudanum, I believe. There was a great fuss about the coroner's verdict, but it got hushed up somehow, and after all she received Christian burial, which, though it is a hard thing to say, yet to my mind was more than she deserved.

STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS.

THE resident in Paris who does not live in the fashionable quarters thereof; whose purse compels him to exist upon the *nourriture simple et fortifiante* of a student's hotel, instead of paying daily visits to Vachette's, or even to the Dîner de Paris; generally chooses the neighborhood of the Panthéon for his quarters. For, hereabout he may have the wildest kind of social liberty. He may wear the hat he pleases to adopt, without remark; he may give free vent to the exuberance of his fancy in the matter of trowsers. Nobody will interfere with him, if he have a relish for a pipe in the Palace gardens close by. Having had his two dishes for breakfast, about ten, with his half bottle of vin ordinaire, he should be off to his business—perhaps to the dissecting-room of a hospital, or to the studio of some great painter, his master. But the day is cloudless, and the Panthéon stands out against the intensely blue sky, reminding him of a sketch by Roberts.

On such a day the dissecting-room or the close atmosphere of a studio is insupportable. To stroll out, past the interminable book-stalls, crammed with yellow-covered books; to meet a friend, and then saunter into the Luxembourg gardens, to promenade while the band of one of the regiments is playing, is certainly a more pleasant proceeding. There is a laziness in the very air; it is impossible to do any thing worth speaking about. And then, if the stroller be an artist, may he not, in his walk, study character? There are, unhappily, twenty different ways of reconciling the conscience to idleness. On some mornings of lassitude the artist rises with weak eyes; the medical student wakes with an unsteady hand; the writer jumps out of bed with the reflection that the brain wants relaxation and repose, like the body; the government official is disturbed from his sleep by the suggestion that a day in bed will strengthen his naturally delicate constitution, and that a medical certificate must certify to that fact; the prima donna, rising with a slight wheeziness, feels that to sing at the concert she is engaged to perform at that morning would be madness. And thus we all cheat ourselves occasionally.

These mornings of self-deceit are, I fear, a little too frequent with the gentlemen who are supposed to study near the Panthéon. On such occasions they may be generally found grouped about the Luxembourg gardens—some reading Le Mousquetaire in the shade of the trimmed chestnut trees; others watching the evolutions of the soldiers in the long walk that stretches away from the Palace to the Observatoire. Then billiard matches are got up, and appointments made for the Closerie des Lilacs. Here may be seen excellent samples of the Paris student; from the beardless young fellow with his rough hat upon the back of his head, and his extremities cased in trowsers fitting him like gaiters; to the solemn student, with his dingy volume under his arm, spectacles on his nose, and his cravat tied carelessly about his throat. Here, too, are groups of ladies knitting; and whole squadrons of bonnes, with infinite varieties of the Paris baby, crawling, and squeaking, and tottering, and tumbling about them. All the boys are little soldiers; and those young fellows who are not aspiring drummers are mimic generals. To the serious observer, the recruits, parceled out in detachments of six, and occupying the ground from the steps of the Palace gardens up to the gates of the Park, look sad specimens of military glory. As they make their first attempts to shoulder arms; as they receive the rough thrusts of the peppery little drill sergeants; as they undergo the minute inspection of the commanding officer (who has a push for one, an angry word for another, and a threat for a third), their set expression of feature gives to them a deadened look, that has something awful in it. Their eyes are fixed, looking forward; the head is held stiffly; the lips are motionless; all volition appears to be at an end. At the sergeant's word of command firelocks are shouldered; then lowered; then the right hand is upon the cartouche-box; then the cartouche is lifted to the mouth, and inserted in the musket; then the ramrod is applied; and the bright rods rise and fall along the line with the precision of steam machinery; then the musket is again shouldered. Those who have been in any degree slow or awkward, are savagely reproved; then the officer makes a dash with his sword at a musket dangling carelessly, or seizes a man's cap, and puts it jauntily upon his head as a soldier should wear it. All the men stand like statues, and appear so closely to resemble one another, that you wonder how they sort themselves, and recognize their companions when they are once dispersed. At a word they presently fall on one knee (that which was observed encased in a leather band to preserve the scarlet trowsers from the dust) to receive a charge of imaginary cavalry; then they rise and advance one step at a time, with their bayonets pointed at an advancing enemy; in reality at a formidable row of laughing nurses and delighted children. A drum rolls, and suddenly they stack their muskets; the rigidity of their faces is relaxed: and they skip away to join the crowd gathering about the band posted half way down the avenue. Now they are playing all kinds of practical jokes with one another. Hats are knocked off; mock fights go on; unobserved pulls of the ears are given; and jokes are played even with the swords. Pipes are produced; tobacco is freely borrowed, and as freely lent; clouds of smoke rise into the air; the officers unceremoniously light their cigarettes from their men's pipes; the corporals group together as the sergeants group together; and the lieutenants chatter apart, while a few privates hop about to the polka which the regimental band is playing. It is a gay scene of cheerful life. The officers, with their hands buried deep in their wonderfully-capacious scarlet trowsers, bulging from their remarkably small waists, laugh, and talk, and smoke, and forget to look rigid and military; ladies cluster about, talking lively things; stu-

dents four abreast, and arm-in-arm, stroll round the large circle; and grisettes, in their snow-white caps, and little black mantles, chatter about the last quadrille Chinoise they danced at the Closerie. These groups, with children chasing huge wash-leather foot-balls in every direction, and a few old men sunning themselves on the benches, make up a scene to which the fountain before the Palace, and the splendid rows of trees leading to it, furnish a pretty background.

For the student who is inclined to be idle to have a scene like this within five minutes' walk of his hotel is to be powerfully tempted. When he is tired of the soldiers, he can stroll into the splendid kitchen gardens of the Palace, to watch the growth of the vines, or to sniff the perfume of the fruit-blossoms. Then, there is a little café, absolutely in the Palace grounds, under the shade of some magnificent trees. Thence he may lounge past the orangery, to the pretty gardens close to the Palace, surrounded by statues of the queens of France. Here the children of the neighborhood swarm; here priests, in thin black cassocks and three-cornered hats, walk leisurely about; and ladies sit to read romances or work embroidery; while dozens of little boats swim about the fountain basin, and two swans receive their daily supply of biscuits de Rheims from the paddling, screaming, delighted little ship-owners.

When the burning mid-day sun drives the idler from the gardens, the Palace of the Luxembourg, built for Marie de Medicis—which the genius of Rubens was employed to decorate—remains to be visited. In the two hundred and thirty years during which the Palace has stood, how many scenes of terrible interest have passed within its walls; upon how much ruined greatness have its iron gates turned! Here the Dowager Queen of Spain, widow of the first Louis, and daughter of the Regent, passed her widowhood and died. Here Rubens's decorations and illustrations of Marie de Medicis were exhibited; and here were first shown to the public, in seventeen hundred and fifty, a few of the best works of the old masters in the possession of the Royal Family, which became the nucleus of that splendid collection of paintings now gathered within the walls of the Louvre. But when, in seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, Louis the Sixteenth gave the palace to his brother, the Count de Provence (afterward Louis the Eighteenth), Rubens's pictures and the works forming the public gallery were removed, and set apart to be added to the collection in the Louvre. While the gloom of the Revolution was over the capital, dark days fell upon the Palace. Presently, however, it was decorated for the Directory; then for the Senat Conservateur; then again, in eighteen hundred and two, a gallery of old masters was collected within its walls, to be withdrawn finally to fill up gaps in the Louvre gallery in eighteen hundred and fifteen. It was that same Count de Provence, who once held the Palace as his private property, and who gave importance to the building afterward occupied by his chamber of peers by ordering that a gallery of paintings by modern French artists should be formed in one of the wings. To carry out this project some of the more remarkable examples of French art in the Louvre and the royal palaces were removed hither. This exhibition, which included some celebrated works by David Gros, and Gerard, was opened to the public for the first time in eighteen hundred and eighteen. And this collection is now free to all who have an hour to spare, and who are armed with passports.

The way to the gallery, up a narrow stone staircase, is not impressive. It is unlike a French approach to an art-gallery, although it might serve such a purpose without notice in England. A ring at a bell on the first floor summons an important person in a cocked hat, and green and red livery, who examines the applicant's passport, takes his cane (for the care of which he charges him two sous), and lets him loose in the gallery. The pictures in the collection are, generally, very well known: it is with the copyists that the idle student's interest will lie. Here he is certain to meet some friends; and, as he strolls from one easel to another, with a lively word for each acquaintance, and a criticism on each copy, the time flies onward to his perfect satisfaction.

These copyists are a peculiar class in Paris, who supply the picture-market in all parts of the world, but mostly in Paris, with imitations of popular paintings. The visitor, entering the gallery for the first time, if he have been many weeks in Paris, knows almost every picture. Copies of them are to be seen in any quarter of the capital: they are heaped up in the shops in the Rue de Seine—they choke up the gateways on the Quai Voltaire—they dangle in the wind outside the gates of the Louvre. And here they are by dozens, lying against the walls, under the originals. Four persons, with their easels ingeniously grouped within the narrowest possible space, are painting Scheffer's Charlotte Corday: three distinct copies of Rosa Bonhem's masterly Plowed Field are peeping from the canvas: De la Roche's Death of Queen Elizabeth is being reproduced on four or five different scales: the picture of the Last Victims of the Reign of Terror, by Muller, with André Chenier as the central figure, is being either copied wholesale, or being mercilessly dissected into "studies;" some copyists taking only the head of the poet: others snatching the face of a terrified woman. The Young Princes in the Tower, by De la Roche, are being as mercilessly murdered by two copyists as they were, in reality, by the hired assassins. One glance at these imitators, however, is more interesting and pleasing than two at the copies. Many are women—some young women—negligently dressed. Their cloaks and bonnets are put aside in a heap, and some black lace, or a coquettish handkerchief, is gracefully tied over the head. They have generally a sad, careworn, business look, and they proceed with their painting as listlessly as the seamstress goes on with her sewing. They are undisturbed by the stare of visitors, and hear passing criticism without the least ex-

hibition of pleasure or resentment. The hopes of fame have been crushed, the ardor with which they once contended for prizes is quenched. They have reached the summit of their art-destiny; and every attempt to soar higher has failed. There they sit upon their little deal stools, with shabby, dirty paint boxes beside them, wielding huge pallets, and adding their browns and greens with mechanical industry. So do some old ladies, who wear spectacles, and a dingy costume, and who appear to have been at work in the same manner for forty or fifty years.

The male copyists are a motley race. Some are finished dandies, others are the most slovenly fellows it is possible to imagine; some have their hair beautifully brushed and pomatumed, and sport shining coats, apparently worn for the first time: others are in greasy, threadbare garments, adopt the negligent style of coiffure, and are not sufficiently ostentatious to wash hands or face very frequently. It may be perhaps noticed that the latter are, generally, better artists than the well-pomatumed copyists. One very dandified old gentleman who attends the gallery may be remarked for the care with which he envelopes his arms up to the elbows in black satin bags, to preserve his coat from contact with paint or varnishes.

The student's idle day is spent altogether near the Panthéon. There are many cafés at hand, where, when he is tired of the pictures and the gardens of the Luxembourg, he may have his absinthe or his billiards: or there are cabinets where he can have his two sous worth of popular literature. But he is possibly not inclined even for the lightest reading, and strolls back to the *nourriture simple et fortifiante:* which he enjoys at his hotel, together with his lodging, for about four dollars per week. The simplicity of the food to be had at a student's hotel, at this price, is as questionable, perhaps, as its fortifying qualities. Yet, at dinner, it includes two or three dishes, a dessert of course, and wine. But then a cauliflower is a course in itself, and a tea-spoonful of jelly supports, unaided, the dignity of a dessert. Still the student is gay at his dinner; and will get up, between the courses, with one of his companions, dance a polka round the table, and resume his seat. He eats his simple and fortifying fare, laughing at it all the time. Perhaps this laughter helps his digestion. We remember the ecstasies with which a young fellow was one day received at dinner, who had returned from the Longchamps fair in the Champs Elysées, with the intelligence that there was a living skeleton exhibiting there, who, he said, had been brought up at a student's hotel, on *nourriture simple et fortifiante*. On another occasion the production of an *omelette au rhum* caused a great sensation at the same student's hotel: the wild guests skipping round the table, shouting, as they pointed to the effort of culinary genius, "Ah! *Quel luxe!*" What a luxury!

The dinner conversation is interspersed generally with medical and legal anecdotes. One gentleman excuses his absence from a party by the intelligence that he has a subject in hand. And, considering that two medical students are entitled only to five subjects—as they delicately call them—per annum between them, it will be seen that to be in actual possession of one of these is to be in luck's way entirely. "We have two bodies and a half each," said a ghastly little student to us one day, as he handed us the biscuit de Rheims, which represented our dessert on the occasion. It was fortunate that the subject rapidly changed to one of punch. To get up a punch party is, in the estimation of the student, a highly pleasant way of finishing an idle morning; and it is amusing to watch the excitement with which the diners who drop in to the table d'hôte are requested to add their fifteen sous to the punch subscription. A sufficient number of contributors having been obtained, the best available rooms are selected, and the contractor for the entertainment proceeds to buy three or four pounds of lump sugar, two or three bottles of brandy, a bottle of Kirsch water, one of rum, a heap of biscuits, and a huge baba! These materials are arranged upon the mantelpiece of the room selected for the entertainment; the guests assemble, each man bringing his own tumbler from his own washing-stand; two or three walk up and down learning off songs from bits of paper, with an excited air; and the landlady sends up a message, declaring that she will not allow any singing on the part of *messieurs les locataires* after eleven o'clock. This message is received with shouts of derision; the young fellows skip about the *ponch bol* (which is the French-English for a common brown earthenware pan); examine the contents of the bottles; and stop every man who begins a song, by declaring that he is anticipating the entertainment. Then the master of the ceremonies opens the proceedings by making a kettleful of green tea over a spirit lamp. This accomplished, he half fills the bowl with sugar; then empties a bottle of brandy and a considerable quantity of rum upon it. The next proceeding is to light the spirit. This accomplished, all the candles are extinguished, and to the glare of the blue flame from the punch bowl, which mounts a considerable height, the wild young fellows open their concert. As they gesticulate and shout about the bowl, they look like the burlesque demons, blue and tinseled, which are the delight of children in the opening of a Christmas pantomime. Their songs are chiefly laments over the degenerate days of the old Quartier Latin.

The punch having burned for about three quarters of an hour, is ladled out to the guests; pipes are lighted; and lively conversation is carried on. Suddenly it is suggested that the hour for dancing has arrived. The door of an adjoining room is thrown open, disclosing an apartment regularly cleared for a polka. A stranger instantly wonders where the ladies are coming from; but he is soon relieved from any doubt by an invitation from one of the young men to dance with him. The night is warm; the windows are thrown open; the students remove their coats; and then,

to the fiddle of a fellow-student, dance a quadrille among themselves. The quadrille is followed by a polka; and then the second bowl of punch is lighted—this time a bowl of Kirsch punch. Then the great cake or baba is cut up and demolished, amidst practical jokes, usually played in England by children not exceeding the age of twelve. And then follow songs; and *eau-de-vie de Dantzig;* and romping; and the usual consequences of punch. With a light song, however, and a steady candlestick, the gay fellows skip off to bed, pushing and playing practical jokes upon one another, as they run up the broad staircase of the hotel.

HOW MACKEREL ARE CAUGHT.

MACKEREL fishing affords a livelihood to a large number of the hardiest inhabitants of our northeastern Atlantic shores. The fishery is pursued in small vessels of from thirty to one hundred and twenty tons, and invariably of the "schooner" rig, that is, having two masts, and "fore and aft" sails. The business commences in the latter part of March, when the mackerel first return to our coasts from their winter's absence in more southern waters, and lasts until the end of November. At that time the fish—and of course their pursuers also—have made the entire circuit of our eastern coast, from the capes of Delaware, off which they are first seen in early spring, to the extreme borders of Maine and the bays of British America, and back again as far as the headland of Cape Cod. Thence the fish—about Thanksgiving Day—take their final departure for their as yet undiscovered winter quarters. All attempts made by enterprising fishermen to follow the mackerel after they leave "the Cape" have hitherto proved utterly futile, every trace of the vast school which annually congregates there being invariably lost within fifty miles of the south shoals of Nantucket. Many different surmises have been offered to account for their sudden disappearance, and various theories started, by those curious in such matters, to explain the why and wherefore of the eccentric motions of a school of mackerel. But the matter is apparently just as much in the dark as ever, and their disappearance about Thanksgiving time remains as much a subject for speculation as the similar annual disappearance of swallows. Many, wise in such matters, think that the fish, after leaving our coast, lie at the bottom of the sea, in comparatively shoal water, in a state of stupefaction, until the return of warm weather; others suppose that they emigrate to warmer latitudes, where they swim deep beneath the surface, in order to keep themselves in a temperature suited to their nature; and many old fishermen devoutly believe that after leaving us they are, somehow, changed into fish of an entirely different species, and are met with in the tropical seas as albicores, bonita, etc. All that we *know* on the subject is that those which leave us at the beginning of winter are of moderate size, but very fat; while those which return in the spring are large, extremely poor, and ravenously hungry.

The vessels in which the fish are pursued and caught are small but stoutly built, formed to resist some degree of bad weather, and having, almost invariably, excellent sailing qualities. The latter, indeed, is a necessary qualification in a vessel intended for this business, as the success of a voyage, in many instances, depends on a vessel getting to a certain place, where fish have been discovered, an hour sooner or later. The crew, consisting of from eight to twenty hands, according to the size of the vessel, are not paid a salary, but have a community of interest, all uniting to pay the expenses incurred for provisions, etc., the vessel's share, the captain's percentage, etc., the remainder of the catch being divided in the exact proportion which each man's original catch bears to that of the rest. The captain is generally an old and experienced fisherman, and on him devolve the cares and responsibilities of finding and keeping the run of the mackerel, keeping the reckoning of the vessel, ordering and superintending the making and taking in sail, going into harbor, etc. He has, however, no dignity, but receives obedience only from the acknowledged principle that every well-regulated household should have a head. A mackerel vessel is indeed as complete a little republic as one could well find, ability being the only criterion of merit, and one's "standing in society" being regulated pretty much by his usefulness to the community, that is, by his skill as a fisherman.

The total number of American vessels employed in this fishery is somewhat over eighteen hundred. Fully one third of this number are owned in Cape Ann, where a large amount of capital is invested in fisheries of various kinds. The greater part of the Cape Ann fleet has for some years past resorted to the Bay Chaleur, and the waters surrounding Prince Edward's Island for, its fair of fish. Here their success has, as is known, raised the envy of the colonists, who, in the veritable dog-in-the-manger spirit, religiously preserved by these devoted adherents to Old Fogydom, have petitioned their government to forbid the further encroachments of enterprising Brother Jonathan on these vast preserves, which, however, they themselves have not sufficient enterprise to use.

Of the balance of the mackerel fleet three-fourths is owned on various parts of Cape Cod, and the remainder in the many little harbors scattered along our eastern coast. The Bay Chaleur fleet is, of course, entirely separated from the rest, which follow up the mackerel frequenting our coast more particularly. These latter form a fleet of from six hundred to a thousand vessels, cruising in one vast body, and spreading over many miles of water, and keeping up a constant although silent and imperceptible communication, by means of incessant watching with good spy-glasses, which is so complete that a vessel at one end of the fleet can not have mackerel "alongside," technically speaking, five minutes, before every vessel in a circle, the diameter of which may be ten miles, will be aware of the fact, and every man of the ten thousand composing their crews

will be engaged in spreading to the wind every available stitch of canvas to force each little bark as quickly as possible into close proximity to the coveted prize. And then commences the trial of speed. Then the best helmsman is called to steer, and every eye watches the sails, to see that they draw well, and every hand is ready to jump to remedy any defect. Then is the anxious moment for fishermen, for they see spread out before them a vast school of fish, in the midst of which lie the few favored vessels which have succeeded in raising them, and are now reaping a golden harvest. This is indeed the most exciting scene in the experience of a mackerel catcher. It happened some years since that "the fleet" had, upon occasion of an approaching storm, gone into the harbor of Cape Ann. After lying there two days the weather moderated and became fine, and the fleet got under way very early one morning. The first little squad of about a dozen vessels, who were probably the most eager fishermen, had about forty minutes' start of the main body of the fleet. They had hardly got well clear of the land before they "struck" mackerel, and at once "hove to" and never got under way again until their decks *were filled*—the fish biting all the time as fast as possible. In the mean time the balance of the fleet had just time to get to the entrance of the harbor, and in plain sight of their fortunate companions, when it fell a dead calm; and they were actually forced to lie there, within three or four miles of a vast school of fish, without feeling a bite. Could any one imagine any thing more tantalizing than such a situation?

The fish are caught with hook and line, each fisherman using two lines. When hauled on board they are "struck" off by a peculiarly quick motion of the right hand and arm, into a "strike barrel" standing behind and a little to the right of its proprietor. The same motion which leaves the mackerel in the barrel also suffices to project the hook (which has a little pewter run on its shank) back into the water, and the fisherman immediately catches up his other line, going through the same manœuvre with it. So ravenously do the fish bite, that a barrel full is sometimes caught in fifteen minutes by a single man.

The bait used to entice them alongside, and keep them there afterward, consists of a mixture of clams, and a little fish known by the euphonious name of "porgies." The last are seined in great quantities every summer in the mouth of the Connecticut river, and the adjacent waters, and are used by farmers as manure for their land, as well as by mackerel catchers as bait. This bait is ground up fine in a mill provided on board for the purpose, and is then thrown out on the water. It sinks to the depth at which the fish lie, when they, in their eagerness for it, follow it up until they get alongide the vessel, when they bite indiscriminately at bait or naked hook.

Almost any kind of fishing is likely to be rather damp work. My first care, therefore, after having made up my mind to "go a-fishing," was to provide myself with a plentiful supply of flannels, mittens, stockings, sea-boots, sou'-westers, oil clothing, comforters, and the sundry other appliances in vogue among fishermen and sailors, to *ex*clude salt water, and *in*clude comfort. This done, I took passage in a little schooner bound to the Cape, and was soon merrily gliding up the crowded waters of the East River, with favoring wind and tide. At noon we passed through Hurlgate, that dread of the sturdy Dutch settler, who whilom saw in its whirling eddies, impetuous currents, and roaring breakers, the angry struggles of many demons, eager to swallow up his frail bark and himself. Thanks to the science of Professor Maillefert, and the liberality of our great Uncle Samuel, the worst of the dangers attending the passage of this strait are now removed, and Hurlgate is divested of its terrors to the coasting skipper. A strong breeze and favoring tides urged us quickly past the beautiful shore of Long Island, and midnight already saw us nearing the eastern extremity of "the Sound," and in plain sight of Block Island Light, beacon of joy to many a tempest-tossed, voyage-wearied whaleman, who in it sees the first glimmering of a near approach to home with all its happiness. The morning found us passing the group denominated the Elizabethan Isles, and gliding rapidly by Tarpaulin Cove, Holmes' Hole, and the Shoals. At 11 o'clock A.M. we were safely moored in the little harbor whence I was to start on my fishing expedition.

After a stay of a few days on shore, I took myself and luggage on board a smart-looking little clipper, the Mary H., which had been in want of a hand. Taking advantage of a favoring wind, we were soon on our way to join the fleet, which was at the time cruising off the Isles of Shoals, "away down East." My short stay on shore did not give me as many opportunities as I wished for, and afterward had, of observing the general habits of the people while on shore, and the nature of the country in which they grow up. It sufficed, however, to convince me that the Cape is not the most pleasant spot on the surface of our globe. The face of the country affords a not over-agreeable diversity of views, consisting of sand hills and salt water marshes, scrub oaks and stunted pines, the ground-work and filling-up of the picture being sand, the abundance of which amply entitles the country to the name bestowed upon it by a late traveler, "the Great Desert of Cape Cod." The people evidently place greater value upon articles of utility than of luxury, are very shrewd, even to the little children, good calculators, and are noted far and wide for their smartness and enterprise, which almost invariably insure them success in any pursuit in which they embark, and without which it seems to me they would fare but poorly on so sterile a soil as they possess.

Detained by calms and head winds, we get along but slowly on our way down East. The monotony of our life is occasionally broken into by a short conversation with some homeward-bound fishermen, whose news from the fleet makes us anxious to be with them. The arrangement of our fish-gear, in which true fishermen, as is well

known, are very particular, keeps all hands employed. Lines are measured, towed out, stretched, and put on the rail; pigs are cast, and filed, and polished into shapes to suit the fancies of their owners; cleats are nailed up, on which to coil the lines when not in use; splitting knives are ground, gib-tubs got ready, and all the numerous paraphernalia of a fishing smack are brought into readiness for instant use,

At sunset on the sixth day we sight a few of the advance vessels of the fleet, and a little breeze springing up at the same time, we have the satisfaction of beholding before retiring to rest the vast fleet of vessels spread out before us, their innumerable lights glistening upon the smooth expanse of ocean, and dancing solemnly up and down on the great swell which the Atlantic ever keeps up, and much more resembling the vessels in a vast naval panorama than a scene of real life. There is something solemn and thought-inspiring in a scene like this, at all events to a thinking person, who for the first time witnesses it. The entire stillness which reigns by night over this vast aquatic town, the absence of all noise, except the continual faint roar of the swell, the sorrowful creaking of the rigging, and the solitary "sug" of the vessel's bow, as she falls into the trough of the sea; the bare poles of the distant vessels thrown in vivid, almost unnatural relief against the sky; the crazy motion of the little barks, as they are tossed about at the mercy of the waves, having scarce steerage way; the lonely-looking light on the mast, seeming to be the spirit which has entire charge of the hull beneath; the absence of all life where but a short time ago all was life and bustle; all this contrasted so strangely with the lively appearance of the vessels by day, as they skim rapidly over the waters, their great piles of snow-white canvas gleaming gayly in the sun, and their crews moving merrily about decks, as to make me almost doubt that there were in fact in the shapeless masses drifting past us, hither and thither, at the mercy of wind and wave, men stout and able, who had often battled for their lives with the same old Ocean upon whose bosom they were now so placidly reposing.

But here is one, rolling toward us,

"As silent as a painted ship, upon a painted ocean,"

and seemingly just as likely to hit us as not. We will hail him.

"Schooner ahoy!" hails our captain.

"Hillo!" is answered by a tall figure which now rises from a reclining posture on the companion-hatch.

"How many mackerel did you get to-day?"

"About twenty wash-barrels, mostly large."

"Did the fleet do any thing?"

"Some of them lay still a good while, and I guess had pretty good fishing."

Here some of our crew mutter out a weak imprecation upon the weather, which has prevented us from joining the fleet before. Our friend hails us—

"Are you just from home?"

"Yes; all well there."—And the faint sound of the waves as they surge under his bows tells us that we are too wide apart for speaking purposes.

Standing a little further on, into the thickest part of the fleet, we too, about nine o'clock, haul down our mainsail and jibs, and, leaving one man on deck as look-out, go down below to prepare by a sound sleep for the labors of to-morrow.

At early daybreak we "turn out" and make sail. Although yet too dark to distinguish the numerous fleet in whose midst we have taken our place, our ears are saluted on all sides by the rattle of ropes, the creak of blocks, and rustling of canvas, and we are conscious that ten thousand men are actively employed around us, at the same moment, in the same work, and preparing for similar duties and labors.

As the day breaks fairly a grand spectacle bursts upon our view. The sky is clear, and the sun, as he rises above the eastern horizon, gilds with his rays the sails of a thousand vessels, as they lie spread out upon the mirror-like surface of the sea. And now our crew begin looking for acquaintances among the vessels, and my astonishment is unbounded at hearing them name vessels distant from a quarter of a mile to six or seven miles, and that with perfect certainty of their correctness. To such perfection has practice trained the vision of these men, that notwithstanding mackerel catchers are scrupulously rigged alike, the crew would point out not only vessels with which they were acquainted, but also tell the *hailing-places* of many that they had never seen before. As an "Old Salt," I prided myself not a little on my expertness in detecting differences in rig or build, but was obliged here to give *my* art up as completely beaten. For where I could not detect the slightest distinguishing characteristic, the experienced eyes of one of my companions would at one glance reveal the whole history of the vessel in question, and would enable him to tell, with a certainty which scarcely ever failed, the place where she was built, where rigged, and where at present owned. This wonderful faculty is the result of keen eyes and long experience, and is found nowhere else in such perfection as among American fishermen.

And now we are all under way and going, close-hauled to the wind, in a northerly direction. See, the headmost vessel of the fleet is in stays. There the next one tacks. Little squads of half-a-dozen now follow suit, and in fifteen minutes the whole fleet is on the other tack, standing to the westward. And so we go all day, working to the windward as fast as the light breeze will bear us along. Every once in a while some one heaves to and tries for mackerel. But mackerel wont bite well, in general, on such a day as this, and this day we don't see a live one at all. The utmost harmony of sentiment seems to prevail among this large fleet, the unity of action being as complete as though working by signal at the commands of some commodore. It is just the same in going into port, or in changing the cruising ground. They all go together. But with all this they have no organized head or leader, but each captain acts as seems to him best. There

seems, however, at all times to be a remarkable unanimity of sentiment among all hands.

Mackerel go in large schools, one of which contains fish enough, if all caught, to fill up every vessel in a fleet. But, vast as such a body is, it occupies but a very small space in the ocean which supports it. A school of fish therefore is to be searched out much as one would look for a needle in a haystack—unwearying patience and determination being qualifications as necessary to constitute a successful fisherman as to make one a fortunate searcher for needles. In hunting mackerel, a large fleet, spreading over an extensive area of "ground," and throwing much bait, is much more likely to raise a school than a single vessel or small squad, and this is the reason why "the fleet" is a permanency in mackereling.

Toward evening the wind goes down, the sky is overcast by white clouds, and the weather becomes a pea-jacket colder. Having found no fish all day, we take in sail early, see every thing clear for a "fish-day" to-morrow, and, all but the watch (one man) go to bed about eight o'clock. At midnight, when I am called up out of my warm bed to stand an hour's watch, I find the vessel pitching uneasily, and hear the breeze blowing fitfully through the naked rigging, and going on deck perceive that both wind and sea have "got up" since we retired to rest. The sky looks lowering, and the clouds are evidently surcharged with rain. In fine the weather, as my predecessor on watch informs me, bears every sign of an excellent fish-day on the morrow. I accordingly grind some bait, sharpen up my hooks once more, see my lines clear, and my heaviest jigs (the technical term for hooks with pewter run on them), on the rail ready for use, and at one o'clock return to my comfortable bunk. I am soon again asleep, and dreaming of hearing fire-bells ringing, and seeing men rush to the fire; and just as I see "the machine" round the corner of the street, am startled out of my propriety, my dream, sleep, and all, by the loud cry of "Fish ho!" I start up desperately in my narrow bunk, bringing my cranium in violent contact with a beam overhead, which has the effect of knocking me flat down in my berth again. After recovering as much consciousness as is necessary to appreciate my position, I roll out of bed, jerk savagely at my boots, and snatching up my cap and pea-jacket, make a rush *at* the companion-way, *up* which I manage to fall in my haste, and then spring into the hold for a strike-barrel.

And now the mainsail is up, the jib down, and the captain is throwing bait. It is not yet quite light, but we hear other mainsails going up all round us. A cool drizzle makes the morning unmistakably uncomfortable, and we stand around half asleep, with our sore hands in our pockets, wishing we were at home. The skipper, however, is holding his lines over the rail with an air which clearly intimates that the slightest kind of a nibble will be quite sufficient this morning to seal the doom of a mackerel.

"There, by Jove! the captain hauls back—there, I told you so! skipper's got him—no—aha, captain, you haul back too savagely!" With the first movement of the captain's arm indicating the presence of fish, every body rushes madly to the rail, and jigs are heard on all sides plashing into the water, and eager hands and arms are stretched at their full length over the side, feeling anxiously for a nibble.

"Sh—hish—there's something just passed my fly—I felt him," says an old man standing alongside of me.

"Yes, and I've got him," triumphantly shouts out the next man on the other side of him, hauling in as he speaks a fine mackerel, and striking him off into his barrel in the most approved style.

Z—Z—zip goes my line through and deep into my poor fingers, as a huge mackerel rushes savagely away with what he finds is not so great a prize as he thought it. I get confoundly flurried, miss stroke half a dozen times in hauling in as many fathoms of line, and at length succeed in landing my first fish safely in my barrel, where he flounders away "most melodiously" as my neighbor says.

And now it is fairly daylight, and the rain, which has been threatening all night, begins to pour down in right earnest. And as the heavy drops patter on the sea the fish begin to bite fast and furiously.

"Shorten up," says the skipper, and we shorten in our lines to about eight feet from the rail to the hooks, when we can jerk them in just as fast as we can move our hands and arms. "Keep your lines clear," is now the word, as the doomed fish flip faster and faster into the barrels standing to receive them. Here is one greedy fellow already casting furtive glances behind him, and calculating in his mind how many fish he will have to lose in the operation of getting his second strike-barrel.

Now you hear no sound except the steady flip of fish into the barrels. Every face wears an expression of anxious determination; every body moves as though by springs; every heart beats loud with excitement, and every hand hauls in fish and throws out hooks with a methodical precision, a kind of slow haste, which unites the greatest speed with the utmost security against fouling lines.

And now the rain increases. We hear jibs rattling down; and glancing up hastily, I am surprised to find our vessel surrounded on all sides by the fleet, which has already become aware that we have got fish alongside. Meantime the wind rises, the sea struggles against the rain, which is endeavoring with its steady patter to subdue the turmoil of old Ocean. We are already on our third barrel each, and still the fish come in as fast as ever, and the business (sport it has ceased to be some time since) continues with vigor undiminished. Thick beads of perspiration chase each other down our faces. Jackets, caps, and even over-shirts are thrown off, to give more freedom to limbs that are worked to their utmost.

"Hillo! where are the fish?" All gone? Every line is felt eagerly for a bite, but not the faintest

nibble is perceptible. The mackerel, which but a moment ago were fairly rushing on board, have in that moment disappeared so completely that not a sign of one is left. The vessel next under our lee holds them a little longer than we, but they finally also disappear from her side. And so on all around us.

And now we have time to look around us —to compare notes on each other's successes— to straighten our back bones, nearly broken, and aching horribly with the constant reaching over; to examine our fingers, cut to pieces and grown sensationless with the perpetual dragging of small lines across them—to— "There, the skipper's got a bite!—here they are again, boys, and big fellows too!" Every body rushes once more to the rail, and business commences again, but not at so fast a rate as before. By-and-by there is another cessation, and we hoist our jib and run off a little way into a new berth.

While running across, I take the first good look at the state of affairs in general. We lie, as before said, nearly in the centre of the whole fleet, which from originally covering an area of fifteen miles each way, has "knotted up" into a little space not above two miles square. In many places, although the sea is tolerably rough, the vessels lie so closely together that one could almost jump from one to the other. The greatest skill and care are necessary on such occasions to keep them apart, and prevent the inevitable consequences of a collision, a general smash-up of masts, booms, bulwarks, etc. Yet a great fish day like this rarely passes off without some vessels sustaining serious damage. We thread our way among the vessels with as much work and as daintily as a man would walk over ground covered with eggs, and finally get into a berth under lee of a vessel which seems to hold the fish pretty well. And here we fish away by spells, for they have got "spirty," that is, they are capricious, and appear and disappear suddenly like a flash.

Meanwhile the rain continues pouring out of the leaden sky, which looks as though about to fall on us, and overwhelm us in a second deluge. The wind is getting high (old Boreas, singularly enough, always gets high on these occasions, when fresh water is plentiest), and the old hands are debating among themselves as to the most judicious port to be made to-night. At ten we get breakfast, consisting of coffee, hot cakes, bread and butter, fish, beef, sweet cakes, and apple sauce. The morning's exercise has given us all a ravenous appetite, and the celerity with which the various comestibles spread out for us by the cook are made to disappear, would astonish the members of "our best society."

After breakfast we begin to clear up decks a little, preparatory to experiencing some part of the rough weather which is brewing. Oil cloths are in great demand, but the rain somehow contrives to soak through them, and they form but little protection. We secure our mackerel barrels to the bulwarks, lash up the various loose objects about decks, and put on the hatches, etc. The fish still bite, but more moderately and by "spirts," and in the half liquid state in which we all find ourselves, we mechanically hold our lines over the rail and haul in fish with as little motion to our bodies as possible, for the skin in such weather gets marvelously tender, and is apt to come off on very slight provocation.

At one o'clock "Seat ye, one half," from the stentorian lungs of the cook, proclaims dinner on the table, and "one half" accordingly go down to "finish their breakfast," as a facetious shipmate remarks. The cabin of a fisherman be it known is too confined to accommodate an entire fishing crew with seats around the table, and accordingly it is customary for the oldest hands to eat first, leaving the young men and boys to follow at second table.

After dinner we make preparations for dressing our fish Gib-tubs, split-knives, barrels, wash-barrels, buckets, mittens, and sea-boots, are hunted up, and water begins to flow about decks more plentifully than ever. Mackerel are "dressed" by splitting them down the back, taking out their entrails (called in fisherman's parlance "gibs"), letting the blood soak out of them by immersion in clear salt water, and then salting them down in layers, in the barrels prepared for that purpose. Two persons compose a "gang" for dressing. One of them splits the fish and throws them to the other, who, by a dexterous twist of his thumbs and the fingers of his right hand, extracts the entrails, and throws the cleaned fish into a barrel of salt water at hand. "Dressing" fish is disagreeable work in itself, but generally passes off lively enough, as it is the concluding scene in what fishermen call "a day's work," and one now learns how much he has in reality caught, and miser-like plunges up to the armpits in the riches he has that day won. Then too, dressing is enlivened by many a jest, and anecdote, and song, every body feeling joyful at the events of the day, and hopeful for the success of the voyage. And while the operation of catching fish is followed with an intensity and ardor which does not admit of the slightest flagging of attention, dressing is the very reverse, and may be made as lively as possible without detriment to the work.

Soon after commencing to dress, the whole fleet gets under way, and steers toward the land, which is faintly visible under our lee, the wind being from the northeast. Going square before it, we soon near the land, and as we do so, both wind and sea increase. We have a grand chance to try the sailing qualities of our little boat—a chance which a mackerel man never neglects; for next to getting a good share of fish, a man is considered most fortunate if he has a smart sailing vessel. We overhaul a good many, and are badly beaten by a few of the vessels, as might be expected in so large a fleet. And as we come into competition with some new vessel, our crew tell at once her name, if she is known to them, or if entirely unknown, at any rate her hailing place.

After dressing, we salt our catch. This is sorry

work for sore fingers, hands, and arms, of which, after a day's work like the present, there is always a plentiful supply, mackereling being, under any circumstances, a business in which sores of all kinds on hands and feet are singularly plenty and hard to get rid of. But salting does not last forever, and the few preparations necessary for going into harbor being already completed, we gather together, as dusk comes on, in little knots about the deck, discuss the day's work, point out familiar vessels, and argue on their various sailing qualities, and once in a while slily peep down the "companion-way" into the snug little cabin, where the "ram-cat" (the sailors name for a cabin stove) glows so brightly, and every thing looks so comfortable, and in particular *so dry*, that our hearts yearn for a place by the fire. Landsmen, poor fellows, have no idea how great an amount of real, genuine, unmistakable comfort may be contained in a little box ten feet by fifteen, with a table in the middle, seats and berths at the sides, a stove and hatchway at one end, a row of shelves and a box-compass at the other, and a skylight over head, the whole smelling villainously of decayed fish and bilge-water. Happily for mankind all happiness is comparative, else would not the dirty confined cabin of a fisherman ever be considered a very Elysium of comfort, and a seat by its fire be regarded as a luxury, than which the conqueror of the world could wish for nothing better.

We are fast nearing our haven. And glad enough we all are of it, for the wind has risen, until it already blows half a gale, and the great waves roll after us savagely, trying to overtake us, and looking as though if they did, they would inevitably smother our little craft. And then, too, as the excitement of the day dies out, and we stand inactively about, the rain seems colder, and our wet clothes adhere clammily to our bodies, and make moving about a misery. Yonder is East Point Light shining brightly on our beam. The headmost of our companions have already shot around the point, and are running up to their anchorage.

"Man your sheets, now, boys, and stand by to trim aft!" sings out our skipper. And as we string along the ropes the helm goes down. She comes into the wind, shaking like a dog just come out of the water, and at the same time the sails are trimmed flat, and we gayly round the point, and in less than fifteen minutes are in smooth water.

Two tacks take us nearly up to Ten Pound Island Light, and, as we stand over once more,

"Haul down the foresail!" shouts the captain. "Stand by your main and jib halyards! see your anchor all clear!"

"There's a good berth, skipper," says one of the old hands, right alongside of that Chatham smack." (It is so dark that, do my best, I can not make out even the rig of the vessel to which my old friend so readily gives a "local habitation and a name."

"Here we are—down jib!" and down it rattles without any trouble, as her head swings into the wind. As her headway is deadened, "let go the anchor!" is the word, and a plash, and the rattle of a few fathoms of cable tell us that we are fast for the night.

"Pay out cable, boys; a good scope, and let her ride easy!" and the rest of us go aft and haul down the enormous mainsail, the wet canvas of which feels as though made of stout wire. It is soon furled up, and a lantern fastened in the rigging, and then we make a general rush for the cabin. Here wet clothes and boots are flung off and thrown pell-mell on deck, dry suits donned, and then "one-half" crawl into their bunks, while the balance eat their suppers.

Meanwhile we hear an incessant rattling of sails, and plashing of anchors on every side of us, while the wind whistles wildly through our rigging, and the rain dashes fiercely against the skylight and deck overhead, increasing our comfort by reminding us of the sufferings we have escaped.

It is not until after supper that we begin to think of the damages sustained in our persons during the past day's work. And now rags, salve, and liniment, and all the various preparations for ameliorating the condition of sore fingers, sore wrists, sore arms, sore feet, sore ankles, and sore shins, are brought into requisition; the cook is flattered and cajoled out of modicums of hot fresh water, and stockings are taken off, sleeves rolled up, bandages unrolled, and groans and growls resound from every corner of the cabin.

The operation which is now commenced is considered among old fishermen as one of the "peculiar" comforts incident to their calling. "Comfort indeed!" incredulously observes the landsman reader. "Yes, sir, comfort," say I. For, sir, allow me to say you have not yet the most remote idea of the real signification of the word comfort. Nor will you ever be fully enlightened on the subject until you have been fishing a season. In fact, my dear sir, until you domiciliate yourself on board a Cape schooner for a couple of trips, you will not have even a proper idea of what a real sore is; how in the world then do you expect to know what comfort (among other matter) is to be taken out of such things?

As sores are part and parcel of the business of catching mackerel, I will here relate my slight experience of them for the benefit of the uninitiated. When preparing to go on board the vessel at H—— I was counseled to provide myself with a supply of salve and bandages for the sore fingers, etc., with which I would be pestered on my trip. "For," said my friends, "fishermen always have sores." But I laughed to myself, and boastfully thought, "I am not a fisherman." But the old lady at whose house I stayed during the time I was on shore, knew much more about the matter than I, and accordingly when I got on board I found, on an examination into my effects, that she had put at least half-a-dozen yards of old muslin and linen in my clothes-bag. And well it was that she did so. I had

not been three whole days on board before I experienced premonitory symptoms of what are commonly called "boils," coming, one on my right foot, one on the ankle of the same, and one on my arm (the left one). I was surprised, as I had never in my life had such things on me, and had always prided myself on a purity of system which bore me clear of such torments. It was quite natural that I should express my surprise, and quite as natural that my shipmates should express none, they looking upon such things as matters of course. I did not, therefore, obtain any sympathy among them.

Well, I nursed my torments, and, like every thing else that is nursed, they grew apace, and before a week were called "fine large boils." I said I *nursed* them; is it necessary to add that I *cursed* them? At least, as far as my conscience permitted me to do so. I was regularly lamed —and yet here was I on board a confounded fishing vessel, with all available assistance required to help in getting things in order for the fishground. My *boils* are no excuse, and I am therefore expected to do as others do, to pump, to run, to be smart, to climb, if necessary, to pull on ropes, and to—in short—do every thing that wants doing. If I groan, I am shown veteran old sores, to which mine are, in fishing language, only "darling little pets." When I venture to utter a hope of soon being better, my friend, to whose kind offices I am indebted for an introduction to this infernal business, smilingly assures me that "*this* is nothing—a mere trifle: when we once get among mackerel, *then* will be the time for sores." As though this was not the grand jubilee of every thing of the kind!

But every body on board has sores—sores of all descriptions, and some that are indescribable —cuts, chafes, line-sores, pickle-sores, boils, pimples, felons, festers, agnails, bruises, and every other species of torment that poor mortal can by any possibility have on his hands and feet, our little community are infested with. And it is with our sores somewhat as with the Paddy's pig, which "enjoyed miserable bad health, and was getting *no better* very fast." Thus it happened, that on the evening in question, after supper was dispatched, every one commenced patching up his sores, laughing meanwhile at every body else, making odd grimaces while attending to their little matters.

Before retiring to rest I take a peep on deck. The gale is roaring fiercely through the bare rigging, and a blinding storm of hail and sleet, a blast of which salutes my face as I put it out of the companion-way, adds to the inclemency of the night. The dark storm-clouds scud wildly across the sky, and the wind fairly shrieks at times, as though glorying in the strength to bear down every thing coming in its path. It is truly a wild night, and as I descend again to my comfortable place by the fire, I think anxiously of the poor souls who are tossed about in such weather—cold, wet, and suffering at the mercy of the winds and waters. I am not alone in my thoughts, for as I shake the sleet off my rough cap, I hear our gray-headed old skipper mutter softly to himself, "God pity poor sailors who are caught in Boston Bay in this storm."

We go to sleep early—get up late next morning—get breakfast—(the storm still raging)—head up, and strike down the mackerel caught the preceding day; clear up decks, and then go ashore, or visit some of the other vessels. To do either of the latter, we do not require the assistance of boats, for the fleet has so crowded the harbor, that one can without difficulty walk from one side of the harbor to the other, a distance of three-fourths of a mile, on vessels.

Toward evening the wind hauls to the northward, and the weather clears up, and great snow-white clouds, looking like gigantic puffs of steam from some engine in the other world, roll grandly across the sky, sure signs of good weather. We "turn in" early, and are called out at three o'clock A.M. to get under way. We find every body around us in motion, some heaving up their anchors, others hoisting their sails, some with boats ahead, being towed out of the crowd, so as to enable them to shape a course, and a few already steering out of the harbor. We follow suit with all haste, and daylight finds us in Boston Bay, with the fleet around us, and the hills of Cape Ann blue in the distance.

Such is a *fish-day*, with its accompaniments. Of a series of such is composed the *trip* of a mackerel catcher, for the fish rarely bite well except just before a storm. When full of fish, which is generally in from three to five weeks, the vessel goes back home and lands her cargo. There the fish are assorted, weighed, and repacked by an inspector regularly appointed for that purpose. By him the barrels are finally branded, to show that they are "200 lbs. of mackerel," No. 1, 2, or 3, as the case may be, and then they are ready for sale or shipment.

Fishermen make from $150 to $350 and $400 during the eight months in which they labor, viz., from the last of March to the first of December. During the winter they in general remain at home, compensating for the toils of the working season by a life of total inactivity and idleness, spending a great part of the earnings of the past year in harmless dissipation, and looking to nothing higher than "an early start in the spring for the Banks." Such is life in the fishing villages of Cape Cod—to use a rather homely and perhaps coarse, but trite sailor's simile, "Like a Portuguese devil, when it is good it is too good, and when it is bad it is worthless."

THE ORIENTAL MERCHANT.

WHEN Haj Hamed borrowed a hundred dinars of the merchant Kodadad, he swore by the faith of the Prophet to return the sum within six months from that time, and fixed the hour and day. He was a young man, full of hope and confidence, and Kodadad was old and wary. "My son," said the latter, "this is perhaps a rash promise. Say one year." But Haj Hamed would not accept a further delay. He was going from Tarsus to Damascus on a commercial journey,

and had accurately calculated the time. One month to go; one month to come back; three months to sell his goods; a whole month to spare. But the accidents of the road—sickness, robbers, unforeseen delays? He relied upon the mercy of God; and with many asseverations said that at the appointed time he would present himself at the kiosque of the merchant Kodadad, on the banks of the river, and lay before him a hundred golden dinars. The money was lent without interest, and payment was a sacred obligation.

The caravan set out, flags flying, and drums beating, from the rendezvous on the opposite side of the river, and soon entered the gorges of the mountains. After proceeding a little way, a halt was agreed upon; for many of the merchants had staid behind, saying their last adieus to their families, or making additions to their merchandise. Haj Hamed, who possessed several camel-loads, and had been among the first to be ready at the place of meeting, repined greatly at this delay.

He had earned his title of Haj, or Pilgrim, when a boy, by going in company with his father to the shrine of the Prophet; but this was the first journey he had undertaken since. His impatience, therefore, may be excused. He had started with the idea of making a fortune; and was impatient to be doing. Besides, there was his promise to Kodadad. If he forfeited that, his credit was gone forever. Accordingly, he spent the first part of the day that followed the halt, sitting by the roadside, counting the stragglers that came in, and jeering them for their tardiness. "This young man," said some, "believes that time was made only for him. What matters a day more or less? At the end of life we shall have to regret our impatience. There are evils by every wayside. Why should we be eager to come up with them?"

These philosophical remarks found no favor with Haj Hamed, who, instead of imitating his companions, and reclining lazily, under the shadow of trees on the green grass, listening to the songs of the birds and the gurgling of the stream, began at length to roam uneasily about. He saw that another sun would set, and perhaps another, and behold them still in the lap of the same valley. He climbed the mountains, endeavoring to distract his thoughts, and whenever he obtained a glimpse of the encampment below, he gazed at it, endeavoring to discern signs of a forward movement. But the tents remained unstruck; the people reclined in groups; the camels and horses were dispersed here and there; and the lazy tinkling of their bells showed that they, at any rate, were enjoying themselves. The young merchant at length turned away and plunged into the deep recesses of the forest. Nature had no charms for him. As he went, he counted in his memory the number of pieces of cloth his bales contained, compared the cost-price with the probable market-price, and reveled in the anticipation of gigantic profits to be realized in the paradise of his imagination—some dusty bazaar in the far-off city of Damascus.

While he was meditating on these sordid matters, he was suddenly recalled to himself by a surprising accident. A huge mantle was thrown over his head; and before he had time to struggle, he was cast on the ground, and rolled up, like a bale of his own goods, in complete darkness. At first, he thought that instant death was to be his fate; and he murmured, "May Heaven pay my debt to the merchant Kodadad!" Soon, however, it appeared that he was only a prisoner; and he felt himself raised and carried along, while smothered laughter came to his ears. If this were a joke, it was a practical one. He tried to speak; but no answer was returned, except renewed laughter. Presently, those who carried him set him down; the bonds that confined him were loosened, the mantle was whisked away, and, to his surprise, he found himself in a beautiful garden, surrounded by a bevy of maidens, who clapped their hands, and enjoyed his amazed appearance.

Haj Hamed was too thoroughly an Oriental not to understand his position, after a few moments' thought. He had evidently been watched during his progress through the forest by the inmates of some harem, unencumbered by male attendants, who in a spirit of fun had made him prisoner. The incident is not an uncommon one, if we may believe narrators; but it generally leads to disagreeable results. Our merchant felt uncomfortable. These merry girls were quite capable, he thought, after having made a butt of him, of throwing him down a well or into a pond. He looked around for the chief among them rather anxiously, and soon recognized her in a very young maiden, who, after having laughed with the rest, had flung herself carelessly on a pile of cushions under a tree, and was gazing at him with interest.

"Lady," said he, assuming a humble attitude, "this is not wise nor well. I am a merchant traveling with my goods that require care and watchfulness, and beg to be released."

She seemed annoyed that her beauty, which was great, did not amaze him; and replied:

"Fear nothing. There is no danger. This is my father's kiosque. He has given it to me; and I live here with my maidens unmolested. There is a guard of slaves at the gate; but they only appear at a signal of danger—when I sound this shell."

She raised a conch to her lips, and a shrill sound filled the air. The slave-girls, scarcely understanding her motive, again cast the mantle over Hamed, and bade him be silent and motionless. Several men came hurriedly; but were dismissed with jeers and mockeries. In a few moments the merchant, more dead than alive, was uncovered again, and told to be of good cheer, for he had permission to depart.

By this time, however, beauty had begun to exert its influence; and Haj Hamed, instead of rising, remained gazing in admiration at the lady of the place. She met his glance, at first, with a disdainful expression; but according to the Oriental idea, two such souls have secret sym-

pathies, from the influence of which neither can escape. No sooner did their eyes meet in a full gaze, than both felt faint at heart. The lady turned very pale, and leaned her head upon the cushion; the maidens, raising the trembling Hamed, led him to her side. They talked for hours: not of themselves, but of love; and expatiated eloquently on the happiness of meeting, while the attendants played on their lutes, or sang songs illustrative of their situation. The shadows of night were coming on, when a peculiar sound at the outer gate announced that the father of the maiden, whose name was Leilah, had come to visit her. So Haj Hamed was thrust unceremoniously forth; and was awakened from his dream of happiness amidst the deepening gloom of the forest. He returned bowed down and heavy-hearted to the encampment.

Many thoughts kept him awake for many hours; it was not until the sky that stretched between the mountain tops overhead had begun to whiten, that at length, overcome by fatigue, he fell asleep. Pleasant visions spake beneath his eyelids. When he awoke, the tents were struck, the camels were laden, and the people were filing off. "Why this hurry?" he cried. "Was not this a pleasant place to tarry in? Time is eternal. There is no need to hasten from the present, which is joyful, to the future which is full of danger." Several merchants thought he was jeering them for their philosophy of the previous day, and hastened to complete their arrangements, and follow the caravan. Hamed's camels had been laden by his servants, and were ready to proceed. He hesitated a moment; but remembering his debt to Kodadad, cried, "March!" and went away with his heart full of new recollections.

The journey was prosperous, but tedious. When the caravan reached Damascus, the market was found to be encumbered with merchandise, and sales were with difficulty effected. Month after month passed away; most of Hamed's bales still remained on his hands. The fifth month from the time of his departure had arrived, and he was beginning to despair of being able to perform his engagements. At length, however, a merchant about to proceed to Bagdad, made him an advantageous offer for the whole of his stock, and he was enabled to depart, after having realized a good profit. Several accidents and delays occurred on the journey; but the caravans reached the valley, one march from Tarsus, on the eve of the day when Hamed had promised payment to Kodadad. Most of the merchants immediately rode forward to glad their families and friends; but our young merchant, feeling his love for Leilah revive with intensity, determined to spend that day in endeavoring to obtain an interview with her. He wandered into the mountains, endeavoring to follow the same track as before; but although he several times imagined he recognized the trees and the rocks, his search was unsuccessful. All was wild and seemingly uninhabited. He called aloud "Leilah!" but the echoes only answered, "la! la!"—no, no; and when night came, he knew not which way to turn. So he sat down beneath a huge sycamore to wait patiently until the morning.

When light came, he remembered his promise to Kodadad. He was to pay the hundred dinars at noon. He determined to hasten to Tarsus on foot over the mountains, for he knew the general direction in which it lay. Many hours of travel were before him; but he was light of foot, and at length beheld in the distance the minarets of the city, and the winding course of the river. Suddenly the landscape darkened. Clouds seemed to come out of every valley, and to inundate the plain. The rain fell; the wind blew. He hastened onward, clutching the leather purse in which he carried his wealth, and invoking the assistance of the Prophet. When he reached the banks of the river, he heard, through the mist, a muezzin proclaiming the hour of noon from the distant mosque. The waters were turbulent. No ferry boat was in sight. It was impossible to cross. Haj Hamed prayed; and an idea came to his mind. He plucked a large reed, and hollowed it, and placed therein a hundred pieces of gold, and tied other reeds to it, and floated this raft upon the stream, and confided in the mercy of God.

Now it happened that Kodadad, remembering Haj Hamed's promise, had gone to his kiosque that day to wait for his money. The wind blew; the rain fell. The debtor did not appear. "We must allow him an hour's grace, for the storm is violent," said Kodadad. The muezzin chanted the hour of noon. The merchant called to his slave to bring another pipe. Presently, a bundle of reeds came floating along the misty waters; a black boy stooping forward seized them as they passed. He was about to cast them away again, when the unusual weight prevented him. "Master," said he, "this is a reed of lead." The merchant, who wished to pass the time, told him to break the reeds. He did so, and lo! a hundred glittering pieces of gold fell suddenly upon the pavement of the kiosque!

This story, which is told in many different ways, illustrates the Oriental idea of mercantile probity. Turkish merchants, in their dealings among themselves, are famous for keeping their engagements with scrupulous exactitude; and the example of Haj Hamed is often cited as a model. Of course it is understood that the debt—all in good golden dinars—came to its destination in some miraculous way: the Prophet being always deeply interested in the good deeds of his servants. The young merchant was not without his reward. His credit was, in future, unlimited. But not only so; Kodabad insisted on giving him his daughter in marriage. And it will surprise none but very matter-of-fact people—to whom we do not address this legend—that this daughter turned out to be the same very imprudent Leilah, whose fascination had nearly caused Haj Hamed to dishonor his verbal promissory note. We learn, moreover, that she settled down into a most prudent and exemplary wife—which relieves our mind—for, except under extremely Oriental circumstances, we should not recommend her conduct for imitation.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE summer season, as usual, has suspended activity in almost every department of public life; and our Record of Events must lack incidents accordingly. Neither Congress nor the State Legislatures have been in session, and political movements have been mainly confined to party conventions held in preparation for the approaching Fall elections. In one or two of the States those elections have been already held. In Vermont it resulted in the election of Judge Royce, Whig, for Governor, by a majority of over 10,000, three Whig Members of Congress, and a Legislature strongly opposed to the National Administration. The result was sensibly affected by a union of the Whigs and the Free Soil party, on the basis of hostility to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.—In North Carolina the Democratic candidate for Governor, Mr. Bragg, was elected by a majority of 2085.—In Maine the election has resulted in the triumph of the coalition of Whig and Free Soil parties, by a very large majority; but official returns have not been received.

A Convention of delegates representing those of all parties opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, met at Saratoga on the 16th of August. Hon. N. T. M'Coun was chosen President. A series of resolutions was adopted, declaring the purpose of the Convention to resist the admission into the Union of any new Slave States, and to secure the prohibition of slavery within all Territories over which the Federal Government has jurisdiction. No State ticket was nominated, but the Convention adjourned to meet again at Auburn on the 26th of September, after the several political parties shall have made their nominations.——The Democratic State Convention, representing that section of the party friendly to the National Administration, was held at Syracuse on the 6th of September. Resolutions were adopted declaring the adhesion of the party to the Baltimore platform of 1852, approving of the National and State Administrations, and opposing any agitation in regard to the Missouri Compromise, although its repeal is considered inexpedient and unnecessary. Resolutions were offered and warmly pressed, unqualifiedly disapproving of that repeal; but they were rejected by a decisive vote. Governor Seymour was nominated for re-election, although he had sent a letter to the Convention peremptorily declining to be a candidate. W. H. Ludlow was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor.——Hon. Greene C. Bronson has accepted the nomination of the Anti-Administration section of the Democratic party in New York for Governor. In his letter of acceptance he declares his conviction that, unless we wish to dissolve the Union, we must deliver up fugitives from service, and expresses himself in favor of allowing the people of every State and Territory to regulate their domestic institutions for themselves. He declines to give pledges, or to answer inquiries concerning various topics not strictly of a political character, referring to his past life as a guarantee for his official conduct.——A State Convention of the Whigs of Massachusetts was held at Boston on the 16th of August. Strong resolutions were passed in opposition to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and on the general subject of slavery. Governor Washburn was nominated for re-election.——A Convention of Free Democrats was held at Worcester on the 7th, at which Senator Sumner made a speech strongly urging the duty of resisting the encroachments of slavery, and of securing the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. Henry Wilson was nominated for Governor.——The diplomatic correspondence in regard to the rights of neutrals, between the United States and the European belligerents, has recently been published. Under date of April 28, Mr. Marcy, in a letter to the British Ministry, acknowledges the receipt of the Queen's declaration, that, during the present war, the principle will be recognized that free ships make free goods; and adds the expression of the wish, on the part of our Government, that the principle might be unconditionally sanctioned by France and Great Britain—as such a step would cause it to be recognized throughout the civilized world as a general principle of international law. Our Government, from its very commencement, has labored for its recognition as a neutral right, and has incorporated it in several of its treaties with foreign powers. Mr. Marcy states that the United States, during the present war, while claiming the full enjoyment of their rights as a neutral power, will observe the strictest neutrality toward each of the belligerents. The laws already forbid the equipping of privateers, or the enlistment of troops within our territories against powers with whom we are at peace; and those laws will be strictly enforced. Under date of February 24 and March 17, Mr. Buchanan, American Minister in England, reports to Mr. Marcy various conversations in which Lord Clarendon had discussed the subject of neutral rights; and on the 24th of March he reports a similar conversation on the subject of privateering, indirectly urging a treaty for its abolition. Mr. Buchanan urged that, in case of a war between the United States and Great Britain, the naval superiority of the latter would give her an advantage which could only be offset by the employment of American merchant vessels as privateers; and that the United States could not, therefore, safely consent to the suppression of the system, unless the naval powers would go one step further, and consent to the abolition of all war upon private property on the ocean. On the 13th of April, Mr. Marcy replies to Mr. Buchanan, informing him that our Government is not prepared to listen to any proposition for the total suppression of privateering; and that it would not enter into any convention whereby it would preclude itself from resorting to the merchant marine of the country, in case it should become a belligerent party. The interdiction to neutrals of the coasting and colonial trade with the belligerents, if not enjoyed by them previous to the war, would be likely to be controverted by the United States if applied to our commerce. The law of blockade is deemed unnecessarily rigorous toward neutrals, and the right of search, if exercised against us harshly in the approaching war, would excite deep and wide-spread indignation.——Mr. Mason, our Minister in France, under date of March 22, advised Mr. Marcy of the steps he had taken to secure from the French Government a recognition of the rights and interests of the United States; and on the 9th of May, Mr. Marcy directs Mr. Seymour, our Minister at St. Petersburg, to ascertain the views of the Russian Government in regard to neutral rights—feeling confident that Russia would adhere to the position she has held heretofore, that free ships make free goods.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 16th of August. Mining reports continued favorable, though in some localities operations had been suspended by a scarcity of water. A Whig State Convention was held at Sacramento on the 25th of July. Resolutions were adopted affirming, among other things, the right of the people of the Territories of the United States to legislate for themselves, and, whenever their population shall entitle them to admission into the Union, to frame such a State Constitution as they may prefer. The Democratic State Convention was held on the 18th. A division speedily took place in the Convention which produced a rupture, and led to the organization of two. The differences were mainly personal. In Trinity County a very violent feud has broken out among the Chinese who are settled there, growing out of differences which they brought with them from the Celestial kingdom. The opposing parties, one numbering 140, and the other 400, recently had a severe fight, in which the former were victorious—two of their number and eight of their opponents being killed, and many more wounded.—Lieutenant Beckwith, of the Overland Surveying Party, had arrived in Sacramento with his party, consisting of about sixty persons, from his exploring tour from Salt Lake City. He reports having found a very feasible route for a railroad from Salt Lake to California, through a country abounding in water and grass for their cattle, and offering very few obstacles to the construction of a road.

From *Oregon* our dates are to the 5th of August. Governor Davis has resigned his office, in consequence of protracted sickness in his family in Indiana. There was a great scarcity of laborers in Oregon, and wages of mechanics had risen very considerably. The wheat harvest was in progress, and promised abundant returns. Two or three vessels were loading in Oregon for Hong Kong, intending to establish direct communication between Oregon and China. Several parties of overland emigrants had arrived, and reported the season to be very favorable for crossing. The gold mines in the vicinity of Port Orford were yielding rich returns.

From the *Sandwich Islands* we have advices to the 22d of July. A squadron of three English and four French vessels of war arrived there on the 17th, but its destination was not known. In reply to inquiries from the British and French Consuls, Mr. Wyllie, the Minister of Foreign Relations, had communicated a resolution adopted by the King and Privy Council, which declares that the privilege of asylum in the ports of that kingdom is not to be extended to vessels armed, on private account, or to the prizes made by them, whatever may be the flag under which such vessels may sail: so that all privateers, and prizes made by them, are prohibited from entering the ports of that kingdom, unless in such circumstances of distress that their exclusion would involve a sacrifice of life, and then only under special permission from the King, after proof to His Majesty's satisfaction, of such circumstances of distress.—The Fourth of July was celebrated at Honolulu with great *éclât*. Rumors were circulated that the Government had finally decided on opening negotiations with the United States for the annexation of the islands to the Union; but nothing definite or reliable was known on the subject.

From *Mexico* we have additional reports of revolutionary movements in various quarters. In Sonora, Count Raousset Boulbon had effected a landing, induced the foreign garrison of Guyamas to revolt, and attacked the government troops; but was repulsed with a loss of forty killed and over a hundred prisoners. It was rumored that the Count was among those captured, and that he had been shot, but the report lacks confirmation. In the South it is said that further engagements have taken place between the rebels and the government forces, in which the latter were successful.——On the Rio Grande frontier a fresh rebellion has broken out, and a pitched battle between the opposing forces was fought on the 13th of August, not far from Matamoras. The insurgents, numbering 250, under General Capistran, were successful against 180 government troops, under General Cruz. A proclamation has been issued, declaring that a Republican government has always been desired by the Mexican people, and that the object of this revolution is to secure for the people such form as they may prefer. Committees are to be elected in all the towns favorable to the movement, to have charge of the funds provided for it, to appoint officers, &c. After the capital shall have joined in the movement, a National Assembly is to be summoned, composed of one delegate for every 25,000, to lay the basis of a new government; and three months after the meeting of the Assembly a President shall be chosen. As yet the movement does not seem formidable.

GREAT BRITAIN.

An interesting debate was had in the House of Commons, on the 4th of August, upon a bill to enable the Legislature of Canada to alter the constitution of one of its branches. The bill was opposed by Sir John Pakington, on the ground of its extremely democratic character; it was advocated by ministerial members and others on the ground that no measure less democratic would be suited to the tendencies of the age or the progress of the Canadian people. The second reading was carried without a division.—A question of a good deal of interest and importance, touching the right of foreign authors to hold a copyright of their books in Great Britain, has recently been decided in the House of Lords. The case grew out of an alleged violation of the copyright of an Italian publisher in a piece of music which he had published in England. The Lord Chancellor, in his opinion, held that the object of the statute which granted to an author the sole liberty of printing and publishing his works for a limited time was national—that the privilege it conferred on authors was intended for the benefit of the country, and that it was applicable to all persons residing within the Queen's dominions and owing allegiance to her. The decision of the Chancellor, in which the House concurred, was, that none but subjects or residents of Great Britain could avail themselves of the privileges of the copyright law; and that foreigners could not acquire any claim to those privileges by the mere act of first publishing their works in Great Britain. The decision will affect injuriously the rights of American authors who have first issued their works in England, and obtained copyright for them on that ground.—Mr. Hume, in the House of Commons, has again called attention to the necessity of taking still more energetic measures to suppress the Slave trade in Cuba. All the steps hitherto taken had been frustrated by the venality and treachery of the Cuban officials. Not less than ten thousand slaves, he said, had been landed in Cuba through their connivance within the last six months. The recent revolution in Spain, he thought, had created a favorable opportunity for taking more efficient action on the subject. Lord John Russell said it was certainly to be deplored that after Britain, France, the United

States, and Brazil had rigidly put down the Slave-trade, it should still be carried on under the protection of the Spanish authorities in Cuba. With reference to the measures of suppression recently taken, the intelligence was of a more satisfactory nature. In February, 1854, prohibitive orders of a stringent nature were issued, and Mr. Crawford, the British representative, expressed himself satisfied of the sincerity of those orders. Further instructions to the same effect were issued in March, and under them 600 negroes were released. Other regulations imposed the penalty of dismissal of any of the authorities who should fail to report the arrival of fresh slaves, and under this regulation several district officers had been dismissed. In May, also, 600 more negroes were released. It was quite obvious that if such measures were rigorously carried into effect the importation of slaves into Cuba must soon cease. It was true that the venality of officers had to a very large extent frustrated the efforts made to suppress the trade, but as the Queen-Mother of Spain, who had been the chief promoter of the trade, was now removed, and a new Government had been instituted, he doubted not it would give energetic aid to suppress the traffic: at all events the British Government would keep a watchful eye on the matter, and do all in its power to secure the complete suppression of the traffic. ——In the House of Lords the Marquis of Clanricarde elicited an explanation from the Earl of Clarendon, by some sharp strictures on the conduct of the war. He said that the blockade had not been so effectual as might have been expected from the great force at the disposal of the Government, and complained especially that they had no adequate force of gun-boats of small draught in the Baltic, or any vessels carrying mortars from which a bombardment, in the proper sense of the term, could be carried on. He condemned the policy which had induced England to permit an Austrian occupation of the Principalities, as a high price paid for a co-operation which was not even yet forthcoming, and which was always to be distrusted, as prompted by the purest selfishness. He, however, highly approved the expedition to the Crimea, as one really worthy of the two great nations by which it was undertaken, and hoped that, before Parliament next met, they would have cheering news of its success. Lord Clarendon, in reply, explained and vindicated the perfect loyalty with which Austria had acted to Turkey in the long series of negotiations which had ended in the treaty by which she had engaged to enter the Principalities. Her threatening attitude had done much to produce the retreat of the Russian army, but he denied that France and England had ever allowed their policy to become dependent on that of Austria. That power had great financial and political difficulties to encounter, but she had given the most convincing proofs, even within the last few hours, that she would not be content with the results which had already been obtained. He insisted also that there was no reason to be dissatisfied with the conduct of the campaign. The Russians had been foiled in every attack by the Turkish troops under Omar Pasha, encouraged by the presence of the allied armies; their siege of Silistria had been ignominiously raised: they had recrossed the Danube, and were now so entirely discomfited that no further offensive operations were to be apprehended from them. In the Baltic the allied fleets had shut up those of Russia behind their granite fortifications, and had insured for British trade the most complete freedom and security in every sea, while that of Russia was extinguished. These results might not appear very heroic, but they had brought the war home in its utmost severity to Russia. She had been compelled to increase her armaments, already so excessive, and the charge weighed most heavily on her resources. All these operations had only tended to increase the mutual respect, and to strengthen the alliance of the two great nations, on whose jealousy the Emperor of Russia had counted. He thought these no insignificant ends to have arrived at in five months; he could not state the conditions on which he would conclude a peace, but none would be just, honorable, or lasting, which did not make the Ottoman Empire a part of the general system of European policy. To gain this great result they would endeavor to obtain the co-operation of other governments, but would rely on the resources of France and England alone.

Mazzini has issued a new and stirring appeal to the masses of Europe to hold themselves ready for instant insurrection whenever the vicissitudes of the pending war shall offer a favorable opportunity. He reviews the whole subject of European politics to show that the Italians especially ought at once to throw off the yoke of Austria, and that there is no need to await the organization of great conspiracies, but that the insurrection ought instantly to commence in every village. The day for great conspiracies, he says, is past. The friends of freedom must no longer trust the cause to the issue of a single battle. Nor need they wait the signal of political leaders. Wherever five of them can meet together, they should form a nucleus, collect arms, and stand ready to aid any movement that may be made. The document is very able, elaborate, and eloquent. Garibaldi, in a brief note, has disavowed all share in these sentiments, and expressed the opinion that a revolutionary movement under present circumstances would be hopeless.——Kossuth, on the 20th, made a long and able address to the people of Staffordshire, seeking mainly to prove that the substantial interests of the English people would be injuriously affected by an alliance with Austria. He said that the Allies had deterred the Turkish army from following up its successes by pursuing the Russians across the Danube, and that the prearranged occupation of the Principalities by Austria, would be a severe blow to the integrity of Turkey and to the general welfare of Europe. He ridiculed the project of the Allies to restrict the power of the Czar by obtaining from him pledges, and said this could only be done by reconstituting the Polish nation.

SPAIN.

The revolutionary movement in Spain seems to have subsided. Espartero is at the head of the new Government; and the Ministry, in an exposition to the Queen, state that it has been decided to convoke the Constituent Cortes, which it is hoped will prove a new bond between the throne and the people—between liberty and the dynasty, interests concerning which no debate can be allowed. In discussing the composition of the Cortes, the Ministers admit the services hitherto rendered by the Senate, but fear that difficulties would arise from a conflict between two legislative bodies. They propose, therefore, the convocation of the Deputies alone for the formation of a new constitution, though they decline to express any opinion as to whether the permanent legislative power should be vested in one assembly or in two. In considering the mode of electing deputies the Ministers have

followed mainly the precedent of 1837, amended in some particulars by the electoral laws of 1846. At their recommendation the Queen has issued a decree convoking the Cortes, to be composed of the Congress of Deputies alone, to meet at Madrid on the 9th of November—a deputy to be elected for each 35,000 souls; the voting to last three days; and the suffrage to be limited by a property qualification. This step has given satisfaction generally, but deputations have waited upon Espartero soliciting universal suffrage and a withdrawal of the statement that the question of dynasty is not to be discussed. Their applications, however, have been unsuccessful. There is a general demand that Queen Christina shall be tried by the Cortes for her peculations, but it is strongly resisted.

GREECE.

The new Greek Ministry has been constituted, and has issued a programme of principles and promises. The first duty of the new Government is assumed to be to conform to the Constitution, which is the germ of the future progress of the Greek nation. Every effort will be made to preserve friendly relations with foreign powers. Special attention is promised to the moral and material interests of the people, and especially to the subject of education, the benefits of which will be extended to all classes of society. Every thing will be done to strengthen religion, to appease dissension and party spirit, to promote agriculture, commerce, and industry, to reduce the expenses of the government, to build up the navy and to increase the numbers, perfect the discipline and increase the efficiency of the army.

THE EASTERN WAR.

Without any brilliant or decisive actions, the Eastern war has made some progress during the month. In the Baltic the event of interest has been the capture of Bomarsund by the allied forces. The first disembarkation of French troops took place on the 8th of August, and operations were immediately commenced and prosecuted for several days against the Russian forts, which were finally taken on the 16th. The loss of life on either side was not great. The land forces of the Allies numbered 11,000, those of the Russians 3000. The Aland Islands have thus fallen into the hands of the Allies.——On the Danube, the only movement of importance is the occupation of the Principalities by the Austrians: they entered between the 18th and 25th of August. Count Coronini is Commander of the Austrian army of occupation. The Russians still remain on the lines of the Sereth and Pruth. ——Alarming accounts are received of the ravages of cholera in the allied camp at Varna. Letters from authentic sources state that the losses in the French regiments are frightfully severe, and that the prevalence of the disease has exercised a most dispiriting effect on both armies. The ravages of cholera are attributed to the fact that the wells nearly all contain more or less dead bodies of Turks and Russians.——In Asia, it is said that the Turkish army has met with a decided defeat. A Vienna dispatch states, but without date, that Gen. Bebutoff had attacked and signally routed the main body of the Turks under the walls of Kars. The Russians say they killed 3000 Turks, took 2000 prisoners, including 84 staff and other officers, and captured 15 guns, with an immense amount of military stores. The shattered remains of the Turkish force had dispersed.

A diplomatic correspondence of considerable interest between the various parties to the pending war has been published. Count Nesselrode, on the part of Russia, replies, June 29, to the demand for the evacuation of the Principalities made by Austria and supported by Prussia. After rehearsing the history of the war, he assents to the three principles laid down in the protocol of April 9th, embracing the integrity of Turkey, the evacuation of the Principalities on proper securities being given, and the consolidation of the rights of Christians in Turkey under a European guarantee. He thinks negotiations for a peace on this basis may be prepared by means of an armistice. The securities desired as a condition of evacuating the Principalities are, that she shall not be molested on the evacuated territory, and that the allied troops relieved by that movement shall not be employed against her.—— The Austrian Government, in a reply dated July 9, expresses its regret that Russia should have attached to the evacuation conditions which do not depend on the will of Austria. But as her demand is not, under the circumstances, without an appearance of equity, and as Austria deems it very important to exhaust every possible means of restoring peace, she promises to exert herself to secure the acquiescence of the maritime powers in this arrangement. In case of failure, however, she will be compelled to maintain her demand in its full extent.——The French Minister, M. Drouyn de L'Huys, has also replied under date of July 22, to Count Nesselrode's argument, saying that France and England can not consent to a suspension of arms on the vague assurances of the Russian court; and laying down as the sole basis of peace the abandonment by Russia of the protectorate over the Provinces, the free navigation of the Danube, the revision of the treaty of 1841, for the purpose of limiting Russian power in the Black Sea, and that Christian rights in Turkey shall be guaranteed by all the European powers, and not by any one of them.

It is stated that the Austrian Government has issued a circular to all its diplomatic agents, intended to apprise them of the present position of affairs in the East. After alluding to the proposition made by Russia on the 29th of June, and by France on the 22d of July, the Austrian Minister observes, that although the position of Austria is considerably changed by the evacuation of the Principalities, the war continues between Russia on the one side, and England, France, and the Porte on the other. Secondly, that all treaties between Russia and the Porte have been abrogated by the present war, and have not regained validity by the evacuation of the Principalties. The Austrian Government, in principle, approves the conditions of peace proposed by the Western Powers, and conditionally agrees to them. The Austro-Prussian treaty of April 20, is in spirit in accord with the stipulations in question, though not exactly in word. A hope is expressed that the Court of Berlin will not be of another opinion; but should such unfortunately be the case, it will lead to no change in the foreign policy of Austria. For the present Austria will maintain an armed neutrality. It is announced that a formidable movement is on foot against Sebastopol, and that an invasion of the Crimea is proposed as the next movement of the Allies against Russia.

Editor's Table.

ARE WE ONE OR MANY? The very question, we have said, involves a solecism. The personal pronoun, implying, as it does, unity in plurality, rebels against being used in any such query. There are tomes of morality, as well as psychology in this significant WE, thus embracing the whole supposed brotherhood of man, and separating it from every thing else in nature or creation, whether of a higher or a lower kind. We can, perhaps, only fully learn the value of the idea by its actual or supposed loss. Complaints are often made of the little influence the pulpit and the Bible seem to be exercising on mankind. But let the world try and do without them for a generation or two, and we should then have the most unerring data, the most positive and deplorable statistics, by which to estimate the ruinous deficit in all true temporal as well as spiritual progress. And so of the question before us. We may treat it now as only a matter of curious scientific interest. It excites no great alarm, because old associations yet govern our thinking. Scientific men, so called, are mostly incapable of reasoning about it out of their own exceedingly narrow range; and such is the superficialness of the general mind in respect to all the deeper questions of ethics and theology, that it is liable to be imposed upon by almost any thing that assumes this name of the scientific, while stupidly ignoring all that can possibly impart to science any real dignity, or any true interest for a moral and immortal being.

But let the opposing opinion become general—let it be transferred from the head to the heart—let it be supposed to enter into the common and practical thinking of the age. We might, in that case, have some grounds for calculating the moral value of this now assailed tenet of a common blood and universal fraternity. It would be found that it has had a power—a negative or restraining power perhaps—but still a power which has made earth less of a slaughter-house, and held back the human race, bad as it is, from that still lower depravity to which it would have descended, had it been universally known or thought that the different tribes which bore some resemblance to a common form had, in truth, no more of a common life and common nature, than the various species of animals that roamed around them. It would be found that, amidst all ferocities, the traditional belief, obscure and faint as it may have been, has still cherished a respect for man, as man and brother—that it had converted evil into good, or made it the means of preventing still greater evils—that it had softened the horrors of war, and when it could not wholly remedy, had introduced servitude and subjugation instead of that utter extermination which it is thought right to wage against the hostile and untamable beasts of the forest.

This alone would be enough for our argument; but the sentiment and the doctrine have had a positive influence. It might be shown that civilization, Christianity, philosophy, philanthropy, in a word, *humanity*, have grown with the increasing recognition of this principle of the essential oneness and brotherhood of the *whole* human race. We can not better express the thought than in the language of two of the most gifted minds of the present age: "While we maintain the unity of the human species," says Alexander von Humboldt, "we repel the depressing assumption of superior and inferior races of men." Again says his noble brother—"If we would indicate an idea which throughout the whole course of history has ever more and more widely extended its empire, or which more than any other testifies to the much contested and still more decidedly misunderstood perfectibility of the whole human race, it is that of establishing our common humanity—of striving to treat all mankind, without reference to nation or color, as one fraternity fitted for the attainment of one object, the unrestrained development of its highest powers. Thus deeply rooted in the innermost nature of man, and even enjoined upon him by his highest tendencies, the recognition of the *bond of humanity* becomes one of the noblest leading principles in the history of mankind."

Following this train of thought we may see how much we are indebted to the Scriptures for a truth so purely a matter of revelation, whether traditional or written, and which instead of being dependent on a few texts, like the question in geology, enters into the core of all revealed religion, and into the very heart of Christianity. Instead of being a matter with which the Bible has nothing to do, as some say, it forms the very foundation of its most important teachings. Next to the sublime annunciation—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Jehovah," is the declaration of the old Scriptures so emphatically repeated by Paul on Mars-hill—"God hath made of one blood all nations (πᾶν ἔθνος—every ethnos or tribe) of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, having before determined their times and the bounds of their habitations."

And here, by the way, we can not help remarking that the language of the inspired Apostle has a very peculiar significance from the region and circumstances in which he was placed. There had come down from the primeval times the tradition of the human unity. In its wanderings from the old homestead each immigration had carried with it the myth of the first pair—either the first pair created, or the only pair saved from a flood. It was the common idea, with such mythological modifications, perhaps, as might cherish in each early isolated tribe its own fond claim of primogeniture. As exceptions, however, to this wide fact, there was here and there a people who asserted for themselves a different origin from the rest of mankind. Such claim has no historical value, for it always stands alone, out of the grand stream of human development, and ever connected with some absurd feeling of national pride, like that of our modern Anglo-Saxonism. A striking example of this is furnished by the Athenians. They *claimed* to be αὐτόχθονες, *indigenæ*, the pure genuine "natives," or Anglo-Saxons of their day. They were the Aborigines. No other blood had ever mingled with their own. Now there can be no doubt that Paul meant to rebuke this spirit, and that God through Paul condemned their doctrine of diversity of origin, as strongly and as sternly as that endlessly diversified polytheism of which Athens was so noted an example. One God, one humanity, one common redemption, one resurrection, one judgment, through one man Christ Jesus, who had entered into the peculiar physical and forensic relations through which alone the mighty work of human salvation could be accomplished—such is the substance of Paul's ever-memorable ser-

mon on Mars-hill. How is it to stand with the modern doctrine of diversity? We would especially ask the question of those evangelical theologians who, if they do not subscribe to the dogma, yet see no great harm in it, and who prudently advise the Church to have no opinion on this unimportant matter until it gets further light from science.

The absolute equality of each man, as man, comes directly from the idea of a common origin, and can be truly traced to no other source. One man is equal to another, not equally wise, equally good, equally strong, but *equally a man;* and this not on the ground of more or less resemblance in bodily or mental qualities, but because of a generic or genealogical fact. Each man is equal to every other man, because there was a period in time and space where the life which is now individually two or more was generically, and not only generically but *actually* one. This absolute equality of man, as man, is unaffected by that inequality of condition which grows out of the political relations. Without discussing here the right or wrong of this, it is enough for our argument, that it is essentially distinct from the other inequality which is supposed to have its ground in the very blood or nature. There may be monarch and subjects, rulers and ruled. These may be determined by institutes of longer or shorter, of more permanent or flexible duration. The distinctions they create may be hereditary or elective—for generations, for lives, or for years, according as the organic good may seem to require. They are the result of our dual existence—of the fact that we all live two lives, and are intended by God to live two lives, the individual and the social, and that the true and healthful organization of the latter necessitates diversities of condition. These may be master and servant, even δεσπότης and δοῦλος—we use the terms in their old political senses—and yet generic equality. One man may have power over another man more or less stringent, conferred by laws more or less just, and yet the two stand in the relation of brethren, and consistently and feelingly call each other brethren. This is the real Scripture test. Whatever relation allows the fraternal word and sentiment to stand unimpaired in their true generic force, that the Bible assails not, notwithstanding any outward diversities of condition or claim of magisterial authority; whatever theory, whether physical or political, would weaken and destroy them, that is unholy, inhuman, unchristian. The simple idea is worth more, and will do more to elevate mankind, than all the Magna Chartas, and Bills of Right, and Missouri Compromises that have ever been contrived as barriers to human oppression. Each member of the human body is equally flesh, and equal flesh, and all make one flesh, although the hands, the eyes, the feet, perform different offices, apparently and outwardly of different degrees of rank, yet all equally honorable, because all equally interdependent, when viewed in their catholic or organic relations. It is in fact this absolute equality which renders the organic relation possible. The latter could not exist between parts generically distinct. Animals of the highest class, or any species that are not truly men, could no more belong to the constitution of the body politic than the rod in the hand, or the shoes beneath the feet, could be true members of the fleshly human organization.

Man, then, we say, may have dominion over man; he may even have a political lordship over him. There is nothing degrading or dehumanizing in this, if the organic good of society require it; since it may possibly be the case that in this way, even the most subordinate parts may be raised to a higher absolute elevation than they could have ever attained in a state of relative equality with its possible consequences of savage anarchy and animal barbarism. Thus, then, would stand our argument; its application we would leave to the reader. Political and social inequalities, political and social relations of every kind, rest solely on their expediencies, to be determined, not by abstract reasoning, but by a careful induction of facts. Whatever, on the other hand, denies, or is inconsistent with the true and proper humanity of any part of the one family of mankind, or, in other words, the great fact of brotherhood, that we bring to the bar of the universal human sentiment, and to the central truth of the divine Word. It is inhuman, antibiblical, antichristian—condemned of God, and to be abhorred by all who believe that man was created in His image.

Brother may have dominion over brother, even lordly or despotic dominion, and rightly exercise it. Philemon and Onesimus were master and servant, yet true brethren, both in nature and "in the Lord." The stringent social and domestic relation is as distinctly recognized by the Apostle as the natural and spiritual kinsmanship. But the assertion of title on the other ground is an indignity to the common honor of the race. We feel it as we would degradation of kin or family dishonor. Is the Negro a man? the dignity of the lord as well as of the vassal demands the clear recognition of such humanity. We have no scruple about his political bondage. Its expediency, its righteousness, its humanity, are all to be determined by circumstances apart from the question of race. But the other claim we would resent as a personal insult. Even the African, far-off cousin though he be, is a relative for whom we have some regard. He is of our blood, our *kin*, our *kind;* for the words are of the same stock. We trace them up into the oldest roots of the Saxon. We find them again in the Greek γεν, the Sanscrit *jan*. We only lose sight of them where all history disappears—in the primitive state, and in that primitive language which was the vernacular when the whole human family obeyed one living ancestor, dwelt in the same palm grove, and perhaps slept beneath the covert of the same tent. The genealogy is yet preserved in the old Family Bible; and that science and that political philosophy are the greatest enemies of the highest human good that would seek to obliterate or in any way impair the credit of the record.

Paul's declaration to the Athenians was only an inspired interpretation of elder Scripture. It was holding up before the Greek that authentic genealogical roll which had so long been familiar to the Jew, while he cites, by way of illustration, the ancient poets of the nation in opposition to their extravagant claim of generic distinction and superiority. Nothing can be more idle than the attempt to make the term "blood," as thus employed, mean simply a resemblance in certain qualities. The interpretation is only worthy of such a philologist and biblical scholar as Mr. Nott. It is just what we would expect from a critic who denies that the authors of King James's translation of the Bible had any knowledge of Hebrew, and who furnishes such evidence of his own hermeneutical skill in his profound remarks about Samson's foxes. The use of "blood" for "kin" is common to all tongues. Whether the belief on which it seems to be ground-

ed be true or not, there can be no mistake in respect to the idea. The blood, if not the life, is representative of the life. It denotes the ever-flowing river of human vitality, the stream of generation, however widely parted its numerous branches—the essential unity of being, however multifold its individual manifestations. It expresses the fact, and carries up the mind to a real point of unity, where all this diverging diversity was once one, actually one, numerically as well as ideally. Thus brothers are of one blood because they have the same father. Cousins are *consanguinei*, or of one blood, because they have the same grandfather. Recognized kindred are of the same blood, because their lines meet in a common *proavus*, or ancestor. Any two human beings—even the Anglo-Saxon and the Negro—are of kin, or possessed of a common life, on the ground that there was a time, an exact time of measurable though unknown degrees, when their individual streams parted from one parent fountain, and it could be said of them, in the clear language of the Latin poet—

"Sic genus amborum scindit se *sanguine ab uno*."

And this is the only true idea of a *nature* or species. It is not resemblance in appearance or in working, in cause or in effect. It is not likeness of process merely, be it ever so constant and ever so uniform. It is causative of resemblance and classification, not constituted by them. Nature is birth, a series of births. It is a being born, as its name (*natura*) implies, and an ever being *about to be born* of one thing from another. It is the unfolding of a life, of a germ, whose beginning must be out of itself, or supernatural, and this beginning, from the very idea, and the law of the idea, must be one. Here is the point at which our scientific naturalists so greatly stumble. It is their error here which makes them so incapable, many of them, of rightly appreciating the moral and theological positions that are connected with this higher idea. We might suppose Deity to have created beings in the form of men, and with such a degree of resemblance, material and spiritual, that no examination could detect the least appreciable difference in the length of a hair, the strength of a feeling, or the significance of a thought. Still, if they had never had with each other any connection of life, they could not be said to be of one nature, of one race, of one blood. For nature is a fact, it is community of vitality; and there must, therefore, be as many natures as there are distinct beginnings.

Neither would any contiguities of habitation at all alter the case in respect to beings thus originating. They would be as alien as the dwellers on separate planets. No remoteness in space or time could make them less of kin, less of the same nature, than the simple fact that there was not, and never had been, between them any community of life. There might indeed be said to be a connection, but only through God, the universal, uncreated centre of unity, and by whom they would be alike connected with all things else in the spiritual and material universe.

Whatever may be thought of it theoretically, we are satisfied that, practically and morally—and this is at present the aspect of the question on which we are mainly insisting—we can not overestimate the value of this idea of blood or kinsmanship. We have reference now, not only to the universal *consanguinity* of the race, but more especially to those nearer affinities to which we chiefly give the name of kindred, because we can trace chronologically and genealogically the originating unity from which it flows. It is the chief fault of this age of moral and political generalizations, that we do not think enough and make enough of blood or kinsmanship. It is not too much to say that some of the strongest supports of human virtue are failing in consequence of it. And yet, if we may judge from the abundant genealogies of the Scriptures, no human feeling was held in greater honor. Next to the *Sacra Dei*, were ever the *sancti patres*, and the brethren according to the flesh. But that is the Old Testament, it may be said; Christian love is grounded solely on the class or moral relation. We would not rashly meddle here with themes so sacred; it may be permitted, however, to say that the question, Is it not something more than this? is the great problem for our modern theology, the great question of a standing or falling Church. But to come down to our more natural and human sphere, we repeat it, we do not think enough of blood either as respects the whole human family, or even the narrower circles within which its currents can be more distinctly traced. Indeed we may say that the strength and purity of the former feeling will depend much on the degree in which we cherish the latter. Our philanthropy, our zeal for political and social rights, can never get above our love for kin without proving its own spuriousness. We suspect that cosmopolitanism which ignores the family, the neighborhood, the circle of known consanguinities, in its enthusiasm for the good of being in general. We have here again the sure testimony of the Scriptures, and that too as given by the "loving Apostle"—"He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" By parity of reasoning—he that loveth not his brother who is near him in the flesh, how can he truly love his brother who is far removed from the common fountain of life?

Ours is an age, and especially ours is a country, in which the mind should be especially recalled to these laws of nature and of nature's God. It is an age of rambling, of emigration, of the continual breaking up of family and kindred ties. The feeling and idea of home is getting to be almost lost. We need to be reminded of the mine of virtue there is in these genealogical remembrances, in the cherished thought of "the dear kindred blood," as Daniel Webster has so feelingly expressed it. It would do our national character no harm if we had more of this best and purest kind of "nativism"—if the feeling extended habitually to third, fourth, even fifth cousins, or those still remoter ties of traceable blood which we ridicule some of the older and more stable nations for so assiduously cherishing. We want no acquaintance with the man whose soul does not warm to one in whose veins he knows there runs the same stream of kindred life which not long since parted from his own, or who fails to recognize him as a kinsman whether in low or high station, in poverty, in rags, and even in ignominy.

At first view, one would very naturally think that by no class would the Nott and Agassiz doctrine have been more unequivocally condemned than by those who have declaimed the loudest about human rights, and whose motto has been, or ought to have been—"Am I not a man and a brother?" Some of this school have heartily denounced the book, and we give them all honor for consistency and sincerity. Others have obviously hesitated. The question has puzzled them by presenting two aspects. There is the dehumanizing side, which certainly seems at war with their professed philanthropy. But there is, again, the antibiblical side, and the antibiblical interest, that is in unison with their

railing at the Church and the distrust with which they have come to regard the Scriptures as not teaching philanthropy on their grounds, and after their manner. And hence their cautious treatment. They would not burn their fingers with too close handling. They would not commit themselves, yet evidently show a disposition to commend the infidel speculation if they dared. They would not endorse it, not they; yet still it is a great work, a very remarkable work; its positions should be carefully considered by all candid and truth-loving minds. Its direct opposition to the Scriptures, however, is hardly thought worthy of a remark.

And yet the bearing of this upon the slavery question, and other questions of social and political reform, is too obvious to be ignored or denied. It will not do to trust too implicitly to what we call "natural right" until we know something more about nature than we can learn from nature herself. We may have to come back to the old Bible after all. If pressed for our title to property even in the animal races, it would be difficult to make it out unless we threw ourselves upon the old grant of sovereignty so clearly set forth in the Scriptures. Admitting, however, for the sake of the argument, the existence of such natural title, it would be still more difficult to show why it would not include races once thought human, but at length discovered to be only steps in the scale between *us* (whoever *we* may be) and the long list of descending animalities. It would be impossible to show why a man, a real man, might not have property, and *the same kind of property*, in a Negro, or a Papuan, or one of the miserable Esquimaux, as well as in a sheep or a reindeer. The former might be possessed of somewhat higher faculties, it is true, but then they could be put to higher uses. The political authority might show them some kindness, as in the law against cruelty to animals, but it could not know them as subjects, or even as servants. They could not be δοῦλοι, or οἰκέται, or ἀνδράποδα, all of which names, even the most servile, have some recognition of humanity, and the first two an implied political relation. They would not even be bondsmen. They would not be *men* at all.

We do not wish to meddle here with the direct or indirect bearings of these views upon the political question of servitude; but it may be mentioned, by the way, as a striking fact, that the chief opponent of this dehumanizing doctrine of diversity has been found in a Southern clergyman* —one who is a defender of the political relation of slavery as a matter of necessity under present circumstances, while he earnestly contends for the true human dignity, and human equality of the colored brother. To that noble band who have so long suffered between the cross-fires of unreasoning ultraists—to the clergymen and Christians of the South—would we appeal to sustain him in this defense of the universal brotherhood of men. It will be found in the end to be the true conservatism. The Christian defenders of slavery as an existing institution would certainly not wish to place it on a ground that can only be held with the loss of a truth so precious—that can only be sustained at a sacrifice so dear as the denial of manhood to any part of the human race—and at the same time throwing an infidel suspicion, a painful doubt, over the whole question of humanity.

The confusion arising does not affect merely one or two varieties. It casts a cloud over the birth of us all. There is no telling who is perfectly legitimate, who is the true homo, who has least of the beast in his origin and descent. The most modern authors of the diversity doctrine venture to speak, though very cautiously, of different creations. But this multiplication of the supernatural beyond the supernatural of the Bible is, to say the least, liable to suspicion when we consider the source from whence it comes. It is a sudden affectation of piety which there is some reason to distrust. Take away our sure hold on express revelation—take away this "light shining in a dark place," and the next most reliable and most rational theory is that of development. If we can not retain the simple, sublime, and most credible account of the Scriptures, we see no stopping place short of that furnished in the "Vestiges of Creation," much as it may serve the purposes of some naturalists at present to contemn that book. And who knows what nature may next develop? What science can give us any assurance about it? Of course, we think ourselves at the top of the scale, but lay aside revelation, reject what it teaches us of the origin and destiny of man, and what security is there that the descendants of Mr. Nott, and Mr. Agassiz, and of those who are for re-opening the slave trade, may not be among the Yahoos of a coming generation?

If such be now the use and tendency of the doctrine, while the old associations are yet strong, who can reckon its moral mischief when it shall have obtained full possession of the world—when there shall have been wholly lost the humanizing effect of the belief in a common fall and a common redemption—when, too, the feeling which the dogma would naturally generate is aided and driven on by that depraved love of domination and oppression which would then have no check either in nature or a trusted Bible? It is now, perhaps, the plaything of the sciolist; but it will be a far more serious matter, when the distinctions which now clothe themselves in scientific names shall have come down and mingled in the common speech—when instead of *anthropoids* we shall have *half-men*, when in place of the scientific *semi-simii, caudati*, the vulgar shall have their *man-ape*, or their *man-outang*, or their *man-kangaroo*, or the Laponian mannikin, or the man-faced Esquimaux, or the blubber-eating resemblances of humanity that burrow in the earth and snows of the Arctic circle. And then, too, who that knows any thing of man (we mean the highest race of man) can doubt that the widening distinction would go on, until one despotic tribe would come to regard itself as the only real homo, and in the maintenance of such a claim treat all the rest as the legitimate instruments of its pleasure or its profit? The Negro, the Papuan, the Hottentot, the Laplander—these surely are not men; but how long before the Anglo-Saxon pride would assume a similar attitude toward the Celt, and the idealizing Teuton dream himself into a generic superiority to the Sclave?

We have as yet had chiefly in view the moral bearings of the question. But what, it may be said, has all this to do with the argument? We are told again, it is a pure question of science, and we answer as before—define the bounds of your science. Tell us where the natural, the scientific, in your sense of the word, separates itself from the moral and the spiritual. Tell us on what grounds you claim the right to make the higher in all these great questions give way to the lower, and demand that moral certainties, and the consideration of undeniable moral consequences, shall yield to the proba-

* The Rev. Dr. Smyth, of Charleston, S. C.

bilities, often the merest guesses, of a most limited physical empiricism? If your science has mounted up beyond all history to the great question of origin, and settled beyond a peradventure the chronological fact of diversity, then, to be sure, there is no more to be said. If some of your scientific theories be true, whether they land us in a universal developed and ever developing unity, or in a chaotic unrelated diversity, it may become a question, not simply whether this or that is consistent with a moral scheme, but whether your physics leaves any place for morality at all. Assuming, however, that there is such a thing, we argue from it, and this is the manner and outline of our reasoning. Our first position is, that setting aside revelation, the fact and manner of the human origin can never be *certainly* known from any induction. And so in every department. From its very nature, every such fact of origin transcends science, which must always assume a cause, or an appearance, before every change, and can never ascend to an absolute beginning. It may guess, it may balance inductions, it may classify appearances, but the certainty, the fact, of origin it can never reach. It can never be sure that there may not be ten thousand things in a present nature, and ten thousand times ten thousand things in the natures of all past ages, that are unknown to it, and which would modify, change, or wholly reverse all its calculations in matters so remotely beyond its immediate ken. Such too is the conclusion to which some of the most scientific as well as the most philosophic minds have arrived. Says that profound naturalist Johannes Müller, in his *Physiologie des Menschen*, "The different races of mankind are forms of one sole species by the union of two of whose members descendants are propagated; but whether the human races have descended from several primitive races of men, or from one alone, is a question that *can not be determined from experience alone.*" If there was ever a matter for revelation this is one. It can not be determined from *experience*, that is from science, or any induction of phenomena. To the same effect Wilhelm von Humboldt in his work on the "Varieties of Languages." He argues most powerfully in favor of unity, but comes to the conclusion that "a solution of these difficult questions can never be determined by experience or inductive reasoning." Now these are greater authorities than Mr. Nott, even with all his wondrous biblical learning. They are the equals of Agassiz in science, but they were also something more. They were philosophers as well as scientific men; and though not theologians, nor professing any superstitious regard for the Scriptures, but rather inclined, on the other hand, to pursue these questions on independent grounds, they had philosophy enough to make them treat with reverence those great ideas of revelation and theology that are so intimately connected with them, and to despise the trifling that would settle them by the measurement of a heel or a jaw-bone, or by the most skillful use of the microscope or the dissecting-knife.

Thus then stands the outline of the argument. Science can not settle the question. It can only give us seeming probabilities, some for and some against. But there is another wide department of ideas that furnishes weapons of the same kind, though of a higher temper and a keener edge. Morals also has its probabilities, and these (supposing revelation to be silent, and omitting for the present the unanswerable argument from both its letter and its spirit) must come to our aid in determining the fact of the divine action, and the probability of its taking this or that course. There is a physical probability in favor of the simpler and sublimer mode of one creation, one germ of life left to unfold itself in all humanity; but there is also something higher still. Are there some of the most precious moral truths intimately connected with this question? Is it so that we can not take them away without untuning the most valuable and most vital of the social harmonies? Then, if God had a scheme, a moral purpose, in the creation of man, the antecedent probability is all in favor of that unity of life and origin which is so conservative of the deeper moral affections. Then is it most probable, as the Apostle has proclaimed to us, that "He made of *one blood* all nations of men to dwell upon all the face of the earth."

This is the clear distinct *ethnology* of the Bible. We should like to dwell further upon it, and the other topics, political, moral, and scientific, that grow out of the inquiry; but it would carry our Editor's Table to inordinate limits.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE very legs of our Easy Chair creaked under the presence of the long drought. Whether it was sympathy with the trees, part of which they had once been, or commiseration for our unhappy selves, who sat dry, listless, and suffering in the general drying up of Nature, we do not yet know. If chairs could only speak! If some poet could give a voice to the moon, and tell what it has seen and heard! If all the inanimate surroundings of our little actions, at times when we are not in full dress for the observation of the world, could say not only what they saw but what they thought of what they saw —perhaps we should be severely criticised. It is a possibility which only those of a singular rectitude of life (like all old gentlemen in Easy Chairs) can contemplate with any complacency. How much a man's table knows about him! How many more things he puts in his bureau drawer than old gloves! Let some essayist give us the autobiography of a bureau drawer, and so do up his name in lavender forever. What a friend your chair is, especially if it be an easy one! Goethe used to pride himself that he had never sat in an easy chair. All the fourscore years and more of his brilliant and successful life he sat on hard seats. In Strasbourg he used to climb the dizzy tower of the cathedral so that he might conquer his giddiness. But the great Goethe was a solitary man. There is no trace in all his manifold writing of the friendly geniality of an Easy Chair. It is all hard, cool, precise, as if he had always been sitting and writing on a peculiarly hard and high wooden throne. There is no indication of the head thrown back, and the hand gently dropped in reverie as he wrote. How could a man pause and dream sitting upon a hard bench? How could he confide to it his doubts and despairs, his half hopes and dawning confidences? An Easy Chair enfolds him like a friend. It holds him in tender embrace. It begets that languor of mood which gives to his writing soft atmosphere and airy distance. Labor ceases to be work. He falls into his chair as into a dream. Thoughts and fancies come welling up and break like rainbow bubbles upon the surface of the paper. His Easy Chair is his friend. It takes his shape. His grandchildren say that it looks like grandpa, as we say of children's clothes, that they are full of their character and impress.

It was with sorrow, therefore, that we heard our legs creaking—meaning, of course, the legs of our Chair. Yet we were glad, for it showed their sympathy with Nature, as we felt it already with ourselves. The Millerites, who are not, perhaps, the wisest of philosophers nor the best of prophets, said that the drought was but the beginning of the end. It was a safe prophecy—only it was a dry beginning for a wet end. The good Millerites stepped up-stairs and took out their ascension-robes, that went off suddenly at such a discount some years since, and aired them, and surveyed them, and glanced out of window at dusty roads and parched fields with a savage satisfaction. Dust was about returning to dust. The Eastern War, the Bashi Bazouk business, the financial embarrassments, the desultory cholera—all these were signs of the fullness of time. The earth had grown too bad altogether, and this time with fire, as once before with water, was to be utterly purged.

"Beyond this vast range of mountains," said an elderly mole to an admiring and gaping group of moles junior, "lies the unfathomable chaos."

The young moles looked in awe and silence upon the vast range of mountains.

It was only a celery bed with an acre of cabbages beyond it.

And yet, without doubt, a war in the East, and a drought in the West, will have a serious effect upon our prosperity for the next twelvemonth. If the corn crop, as the wise men say, is only half as abundant as last year, that one premiss is enough for many grave conclusions. Money will be dearer, the wise men say; which means that you young men, who have so recently returned from the gay summer resorts which you have so handsomely ornamented, must dine more discreetly, and less often; and when you have resolved to send Aminta Jane a diamond necklace, you must content yourselves with a pearl bracelet. It will be hard, of course. It is so much pleasanter to deal with diamonds than with any stone less precious.

It means that Aminta Jane, who grieves so bitterly that she has been educated in a style of luxury which makes it impossible for her to marry any body but a Prince Royal, or any Dummy with a Prince Royal's fortune, must curtail her flounces and consider her gloves. There are limits to luxurious wardrobes, as she will learn from this long, long drought.

But if she only knew it, there is a worse drought than that which ruins the hopes of the farmer, and makes his grain fields ashes. As his acres have other crops than he reaps with sickle and scythe, so there are sadder droughts that desolate fairer fields. We heard of Aminta Jane at Saratoga, and during the final days of the expiring season there, we jumped down from our Chair and ran to see her. She is certainly very handsome. She has the fascination of a calm presence, and a glow of perpetual sunshine in her eyes. It is an autumn sun that shines in them, however; they are sweet, but clear and cold. There is a sumptuous air of self-satisfaction about Aminta Jane which is never unpleasant to see, because it is the natural *aplomb* which belongs to great and acknowledged beauty. Wherever she moves all eyes follow her. We remarked that it was not so much with homage as with curiosity. A poet, who did not know her, and whose seedy raiment entirely precluded all thought of his ever aspiring to be presented to her (while Thomas Noddy, with his exquisite boots, and the gentlemanly Mr. Glace, with his superb indifference of manner, were in constant attendance upon her), might have seen her afar off and loved her distantly—in the way that Charles Lamb describes love for the "high-born Helen," the essence of which consisted in the perpetual distance and absence of the object. We saw how surrounded with admirers was the brilliant Aminta Jane—how she drove to the Lake with the choicest men in the reddest-wheeled wagons—how she promenaded, while the band played, with her own band of suitors playing around herself—how she glided swan-like into the dance, while we grave seniors who stood by and looked on entranced, were but the living shores of the sea of grace which her movement created, and which were so tenderly laved by its ripples.

Yet, somehow, we could not see her to be truly beautiful. The youth and charm which she had were sadly like a rouge which colored brightly for the moment, but would leave the cheek palid tomorrow. She had the appearance, but not the real soul of youth. When years fell upon her, and she no longer glided, swan-like, into the dance, we felt that there would not be youth in her heart, but age and bitter regret, and a wailing like a midnight wind in an autumn garden.

It was because the drought of feeling and faith had so early set in. The real flowers had faded in the hot air of false excitement, and there rose only painted counterfeits, tied on to the stalks, in their places. She preferred lace to love. It is a fearful thing to say of any woman, but when she told her dearest friend, who told it to all the rest of us at Saratoga, in order to remove from our hearts any skepticism of Aminta Jane's sorrow that she could not think of marrying the youth whom she loved, because they had both been too expensively educated, it did not seem fearful, it seemed only funny, and it was a great deal better thing to laugh at the whole matter, as we all did at Saratoga, over our cigars. Aminta Jane's heart will never ruin her happiness. A tiara of diamonds applied to her head will always cure any affection lower down.

Yet because she is a woman it was sad, as it is to see a luxuriant rose tree that bears no roses. When we first traveled upon the Continent and saw an imperial palace, it was so fair and fine that we could not restrain our impatience to behold the Emperor; for we said to ourselves, if the house is so fine what will the owner be? Presently there was a flourish of trumpets, and a brilliant parade of stately soldiers, with flashing helmets and nodding plumes, and magnificent bursts of martial music, so that our excitement was wound to the highest pitch of expectation, and then—then came a small, shriveled idiot, idly staring and vacantly shambling along, and we all removed our hats, and bowed very low to his majesty the Emperor.

There had been a fearful drought of royalty. The heroism, the manliness, the soul of the thing had all died out; and when in the midst of the parched fields and the arid landscape of Saratoga we saw this superb Aminta Jane, and presently perceived how terribly she also had suffered from another kind of drought, then the landscape seemed in comparison to be lovely; and even in the spacious corridors of the "United States," while the band played and the summer sun shone, there came a returning vision of an imperial idiot issuing from a palace.

We returned to our Chair, which did not seem so easy after that visit, and determined to ask whether of all the beaux and belles who have been so thoroughly dusted in the doleful driving of this summer

and who have so abundantly expressed their disgust at the drought, there had been many Aminta Janes who had suspected a more fearful drought elsewhere.

THERE is no longer any doubt about the coming of Grisi and Mario. Speculation is useless, and there has been a great deal of good wine lost and won upon an event so important in the world of art. Yet it was with a feeling of sadness that we read in Willis's recent volume—"Famous Persons and Places"—that at least fifteen years ago Grisi was considered a setting star in the capricious heaven of London favor. A quarter of a century since it must have been that poets wrote sonnets to her beauty and genius. And now she comes to dazzle us with the sunset of her splendors; and naturally, for the light lingers longest in the west.

Before these lines are read Grisi will have made her mark, and her success will be in some degree assured or lost. It will not be uninteresting to compare our speculations with the fact. And first, she will be acknowledged as a splendid woman—a woman in the large Pasta style, intended for success in the lyrical drama. She might have inspired a composer to invent *Norma*, you will say, by a certain breadth and grandeur of impression which is strictly harmonious with such a character. But for that very reason, she will be found less fitted to other characters. *Lucia* demands a lovely, not a grandiose, personality. *Lucrezia*, on the other hand, implies an imperial presence. Such colossal crime, yet crime not entirely beyond comprehension, requires a kind of splendid manifestation. It is a woman of profound passion, at bay before the world; and the imagination demands a queen. The massive neck, the superb arms, the Junonine characteristics of Grisi, can not have been much impaired by time. And we learn that she has a mild and easy temperament, against which time can not lightly prevail. Let us at least hope so; for if it be true that her husband, Signor Mario, has been followed to this country by some enamoured English donna, neither young nor pretty, but rich, then a fiery Italian nature might protest in a manner to give greater point to dramatic denunciation, but also to diminish the rounded outline of face and arm.

We think that no great variety will be found in the impression she produces. It will seem to be quite as much the result of a certain physical organization as of genius, and therefore lack a subtle fascination which inheres in every act and movement and word of genius. Grisi will act her parts according to our ideas of how they should be acted. But will she give us new conceptions of them? Will she not rather absorb the character in herself than lose herself in them? Rachel does not do this. Her *Thisbe* is as different from her *Phédre* as Venice from Greece. It is *Andromache* and *Mary* of Scotland that we see, and not Rachel. But is it not rather *Grisi* and not *Norma* that we have seen at Covent Garden? She has so filled the public mind with a certain idea of the character, that a new actress is condemned in in great measure because she is unlike Grisi. It was held in advance that Jenny Lind could not succeed as *Norma*. She is a good *Fille du Regiment*, said the astute critics, how can she be a good priestess! It would be as wise if we should say, "Kensett can not paint trees because he paints rocks well."

There will be the magnificent voice—magnificent still, although in decline. We are not harsh critics in our Easy Chair. We shall listen, and be so glad to listen, and thank God for all the sweet sounds and pleasant sights that cheer the earth. Criticism is thankless work. It is a base trade. It is at best an expression of individual opinion. The great Mr. Ruskin says that Claude can not paint a good picture. But our eyes have clung, as our hearts cling in memory, to the golden lights and soft summer meadows of Arcady that he has revealed. If one who knows not what painting is, and can not feel its charm, wishes to understand what Claude's pictures mean and are, let him read Keats' Ode upon a Grecian Urn, and be admitted to the fellowship of beauty. What do we care for the great Mr. Ruskin, and his overwhelming proof that Claude could not paint a picture, when, sitting in our Easy Chairs, our lives are made lovelier and our thoughts purer by the vision and the remembrance of Claude's beauty? Are his trees all of one kind, and that no known kind? Are his clouds masses of cotton-wool? Are his rocks puddings, and his people impossible? Ah! Mr. Ruskin, we who see into a millstone, see something else than wool, pudding, and impossibility in the lovely lines of Claude. It is in vain that you tell us the sunset is not fine according to the rules of some other sunset. It is useless to deride us for loving a landscape which has no element of the proper picturesque. Are our hearts swayed by your rules and your observations? or do you suppose that your statements cover the breadth and variety of possible laws and individual experience? One sweet landscape of Claude's improves mind and heart more than the rhetorical splendors of your argument that it ought not to improve them, or your fierce assertions that it does not improve but injure them. The heart is a leaf in the eddies of the world. It rises and falls: it bounds and breaks—and the great Mr. Ruskin can not say why.

Let us give ourselves to this new pleasure with unreserved willingness to enjoy. Here is this magnificent Grisi, the fresh, sweet-voiced Mario. Are they the best of all possible singers? Who knows? Is this the best of all possible days? Whether it be so or not, is it not soft and fair as it fades in autumn haze along the horizon? Its beauty is a balm to weary hearts, and out of how many eyes that look upon it is not a weary heart gazing? Less criticism! less criticism! In gossip, in innuendo, in sarcasm, in fun, or in earnest, we are forever bickering, and calling it perception and observation. We grow self-conscious, and morbid, and sad. We call ourselves the crowns of life, and not one among us but has a thorn in his Easy Chair. The trees grow placidly, spread their green limbs, flower, and fade. The hills roll gracefully and golden with kind harvests—the sea passes us from shore to shore. Their offices are fulfilled, their life is satisfied. But we sit under the trees, and roam the hills, and sail the seas, and bear with us every where a secret, solitary burden, a nameless sadness. Can we quite afford to be satirical and severe?

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE are lively girls, of sentimental tendencies, who sigh for the good old times when lovers were knightly and chivalric, and would break a lance or a skull for the hope of winning a gracious look or a silken scarf to bind up their wounds withal.

And what do these lively-thoughted girls say to Mr. Carden of Ireland? They have seen his story

in the papers. He was desperately enamored of a pretty Miss Arbuthnot, the daughter of an army clothier in England, and whose sister had given an aristocratic lift to the family tree by marrying a son of Lord Gough. Mr. Carden was a fine-looking fellow of something under forty, who drove the best cattle in the county, and kept a better seat in a long hunt over the bogs than any man of his inches. Withal, he was rich, passionate, and daring.

Miss Arbuthnot, who had £30,000 of her own, refused to become Mrs. Carden, and rendered the hapless lover despondent, but not desperate.

When we say not desperate, we mean that he did not utterly despair; but, like a knight of the olden time, laid his plans deeply and daringly; put fast horses to his coach; armed his men with bludgeons and pistols; armed himself with hartshorn and morphine; chartered a fast steamer off the harbor of Galway; and on a church-day, as the lady drove home from service, seized her, and would have borne her off, but for the screams and struggles of her lady attendants, and a few honest thwacks from a herdsman's bill-hook.

Unlike the old-time knight, however, Mr. Carden has been brought to trial, and is easily off with two years of hard jail-work, with cropped hair, and a jail dress.

The funniest part of the whole affair is the earnest sympathy with which all the neighbor country-folk of Ireland regard his misfortune. The throng in the court-room cheered him; the old women thought him an "illigant man;" the young women said he was "too good for her;" and the public feeling seems to have been, that it was altogether a capital match for her, and that she had no right to say him nay. The papers tell us even that there was great danger of her being hooted in the streets, whereupon her friends advised a speedy return to England, where the men are less chivalrous, and the women less romantic.

It is rumored—with what truth we can not say—that Mr. Carden has received no less than half a dozen distinct offers of marriage since the opening of his jail-life. Our sentimental girls therefore will find themselves forestalled.

We shall venture to contrast this Irish half-drama with a French one, which had its sad completion (if we may believe the papers) not long ago, at a very little distance away from the French metropolis.

There are (or were) three personages in the drama; a husband, a wife, and the mother of the wife. The husband is a man of thirty-five, or thereabout; well-made; of an air *distingué;* of elegant address—concealing a vast deal of selfishness and narrowness of soul. His badness appears to the world only in a harsh, accomplished raillery.

The wife is a lovely woman of twenty; gentle, kind, long-suffering, the victim of a master, all the more odious because his tyranny is concealed from the world.

The mother of this victim-wife is a woman of deep feeling, who has seen forty years of much suffering; who is endowed with intense energy and power of will, hardly seen under her uniformly serene and tranquil aspect. All her early loves and affections have been blighted; and she has now no thought or feeling in the world save for the happiness of her only child, whom she loves to idolatry.

Of these three personages, two only are known to the gay world of Paris; the mother has long since become estranged from society, and from her habitual sadness and her quietude has the reputation of an eccentric woman.

The husband and the wife pass the winters in Paris, where the pensive air of the lady wins for her a tender sympathy. The summers are passed in a little country-house of Fontenoy. Hither the mother comes from time to time (for the husband has forbidden her to lodge in his house), to embrace her child, and to mingle her tears with those of the daughter.

Upon a day (not long ago), the young wife wrote in terms of despair to her mother, begging her to come and lend her the grateful sympathy of a parent.

The tyranny of an unfeeling husband had become more dreadful than ever: his infidelity was open and unblushing.

"My mother," said the daughter, "life is too dreadful for me to bear. Help me to die!"

"You, my daughter! Have you not a mother to console you?"

"Ah, to weep with me only."

"Do I weep? am I not calm? have I not confidence in my protection of you, my daughter? Where is this man?"

"He is away; but the very thought of his return makes me tremble."

"You shall not see him again."

"What do you say, my mother?"

"My carriage is here; let us set off for Paris."

"But what will he say?"

"Nothing."

"Can I stay always?"

"Always."

"But he will find me."

"I will prevent him."

"You forget, my mother, that he has said he will never consent to a separation. It makes a vulgar *éclat.*"

"He will change his mind to-day."

"I fear not."

"Be quiet, my child. I will arrange it."

"But my mother—"

"Not a word, my child; if you love me, set off instantly."

"I obey, my mother."

And a hasty adieu was spoken—a last!

An hour after the husband entered; he had now to do with the French mother—with the strong will—with the resolute energy—with the French faith.

"Ah, *belle-mère*, so you are to come to dine with us?"

"Yes."

"Where is my wife?"

"In her room; she is indisposed."

"Ah!" (heartlessly; and the mother takes courage.)

"You are not going to see her?"

"No—not yet; let us dine first; I am hungry."

He rings the bell and orders dinner to be served. They enter the dining-room and seat themselves at table. There are very few words spoken, and those querulous ones. When the dessert is served the lady asks the servants to withdraw, and not to return except they are called.

"You have something important then to tell me," says the son-in-law.

"It is true; I have."

"Very well; let us hear."

"I wish to tell you that my daughter, whom I love more than all the world beside, is unhappy; and that her suffering and illness is all by reason of your base treatment."

"Ah, ha! the old story!"

"You are tired of hearing it? It is well; I too am tired of repeating it."

"Very well, what then?"

"This shall be the last!"

"Indeed!" (very coolly.)

"I swear it to you."

"Go on."

"Here is the letter my daughter sent me this morning; read it."

The husband reads it, folds it, returns it, sips his wine. "It is very pathetic," he says.

"It is terrible," says the mother, "and it is true."

"Partly," says the husband, playing with his tooth-pick.

"Do not speak in that tone; I have need of calmness. You know my love for her; you know how deeply I regret that she is thus unhappily married."

"Thank you *infiniment*," says the husband in a tone of bitter raillery.

"Do not mock me now. Matters are more serious than you think. It was I who led her into misfortune, and it is I who will relieve her."

"And how so, Madame?"

"We have sometimes spoken of a separation—"

"Which I have declined," and the husband sips his wine.

"I would leave you her fortune."

"I beg to decline: I prefer retaining my wife."

"You wish to keep a victim to torture?"

"Pray, out of what melodrama, Madame, have you caught so pretty a phrase?"

"In the one we are playing, Sir!"

"Truly, you are growing amusing!" and the husband proposes to light his cigar.

"One moment!—You refuse this separation?"

"Positively."

"Positively?"

"I do."

"Let it be then. My daughter shall yet be saved; and it will be I who shall save her!" and the words of the lady are terribly earnest. Her eye is lighted with a desperate purpose.

"And pray, Madame, what will you do?"

"Will is stronger than our love of life."

"Upon my honor, you are eloquent, *belle-mère!* Let me drink to your good health!"

"To it—and to the happiness of my daughter!"

"This sherry is excellent," says the husband; and continues, banteringly, "and so you wish to die for your daughter's sake?"

"I shall not die alone!"

"*Parbleu!* I understand; this is growing serious. You will kill me, perhaps. I should be curious to see that!"

"You shall see it!"

"Truly, you mean to kill me?"

"It is done!"—the eye of the lady is wild now—"there is but little time left for you; my time is come! Adieu, my daughter; I have saved you!"

The husband shouts in a frenzy of fear; he feels the poison in his veins; he rises, and strides toward the door; the domestics hasten to the room; they find him fallen upon the floor, and quite dead!

The mother, before dying, had placed a slip of paper upon the table, thus worded:

"Make no inquiries respecting our death; my dear son-in-law and I were weary of life. We drank poison mingled in the flaçon of wine. Let my daughter pardon and pray for me!"

It is not often that a rogue is found honest enough to make restitution of the money he chances to purloin; least of all is this the habit of French rogues. But we have now under our eye a notable exception.

X—— was a speculator upon the Bourse of Paris—sometimes successful, and sometimes the contrary. He had wasted some years in this uncertain way of livelihood, when a sudden shifting of the funds, some five years since, made him utterly penniless. He wandered in a melancholy way about the Exchange for a week after, wishing very vainly for a few thousands to make a new venture upon; when one day he chanced to see a wealthy banker of the town put in his pocket a well-filled *porte-monnaie*, containing some fifty thousand francs. He knew the old banker well—knew his habits—knew his absent habit of thought, and he seemed to him a good subject for an amateur bit of roguery. He therefore pushed after him in the throng which belongs to the closing hour of the Bourse, and brushing carelessly against him, managed to transfer his bank-bills to his own pocket.

The banker did not miss his purse until he was by his own office fire. It was too late to seek to find it again in the hall of the Exchange. Indeed, all his inquiries proved vain. On the fourth day after his loss, he received a pleasant letter, informing him that his money was in good hands, and if affairs at the Bourse turned well (as the writer hoped might be the case), he would in time refund the money.

A month ago, the banker, who had nearly forgotten the money and the note, received an inclosure of thirty thousand francs, on account of the fifty thousand missing four years before; and the writer condescended at the same time to inform him that his speculations were looking favorably; and if there was no heavy fall within a month, he hoped to refund him the balance with interest.

The banker was grateful for the inclosure; but, on attentive examination of the handwriting, fancied he perceived some resemblance to the letters addressed him by a broker of his acquaintance.

An *expert* was called, who pronounced unhesitatingly the different letters to be written by one and the same person. Upon this, the eager banker, just now in need of the additional twenty thousand, has entered a prosecution against the broker (who is none other than the once unfortunate X——), and insists upon immediate payment of the balance.

X—— very naturally defends himself against a charge of robbery, which rests on so unsubstantial grounds, and defies proof of his misdeeds.

In view of the uncertainty of the decision, it is a question if the banker would not have pursued the safer policy in attending quietly the disgorgements of a rogue who had proved so prompt in his installments.

Another affair of restitution, which has come to light within a month past in the *beau-monde* of Paris, is even more worthy of our mention:

Monsieur de V—— died not long ago at the ripe age of eighty-nine years, leaving as principal heir to a fortune of several millions his grandson, Edmond V——. But his will contained several legacies of unusual amount, and of strange character. Thus:

To a Colonel B——, in Algiers, five hundred thousand francs;

To a certain Monsieur D——, a furniture-maker

of the Rue St. Antoine, two hundred thousand francs;

A hundred thousand more to O——, a druggist;

And fifty thousand francs to Mademoiselle C——, a player at the French Comedie.

The strangest of the matter was, that these were persons of whom the grandson, who had lived in habits of intimacy with his grand-parent, had never even heard any mention. But a note to the will informed him that the matter would be explained by a private letter, which he would find addressed to him at the office of his attorney in the Rue Lafitte.

The grandson sought the letter, and found this romantic revelation of the mystery:

"Edmond—Listen to me, while I tell you of a dark episode in my life, and which will explain to you the legacies you find mentioned in my will.

"Aside from them, I leave you more of wealth than you can consume. As you cherish my memory, and my love for you, let every *sou* be religiously paid over to the parties I have named. I owe each one of them a debt which even my entire fortune could not repay.

"I was twenty-one when the Paris world celebrated the marriage of the Dauphin of France (afterward Louis XVI.) with Maria Antoinette of Austria. Booths were erected around the whole circuit of what is now the Place de la Concorde. The fireworks of the evening were of the most splendid description ever seen; and millions of francs had been expended upon festivities, at a time when a famine was desolating all the interior portions of France, and in the single province of the Limousin carrying off its thousands in a day!

"Yet the fête was brilliant; and as evening closed in, no less than five hundred thousand persons were gathered in that part of Paris which commanded a view of what is now the Quai d'Orsai. When the last rocket was burned, and the guns gave signal that all was now over, the immense crowd began to withdraw, slowly at first, and in comparative order; but, by some strange negligence, the public architect had left an accumulation of building materials in the Rue Royale, and the street was at that time much narrower than now. A few feeble ones, unable to resist the crush from behind, were thrown down among the stones, and into the excavation beside the street. A shout of alarm was raised; a frenzy seized the multitude; and there was a rush and roar in the dense body of people, which is sounding dreadfully in my ear even now, after sixty years have gone by.

"The horses of a few cavalry were frightened by the shrieks and by the press of the throng, and leaped madly about in the swaying and shrieking wilderness of people. Thousands were borne down and trampled to death; the strong beat off the weak, until their force failed, and they sank upon the barrier of bodies they had raised around them. Men who wore arms kept the angry rush at bay with their swords, for it was their only hope of life.

"I was in that day an officer in the Guards of the Dauphin. I was in the crowd with the person to whom I was more tenderly attached than any thing in the world beside. She clung to me in terror, and besought me to save her. There was but one hope. We had been pressed by the throng as far as the angle of the Rue St. Honoré, and Rue Royale. I took my station at a stone post which marked the angle, and, drawing my sabre, pierced the foremost of the crowd as they pushed madly on. I made a rampart about me of the dead; but I saved her who was dearer to me than life.

"The next day thousands and tens of thousands with wan faces came to look for friends who were missing. There were from four to five thousand corpses (a historical fact) strewn over the Place de la Concorde, and at the angles of the streets and among the loose building materials which had been so fatally neglected in the Rue Royale. Among these no less than five or six hundred had perished from sword-thrusts—slain by those who, like myself, raised a rampart of dead men around them for their own defense.

"But at the angle of the Rue St. Honoré, where I had stood, there lay a hideous pile, on which I counted no less than five or six who I felt sure had perished by my own hand: no other sword wounds were found in that neighborhood. I trembled as I looked on, and was in momentary expectation of being seized upon and charged with the foul murder.

"And judge of my horror when among those bodies I recognized the corpse of the young Duc de B——, my relative, and my most intimate friend. In the fever of the yesterday's alarm I had not recognized him, or if recognized, I had not, in the fiercer egoism of personal defense, spared him.

"I inquired earnestly regarding the names and the families of the others who had fallen under my sword. For sixty years I have watched their descendants. I have helped them secretly. The furniture maker of the Rue St. Antoine has been twice saved from bankruptcy by the purse of the man who on that fatal day slew his father. The actress named in my will is the grand-niece of a *bourgeois* who was pierced through and through by my sword. The army officer to whom I have bequeathed the largest sum, is the grandson, and only surviving heir of the Duc de B——, who died by the hand of his dearest friend.

"Edmond, I need tell you no more. May God spare you such unavailing regrets as hung over me for years—regrets feebly concealed by the hopes I entertained, and followed diligently, of repairing by charities the wrongs I had done to so many.

"She too—your mother's mother—for whom I did this wrong, was bowed heavily under the weight of the great affliction through which only her life and mine were made secure. The cloud never was lifted from her heart while she lived, and in dying, she commended to me the survivors of those victims of our danger and alarm. From the Heaven (where she lives) I am sure she has looked down approvingly upon the little I have done for them; and both she and I (if we are united in that other world) will look gratefully upon such charities as you may still show to the families we have wronged."

The story is told as a true one; and its essential facts are taken from the *repertoire* of that easy *feuilletonist* Jules Lecomte, who, we are assured, does frequently tell truthful stories, and is never so much at home as when extolling the beauties of French character by contrast with the vacuities, the badness, and the failings of that of all other peoples in the world.

There is something indeed so harmonic (if we may use the expression) in a Frenchman's vanity—so conscious—so in keeping with his life and tastes—so thoroughly living in him, though he wanders to Kamschatka—so irreconcilable with any admission on his part that excellence of any sort can belong to other nations than the French—that we dwell upon it with admiration.

This same Jules Lecomte—a flippant, graceful

paragraphist, never wholly tame, and never rising to any dignity—is just now scoring down, week by week, his summer travels for the Sunday columns of a Brussels paper. He takes us with him into all the houses along his way, whether he can enter under favor of his French address, or his occasional letters, and pictures his host or hostess, grotesquely or the contrary, just in proportion to their approaches toward Parisian manners and morals.

THERE is another Paris paragraphist whom we bring under notice here, in our running way, for the reason that he has latterly brought under notice a queer theory—not wholly new—about breaking up storms with cannon-firing.

Méry is the name of this writer; and he makes from time to time a nervous story for the columns of the *Presse*, full of incident and free of all redundancies. In a paper of a month ago, when the Paris world was bemoaning itself on account of the rain-storms which desolated their summer, and which have joined March to October with a heavy mist-cloud, Méry suggested in the *Presse* the erection of what he calls rain-towers in various quarters of Paris, upon high ground, and having an elevation of two or three hundred feet. He proposed that these should be battlemented, and armed with guns of heavy calibre, which in the event of a cloud approaching should be discharged in the face of it; and he assures us that the Paris world would be insured in this way pleasant weather, whenever they choose to pay the tax of a few pounds of gunpowder.

He supports the notion by a summation of numerous battles, which have cleared a rainy sky and lighted great slaughter with such suns as that of Austerlitz.

Arago, on the contrary, speaking from his grave, in his just published volumes, refers to this theory of clearing clouds with cannon, and states that, during a period of fourteen years, he made observations upon the atmosphere of Paris during those days when cannon-firing was practiced at Vincennes (which, as every body knows, is within plain-cannon-hearing of Paris).

In those fourteen years there were six hundred and sixty-two days of target-practice, in which the concussions were distinctly felt in the philosopher's room at the Observatory; of the six hundred and sixty-two, one hundred and fifty-eight were cloudy or rainy. To make the observations more satisfactory, however, Arago made meteorologic record of the days preceding and following the cannon-firing. By this it appeared, that of the six hundred and sixty-two days preceding the cannon-firing, one hundred and fifty-eight only were cloudy or rainy; and of those following the same, one hundred and twenty-eight.

The natural conclusion of Arago is, therefore, that nothing is proved. He furthermore cites numerous naval battles of great severity which have ended in tempests of rain.

To all this, Méry makes pleasant reply—that Vincennes is too far away from Paris to clear the Paris sky. He furthermore states that he himself passed several seasons at Vincennes, and on days of firing observed a serene atmosphere at Vincennes, but on driving to Paris found clouds and rain. He refuses to admit the sea-battles in evidence, since the concussion has less effect upon the atmosphere in its rebound from water than from land.

He insists, besides, upon the increased effect of artillery on clouds, if discharged from some such elevation as he proposes; to wit, the great watch-towers with battlements looming over the city of Paris. In a pleasant French way, moreover, he intimates that when the Palace of the Louvre, and the Palace of Industry shall be completed, the workmen will grow dangerous, except they have some such gigantic task to accomplish as the erection of these batteries against Heaven.

We submit the pretty philosophy of the last thought to our Socialist writers; and the question of "Guns on Storms" to Mr. Espy or Mr. Redfield.

MERY (we have not done with him yet), in view of the rainy summer in Paris, has made a suggestion which, under some difference of statement, has been made again and again in New York. He suggests that the Boulevard, by reason of its mud, and its throng of carts and omnibusses, should be bridged. Now if there be any reason for such a suggestion in Paris, there is a tenfold stronger one in New York. In the first city one waits sometimes ten minutes for a safe crossing; in New York, we speak within limits when we say that a lady not unfrequently is compelled to wait half an hour; and even then she makes the crossing at any point below the Park at her peril.

The bridges proposed in New York have been light trellis-work of iron: ladies have felt a modest objection to bridges of this sort; and indeed (considering the Crystal Palace) we think iron work is out of favor; its reputation is sadly damaged—we mean morally damaged. Ladies will not listen to proposals of iron-lattice; and speculators will question it.

But the Paris writer proposes a bridge of another sort—an architectural wonder—an arch of stone—springing from house to house, and connecting the divided city by a brilliant passage full of shops, with walks between them, and walks with an elegant balustrade upon the exterior—another Rialto for the Boulevards or Broadway!

We beg to extend the idea in our own fashion, for the benefit of those who may choose to lend an ear: indeed, are not new speculations to be devised, now that railways are so sadly in the wake?

Suppose, then, that a "Broadway Arcade Company" is formed, with shares, as many as you please (only let there be a limit). We will rate the capital at $300,000 (a small sum in comparison with every-day deficits). We will suppose the Company, by exhibit of its plans, and lobbying with the Council and the Legislature, obtains a grant to bridge Broadway—provided the street be in no way interfered with as a general and public thoroughfare. We will suppose they purchase two lots of ground fifty feet square (we will say for illustration) upon the upper corners of Canal Street and Broadway. They clear away the rubbishy houses at present upon these sites, and erect two massive stone towers, covering the lots, and rising (if you please) high enough for six or seven lofty ranges of rooms. From the basement of each (starting at a point high enough to clear the walk) they spring an elliptical arch of beautifully cut stone, of the full width of the towers, and rising in its centre to a level with their second floor. Two ranges of shops, fourteen feet in depth, and separated by a central walk of ten feet, we will suppose, sweep across this bridge, from east to west. Next we will suppose the great arch, directly below the points where these ranges of shops join the towers, pierced by small transverse arches, which admit an easy stairway of ten

or twelve steps within the tower, and ending upon a wide platform, from which you turn and ascend by easy graduated steps upon the bridge—either by the central passage between the shops, or by the two lateral stairways conducting to the walks without the shops, and bordered by an elegantly cut balustrade. Over this, to the north, you would look as far as Grace Church; or, to the south, you look on St. Paul's and Trinity.

Are the shops too small? Yet on the Rialto at Venice, in shops no larger, they have done business for a thousand years; and in the *Passages* of Paris, in rooms scarce larger, they will fleece you of your money as fast (almost) as the railway men do at home.

What pretty show-rooms they would make for milliners' finery, or for gloves, or for pretty prints! What a look-out, and what an atmosphere for Messieurs the Daguerreotype people! What a spot on a summer's night, with windows open up and down, and the Westchester winds meeting the Battery breezes under your ears, to sit over a granite ice, gazing on the panoramic stretch of street, and the rich lines of side-lights, glittering like two gold-backed snakes, with some near coach lanterns for eyes!

Well, when the Company is formed we shall expect a gratuity of ten shares, and no installments to pay. How we have slipped away from our foreign gossip!

THE shop fronts (in Paris) are showing just now all sorts of plans and pictures of the Crimea. The slatternly interest in Turkey and Russia and the war, has at last got some sort of centralization, and all tongues and thoughts are busy with the occupation of the rich southern peninsula of Russia. They say (we never guarantee this old authority) that the shores are as pretty as a garden, and that rich trees and flowers grow down to the very edge of the Euxine, within ten miles of Sebastopol; but they say besides, that the forces of the obstinate Russian monarch are vast in those quarters, and that we shall hear of more bloodshed thereabout than has been spent in war this many a year. How we forget, in this cool mention of war and blood-letting, what a fearful thing it is even to cut one man down with a rifle ball, and to see his life bleeding out of him drop by drop. An English sailor (whose heart must be in the right place) gives a little account of a deed of this sort, which is worth snatching from our wreck of paragraphs:

"We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired on my man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone. At the same time a broadside from the —— went in among the trees, and the enemy then disappeared, we could scarce tell how. I felt as though I must go up to *him* to see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of his lying so, than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound and also from his mouth every breath he took. His face was white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright as he turned them and stared at me—I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five-and-twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt so full as though my own heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy. What I felt I never can tell, but if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he tried to speak the blood poured out; so I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I couldn't help it. His eyes were closing when a gun was fired from the —— to order us aboard, and that roused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns which we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat, and then he pointed to the wood, where the enemy was concealed—poor fellow! he little thought how I had shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die and no one near him, when he had something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and without a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time."

And "very strange," I dare say, it would seem to us.

WE tie to this homely account of our English sailor's account of a death, the sad story of a French culprit (not altogether criminal) who is now in prison waiting his trial for attempt to murder his own father!

We said he was not altogether criminal; the reader shall be judge if we have spoken rightly.

Years ago—no matter how many—a French Marquis of great wealth, whose estates lie in the south of France, came to Paris, and ennobled his character (in the eyes of his club associates) by making a pretty French girl—whose only wealth was her beauty, and whose only crime her trustfulness—the victim of his arts of seduction. But the Marquis, though making promising beginning, was not so far steeped in the foul fashions of the capital as many of his fellows; and when he learned that the poor victim of his arts had become the mother of a son, he made provision for both woman and child. True, her heart was broken by his violation of promise, and by the faithlessness she found where she had given and expected trust; but she struggled to live for the sake of the son whose life depended on her. Year by year she clung to her widowed and desolate existence with new tenacity, as she saw the manly grace of the father ripening in the child; year by year, too, came the promised aid, by which she was enabled to educate her son, and to place him at length in a good employ in the office of a successful advocate of Paris.

All this time she had deceived her son with the lying, but charitable story, that his father died early—before he was born even; and the child had trusted the mother with implicit faith. His character was honest, and his capacity great enough to win for him the entire confidence of his employer.

But there was a daughter in the house where he served, and she shared the confidence of her father, the advocate, in the son of the widowed mother. Confidence grew into esteem, and esteem (as it will) ripened by-and-by into love; and before the mother—cherishing in her blighted heart the secret of her shame—was aware of his passion, her son had plighted his troth to the daughter of the Paris advocate, at whose desk he was winning his way to reputation and to fortune.

The Paris advocate was neither surprised nor offended; it was only necessary to produce the usual testimonials of honest extraction, and he would cheerfully consent to the arrangement. The son appealed to the stricken mother; alas! she had no testimonials to show. With sobs and with tears she told him of the grief of her life. All the son's hopes were blighted. Yet he was calm. He demanded the name of her seducer; she refused to give it. Entreaties proved unavailing. The son, in her absence, broke open a secret drawer of her table, and found there the letters which informed him of the crimes of the Marquis de B——, and of the promise which he had made and broken—that he would marry his mother.

He closed carefully the drawer; but taking with him the evidences of the wrong inflicted upon his mother, he set off for the south. He traced his father to his estates in Provence; he learned that he was still unmarried.

He presented himself to him in his study—where he sat, a calm-looking old gentleman, his head silvered with sixty years. The son calmly and coolly told him of his name and of his errand; he came to demand of the Marquis the fulfillment of his promise, to marry the woman he had wronged.

The old Marquis was disposed to be kind to the young man who claimed him as a father; he assured him that he should be cared for, and that at his death he would leave him the bulk of his fortune.

But the son, recalling the loved one who would be lost to him, and the wrong of his mother, was not satisfied with this reparation. He pleaded earnestly, but in vain.

At length he left the Marquis, saying as he left—"I give you three hours to reflect, and may God grant that you decide to do what you can to repair the wrong you have done to my mother; but if not, I warn you, that, as God lives, one of us two must die."

The Marquis—very cool, and looking perhaps too coolly on the despair of an injured and desperate man—took no further precaution than to ask in a couple of gentlemen to witness the coming interview. These concealed themselves behind the curtains of the window; and the old gentleman received the son as coolly as before.

"Have you decided?" said the young man. "I have decided," said the old gentleman, "never to marry your mother."

"Be it so," said the son flushed with despair, "and may God judge between us." At the instant drawing a pistol and firing upon his father.

The witnesses rushed forward to secure him before he could discharge a second which he held in his hand.

The Marquis was wounded, but not dangerously. The son is speedily to take his trial. Will opinion acquit him?

We fear not—in France.

THERE have been accidents latterly chronicled on the European files—by railway and by steamer—which have made no small measure of talk. Thus, a collision upon a railway in the neighborhood of Paris, by which some dozen of passengers were wounded and two killed, made, we are told, an immense sensation on the Exchange. A little English steamer whose boiler exploded, scalding severely three or four persons, created almost a panic in the neighborhood of the catastrophe. But these things are not accomplished with such impunity as we murder men at home. The engineer who furnished the boilers to the English steamer is now in prison waiting his trial; the officer who, at Paris, gave the orders in furtherance of which the French trains came in contact, was arrested on the day following, and is still regarded as a criminal.

How barbarous, in the comparison, is our neglect of such offenses! What better token of civilization is there than full security against wanton destruction of life? The French, indeed, outnumber us in suicides; but our railways balance the life-account. And if our blood, after all, must be spilled, is it not better to spend it in our own way, and at our own time, rather than to give the monopoly to Henry Clay captains, and to superintendents of New Haven Railways?

Editor's Drawer.

NOW it is October—"Season of ripe fruits and mellow fruitfulness." Now Nature, though dying, has "put on her beautiful garments." She fainted in the heats of summer, but she revives again, although but for a little. "The south wind," as our great poet expresses it, "searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore, and *sighs* to find them in the wood and by the stream no more!"

> "A deep and crimson streak
> The dying leaves disclose,
> As on Consumption's waning cheek
> Mid ruin blooms the rose."

Cool weather and long nights approach apace. Let us hope to make the latter pass pleasantly and usefully in the perusal of the varied pages of our Magazine.

WE apprehend that the schoolmaster had not made his appearance in the good town of North Hempstead, on Long Island, some century and a half ago. A correspondent in those parts sends us the following extract, copied *verbatim et literatim* from the Records of the township:

"Att a jenerarl Towne meeting held in hempsted the first day of Aprel in the year 1707—thear wos given by mager wot of the peepoll of the towne about four acars of land lying and beeing at the end of the meeting hows pond, part one the south sid of the rin that rins from the above said pond, and part on ye north sid of the rin across the rin, for the eus of the towne for to teach our children sich an own as the towne shall lick, and ye aforesd land to bee and remain to the eus and privilidg of a scowl for ever or sich an one as the sub cribors towords bewlding of a schowl hows shall lick of.

"These aforesd woats mad the first day of Aprill in the year 1707, wos entered by order by me

"THO GILDERSLEAVE, *Clarck*."

We regret that our correspondent found nothing in the Records to show whether the pedagogue contemplated by this "mager wot" was ultimately *licked* or *liked* by the townspeople.

SOME thirty years ago, when "the West" lay no nearer to the Pacific than the State of Illinois, one Michael Dodds flourished in what is now the town of Vandalia. Michael, or, as every body called him, Mike, had done good service in the Indian difficulties, and was known to all the "old settlers" and "rangers" for many a mile around. He was a jovial, kind-hearted fellow, and came quite as near as could be expected to fulfilling the command to love his neighbor as himself. It is true that he indulged a theoretical hatred against the whole tribe of "Yankees;" whom he supposed to be all venders of bad clocks, wooden nutmegs, and

such like merchandise. Yet it was notorious that if one of these "traveling merchants" was in any sort of trouble, he might always reckon upon the last *bit* in Mike's tobacco-box, and the kindest personal assistance into the bargain.

Mike was a zealous member of the Methodist society, and as a general thing did honor to his religious profession. But in those days, a drink of whisky was essential to good-fellowship and friendly intercourse, and when Mike happened to encounter any of his old friends with whom he had "camped out" on the Indian trail, in the early troublous times, he could not always keep the number of his imbibings within reasonable limits. The consequence was that he was ever and anon "falling from grace," and in consequence his name had been more than once struck off from the "class-papers;" but such was the confidence that the brethren still cherished in his fundamental integrity, that it was as often replaced.

A wandering Yankee had at one time "located" in Vandalia, where he set up a shop for the sale of notions of all kinds, not forgetting a due supply of corn-whisky. Mike "suspicioned the stranger," as he afterward affirmed, and for a long while kept away from his establishment. But once upon a time he was induced to replenish his sugar-box and whisky-bottle from the Yankee's stores. Upon using the articles he found that the sugar was well sanded, and the whisky was, as he phrased it, "so spiled with the filthy water of the Kaskaskia, that a dog couldn't drink it without being sick." But poor as it was Mike managed to swallow a tolerable quantity; and the more he drank, the warmer grew his denunciations against the dealer.

In a few days a document was put into his hands, addressed to "Michael Dodds," and signed by the Sheriff, requesting him to attend the Court, and show why he should not pay to Ezekiel Cobb, the trader aforesaid, the sum of one thousand dollars, lawful currency of the United States, in compensation for damage to character sustained by the said Ezekiel, by reason of certain words falsely and maliciously uttered by the said Michael.

Half that amount would have relieved poor Mike of his "quarter section," as well as of all his goods and chattels of every description.

The trial came on in due time, and Mike appeared to manage his own cause. The plaintiff was represented by a young lawyer, who had no difficulty in proving that Mike, besides disparaging the sugar and whisky, had affirmed that Ezekiel was a thief, a cheat, and so on. That these were epithets seriously injurious to the plaintiff's character could not be denied; and the learned counsel eloquently called upon the jury to award damages equal to the full injury sustained.

Mike "acknowledged the corn;" or at least, the corn-whisky, of which he confessed he had drunk too much, thereby bringing disgrace upon his Christian profession, in consequence of which his brethren had very justly suspended him from the society. He could not recollect what he had said on the occasion; but the witnesses who had testified were all "mighty truthful men," and he had no doubt that he had said just as they had testified. If he had damaged the character of the trader, he was willing to pay just what the jury said it was worth, though it took his last red cent. But all he had said about the whisky and the sugar was true; and he appealed to the jury if they had not found his sugar half sand, and his whisky "spiled with filthy river water." A smile that passed over the faces of the twelve showed that this last point told.

The jury speedily agreed upon their verdict. They found Mike guilty, and put the damages at fifty cents. Mike forthwith walked up to the clerk's desk, tendered the five dimes, and demanded a receipt in full for damaging the character of the trader. Having received this, he marched off, with an odd smile on his face, that to those who knew him betokened that something was in the wind.

It was not many hours before notices were posted all over the town, signifying that an auction sale would be held by Michael Dodds, at the court-house door, as soon as the court had adjourned for the day.

"Oyez, oyez, th' h'n'r'bl c'rt's 'djrnd till t'm'r'r m'r'n nine 'clock," shouted the crier.

No sooner was the court-room cleared than Mike mounted a stump and announced the sale.

"Gentlemen and feller-citizens, I've got an article to sell to the highest bidder. It's in a damaged state, and wan't never worth much. But I can't help that. I will only sell it for cash—no credit—and fifty cents is the lowest it shall go for. 'Tisn't worth that, and never was, so I don't want any more; but a jury of my countrymen have prized it at that, and I won't insult them by letting it go for less. Here 'tis: 'tis the character of Ezekiel Cobb, the man that puts sand in his sugar, and spiles whisky with dirty river water. Who bids?"

The announcement was hailed with shouts of laughter. But no one would offer more than a *bit* for the article; and Mike adjourned the sale.

In a fortnight Mr. Cobb found it advisable to "leave those diggings." Mike repented of his one bad habit in good earnest, was ever after as sober as a deacon, and not many years after joined the first Temperance Society ever formed in the State of Illinois—so at least we are informed by a venerable clergyman, one of the earliest pioneers to Illinois, from whom these facts have been derived.

THE "beard movement" seems to be the great social revolution of the age. One scarcely notices now a full beard, and yet a few years ago, a person in our streets thus attired, could not escape unpleasant observation. The Mexican war did much to reconcile our sight to this natural but long discarded appendage, and from all we can learn, the beard is destined again to have sway, and the citizens of the winding up of the nineteenth century will appear in marble and on canvas with the venerable look of the patriarchs. A celebrated literary character, who recently startled his friends by the wearing of his white beard, defended the custom in many ways, the most noticeable of which was, "that the time he had lost through life in shaving would, properly directed, have made him master of many modern languages," It is not a fact, however, that shaving consumes as much time as taking care of a luxuriant beard, as may be learned if one will step into any Turkish barber shop. There can not be a doubt, however, that the beard gives character to the face; the lion is a noble looking animal, but clip off his whiskers and his peculiar glory is gone. On one occasion we made a tour of observation through a Southern penitentiary. While listlessly gazing at the melancholy, pale-faced, and "closely cropped" prisoners, we were much edified by the sudden presentation of a personally diminutive, but morally magnificent rascal, who had, among other delinquencies, plunged an

oyster knife into one of his customers and killed him. The scamp had lain in a city prison many months, and meanwhile, let his hair and beard grow to enormous profuseness. There was something sublime in his appearance: he reminded us not only of the king of beasts, but also of the Roman Emperors, for he seemed of gigantic proportions. The official barber, however, even under our own eye, laid his hands upon the hero of the oyster knife, and with an immense brush and huge tub of lather soon prepared the neglected field for the harvest. With one fell swoop of the razor, it appeared as if half of the magnificent scoundrel disappeared—a few more dashes and the task was accomplished. The sublime head was gone, and in its stead, a mean, sneaking, treacherous-looking reptile remained, which so far from suggesting lions and emperors, reminded one of apes and serpents, and suggested getting out of the way for fear of some mysterious evil influence. From that day and that experience I have always respected the beard, and acknowledged its effect in giving grandeur to the human face divine.

IT is sixty years ago that a Yankee ship first displayed the American flag on the river Thames, England. In the mean time, it has appeared in numerous other places, much to the honor of the American nation, and the interests of commerce. Its propensity to *stay* where it is carried, is finely illustrated by the remark of an old Spaniard, recorded in the New Orleans *Delta*. "I was de Spanish consul in de Louiseanne, but soon dat flag he was rased, and I got to Pensacola, but soon dat flag was over me dare. I live in de Texas, but dat flag follow me dare. Says I, I go where de flag never come—I go to Tampico, but here is dat flag again. I believe I go to the devil, and see if dat flag will follow me dare."

THE business manner with which "revival preachers" sometimes speak of their "work," frequently strikes the most piously disposed as comical to the last degree. The remark made at a camp meeting, amidst unusual excitement, "that souls would be lost for want of more straw inside of the mourners' circle," has become a proverb; but it is entirely eclipsed by the minister who, sending the name of a new subscriber to the *Western Baptist Watchman*, remarks: "I did not let the convert's *hair get dry* before I impressed upon him the duty of subscribing to the *Watchman*, and of paying for it in advance."

THE b'hoys of New York city, bad as they may be, afford the finest samples in the world of the natural energy of the American character—they run "wid de machines," and their bone and sinews form the brute force of our fighting men. Wherever they go they retain their distinguishing traits, recklessness of self-interest and fondness for excitement. The disgraceful fight between Poole and Morrisey, made quite a stir on their "Change," and afforded them conversation of the greatest interest for succeeding weeks. In the very height of the excitement we were wending our way down an obscure street, when we were attracted by the sight of a half fledged b'hoy, who was just emerging from a newspaper runner into a size that could "hold the butt," holding up the "last Harper," and discoursing with rough eloquence to his listening companions upon some knotty subject. As we neared the group, we caught the following significant passage:

"Its no use a-talkin' about Bonypart and Velington a-bein' fightin' men: they might a-done in *their* day; but Bill Poole could a-lick'd 'em both, and had his finger nails cut, his stampers (boots) off, and not a-gouged. Talk of Bonypart! *dry up, will ye!* —he wasn't no whar!" And the speaker took a new pull at his cigar, and resumed the thread of Mr. Abbot's narrative.

THE Montgomery (Alabama) *Mail*, seems to have a fund of humor on hand, and gives occasionally a Southwestern sketch by a few touches, that are as telling as Hogarth's. It would seem that at a certain "court time" in Pike County, there was a trial for a general row, and a witness testified that one Saltonstall, *jest kept sloshin' about.* As this remark regarding the conduct of the chivalrous Saltonstall was frequently repeated, said the lawyer for "the defense:"

"Come, witness, say over again what it was that Mr. Saltonstall had to do with this affair."

"Saltonstall? Why, I've told you several times; the rest on 'em clinched and paired off, but *Saltonstall, he jest kept sloshin' about.*"

"Ah, my good fellow," exclaimed Nat, quite testily, "we want to know what that is. It isn't exactly legal evidence in the shape you put it. Tell us what you mean by *sloshin' about.*"

"Well," answered the witness very deliberately, "I'll try. You see, John Brewer and Sykes, they clinched and fout. That's in a legle form, ain't it?'

"Oh, yes!" said Nat, "go on."

"Abney and Blackman then pitched into one another, and Blackman bit off a piece of Abney's lip —that's legle, too, ain't it?"

"Proceed!"

"Simpson and Bill Stones and Murray was all together on the ground, a-bitin', gougin', and kickin' one another—that's legle, too, is it?"

"Very!—but go on."

"And Saltonstall made it his business to walk backward and forward through the crowd, with a big stick in his hand, and knock down every loose man in the crowd as fast as he come to 'em! That's what I call SLOSHIN' ABOUT!

THE following beautiful fable was handed to us by a gentleman learned in the law, who occasionally indulges in the luxury of literary composition:

"A Stoic once boasted to a painter of the virtue taught by philosophy. 'I,' said he, 'am unmoved by the charms of beauty. I contemplate your painting of Venus without the emotion of love; my judgment, unbiased by passion, enables me coolly to point out its defects. The blush with which you have suffused the neck and bosom is not of the right tint for a Venus.' 'True,' said the painter; 'you may justly deny my picture the merits of a Venus, but you can not withhold from it the virtue of a Stoic, for no blushes rise upon it at your reproach, to which it is as insensible as you to its beauties.' From this we may learn that insensibility is not virtue, and that Stoics and paintings are alike the creations of art."

A CORRESPONDENT writes us to know if our story of Captain Walker's shooting down Mexicans on sight is not rather a "tough yarn," and indicative of "a bloody disposition?" We gave the fact—the comments are for the reader. Captain Walker's experience in Mexico was "rather peculiar." He was one of the celebrated "Mier prisoners," and

was marched, amidst every possible insult, from the Rio Grande to the city of Mexico. At Perote, Captain Walker was put in the "chain-gang," and made to work in the streets. As might be presumed, he was refractory under the charge of his keepers, and they took pleasure in adding to his misery. On more than one occasion he knocked down his guard, and was nearly beaten to death as a consequence. Finally, the soldiers conceived the cruel idea of stimulating him to work, by tearing up the muscles of his back by pricking him with their bayonets. When last in Washington, and just before he started to join General Scott and find a soldier's grave, he was talking at one of the hotels with a number of gentlemen of his sufferings in Mexico, and giving them as a reason for his implacable hostility to the "greasers." Warming with the subject, he stated that no one present could put the point of his finger upon his back without touching "a scar." He followed up the remark by displaying his shoulders and loins, and to the astonishment of all present, they presented a mass of one continued interlacing of healed wounds, occasioned by the cruelty of his keepers. With this knowlege, no one will wonder that Captain Walker had his indignation roused by the sight of any one who wore the hated dress or bore the lineaments of his persecutors. His heart had been steeled against all mercy; the Mexican nation was to him a single individual, on whom he was to take revenge for his wrongs.

THERE is a great propensity sometimes, among very clever persons, to make their acquaintances the victims of practical jokes. The serious evils that have resulted from this thoughtlessness would, if enumerated, form a melancholy chapter. Some years ago a young officer, at a frontier garrison, was continually amusing himself with victims to this false wit, and although frequently getting himself in difficulty, yet he presevered. Some of the "shrewd heads" prophesied that the young gentleman, when he least expected it, would get himself into a serious scrape, and it happened sooner than was anticipated. Old Major Straightback was a paymaster and "nothing else." All military enthusiasm with him had been long ago absorbed in the business of dollars and cents. He took the government money from post to post, paid it out, and took receipts, with a gravity that was chilling to behold. Yet, as he carried the purse, his arrival on "pay day" was hailed by officers, suttlers, and men. Late one evening old Major Straightback arrived in camp, and while sitting round the social fire, our jocular young friend concluded that the Major, from his peculiarities, would be a fine subject for a practical joke, and, possessed of this idea, he quietly abstracted the Major's pocket-book, and, disposing of it about his own person, waited patiently for the *denouement*. The small talk having been "done up," the Major was about starting for his night quarters, when he missed his "sub-treasury." Alarmed for the moment, lest he had compromised himself by some carelessness, he exhibited such painful solicitude that the young man handed over the "treasure," with the remark that he only "took it for a joke." The reaction of the Major's mind from alarm to intense indignation was immense, but controlling his feelings, he quietly opened the pocket-book, and solemnly commenced counting its contents. Having gone through with this pantomime, he turned to the now horror-stricken practical joker, and said: "Young man, there are some five hundred dollars less in this pocket-book than there was—" And stopping for a moment at the conclusion of this equivocal remark, he concluded, "If I ever hear of your playing a practical joke on any one again, you will please pay up the amount." It is almost unnecessary to add that the victim of so severe yet merited a lesson, avoided thereafter the folly of committing practical jokes.

ONE of the greatest men in the early times of Arkansas was General Whitehorn, and his "rise" in the world was often quoted as indicating the reward that always attends "patient industry and true genius." The story goes that old Whitehorn went to "Akansaw" with a wagon-load of tin pans and other notions, and getting "the fever," he consumed all of his "visible means" in calomel and medical bills, and recovered his health to learn the melancholy fact that he was "dead broke." But Whitehorn was not a man to be "put down," so he went to work to find "an opening" where he "could put in;" but the season "being dull," nothing presented any inducement but "running for the State Senate." Having made up his mind to do this, and "having the strongest man in the State to oppose," he learned "by heart" the "Declaration of Independence," and started out on his electioneering tour. From every stump he repeated the language of the well-known document, and so won upon his constituency that they declared "that a man who could get up and talk that way *off hand* should be elected;" and the old General was elected; and, as he says, gave an evidence of the willingness of the American people to reward patient industry and true genius.

POLITICAL nativeism seems to be attracting some attention just now, and receives, as a matter of course, a due amount of praise and censure. It is rather difficult to tell in these "mixed up times" what makes a *native*—the sentiment, "Where Liberty dwells, there's my country" (as the escaping convict said to himself), receiving universal sympathy. A friend tell us that a while since he was attracted by the lamentations of a ragged boy, who was making a great noise on account of his father having given him a whipping. The boy, on being asked the cause of his mishap, replied, "Because he had stolen some money." The sympathizing questioner involuntarily exclaimed, "You little rascal, your father served you right!" The boy, however, thought differently, and continued in a whining voice, "That he did not mind being whipped for the theft, but that it hurt his feelings, being *a native*, to be lathered over the head by an infernal foreigner!"

"THERE lives in our town," writes a correspondent (without, however, indicating the precise locality of the town aforesaid), "a person by the name of Tom Jones, who has sundry odd ways of his own, and is withal a fellow of very confiding disposition. His worldly possessions are very limited, consisting mainly of a small patch of ground, from which the greater part of his livelihood is derived. This he usually plants with potatoes. A few years since the crop of this valuable esculent almost entirely failed; and the year succeeding Tom found himself without a single peck for seed, and equally destitute of money to purchase any.

"In this dilemma, after due deliberation and cogitation he announced it to be his determination to do his own duty in the matter of a crop of pota-

toes, and to leave the rest to Providence. He accordingly plowed and dug and manured his ground in the best manner, and then confidently awaited the result.

"Some of his neighbors now determined to humor his fancy. So one bright moonlight night when Jones was sleeping as only a man can sleep who feels that his own personal responsibilities have all been met, the neighbors assembled and planted the field with the best 'pink-eyes,' and took their departure before break of day.

"In due course of time the dark green leaves made their appearance above the surface of the rich soil. Jones took it quite as a matter of course, and went on doing his duty by faithful weeding and hoeing. When harvest-time came, there was not such a yield within a circuit of ten miles. Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones, and all the little Joneses lived in clover all the next winter, and in the spring he had potatoes for seed and to spare.

"However, he concluded, since he had succeeded so well before, to put his trust in Providence again, in the matter of seed potatoes. But no plants sprang up this season from his well-prepared field. Hoeing time came, but there were no potatoes to hoe; and at harvest-time a very slight experiment in digging was sufficient to convince him that the coveted edible was altogether wanting.

"Jones, having made this unwelcome discovery, was sitting upon the fence in a disconsolate mood, when one of the neighbors passed, who had the year before enacted the part of Providence, and to whom Tom had often expressed his unwavering confidence that the potatoes would in due time make their appearance.

"'Well, Jones, what is your opinion now about Providence?' he asked.

"'I'll tell you what it is,' replied Jones, after an interval of reflection, 'Providence does well enough now and then upon a pinch; but take one year with another, 'tain't no great shakes, after all, 'cordin' to my way of thinking.'"

An adventure befell a Tennessee poet, which he narrates in very moving verse, but which we must transmute into plain prose. He had been hunting one sultry day, and being very tired, lay down under a shady tree, with his faithful dog by his side. He there fell asleep, and dreamed the orthodox dream of all young poets. A maiden "beautiful exceedingly" approached him, and after a very brief wooing, expressed a perfect willingness to bless the poet with her affections. Hereupon—but our plain prose can not do justice to the *denouement*, so we must give it in the poet's own verse:

"I kissed her, but—Oh! shocking!
I kissed a *beard* so rough!
Surprised, half choked, awaking—
Ah! broken was the charm;
There lay—will you believe it—
My pointer on my arm."

Very likely the following is not new; but it would be difficult to prove that it is not true:

A merchant, whose articulation has a decided tendency in the direction of a lisp, had engaged a clerk who was not aware of his vocal peculiarity.

"John," said the merchant, who wished to lay in his winter stock of pork; "go out and buy for me two or three *thows* and pigs."

"Yes, sir," said John, much elated at the commission.

John returned late at night, looking as though he had performed a hard day's work.

"Did you get them?" asked the merchant.

"Only a part of them," was the reply. "I bought all I could find; but there were only eight hundred to be had."

"Eight hundred! Eight hundred what, thir?" asked the astounded lisper.

"Eight hundred pigs," was the reply. "You told me to buy two or three thousand pigs; but they are not to be found."

"*Two or three thousand pigs!* I didn't tell you to do any thuch thupid thing. I thaid you thould buy *two or three thows and pigs*," explained the merchant.

"That's just what I said," answered the clerk. "Two or three thousand pigs; and I bought all I could find."

The merchant now began to perceive the origin of the mistake. It was apparently a costly joke; but there was no remedy. The pigs had been fairly bought; and there was no way but to make the best of a bad bargain. The grunters were duly paid for, and shut up to be fattened for market. It happened that pork took a sudden rise at that time; so that the merchant realized a large profit on his involuntary investment.

In one of the western counties of this State resides an individual who is by common consent hailed as "Judge." The manner in which this title was acquired was thus:

He was a member of a jury who had been empanneled to fix the damages to be awarded in consequence of defendant's swine making an inroad upon plaintiff's potato-patch. The counsel on both sides had had a good time in examining and cross-examining the principal witness in the case. At last our hero, who was never backward in coming forward, intimated to the court that there was one point upon which he, as one of the jurors, wished a little information. He was requested to put the question the reply to which would relieve his doubts. "I'd like to ask that ar witness jest one question; and that's a question right onto the p'int. Was them ar potatoes rooted up afore they were planted or arterwards?"

Every body has heard of the gentleman who described his country seat as having a "Lemonade" in front, a "Porto-rico" to each wing, a "Pizarro" in the rear, with an "Anecdote" by which the water was conveyed into a "Resurrection" in the "Erie." If we had ever heard of that gentleman's having taken up his residence south of Mason and Dixon's line, we should have no doubt that he was identical with the one who, as a Louisiana correspondent narrates, thus announced some contemplated architectural improvements:

"I contend," said he, "among other 'pusillanimous' things, to put a 'Disclosure' around that field, plant a 'Harbor' in the middle, and cut a 'Revenue' up to the door. And then when I have built a 'Perdition' to my house, I shall be able to receive my friends in a 'hostile' manner."

Thanks to our proof-readers we usually succeed in presenting our own productions and those of our correspondents in a tolerably correct form; and if a slight error does now and then occur, we bear it very philosophically. A brother Editor, however, who had apparently been annoyed by some "printer's blunders," undertook to show the compositors by a practical demonstration that with proper care,

there need be no errors in the proof, and that the services of a reader might be dispensed with. Here follows a "proof" of his initial effort, which he had the grace to insert uncorrected in his paper:

THIS is our FIRST effort at *Typesetting*—we presume that it will show that we can learn *fast*. we are self. *taught* too. we Want no help, we will have it right without assistance. The droof will need no correciton, we dont intend to *try* EARY day: but *we* will let the printers know that that we are "one off them." talk about the ART OF drinting! It is just as easy as rolliNg off a log!!

This does not look quite correct; but every proof-reader can bear witness that he has often had to correct a proof quite as foul as that.

PUNCH, some years ago, hit off the office-beggars who beset a new administration for places of profit if not "trust," in the following specimen of a letter to Lord Lyndhurst:

"MY LORD—I am an Irishman, in the direst distress. To say that I am an Irishman is, I know, a passport to the innermost recesses of your soul. I want something of about three hundred pounds per annum, but I will not refuse four hundred. At present, however, I am destitute, and terribly out of sorts. You will have some idea of my condition, when I tell you that I have not tasted food these six weeks, and that I am so disastrously off for clothing, that the elbows of my shirt are hanging out of the knees of my breeches!

"P.S. Don't mind the hole in the bearer's trowsers: he is trustworthy."

To this missive the "noble lord" replied:

"SIR—That you are an Irishman is a sufficient passport to my fireside—my purse—my heart. Come—never mind the shirt. With or without conventional ornament, you will be equally well received by

"Your devoted, LYNDHURST."

It may be added—in "point of fact" it *ought* to be added—that the writer "went very often to his lordship's house, but as often as he went, just so often was "his lordship not at 'ome."

It would be pleasant if not "*light* reading," to run over the letters and recommendations for office, which lie unopened in the waste-baskets of our President and his Secretaries at this moment, from "*influential*" political associates and friends!

IF representations upon the stage of Shakspeare's great characters have elicited high admiration, and produced the most wonderful effects upon rapt, listening auditors, it is equally certain that the uses to which the stage has been frequently devoted, have made it a laughing-stock to those who expected personations of *nature* upon it. This is often the case with melodramatic performances, and *always* the case, to our conception, in the ballet. It has been objected to opera, even (where you have the *soul* of music to aid scenic effects, and the *acting* of passion) that it was unnatural and foolish; because no one would go out and *sing* to another "before company," with whom he was very angry, and pronounce him a "*sc–sc–'ound–'rel*," and the like, in a voice like the tearing of a strong rag.

But the ballet—the pantomimic ballet—is of all things the most ridiculous. If you don't agree with us, read the subjoined; taking in, first of all, the "stage-effects" of the speaking or melodramatic "artist:"

"The effect of his union of physical and moral power is astounding. Now he spreads an ocean over the scenic area, and 'they that go down to the sea in ships,' to do stage-business in the great waters, are drowned in the sight of the audience; now, by a blast of gunpowder, he destroys a host of conspirators; and anon he restores the principal with a clap of thunder. We look forward, as the wag to Monk Lewis, for the production of some play, in which a water-spout shall be introduced, or a fall of snow, three or four feet deep, wherein the plot shall unfold itself by means of a general thaw! Care should be taken that the man who *snows* should not overstep the modesty of nature, after the manner of a careless subordinate, who, in snowing a violent storm one night at the principal theatre of a sister city, used up his *fine* materiel too early, and began to pour down paper-flakes two or three inches square, and finally rounded off with half sheets, and, vexed at the prompter's importunity for 'more snow,' finished with a '*bundle*,' in the ream!

"One should not look, however, for too close an imitation of real life nowadays, in mimic scenes and personations. It would be in bad taste. The following, from a late English magazine, represents the manner in which the 'mirror is held up to nature' in the life-like performances of the French ballet:

"The scene is a beautiful wooded country in France, with a cottage on one side; lively music; Mr. Gilbert comes on as a peasant, in a blue satin jacket, with white silk sleeves, tight white breeches, and silk stockings, which prove that he has not been to plow *that* morning at any rate: he taps at the cottage-door, and Miss Ballin looks out at the window, and although it is just sunrise, she is up and dressed, with flowers in her hair, with a close-fitting velvet bodice and gauze petticoat made very full, and quite enough *bustle* to keep up the interest of the ballet. He lifts up his leg as high as he possibly can, and asks her to be so obliging as to come down and dance with him. She says she has no particular objection, and leaves the window to descend the stairs, or ladder which leads to her cock-loft. The swain now gathers a nosegay all ready tied up; twirls round several times, to see that he is all right; hears the door of the cottage opening, trips across to give his bouquet to his love, when it is snatched by Miss Ballin's mother, who reprehends the conduct of Mr. Gilbert for coming a-courting at that time of day, tells him to go and work for his bread, and not be idling about there. The rustic swain asks the old lady to feel how terribly his heart beats; the mother informs Mr. Gilbert that his head is more likely to feel the beating:

Says he, 'at my heart I've a beating;'
Says I, 'then take one at your back.'

She drives him off, and then goes to market. Mr. Gilbert presently reappears, and clapping his hands, eight of his young companions appear. All these are in such an independent state in happy France that they are enabled to quit their village toil; and the most singular circumstance is, that all eight are accidentally attired exactly alike, with pink vests, straw-hats, and light blue smalls, with a black stripe down the seam.

"Of these youths the first named is about sixty years of age, and the latter approaching seventy-three, which renders it the more kind of them to come out and fatigue themselves at that time in the morning. There appears an excellent reason for their complaisance, because eight young female villagers, also dressed alike (excepting one unfortunate, who has mislaid her white silk shoes, and is obliged to venture out in black prunella, thereby disarranging the uniformity which is so pleasing in well-regulated hamlets) come now to the rendezvous. Each youthful swain in a moment selects his partner. Then all the sixteen point simul-

taneously to the cottage, and then touch their hearts and wedding-ring fingers, and then point to Mr. Gilbert, who shrugs his shoulders, extends his arms widely, and nods."

THE annexed beautiful and touching extract purports to come from a "Discourse on the Mission of Little Children:"

"No one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. The father can not realize it thus. True, there is a vacancy in his home, and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at set times comes round with its broken link; there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection.

"But the *mother* feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministration. Every gradation of feature developed before her eyes; she detected every new gleam of infant intelligence; she heard the first utterance of every stammering word; she was the refuge of its fears, the supply of its wants; and every task of affection wove a new link, and made dear to her its object. And when her child dies, a portion of her own life, as it were, dies with it. How can she give her darling up, with all these loving memories, these fond associations? The timid hands that have so often taken hers in trust and love, how can she fold them on its sinless breast, and surrender them to the cold grasp of Death. The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly, how can she see them straightened to go down into the dark valley? The head that she has pressed to her lips and bosom, that she has watched in peaceful slumber and burning sickness, a hair of which she could not see harmed, oh *how* can she consign it to the darkness of the grave? It was a gleam of sunshine, and a voice of perpetual gladness in her home; she had learned from it blessed lessons of simplicity, sincerity, purity, faith; it had unsealed within her a gushing, never-ebbing tide of affection; when suddenly it was taken away, and that home is left dark and silent: and to the vain and heart-rending aspiration, 'shall that dear child never return again?' there breaks in response through the cold gray silence, 'Never more!—oh, never more!' The heart is like a forsaken mansion, and that word goes echoing through its desolate chambers."

While speaking of the death of children, these quaint and touching lines by Lydgate, an early English poet, come familiarly to the mind:

"Ah, weladay! most angelike of face,
A childe, young in his pure innocence,
Tender of limbes, God wote full guitilesse,
The goodly faire that lieth here speechlesse.
A mouth he has, but wordis hath he none;
Can not complain, alas! for none outrage,
Ne grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visage:
What heart of steele could do him damage,
Or suffer him die, beholding the manere,
And look benign of his twin eyen clere?"

"WE are enjoined, upon grave authority," says a witty English poet, in a letter to a friend, herself a distinguished poetess, "to '*put off the old man*.' I should be very happy to do so if I could. At present, however, I am flying in the face of Scripture, and '*putting it on*.' Alas! I am growing old!"

The author of the following lines, penned when the writer was seventy-eight years of age, does not seem to regard *his* case as at all pity-worthy. And with such a young spirit in his bosom, one can hardly see why he should:

"Yes, I am old; my strength declines,
And wrinkles tell the touch of Time;
Yet might I fancy these the signs
Not of decay, but manhood's prime;
For all within is young and glowing,
Spite of old age's outward showing.

"Yes, I am old; Ambition's call,
Fame, wealth, distinction's keen pursuit,
That once could charm and cheat me—all
Are now detected, passive, mute.
Thank God! the passions and their riot
Are bartered for content and quiet.

"Yes, I am old; but as I press
The vale of years with willing feet,
Still do I find life's sorrows less,
And all its hallowed joys more sweet;
Since Time, for every rose he snatches,
Takes fifty thorns, with all their scratches.

"Yes, I am old! Experience now
That best of guides, hath made me sage;
And thus instructed, I avow
My firm conviction that old age,
Of all our various terms of living
Deserves the warmest, best thanksgiving."

"It is a benevolent provision of nature," said the eloquent and lamented Henry Bascom, "that in old age the memory enjoys a second spring; and that, while we forget all passing occurrences, many of which are but painful concomitants of old age, we have a vivid and delightful recollection of all the pleasures of youth. Objects become shadowy to the bodily eye as they become more remote, but to the mental eye of age the most distant are the most distinct. A man of eighty may forget that he was seventy, but he never forgets that he was once a boy. Who can doubt the immortality of the soul, when we see that the mind can thus pass out of bodily decrepitude into a state of rejuvenescence?"

A GREAT many anecdotes—and some of them very amusing—are told of Jarvis, the celebrated portrait-painter, a man of rare genius and genuine humor, known and remembered by hundreds of our elder fellow-citizens. The following, which is pronounced to be entirely authentic, is one of them:

"A gentleman's son who had a vain imagination that he could make a great painter, although in his multiplied attempts he could scarcely hit the difference between a horse and a jackass, and—at least on paper—could sketch only a very faint resemblance of either, besought his father to withdraw him from college, and to allow him to study the art.

"The latter, after much remonstrance, consented, and sent a slight hint to the painter Jarvis.

"'Go,' said he; 'if he is willing to instruct you, you shall have every advantage.'

"The youthful genius flew overjoyed to the artist, whom he found in his studio, and who received him with a most encouraging aspect, applauded his intentions and his enthusiasm, and willingly consented to promote his studies.

"'Come,' said he, 'in the first place you shall sketch some things, that we may form a rough estimate of your talents.'

"The 'genius' went to work, and drew a human figure, which looked like a geological specimen.

"'I see, I see,' said Jarvis, squinting equivocally over his shoulder; 'you must begin with *First Principles*, and gradually ascend. In *this* way, should you *continue* to rise, you will at length reach the top of the ladder!'

"Jarvis then set the young man to cleaning a mul-

titude of brushes: this was the *first* step, and took him half a day.

"'That is very well done,' said the painter, when the young man's task was completed; 'you shall now grind some paints in a mortar, which is a preliminary step of the first importance.'

"This was the patient job of a whole day. On the third day, when he was to be inducted into the composition of colors, that youthful genius turned his back on the very threshold of the art, on the ground that he could 'better subserve the interests of philanthropy.'

"In a week after he was a freshman in Yale College, describing with a poor faculty the 'Asses' Bridge' in Cæsar, and drawing awkwardly on a blackboard the diagram of the fifth proposition of the First Book of Euclid."

It was shrewdly suspected at the time that there was "an understanding" between the young gentleman's father and the painter, and it "came nigh to be thought so" subsequently, when the whole thing "leaked out." However, a bad painter was nipped in the bud, and a good lawyer substituted for a Daubson.

THERE ensues a description of "*Treating a Case Actively*," which made the collector of this omnium-gatherum shake his sides, at the same time that it struck him as one of the most effective temperance stories he had met with for many a long day. The tale is told by a physician, who had been called in great haste to attend a "gentleman of respectability," who had been discovered in his room lying senseless on the floor.

He found his "patient" in great distress of mind.

"What is the matter with Mr. H——?" asked the Doctor.

"I am afraid it is apoplexy," said his wife; "I found him lying upon the floor, as if he had suddenly fallen from his chair. His face is purple, and he breathes with great difficulty."

The Doctor examines the "patient," and finds this report correct; although he sees no clear indications of any actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadn't he better be bled, Doctor?" asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that it is necessary," replied the Doctor; "I think if we let him alone it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours! he may die in half an hour!" said the wife.

"I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam," remarked the Doctor.

"Apoplexy not dangerous!" said she.

The Doctor delicately hinted that it might possibly have been drinking too much brandy.

"No, Doctor," she said, "the disease is more deeply seated than *that:* surely I should know. He had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, Doctor?"

Thus urged, the Doctor took from him about eight ounces of blood, but still he lay insensible.

"Something *else* must be done," urged his wife; "if he isn't relieved very soon, he must die!"

The Doctor was not the regular family physician, and felt his position to be a difficult one; he was therefore firm in his resolution not to do any thing more for the patient until the family doctor came.

At length he arrived, and the two doctors conversed aside for a few moments, and then proceeded to the bedside of the patient.

There were still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife anxiously.

"Yes, by all means," said the Doctor. "Send for the barber and a blister at once."

The barber came; the head was shaved, and the blister applied.

For two hours the burning blister parched the poor man's skin; but finally the pain ceased, and he slept. When he awoke, his first exclamation was,

"What's the matter with my head? It feels as if it was scalded. Where's my hair? And what's my arm tied up for in this way?"

His wife told him to be quiet, and he sunk back on his pillow with a sullen groan. Presently, however, he said to his wife,

"Sarah, why in the name of goodness did you let the doctors butcher me in this way?"

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save the d—l!"

"Hush, dear! every thing depends upon your being quiet."

He only moaned, "Too bad! too bad!"

Now the facts of the case were, that he couldn't take wine nor strong drink without being tempted into excess. To *see*, was to *taste*—to taste, was to *fall*. At last his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, and see if total abstinence would not give him strength.

He got on very well for a few days—particularly so, as his coachman kept a well-filled bottle for him in the carriage-house, to which he not unfrequently resorted; but a too ardent devotion to the bottle brought on the *supposed* apoplexy. The cure was effectual!

The patient kept quiet on the subject, and bore his shaven head upon his shoulders with as much philosophy as he could muster. A wig, after the sores had disappeared that had been made by the blister, concealed the barber's work until his own hair had grown again. He never ventured upon wine or brandy afterward, for fear of apoplexy.

When the truth leaked out—as all such things will—his friends had many a hearty laugh, but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew any thing more than appeared of the cause of his supposed illness.

THE following incident, it is authoritatively alleged, actually occurred at one of our Broadway hotels, not a hundred years ago:

A "gentleman" who had been "participating" a little too freely at dinner, was about to leave town by one of the Hudson river steamboats. A fine lobster-salad, of which he had last partaken, had suggested to him the purchase of a lobster to take home with him. He ordered the servant boy to buy him a fine large one, which was at once obtained. He had only a small carpet-bag for his luggage, and into this he directed the servant to thrust the lobster. The waiter came down, saying that he couldn't do it.

This roused the gentleman's ire. He told the waiter to follow him up to his room, and see *him* do it. But this was to do one of those things which Paul said were "not *convenient*." There was not room for the fish, and he violently "opposed the motion."

As a last resort, the lobster was tied up in a strong brown-paper wrapper, carried down with the carpet-bag to the boat, and placed in a corner of the gentleman's berth.

But "look you what befell!" In the night the

lobster escaped; one of his claws had become unpegged, and he had crawled up to the head of the berth, and seized his owner by the ear, who, awaking suddenly from his maudlin sleep, roused the whole boat with cries of "Murder! murder!"

It was a scene to be long remembered by the many who were *made* to witness it!

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY has at least *one* advantage over others; there is more overcoming of the difference between *sight* and *sound* to the reader—a great advantage to any person, but an especial relief to foreigners learning our language. Surely there are enough words in our language that can not be changed in their pronunciation, without perpetuating the number of those that *can* be changed, and changed for the better.

At a collegiate exhibition, some years ago, the following story was told, in illustration of the difficulty which a foreigner encounters in learning to pronounce the English language, whose orthography is so much at variance with its elementary sounds:

"The gentleman said, that the first time he ever visited London, he caught cold on the passage. He had studied English at the French University, and made about as much progress in giving correct sounds to the words as a green Yankee might be supposed to do in the French tongue, with nothing but a dictionary for a guide. Some things he knew, and some things he *didn't* know; *one* thing he knew, however, and that was, that he needed a physician to cure his cold.

"Accordingly he sent for a physician; and wishing to show Dr. John Bull how well he could talk English, he took a dictionary, and found that 'toux' was 'cough' in the latter tongue.

"'Co-u-g-h!' spelled the Frenchman: 'how they say that?—eh? O, I have him! "P-l-o-u-g-h" is plow, and c-o-u-g-h is cow: ah, I have a *cow!*'

"The Doctor entered, and began to feel his pulse, and found that all was right.

"'I aves no troubles *dere*,' said the Frenchman: 'I aves got de *cow!*'

"'Well, I am not a *cow-doctor*,' said the surgeon, indignantly; 'why do you send to *me* to visit your *cow?*'

"'But you shall not *understand* me!' said the disconcerted Frenchman; '*here* is my cow—*here!*' and he thumped his breast in desperation that he could not be comprehended.

"The Doctor shook his head, as though he thought him demented.

"The Frenchman again had recourse to his dictionary; thinking that if he could get the precise locality of his 'cow,' the Doctor could not fail to understand him. Accordingly he looked for the '*chest*,' and found the definition to be 'a box:' then, shouting as loud as a Frenchman always does when excited, he exclaimed:

"'*Now* you understands?—eh? I got a *cow* in my *box!*'

"The Doctor burst into a roar of laughter, and the poor Frenchman almost died of chagrin.

"When the Frenchman told the story, the audience were perfectly convulsed; and they 'roared again,' when he added:

"'If you can do any thing for my "*cow*," it will be great thing!'"

THE following anecdote of the eccentric Lorenzo Dow, of whom every body has heard, is not only exceedingly characteristic, but is authentic:

Dow, in one of his quaint, original discourses, declared that he had "known sinners who were so very wicked that they had actually burst."

This statement threw an old, ignorant, and fat impenitent present into a state of great alarm and perspiration, and he went home in mortal terror. At night, in the horror of his anticipated explosion, he rolled about until he could no longer bear it. He fancied he was already swelling!

He rose and attempted to dress himself. Who can paint his consternation, when he found that he could but just strain the garments over his limbs, and even then they would not meet! He was suffering a rapid and fatal sin-dropsy: his iniquities were coming to light. He screamed in the agony of his fear; and a lamp being brought in, he found that in his haste he had put on his brother's clothes!

The impression, however, it is stated by the informant (himself a clergyman), was a favorable one. It changed the whole course of the terrified culprit's after conduct.

Probably Dow had, as usual, some odd similitude in his mind, but he was taken literally by this alarmed hearer.

WE hope there are many old-fashioned people among the readers of the "Drawer," who have not outlived the desire to be *useful*, in their day and generation, who will peruse these adroitly-sarcastic lines with pleasure. We transcribe them from a rare depository of similar good things, belonging to a fair and refined, although not strictly "fashionable" lady, as fashion is considered "nowadays:"

NOWADAYS.

"ALAS! how every thing has changed
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore homespun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw
That tied beneath the chin,
The shawl laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.

"I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the meadow, rock, and field,
And up and down the hill:
And when 'our folks' were out at work
(It never made me thinner),
I jumped upon a horse, bare back,
And carried them their dinner.

"Dear me! young ladies nowadays
Would almost faint away
To think of riding all alone
In wagon, chaise, or sleigh:
And as for giving 'pa' his meals,
Or helping 'ma' to bake,
Oh dear! 'twould spoil their lily hands,
Though sometimes they make cake.

"When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter;
Each beau would take his sweetheart out
Sleigh-riding, in a cutter.
Or, if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaux together
Would meet and have the best of fun,
And 'never mind the weather!'

"But now, indeed it grieves me much
The circumstance to mention,
However kind the young man's heart,
And honest his intention;
He never asks the girls to ride,
But *such* a man is caged;
And if he sees her once a week,
Why, surely 'they're engaged!'"

An American medical gentleman, who some years since visited Paris under circumstances favorable to his admission to a circle of the survivors and former supporters of "*The* Empire," tells a capital story, as he heard it related by the celebrated General Excelmans, one of Napoleon's "*Paladins.*"

It was at a dinner-party, composed of some of the survivors of Waterloo, a few of their younger relatives, and the scion of an ex-king on a visit from his home in America, and to whom the gentleman owed his introduction to the circle we have mentioned. Some question arose about bravery, when the younger members of the company were electrified to hear the venerable and heroic Excelmans gravely and seriously declare:

"*Men are all cowards in the dark!*"

The General smiled at their expression of dissent; remarked that it was "very like youth;" and proceeded to relate the following anecdote, in support of his strange declaration:

There was a young hot-head in the Emperor's service, who, burning for action, and his duties for the time affording no opportunity, at last resolved to fight a duel; accordingly, choosing to construe some remark or other of an older and superior officer into an insult, he challenged him. The old soldier, waiving all considerations of rank, agreed to meet the young man, but on the following unusual terms: The time should be *night*—the place a room—in opposite corners of which they were to stand. The seconds, having placed their men, were to withdraw outside of the door, *taking the candles with them.* The word should be given from without, when he who had the first fire should discharge his weapon, and the seconds having the light should immediately rush in.

These strange conditions were accepted; the time arrived; and the seconds placed the parties as agreed upon—withdrawing immediately, and leaving their men in the dark.

The word was given—the fire was heard—the door was re-opened—and there stood the elder of the two bolt upright in the corner, his adversary's ball having entered the wall so close to his head that his escape seemed little less than miraculous!

It was now the old soldier's turn to fire. They were again left in the dark; the word was again given from the outside; and instantaneously with the discharge the seconds rushed in to find the challenger prostrate upon the floor, *not yet having recovered himself from his trick to avoid the ball*, which, on examination, it was found must have killed him!

The young man was covered with confusion, and the seconds were overwhelming him with the expression of their scorn, when the veteran stopped them:

"Not so fast! not so fast! my young friends," said he; you will live to grow wiser. Where do you suppose *I* was at the first fire? *On my hands and knees in the corner;* but I was *up* quicker than he. Ah! Messieurs, say what we will—boast as we may—*we are all cowards in the dark!*"

It was afterward ascertained that the story was an actual fact, and that the elder of the parties was no other than the brave warrior Excelmans himself!

It won't injure any young married lady-reader of "The Drawer" in the least to note the following, especially if she is able to draw a moral from its perusal:

"I noticed a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, and who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits:

"No secret at all," said he, "I have got one of the best of wives; and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then the tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I can not find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to any body."

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day," is a divine lesson beautifully enforced in the ensuing lines by Sir Matthew Hale:

"A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatsoe'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

A gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some moneys due him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill of a hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case; but added, that if it *was* collectable at all, a tall, raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, would "worry it out" of the man.

Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wal, Square," said he, "'taint much use o' tryin', I guess. I *know* that critter. You might as well try to squeeze 'ile out of Bunker Hill monument, as to c'lect a debt out of him. But *any* how, Square, what'll you give, sposin' I *do* try?"

"Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half, if you'll collect it."

"'Greed," replied the collector; there's no harm in *tryin'*, any way."

Some weeks after the creditor chanced to be in Boston, and in walking up Tremont Street, encountered his enterprising friend:

"Look o'here," said he, "Square. I had considerable luck with that bill o' your'n. You see, I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but for the first week or so 'twan't no use—not a bit. If he was home, he was 'short;' if he *wasn't* home, I couldn't get no satisfaction. By-and-by, says I, after goin' sixteen times, 'I'll fix you!' says I. So I sat down on the door-step, and sat all day and part of the evening, and I begun airly *next* day; but about ten o'clock he ''gin in.' *He paid me* my *half, and I gin him up the note!*"

The late S. S. Prentiss once narrated the following as the line of defense by which he secured the acquittal of a client who was on trial for libel:

"It was a most aggravated case as far as *facts* were concerned. But I made these points: *First*, That the plaintiff's character was so bad that it was incapable of injury; and *Secondly*, That my client was so notorious a liar that nobody would believe any statement he should make; and therefore he could not be guilty of the offense of libel. The jury agreed with me on both points, and acquitted my client.

Literary Notices.

Captain Canot; or, Twenty Years of an African Slaver, edited by BRANTZ MAYER. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) An abundant variety of materials for a racy narrative were placed in the hands of the editor of this volume by the enterprising adventurer whose history it commemorates. He has worked them up with the skill of a practiced writer, and produced a book which can not fail to delight the legion of readers whose taste inclines to stories of moving accidents by flood and field, hair-breadth escapes, horrors which chill and curdle the blood, and marvelous customs of strange people in barbaric homes. Mr. Mayer has painted with a glowing pencil the unique scenes which only the experience of an unscrupulous fortune-seeker could have brought to light. He has used no reserve in relating the disclosures which the transparent candor of the slave-trader has communicated without disguise. Such a tissue of reckless adventures has seldom been put on paper; and never by one who holds so respectable a place in literature as the present editor.

Captain Canot was of French and Italian parentage—his father being one of Napoleon's veteran campaigners, and his mother a fair Piedmontese, whom the delirium of "love's young dream" led to marry a soldier. At an early age he was sent to sea, and came to America as cabin-boy in a vessel of the celebrated millionaire of Boston, the late "Billy Gray," as he was familiarly called in his native State. An amusing incident is given of young Canot's first rencontre with this gentleman, on the deck of his own ship, on her arrival in Boston harbor. The acquaintance commenced with a pitched battle—the fiery young Italian, who had been left in charge of the vessel, mistaking the visit of the owner for an attempt at robbery, and resisting his incursion tooth and nail, finally won the friendship of the eccentric merchant by his dare-devil prowess in defense of his property. After sailing from the port of Salem for several voyages, Canot at length brings up at Havana. Here his nautical eye fell in love with a trim, fascinating craft, which proved to be a slaver bound to the coast of Africa. He could not resist the temptation to make one of her company. The crew consisted of a pack of scoundrels, who mutinied on arriving at the African coast, and were mostly slaughtered in detail by Canot's own hand. This was his first introduction to the delights of the slave-trade. The commencement of his career was successful. The traffic proved lucrative. He became a great man on the coast, and spread terror and astonishment among the natives by his journeys into the interior. The day of retribution comes at last, and his downfall is as rapid and complete as had been his former prosperity. He abandons the dire pursuit in disgust, after experiencing every kind of trial and hardship, and wasting the very flower and substance of his life in ruinous enterprises. The confessions which are recorded in this volume bear the stamp of reality, and are as full of instruction as they are remarkable for graphic effect.

Shakspeare's Scholar, by RICHARD GRANT WHITE. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) Not only enthusiasm for the immortal dramatic poet, but a profound and genial study of his works, is exhibited in the composition of this volume. It is not the production of a pedant or an antiquary. Minute verbal criticism is not the principal aim of the writer. His remarks in this line are indeed admirable, betraying both acuteness and ingenuity; but his heart is imbued with the spirit of Shakspeare, and he accordingly loves to deal with the poetical sense of the author, rather than with curious philological distinctions. In his own happy phrase, Mr. White claims "to have been for many years, and yet to be, Shakspeare's Scholar—a title which the proudest may be proud to bear, and which the humblest may with humility assume." He has not attempted to decide what Shakspeare might have written, or to consult his professed interpreters as to his meaning; but to learn from his own words what he did write, studying them in the spirit of a pupil at the feet of a master equally revered and beloved. His knowledge of the mass of mingled learning and ignorance, sense and folly, with which Shakspeare has been overwhelmed by his commentators, has led him to trust to his own studies, rather than to any learned traditions; and hence his pages have a peculiar freshness, vitality, and zest, which we rarely find in works of similar intent.

The leading tendency of Mr. White's Shakspearian labors is to discredit the license of conjectural criticism—to hold up the obvious signification of the text as the soundest and most probable—and thus to disperse the army of editors and annotators who so frequently obscure the light of the original, by the dimness of their own perceptions. "There are certain passages in his plays," he justly observes, "to appreciate the full force of which, we must have gone sympathetically on with the poet, and have reached them in the same mood with him. Otherwise, we breathe a different air, scan a different horizon. The man who stands upon the level of literal prose, can not see the vast, far-stretching, tender-hued beauties, which his glance takes in who has been borne into mid-air upon the wings of Poesy. Such passages as these it has been, and even yet is, the fashion to pick out and condemn as obscure, nonsensical, contradictory."

The volume comprises, first, a brief historical sketch of the text of Shakspeare; then, an elaborate and stringent examination of the pretensions of Collier's "Folio of 1632;" and finally, a copious series of Notes and Comments on several passages in the different plays. In these last, Mr. White is usually content with an expressive brevity of annotation; though in some important cases his notes assume the dimensions of essays, and never fail to be replete with significant and original suggestions. Every genuine scholar will tender a cordial greeting to his work, as the fruit of free and manly research, a discriminating study of the great original, a cultivated and delicate taste, and the fine poetic sense, without which even the spirit of Shakspeare evaporates into thin air.

The views of the author in preparing the volume are forcibly, though somewhat quaintly, stated, and with a tang of the olden time, in a Prefatory Letter to Mr. George Curtis, the popular Howadji. We ought to add that the edition is brought out in a style of exquisite typography, approaching almost to daintiness.

Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands, by Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. (Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) In reading these volumes, great allowance must be made for the impression left on the writer's imagination by the enthusiastic welcome which awaited her arrival in England. She was every where received as a heroine of the first magnitude,

and her journeys in Great Britain were but so many triumphal processions. No American lady has ever been so much courted and caressed in the palaces of the English nobility, or been honored with such spontaneous tributes of admiration from all circles of society. It would be a wonder if her head were not a little turned by such demonstrations—we might pardon something to the influence of flattery even on "a strong-minded female." Mrs. Stowe, however, needs no such apology. She does not lose her simplicity and self-possession in the melodramatic glare which shone upon her steps. We see the effects of adulation only in the "sunny" character of the "memories" which she has brought home. Her eye rested merely on the bright side of the picture, and doubtless it would have been an ungracious task to have sought materials for darker shades. She confines herself to what she saw in her jubilant tour—and, of course, all that she saw was rose-colored. We can not blame her for this—but it must operate as a guard against the one-sided character of her descriptions. In spite of the kindly gloss which she throws over English society, we do not suppose that it betokens the speedy approach of the millenium. The serpent still hisses and bites in the British isles, nor do the lion and the lamb yet lie down together. But for these remains of heathenism Mrs. Stowe did not feel herself responsible; and accordingly she does not go out of her way to comment thereon. Her book must be taken as the exhibition of English civilization by a partial hand. In this point of view it is not only readable and entertaining, but eminently instructive. Her sketches are easy and graceful—her report of conversations is racy and characteristic—her pages swarm with poetical illustrations, showing a familiar acquaintance with choice English literature—and bating an overweening love of Dr. Watts, as the favorite poet of Zion in New-England—her episodical literary criticisms are often fresh and suggestive. Her volumes decline in interest when she begins to describe the Continent, though they are not without some brilliant pictures of Parisian life. Her judgments on the masterpieces of European art, betray the rashness from which Yankee tourists are seldom free, yet they are never destitute of a true love of beauty, which, under favorable circumstances, would doubtless have ripened into a sound critical taste. She does not, however, put on the airs of a connoisseur, nor indulge in parrot-pratings, repeating the stale echoes of previous travelers. What she says, right or wrong, is fresh from her own mind—and that certainly is a great comfort.

The School for Politics is the title of a dramatic satire by CHARLES GAYARRE, the distinguished writer on Louisiana history. His squibs, many of which are fierce and brilliant, are not directed against any particular party or individual, but are designed to hit the abuses which every where characterize the politics of the country. The author shows an intimate acquaintance with the movements of electioneering machinery, and has set off their odious character with a caustic pen. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.)

The Practical Draughtsman's Book of Industrial Design, translated from the French of MM. ARMENGAUD and AMOUROUX, by WILLIAM JOHNSON. This comprehensive work forms a large and elegant quarto volume, including the principles of Linear Drawing, Projections, Shadowing and Coloring, and so forth, with their application to the various branches of machinery and the constructive arts in general. The volume is full and complete, embracing every important element essential to the clear understanding of the subject in hand, and presenting in the English language, for the first time, a thorough text-book of design, in connection with the industrial arts which distinguish the present century. The American artisan and mechanic will find it an invaluable manual, and can not consult its lucid pages without gaining a clearer and more profound insight into the principles of his calling. A profusion of engravings and tabular views accompany the text of the work, leaving nothing to be desired for its practical utility.

Harper and Brothers have published a new *Practical and Commercial Arithmetic*, by GERARDUS B. DOCHARTY, LL.D., whose well-known treatise on "Algebra" has given him a high rank as a popular illustrator of mathematical science. The present volume is remarkable for the clearness of its methods, the pertinence of its examples, and the thorough manner in which the theory of numbers is elucidated, from its elementary processes to its most complicated formulas. The part devoted to Commercial Arithmetic is of especial value, and may safely be commended to the attention of young men in counting-rooms or banking institutions, who are sometimes at a loss for the solution of questions occurring in the common routine of business. As a manual for the instruction of classes, the practical teacher can not fail to discover its merits instantly, even upon the most cursory examination.

The American Cottage Builder, by JOHN BULLOCK, is a neat volume, containing a series of designs, plans, and specifications, for "homes for the people," on a scale of prices ranging from $200 to $20,000. Without being deficient in any technical details, the work presents a variety of general views on architecture, domestic and rural economy, the cultivation of art, and other kindred subjects. The chapters on Warming and Ventilation, Drainage, and Rural Homes, are of special interest, and challenge the attention of all who propose to build a house, or who have their place of residence yet to choose. (Published by Stringer and Townsend.)

Memoir and Sermons of Joseph Harrington, late pastor of the Unitarian Church in San Francisco, is an interesting memorial of a clergyman of singular beauty of character, and acknowledged eminence in his profession. He was a native of Roxbury, Mass., graduated at Harvard College in 1833, and, after fulfilling the duties of the pastoral charge successively at Chicago and Hartford, removed to San Francisco, where he found a grave in 1852. The memoir prefixed to this volume, by an intimate friend of the subject, Mr. WILLIAM WHITING, describes him as a man of great energy of purpose, of a poetical temperament, with genial and expansive sympathies, and with more than common mental ability. It forms a pleasing biographical sketch, and will be read with satisfaction by the numerous friends of Mr. Harrington in different parts of the country. With some original suggestions, the sermons in this volume, as a whole, are not above mediocrity. The portrait gives the impression of an intellectual, refined, and manly character. (Published by Crosby and Nichols, Boston.)

Notes of a Theological Student, by JAMES MASON HOPPIN. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) Recollections of Germany, of Greece, of the Holy Land, are among the topics presented in this unpretending but agreeable volume. Some of its most attractive passages relate to German University education, and are marked by discrimination and good

sense. The comments of the writer on Luther, Schiller, Goethe, and other gifted men of genius who have proudly illustrated their native land, show a wise appreciation of their respective merits, and are expressed in language of chaste and simple elegance. The whole volume betrays a mind of wide and judicious culture, and a liberal way of looking at life and society.

J. C. Derby has brought out an edition of *Poems and Ballads* by GERALD MASSEY, a recent English poet, who has sprung from the obscurest depths of poverty into the enjoyment of a wide celebrity. Massey is now but a little more than twenty-six years of age. He was born in a miserable stone hut, such as are usually occupied by the lowest peasantry in the interior of England. His father was a canal boatman, earning a pittance which scarcely sufficed to keep soul and body together. He was so ignorant as to be unable to write his own name. Young Massey, for some time, was hardly better off in point of education. He went for a short time to a penny school, where the teacher knew not much more than the taught; but was sent when eight years old to work in a neighboring silk-mill. Here he toiled wearily from five o'clock in the morning till half past six in the evening, until the mill—luckily for him—burned down. He then went to straw-plaiting—an unwholesome occupation—in a sickly district. For three years he was tormented with fever and ague. But his mind was not asleep. He had learned to read, and soon felt a craving for books. These, however, were scarce. At first, he had nothing but the Bible and Bunyan—a library, it must be owned, in themselves—afterward he fell in with Robinson Crusoe and some Wesleyan tracts—which formed his sole reading until he went to London, as an errand boy, at fifteen years of age. Here he found books in plenty, for the first time in his life. A new world of delight thus opened on his young heart. He read at all possible times and in all possible places—up in bed till two or three in the morning—and not daunted by once exposing his life by setting the bed on fire. With this rapacious appetite for books, he still showed no turn for poetry until he fell in love. His first poetical composition was published in a provincial newspaper, and soon after he printed a small volume of poems, chiefly of a political character.

The present collection contains several pieces of a similar stamp, most of which were inspired by the French Revolution of 1848. His poems, generally, however, are devoted to the celebration of conjugal love. The family hearth is his favorite altar of inspiration. His soul revels in the contemplation of sensuous beauty, and is made drunk with its soft enchantments. He deals not largely in the expressions of tender sentiment which usually take up so much space in amatory poetry, but is dazzled and absorbed by the spectacle of breathing loveliness in a form of flesh and blood. His language has an almost Oriental luxuriance, teeming with images and illustrations from the richest sources of the universe, and often too intensely colored to please a refined natural taste. Some of his smaller and less ambitious pieces have the most in them of the subtle essence of poetry, and are frequently clothed in a diction of sweet and delicate beauty. Few will call in question the claims of Gerald Massey to genuine poetical fire and imagination; but as few will maintain that he can hold a place among England's great poets without a severe course of pruning, study, and self-discipline.

Famous Persons and Places, by N. PARKER WILLIS, is a new volume of the author's collected works, comprising sketches of British society, and notices of celebrated individuals, in the charming style of elaborate carelessness and quaint felicity of phrase, which stamp all the productions of his pen as unique and inimitable. Apart from their characteristic originality of expression, many of the portraitures in this volume possess a historical value, which will increase in proportion as the living present which they describe fades into the dimness of the past. Although written, in the first instance, for an ephemeral class of publications, they are destined to hold an enduring place in modern literature. (Published by Charles Scribner.)

Hermit's Dell, from the Diary of a Penciler, belongs to a department of literature which presents a dangerous temptation to young writers, from its apparent facility, but in which few can attain even an approach to the mastery exhibited by Washington Irving, and in a less degree by Ik. Marvel. It consists of descriptions of rural life, tender reminiscences of by-gone scenes, and a vein of gentle moralizing, which combines the humorous and pathetic. Few productions of this class, short of dead failures, are devoid of elements of popular interest. The volume before us has many excellent points and deserves success. It is earnest and thoughtful, inspired by a genial love of country scenes, and written for the most part with simplicity and grace. The name of the author is not given; but he is evidently a person of quick sympathies and varied culture. (Published by J. C. Derby.)

THE article on Miss MARTINEAU'S translation of COMTE'S *Positive Philosophy*, in a recent number of the *North American Review*, is made the subject of severe comment in the *London Leader*. Having quoted the "scandalous commencement," it says:

"After this specimen of the writer's controversial style, it is unnecessary to say that he is peevish and shallow throughout. A great deal of vinegar has been poured upon Comte by the Reviews; but we did not expect such weak vinegar from a Transatlantic Quarterly. A thorough discussion of Comte and his doctrines from the true antagonistic point—and that point, we believe, is to be found in the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton, or thereabouts—is still a desideratum. Kant or Comte, transcendentalism or positivism—*that*, after all, is the alternative; and all midway exposition and doctrinizing, is (if the conditions of real speculative discussion are to be attended to) but cleverness and mystification. One other course, indeed, there is for those whose natures refuse to saddle themselves with the 'conditions of speculative discussion'—and that is to keep clear of the whole subject, follow their own noses as well as they can, and let Kant and Comte whirl antagonistically, like two windmills on the distant heights. If they are asked which windmill they believe in, they can say 'I *see* both.'"

The same journal offers some remarks on a well-known London publisher, JOHN CHAPMAN, that are more terse than complimentary:

"Among London publishers Mr. Chapman stands without a rival for exquisite taste in the merely mechanical part of his occupation. But just in the degree that he is before them all in this respect is he inferior to most of them in discrimination and judgment. He is always rash when he should be cautious, and timid when he should be bold. Hence

the works he offers us are in general either heavy or hideous—bores or brutalities. Unitarian dullness, Comte crudity, Feuerbach effrontery, intellectual Bloomerism, and Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer, must in the end sink the Theodore Parker ship which Mr. Chapman commands, which has always flaunted scores of gaudy flags from its masts, but never hoisted any sails."

In his late gossipy work, Mr. PATMORE gives the following account of the contradictory feelings with which CHARLES LAMB regarded the visits of his friends. It affords an interesting peep into human nature:

"It is not the less true that Lamb was, for the moment, delighted at the advent of an unlooked-for friend, even though he was thereby interrupted in the midst of one of these beatific communings. But they must have read his character ill, or with little interest, who did not perceive that, after the pleasant excitement of the moment was over, he became restless, uneasy, and 'busied about many things'—about any thing, rather than the settling down quietly into a condition of mind or temper even analogous to that from which the new arrival had irretrievably roused him, for that day at least. Feeling the unseasonable disturbance *as* such, yet not for a moment admitting it to be such, even to himself, he became *over*-anxious to show you how welcome you were, doing half a dozen things in a breath, to prove the feeling, every one of which, if read aright, proved something very like the reverse. If it happened to be about dinner-time, he would go into the kitchen to see if it was ready, or put on his hat and go out to order an additional supply of porter, or open a bottle of wine and pour some out—taking a glass himself to set you the example, as he innocently imagined, but in reality to fortify himself for the task of hospitality that you had imposed upon him; any thing, in fact, but sit quietly down by the fire and enjoy your company, or let you enjoy his. And if you happened to arrive when dinner or tea was over, he was perfectly fidgety, and almost cross, till you were fairly seated at the meal which he and his excellent sister insisted on providing for you, whether you would or not. It is true that, by the time all these preliminaries were over, he had recovered his ease, and was really glad to see you; and if you had come to stay the night, when the shutters were shut, and the candles came, and you were comfortably seated round the fire, he was evidently pleased and bettered by the occasion thus afforded for a dish of cosey table-talk. But not the less true is it that every knock at the door sent a pang to his heart; and this without any distinction of persons: whoever it might be, he equally welcomed and wished them away; and all for the same reason—namely, that they called him from the company of his own thoughts, or those still better communings with the thoughts of his dead friends, with whom he could hold an intercourse unclogged by any actual bodily presence. In these respects Lamb resembled the lover in Martial's epigram: he could neither live *with* his friends nor without them. If they stayed away from him long, he was hurt and angry; and when they went to him he was put out."

A brisk London reviewer in a weekly journal thus lets out the secrets of his "dreadful trade:"

"To have some twelve or twenty periodicals before you, and to have to go over them, so as to ascertain their contents, and report on their merits, is the best possible training in the 'art of skipping.' Practice has made us tolerably perfect in this art. Having been in the habit of hearing a great many sermons, and being at the same time afflicted or blessed (whichever you choose to call it) with a constitutional tendency to *reverie*, which the pew-attitude naturally fosters, we long ago discovered that it was totally unnecessary to attend to a preacher throughout, and that we could delegate to the ear the business of watching for us, and keeping us duly informed when any thing good was going on, for the reception of which it might be worth while to waken up the intelligence. We have acquired a similar knack in reading. We believe we are conscientious reviewers, and just reviewers; and yet we confess we don't read through all the books and all the periodicals we pronounce opinions upon. We look at the outside of a book or a periodical; we read the preface, the list of contents, and all those outer scraps which give us the general physiognomy of the book; then we sit down, paper-knife in hand, and cut up all the pages punctually from the first to the last, hovering all the while over the pages, like a hawk, glancing at the headings of chapters, at suggestive words and proper names in the text, descending leisurely for a closer view when any thing attracts us, and swooping down rapidly and greedily wherever we descry a tit-bit. We don't say that that would be conscientious reviewing for a *Quarterly*-man, intrusted with the task of giving a verdict on one book; but we do say it is conscientious reviewing for the purpose of a literary summary. And we beg to say, cursory as the style of proceeding may seem, it is in *our* case perfectly satisfactory. We are such adepts in the 'art of skipping,' our instinct for what is good is so fine and so catholic at the same time, that, if we once have used our paper-knife on a publication, we are sure of having accurately diagnosed it, and not missed any of its tit-bits. Our golden rule, however, is to cut open all the leaves from end to end. All depends on that."

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS's popular novel *Fashion and Famine* has been issued in London, and excites attention from the press. The following are the comments of *The Leader:*

"It has great defects. In the first place, an American novel should be something out of the old beaten track of the commonplace contrasts of conventional society; and though the scene of this romance is laid in or about the 'Upper Ten Thousand' and the 'Fifth Avenue' of the Empire city, still the characters are all French, and the treatment is very English. In the next place, the plot is grotesquely impossible, the leading motives of the action are grandly incredible; and the novel, from first to last, is spoiled by an obtrusion of the flimsy philosophy in which some 'females' indulge when, having got pen in hand, they begin to point out how much better it is to be good than bad. These are startling faults; and yet the novel is far above the average, and is read with engrossing interest. This, we believe, is because Mrs. Stephens has got a decided genius for telling and developing a story. There is power—dramatic power—here; and as it is, as she states in her preface, her first novel, we are inclined to anticipate a series of successes for her."

Of the new volume of Mr. BANCROFT'S *History of the American Revolution*, the London *Athenæum* remarks,

"This volume completes a second part of Mr. Bancroft's great design. The first series of vol-

umes told the story of America from the days of discovery to the opening of the troubles between England and her colonies. The second series, now brought to a close, carries on the story during these troubles. The next stage of the journey brings the historian to the War of Independence. As yet we have not come to the resistance by force; but we close this new volume with the blare of trumpets and the neighing of the war-horse in our ears.

"The historian goes at a canter over a vast deal of uneven ground in this volume. The narrative is, as usual, animated and pictorial; but it is perhaps on the whole less picturesque than in former volumes. It is so of necessity. Penn in the midst of his Indians—the Pilgrim Fathers on the deck of the Mayflower—make striking and pictorial figures with little aid from the artist; but the case is different when the foreground is occupied by George the Third's pigtail and Franklin's bob-wig. The writer is not always to be blamed because his personages are commonplace and his materials intractable. The action of this volume takes place chiefly in the King's antechamber; and, like the locality and the men who people it, it is sometimes a little tedious.

"The next portion of the historian's labors, if he shall find time and courage to continue them, will have a more exciting theme and a nobler field. Meantime, we have now acquired from Mr. Bancroft a clear, connected, readable narrative of the long series of events which in North America preceded the war which made it an independent empire.

The recent admirable contribution to Shakspearian literature by Mr. WHITE is thus spoken of by the London *Leader*:

"Under the reverential title of *Shakspeare's Scholar*, an American journalist, Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, undertakes to rescue his great master from the hands of Dryasdust. Profoundly and undisguisedly he hates the tribe of commentators, and unmeasured is the contempt which he entertains for Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Therein he finds that poetry is turned to prose, dullness substituted for wit, dramatic propriety exalted, the context disregarded, and the really important alterations destitute of novelty. According to Mr. White, Shakspeare is his own interpreter. 'It is folly to say that the writings of such a man need notes and comments to enable readers of ordinary intelligence to apprehend their full meaning. There is no pretense for the intrusion of such aids, except the fact that Shakspeare wrote two hundred and fifty years ago; and this seems to be but a pretense.' We gladly welcome this addition to Shakspearian literature from the other side of the Atlantic."

The correspondent of the *Athenæum* at Rome has the following notices of American artists:

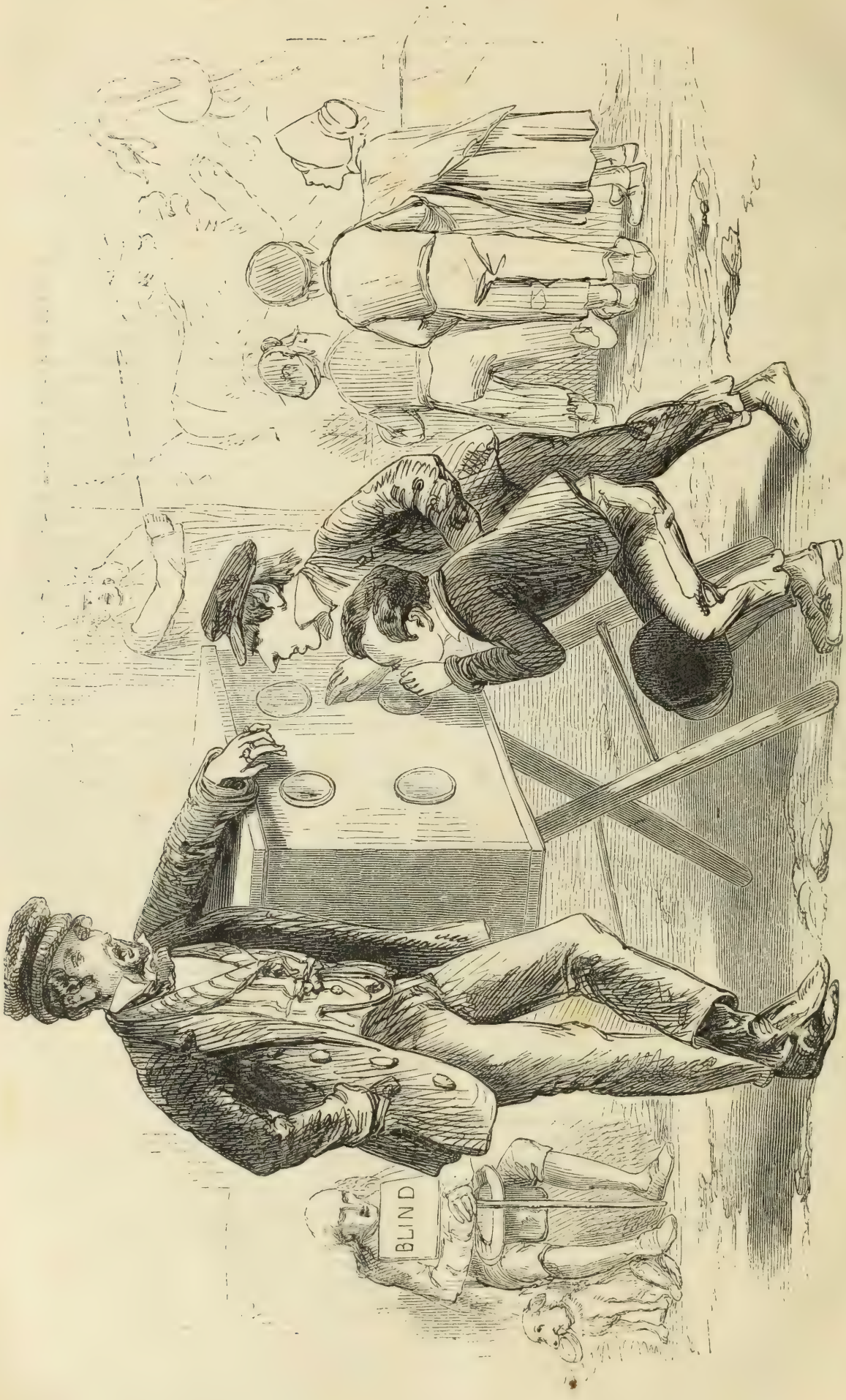
"A pupil of Gibson's deserves honorable mention, Miss Hosmer, daughter of an American physician at Boston. She has done two or three busts, which are beautifully chiseled, and a head of Medusa: young, lovely, and graceful, her locks are growing into tangled snakes.

"From Mr. Gibson's I pass to Mr. Crawford's studio; where every thing now yields to the grand work ordered by the United States Government. It is to be of statuary marble, and is to be placed at the eastern extremity of the Capitol extension at Washington. As it engages much of the attention of the artistic world, I will give a detailed description of what it is to be; for at present nothing is to be seen but huge portions of plaster models. The central figure of the pediment represents America standing on a rock, against which the waves of the ocean are beating. She is attended by the eagle of the country; while the sun rising at her feet indicates the light which accompanies the march of liberty. In one hand she holds the rewards of civic and military merit—laurel and oak wreaths; her left hand is extended toward the pioneer, for whom she asks the protection of the Almighty. The pioneer is the athletic figure of a backwoodsman clearing the forest. The Indian race and its extinction is explained by the adjoining group of the Indian chief and family. The son of the chief is returning from the chase, with a collection of game slung on a spear over his shoulder. In the statue of the Indian chief, Mr. Crawford has endeavored to describe the despair and profound grief resulting from his conviction of the white man's triumph. The wife and infant of the chief complete this group of figures; while the grave, being emblematic of the extinction of the Indian race, fills up this portion. The opposite half of the pediment is devoted to the effects of Liberty and Civilization. The first figure on the right of America represents its Soldier. He is clothed in the costume of the Revolution, as being most suggestive of the country's struggle for independence; his hand upon his sword indicates the readiness of the army to protect America from insult. By the soldier is placed a Merchant, sitting on the emblems of trade; his right hand rests upon the globe, by which the extent of American commerce is symbolized. The anchor at his feet connects this figure with those of two boys advancing cheerfully to devote themselves to the service of their country. The anchor is easily understood to be the emblem of Hope; behind them sits the Teacher instructing a youth. The Mechanic completes the group. He rests upon the cog-wheel, without which machinery is useless. In his hands are the emblems of trade; and at his feet are some sheaves of corn, expressive of fertility, activity, and abundance, in contradistinction to the grave at the corresponding corner."

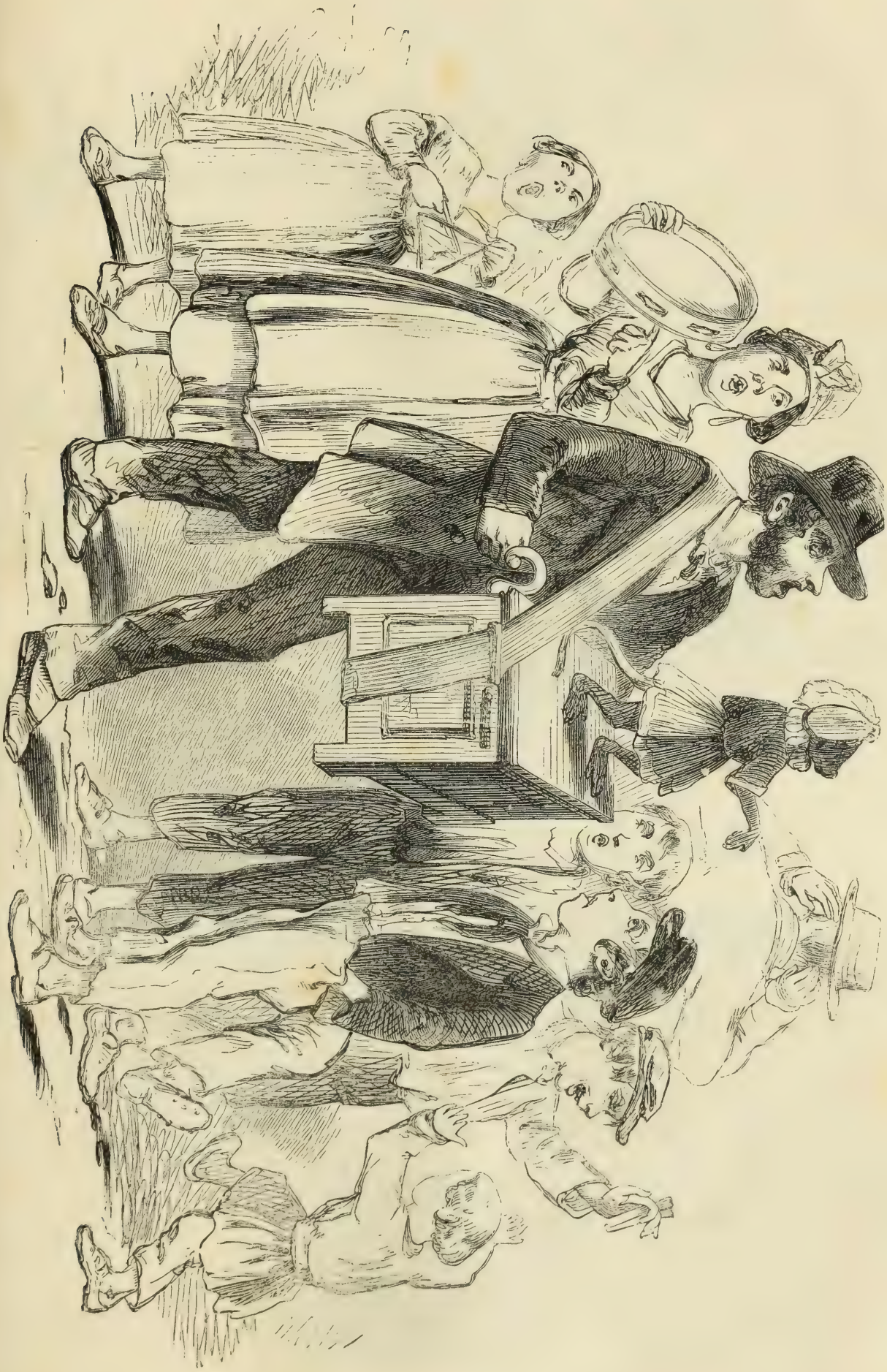
A pleasing tribute from one nobly gifted mind to another of like stamp is found in a sonnet just addressed to Miss MITFORD by WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR:

TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

The hay is carried; and the Hours
Snatch, as they pass, the linden-flow'rs;
And children leap to pluck a spray
Bent earthward, and then run away.
Park-keeper! catch me those grave thieves
About whose frocks the fragrant leaves,
Sticking and fluttering here and there,
No false nor faltering witness bear.
I never view such scenes as these,
In grassy meadow girt with trees,
But comes a thought of her who now
Sits with serenely patient brow
Amid deep sufferings: none hath told
More pleasant tales to young and old.
Fondest was she of Father Thames,
But rambled to Hellenic streams;
Nor even there could any tell
The country's purer charms so well
As Mary Mitford.
Verse! go forth
And breathe o'er gentle breasts her worth.
Needless the task.... but should she see
One hearty wish from you and me,
A moment's pain it may assuage...
A rose-leaf on the couch of Age.



The Five Senses.—No. I. Seeing.



The Five Senses.—No. II. Hearing



The Five Senses.—No. III. Smelling.



The Five Senses.—No. IV. Tasting.



The Five Senses.—No. V. Touching.

Fashions for October.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1, 2, 3.—Home Dress and Children's Costumes.

THE Dress is of shot *Poult de Soie*. The corsage is closed to the neck, but exposes the chemisette through the graduated lozenge-shaped spaces, which are cut away. There are similar openings in the sleeves; these are divided into three large puffs. Ruches *à la vielle* trim the edges of these open spaces, which are further ornamented with a neat button at the points where the opposite sides are connected. The front of the skirt is similarly ornamented with *echelons* of ribbon. When the skirt is not lined these *bouillonées* may be supported by a lining of stiff muslin. They are graduated from six inches at the top to four times that length at the bottom. The Head Dress is of Valenciennes.

The GIRL'S DRESS is composed of a striped *poult de soie* skirt. The *basquin*, of dark taffetta, is slashed at the sides and cross-laced. The sleeves are cut in a double rank of leaf-shaped lappets. Bows of satin ribbon trim the shoulders and the lower portion of the jacket. Lace under-sleeves and pantalettes. Gaiters, buttoned, matching in color the skirt, or of glazed leather.

The BOY'S DRESS is of velvet, of a dark color. The fly is of the same material as the blouse, and is lined with silk to match. The blouse is short, and confined by a belt. Breeches *à la Louis XIII.* *Mousquetaire* collar, which, as well as the wristbands, should be confined with gold buttons. Shoes of patent leather.

From the variety of CLOAKS presented for the present season, we select the two following as especially worthy of illustration.

FIGURE 4 is composed of velvet, of a dark color, ornamented with heavy needle-work and a massive fringe. In form it is very simple, being merely a plain skirt set with a trifling fullness upon a yoke, which is hidden by a pelerine. It is lined throughout with plush, so that it may be worn with either side out; thus constituting in effect two garments, as the weather or fancy may dictate.

FIGURE 5 is composed of cloth. It forms a circle, taken in at the neck, the gores being covered by the collar. It is cut up, as far as to the level of the bend of the arm, leaving tabs in front. The slit is curved somewhat backward, which allows the cloth to be apparently turned over, forming what appears like a sleeve. The cloak is buttoned up in front. The trimming is of galoon. It is quilted, with a silk lining to match.



FIGURE 4.—VELVET CLOAK.



FIGURE 5.—CLOTH CLOAK.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LIV.—NOVEMBER, 1854.—Vol. IX.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE SECOND ABDICATION.

THE Emperor, after communing a short time with his own thoughts in the solitude of his cabinet, took a bath, and then threw himself upon his bed for a few moments of repose. But the interests at stake were too momentous, and the perils of the hour too terrible, to allow of any slumber. He soon rose, called for Caulaincourt, and, in tones of indescribable calmness and sadness, spoke of the calamity with which France was overwhelmed. His pallid cheek and sunken eye proclaimed the anguish of his mind.

"I feel," said the Emperor, in low tones of utter exhaustion, "that I have received my death wound. The blow that has fallen upon me at Waterloo is mortal. The enemies' force quadrupled ours. But I had combined a bold manœuvre, with the view of preventing the junction of the two hostile armies. The infamous desertion of Bourmont forced me to change all my arrangements. To pass over to the enemy on the eve of a battle! Atrocious! The blood of his countrymen be on his head! The maledictions of France will pursue him."

"Sire!" said Caulaincourt, "you at first rejected that man. How unfortunate that you did not follow your own impulse."

"Oh! this baseness is incredible," exclaimed the Emperor, bitterly. "The annals of the French army offer no precedent for such a crime. Jomini was not a Frenchman. The consequences of this defection have been most disastrous. It created despondency. Grouchy was too late. Ney was carried away by enthusiasm. Our army performed prodigies of valor, and yet we have lost the battle. Generals, marshals, all fought gloriously."

After a moment's pause he added, "I must unite the two Chambers in an imperial sitting. I will faithfully describe to them the misfortunes of the army, and appeal to them for the means of saving the country. After that I will again return to the seat of war."

But Paris was now in a state of terrific excitement. An army of a million of men, from various quarters, were marching upon the doomed and unarmed Empire. In eight days the conjoined forces of Blucher and Wellington could be in Paris. The political adversaries of Napoleon took advantage of this panic. "France must pass through seas of blood," they exclaimed, "to repel these locust legions. The Allies make war upon Napoleon alone. If we give him up, we shall appease them, save France from the horrors of an invasion, and then we can establish a republic, or choose another Emperor, as we please." This language was plausible. The Bourbon party hoped, in the overthrow of Napoleon, to replace, by the aid of the Allies, Louis Stanislas Xavier. The republicans of all shades hoped for the establishment of republican institutions. The more moderate and judicious of this party, like Lafayette, thought that France could sustain a healthy and law-abiding republic. The Jacobin party were ripe for any changes which might bring the lowest democracy into power. These factions in the Chambers all combined against the Emperor. The peril was so imminent, while hostile squadrons were every hour rushing nearer to Paris, that there was no time for cool deliberation. All was tumult, excitement, feverish haste. The treacherous Fouché was already in communication with the enemy, and plotting, with the most detestable hypocrisy and perfidy, for the restoration of the Bourbons. He knew that successful intrigue in their behalf would bring him a rich reward.

The Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies, two bodies somewhat corresponding to the Senate and the House of Representatives in the United States, were now in session. The Deputies consisted of five hundred members. Many of them were ardent and ultra democrats, young and inexperienced men from the provinces, who had never before sat in a legislative assembly. They were easily duped by those wily leaders, who were familiar with all the forms of legislative halls, courts, and cabinets, and with all the arts of intrigue. In the confusion and anarchy which ensued, the Peers were almost lost sight of, while the more numerous body of Deputies grasped the reins of power.

Lucien and Joseph, informed of the return of their brother, hastened to the Elysée. Soon the apartments were filled with all the great functionaries of the Empire. Some advised one thing, and some another. At seven o'clock in the morning the Emperor assembled the Council of State. He saw clearly that in that awful crisis it was in vain to rely upon the antagonistic councils and tardy measures of deliberative assemblies. He knew that the salvation of France depended upon the investment of the Emperor with dictatorial power. Prompt and decisive measures alone could save the nation. But he was resolved not

to assume that power unless it was conferred upon him by the two Chambers.

The dreadful bulletin of Waterloo was read to the Council, and then Napoleon, with calmness and dignity, thus addressed them:

"The army is covered with glory. Desertions, misunderstandings, and an inexplicable fatality have rendered unavailing the heroic exertions of our troops. Our disasters are great; but they are still reparable, if my efforts are seconded. I returned to Paris to stimulate a noble impulse. If the French people rise, the enemy will be subdued. If instead of resorting to prompt measures, and making extraordinary sacrifices, time is wasted in disputes and discussions, all is lost. The enemy is in France. In eight days he will be at the gates of the capital. To save the country, it is necessary that I should be invested with vast power; with a temporary dictatorship. For the interests of all I ought to possess this power. But it will be more proper, more national, that it should be conferred upon me by the Chambers."

Carnot rose and said, with deep emotion, "I declare that I consider it indispensable that, during the present crisis, the sovereign should be invested with absolute power."

Many others warmly advocated this view, while even the traitor Fouché, who was now the agent of the Duke of Wellington, and in correspondence with him, did not venture openly to oppose it. It was, however, cautiously suggested that a strong opposition to the Emperor had arisen in the Chambers, and that it would be probably impossible to get a vote in favor of the dictatorship.

"What is it they wish?" exclaimed Napoleon. "Speak candidly. Is it my abdication they desire?"

"I fear that it is, Sire!" Regnault answered sadly. "And though it is deeply repugnant to my feelings to tell your Majesty a painful truth, yet it is my belief that were you not to abdicate voluntarily, the Chamber of Deputies would require your abdication."

To this declaration, the truth of which all seemed to apprehend, there was the response on the part of others, "If the Deputies will not unite with the Emperor to save France, he must save the Empire by his single efforts. He must declare himself a dictator. He must pronounce the whole of France in a state of siege; and he must summon all true Frenchmen to arms."

"The nation," exclaimed the Emperor, in tones which thrilled in every heart, "did not elect the Deputies to overthrow me, but to support me. Woe to them, if the presence of the enemy on the French soil do not arouse their energy and their patriotism! Whatever course they may adopt, I shall be supported by the people and the army. The fate of the Chamber, its very existence, depends on my will. Were I to pronounce their doom, they would all be sacrificed. They are playing an artful game. No matter; I have no need to resort to stratagem. I have right on my side. The patriotism of the people, their antipathy to the Bourbons, their attachment to my person, all these circumstances still afford immense resources, if we know how to profit by them."

The Emperor then, with his extraordinary power of lucid argument, developed an admirable plan for repairing the disasters of Waterloo. The whole measure, in its minutest details, was all distinctly mapped out in his mind. His cheek glowed with animation. His voice was strong with hope. Every eye was riveted upon him. The attention of every mind was absorbed in contemplating the workings of that stupendous intellect, which, with renewed vigor, was rising from the most awful reverses and disasters. The plans of the Emperor were so profound, so maturely considered in all their details, so manifestly and so eminently the wisest which could be adopted, that "the various shades of opinion," says Caulaincourt, who was present, "which had prevailed among the members of the Council, at length blended into one. All united in approving the plans of the Emperor."

In the midst of these scenes the Council was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger from the Chamber of Deputies, presenting some resolutions which had passed that body, and which, in their spirit, were very decidedly unfriendly to the Emperor. Lafayette, whom Napoleon had released from the dungeons of Olmutz, and restored to liberty and his family, introduced, and, by his strong personal influence, carried these resolutions. His intentions were unquestionably good, but he erred sadly in judgment. He lived to be convinced of his error, and bitterly to deplore it.

Lafayette, a man of sincere patriotism and of warm and generous impulses, thought that since the nation had so decisively rejected the Bourbons, if Napoleon would abdicate, the Allies would sheathe the sword, and allow France to establish a republic. He led the Republican party. These were weak dreams for a sensible man to indulge in. Those inclining toward the Bourbons believed that if Napoleon would abdicate, nothing could stand in the way of the restoration of Louis. The Orleanists had their partisans, who were sanguine in the hope that the vacant throne, from which Napoleon had been driven by the Allies, and the Bourbons by France, would receive the Duke of Orleans. All these parties consequently united to overthrow Napoleon, each hoping, by that event, to attain its own end. The friends of the Emperor, discouraged by this combined opposition, and trembling before the rapid approach of a *million of hostile bayonets*, lost heart, and bowed to the storm.

On the 23d of September, 1824, Lafayette, then on his triumphal tour through the United States, visited Joseph Bonaparte, at his mansion at Point Breeze, in New Jersey. The remains of the Emperor were then mouldering in the tomb at St. Helena. All popular rights had been struck down in France by the despotic sceptre of the Bourbons. In a secret conversasation with Joseph Bonaparte, Lafayette magnanimously acknowledged his regret at the course he had pursued in the overthrow of the Emperor.



THE EMPEROR AND LUCIEN IN THE GARDEN OF THE ELYSEE.

"The Bourbon dynasty," he then said, "can not last. It clashes too much with the French national sentiment. We are all now persuaded in France that the Emperor's son will be the best representative of the reforms of the revolution." He also, at the same interview, suggested that in two years, by suitable efforts, Napoleon II. might be placed on the French throne.

When Joseph Bonaparte, with Quinette, visited the veteran John Adams, the patriotic patriarch of Quincy, "Lafayette was wrong," said the clear-sighted American republican. "The Emperor was the true rallying point. The Deputies and the country should have stuck to him after the defeat of Waterloo." *

It is not strange, however, that any mind should have been bewildered in the midst of events so perilous, so tremendous, so unparalleled. As Napoleon read these unfriendly resolutions he turned pale, and said, "I ought to have dismissed these men before I left Paris. I foresaw this. These factious firebrands will ruin France. I can measure the full extent of the evil. I must reflect upon what is now to be done. If necessary I will abdicate." He then dissolved the sitting of the Council.

That he might not act hastily, and without a knowledge of all the circumstances, he decided to send a brief communication to each of the Chambers. Regnault was the messenger to the Deputies, and Carnot to the Peers. "Tell them," said the Emperor, "that I am here, in deliberation with my marshals; that my army is rallying; that I have given orders to stop the retreat, and that I have come to Paris to concert measures with my government and with the Chambers; and that I am at this moment occupied with those measures of public safety which circumstances demand."

The Chamber of Deputies was in such a tumult that Regnault could not even obtain a hearing. The Peers, though in a state of similar commotion, listened respectfully to the message from the Emperor. In stormy debate the hours of the day passed, and night again spread its gloom over the streets of agitated Paris.

The great mass of the population of Paris, and the people of the faubourgs, in numbers which could not be counted, crowded around the Elysée, and filled the air with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The trees, the walls, the railings of the palace, and the roofs of the surrounding houses, were covered with the living mass, all eager to catch a glimpse of their beloved Emperor. In the darkness, and as these enthusiastic acclamations were filling the air, Lucien, that stern republican who had refused thrones, walked with the Emperor beneath the trees of the garden, and endeavored to rouse him to bid defiance to the Chambers, and to grasp that dictatorial power by which alone France could now be saved. "Look at these people," said he, "hurrying to you under the impulse of a disinterested instinct. They see in you alone, at this moment, their country and their independence. Listen to those cries. They call upon you for arms. They supplicate you to give a chief to this multitude. It is the same throughout all the empire. Will you then aban-

* History of the Second War, by Charles J. Ingersoll. Vol. ii. p. 346.

don France to the foreigner, and the throne to the factions?"

But nothing could induce Napoleon to raise the banner of civil war. He was struggling, not for himself, but for France. "Am I then more than a man," said he, "to bring into union and agreement with me five hundred deluded deputies? And am I a miserable factionist, to kindle a fruitless civil war? No! never! Persuade the Chambers to adopt a wise course. I ask for nothing better. I can do every thing with them. I could do much without them *for my own interest*, but without them I can not *save the country*. Go and try to induce them to co-operate with me. I consent to that. But I forbid you to harangue these people who are asking me for arms. I am ready to try every thing for France, but nothing for myself."

"His position at the Elysée," says Caulaincourt, "is unexampled in history. He might, had he been so inclined, have annihilated the traitors by a single word. The crowds who surrounded him would, at the slightest signal, have overthrown any obstacle which stood between Napoleon and the nation. But the Emperor would not consent to excite scenes of carnage. He well knew the terrific nature of popular justice."

The emissaries of Fouché were audacious, violent, and sanguine in the Chamber of Deputies. They endeavored to overwhelm Lucien with clamor and insult, as he conveyed to them the proposition of the Emperor. Caulaincourt, who had followed Lucien, hastened from the Chamber to inform the Emperor of what was passing. The crowd was so dense which surrounded the Elysée, that it was with great difficulty that the carriage of the minister could pass along. As he entered the palace, and was conversing with the Emperor, the shouts of the populace rose awfully on the midnight air, penetrating, as with appalling thunder, the cabinet of the Elysée.

"This is dreadful," said Napoleon. "The mob may be led to the commission of some excess, and I shall be accused of being the cause. These mistaken people wish to serve me, and yet they are doing all they can to injure me."

The judicious and lofty spirit of the Emperor revolted at the idea of arming the lower classes against the magistracy of the empire. He had been the revered Emperor of the French nation, and he would not stoop, even for an hour, to be the leader of a faction. Moreover his eagle glance penetrated futurity with far more unerring vision than any one around him enjoyed. He distinctly saw all the tremendous peril of the crisis, and that France could only be saved by the cordial co-operation of the whole nation. Napoleon alone, with the opposition of the powerful Chambers, could only extort better terms *for himself* from the Allies. He could not save France. He might protract a civil war for months, and cause a great amount of blood to be shed; but with a million of exultant enemies crossing the frontiers, France unarmed and exhausted, royalists and Jacobins combining against him, the Legislative Bodies pronouncing him an usurper, and the Allies offering liberty and peace to France, if the nation would abandon Napoleon, it was in vain to hope to save the country.

Many of those who were ready to abandon the Emperor had the folly to imagine that the conquering Allies would respect the independence of France, and allow them to establish the forms as well as the spirit of a republic. In their simplicity they believed the declaration of the Allies, that they were fighting not against France, but against Napoleon alone. When Caulaincourt informed the Emperor of the tumultuary scene in the Chambers, and of the demand that he should abdicate, Napoleon exclaimed:

"All is lost. They seem not to be aware that by declaring the throne to be vacant they surrender it to the first claimant. The Allies now will not treat. They will dictate their terms, and they must be accepted. The majority of the Chambers is hostile to the Bourbons; and yet there is no doubt that the Bourbons will be again forced upon France. The nation is at the mercy of her foreign enemies. She will pay dearly for the incapacity of her representatives."

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Benjamin Constant, who had urged the Emperor to arm the masses, and thus put down domestic clamor and repel the foreign foe. He now came in to inform the Emperor, with sadness, that the Chamber of Deputies was about to demand his abdication. Napoleon had not been elected Emperor by the Chambers but by the people.

"By what right," said Napoleon mildly, "does the Chamber demand of me my abdication? Where is its authority?" Then, directing attention to the tumultuous acclamations which were continually bursting in thunder peals from the multitude who crowded around the Elysée, he added:

"These poor people who now come to condole with me in my reverses, I have not loaded with honors and riches. I leave them poor, as I found them. But the instinct of country enlightens them. The voice of the nation speaks through their mouths. I have but to say one word, and in an hour the Chamber of Deputies would no longer exist. But no! not a single life shall be sacrificed for me. I have not returned from Elba to inundate Paris with blood."

Even the most hostile pens have been compelled to record the singular humanity and magnanimity which the Emperor manifested through the whole of this fearful trial. Never was there exhibited more perfect oblivion of self, never more entire devotion to the interests of one's country. Even Lamartine could not refuse his tribute of respect.

"History," he says, "owes this justice to Napoleon, that, whether from a natural horror of popular excesses, the sanguinary spectacle of which had left a sinister impression in his soul since the 10th of August, the massacres of September, and the reeking guillotine; whether from a soldier-like repugnance to all undisciplined forces, or respect for his future fame, he constantly, both on his return and on his fall, since the 20th of

March, refused to form an army of the populace against the nation. He preferred falling with dignity, rather than to raise himself by such auxiliaries. On quitting his isle, and braving the Bourbons and Europe, he recoiled from the blood of seditions, and from crime against civilization. Cæsar always, but never Gracchus; born for empire, not for the turbulence of factions."

Thus passed the 21st of June. The Chamber of Deputies continued its agitated and stormy session through the night. Napoleon, at a late hour, sick, exhausted, and woe-stricken, in view of the calamities which were overwhelming his country, retired to his pillow. There was but little sleep in Paris that awful night. Vast masses of men were surging through the streets, clamoring for weapons to protect their Emperor and France. The myriad armies of the Allies had encamped one day nearer the doomed metropolis. There was distraction in council, antagonism in action, and all was confusion and dismay. Had the Chamber of Deputies but said the word, the mighty genius of Napoleon would instantly have evolved order from this chaos; the people would have risen all over the empire against their invaders as one man, and France might perhaps have been saved. Instead of this the deputies, during the night, insanely discarding the energies of the most gigantic mind on earth, passed a resolve virtually requesting the Emperor to abdicate. Thus was France delivered over in utter helplessness to the derision and the insults of its foes.

The morning of the 22d dawned. Stormy as had been the events of the night, still more tempestuous were the scenes which the new day introduced. The Emperor sat in his cabinet, absorbed in painful thought, with his hand spread over his eyes, when a child entered the room, presenting before him, on a tray, coffee and refreshments. For a moment Napoleon did not perceive the entrance of the infantile page, who had occasionally before attracted his notice.

"Eat, Sire," the child at length ventured to say. "It will do you good."

The Emperor raised his eyes, looked kindly upon his youthful attendant, and said, "You come from the village Gonesse, do you not?"

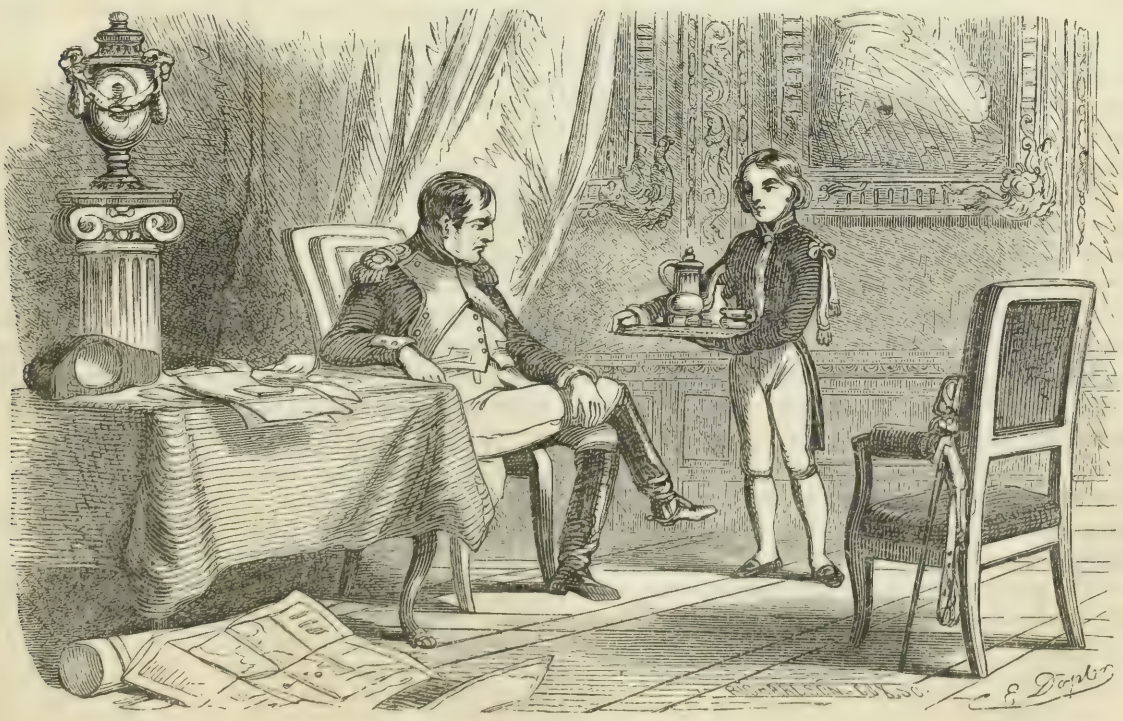
"No, Sire," the child replied, "I come from Pierrefite."

"Where your parents," Napoleon added, "have a cottage and some acres of land?"

"Yes, Sire," the child replied.

"There," exclaimed the world-weary Emperor, "is true happiness."

At eight o'clock the two Chambers, in intense excitement, were reassembled, and the enemies of Napoleon, all combining in a majority, were clamorous for his abdication. At an early hour the Emperor convoked the Council of Ministers at the Elysée. News had arrived during the night which added greatly to his embarrassment. Marshal Grouchy had escaped from both Wellington and Blucher, and with forty thousand troops had returned to France. Ney and Jerome Bonaparte had rallied, near the frontier, from the rout of Waterloo, nearly forty thousand more. Ten thousand well-trained soldiers, from the environs, had marched during the night into the city, burning with enthusiasm, and ready to die in defense of the empire and of the Emperor. From the countless throng surrounding the Elysée an army of fifty thousand men could in a few hours be arrayed in martial bands, prepared with desperation to beat back the invading foe. Napoleon was entreated by many of his friends to grasp these powerful resources for the preservation of France. Never was a mortal placed before in so torturing a dilemma. A refusal to seize the dictatorship handed France over, in helplessness and humiliation, to the Allies. On the other hand, the bold



THE EMPEROR AND THE PAGE.

assumption of power involved the necessity of immediately dissolving the two Chambers by violence, of imprisoning those whose opposition was to be dreaded, and of exposing France to all the horrible calamities of war, in which cities must be bombarded, vast regions of country ravaged by hostile armies, and the lives of tens of thousands of Frenchmen sacrificed.

The Emperor, though perfectly calm, was serious and sad. He weighed every thing in the balance of judgment and humanity. He decided that, with the co-operation of the Chambers, the chances were still strongly in favor of France. Without that co-operation, he deemed it unjustifiable to appeal to the awful decisions of the sword. With this object in view, he sent to the Chambers a statement of the resources at hand, and of his willingness to wield them, to the utmost of his power, for the preservation of the independence of France.

The Chamber of Deputies bewildered, excited, and irrational—conscious of the power which the Emperor still held—after a stormy debate, sent back a reply couched in what was intended as respectful terms.

"The war," said the deputation, "in which France is again involved, affects the nation much less than the Emperor. The Allies have proclaimed peace to France, and war against Napoleon alone. Peace can consequently be immediately secured for France, if the Emperor will once more sacrifice himself to save his country."

This appeal to the Emperor's devotion to France was deciding the question. The Emperor received the deputation graciously, and promised an immediate reply. As they withdrew, he said to his friends:

"I can do nothing alone. I had called the Assembly together hoping that it would impart strength to my measures. But its disunion deprives me of the scanty resources at my command. The nation is informed that I am the only obstacle to peace. The time is too short to enable me to enlighten its judgment. I am required to sacrifice myself. I am willing to do so. I did not come to France for the purpose of kindling domestic feuds."

Then, requesting Lucien to take the pen, he paced the floor, and slowly dictated the following act of abdication:

"Frenchmen! In commencing the war for the upholding of national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts and all wills, and upon the concurrence of all the national authorities. I had every reason to expect success; and I braved the declamations of the Allies against my person. Circumstances appear to me changed. I offer myself in sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declamations, and hate only my person!

"My political life is ended; and I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. The present ministers will provisionally form the Council of Government. The interest I feel in my son prompts me to request the Chambers to organize, without delay, the regency by a law. Let all unite for the public safety, and to remain an independent nation.

"At the Palace of the Elysée, June 22, 1815.

"NAPOLEON."

The aged and noble Carnot, as he heard this abdication read, which surrendered France to the mercy of her enemies, overwhelmed with anguish, buried his face in his hands, and burst into a flood of tears. Napoleon was deeply affected. He immediately went to the grief-stricken statesman, soothingly placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "My friend, I have not known you till too late!"*

The reading of this dignified act created a profound sensation in the Chamber of Deputies. Regnault, inspired by the grandeur of the occasion and the theme, ascended the tribune and drew a picture so affecting and pathetic of the benefits Napoleon had already conferred upon France, and of the moral sublimity of the act which he had now performed, in sacrificing himself, without condition and without reserve, to the happiness of his country, to wander an exile he knew not where, and to suffer he knew not what, that the whole assembly was plunged into tears, and even his most obdurate enemies were melted. There was after this glowing speech a moment of profound silence, interrupted only by the inarticulate murmurs of emotion. The Chamber then, with entire unanimity, decreed a solemn deputation to wait upon Napoleon, and express, in the name of the nation, "the respect and gratitude with which it accepted the noble sacrifice he had made to the independence and happiness of the French people." In this act the Chamber of Peers also united.

It was now night. The unthroned Emperor had retired alone to the solitude of his cabinet. It was dimly lighted by a few wax candles. Napoleon received the delegation with great courtesy, and listened, with melancholy resignation, to their congratulations. With slow and serious accent he thus responded:

"I thank you for the sentiments you express toward me. I hope that my abdication may prove for the happiness of France; *but I do not expect it.* It leaves the State without a head, and without political existence. The time wasted in overturning the monarchy might have been employed in placing France in a condition to crush the enemy. I recommend to the Chambers speedily to reinforce the armies. Whoever wishes for peace should make preparation for war. Do not leave this great nation at the mercy of foreigners. Beware of being deceived in your hopes. There lies

* "I had the grief," said the Duke of Gaete, "of being present at the second abdication of Napoleon. He dictated it in the midst of his council, with the same composure with which we had heard him, a hundred times, dictate his orders when he was in the plenitude of power. Only he was more careful in the choice of his phrases and in the construction of his sentences. He read the document over several times, each time making some slight corrections. When he was satisfied with it he sent it to the Chamber of Deputies. He then retired to his cabinet. Count Mollien and I saw him again in the evening. We found him as calm as we had seen him in the morning. His last adieus were affectionate and touching."



NAPOLEON RECEIVING THE THANKS OF THE CHAMBERS.

the danger. In whatever situation I may be placed, I shall always be satisfied if France is happy. I recommend my son to France. I hope that it will not forget that I have abdicated for him. I have also made this great sacrifice for the good of the nation. It is only with my dynasty that France can hope to be free, happy, and independent."

The morning of the 23d dawned upon Paris. The allied armies were on the march. France was without a chief, without a government. The Chamber of Deputies was filled with a throng of inexperienced and garrulous men, and a scene of confusion ensued which beggars description. Every thing was proposed and nothing done. Napoleon was a peaceful citizen at the Elysée. He felt that he was swept along on billows of destiny which he could neither guide nor control. The Bourbonists, the Orleanists, the Republicans, and the advocates of Napoleon II., were plunged into inextricable turmoil and confusion. This was just what the Bourbonists, headed by Fouché, desired. Could this confusion but be perpetuated for a few days, the Allies would settle the question with their bayonets. "By such proceedings," said the Emperor sadly, "the Deputies will soon bring back the Bourbons. These men will yet shed tears of blood. They flatter themselves that they can place the Duke of Orleans on the throne; but the English will not permit it."

To meet immediate emergencies a provisional government was established, with Fouché at its head. This wily traitor, already in correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, was manœuvring, with consummate skill, for the restoration of the Bourbons. At the same time commissioners were dispatched to the head-quarters of the Allies, to propitiate their vengeance by the assurance that Napoleon had abdicated. Fouché had now obtained, through his bribed accomplices, a complete ascendency over the inexperienced and perplexed members of the Chamber of Deputies. He encountered, however, one great embarrassment. The Emperor was at the Elysée. He was the idol of the people. The streets of the metropolis continued to resound with the cry "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Immense crowds still thronged the environs of the palace, demanding the Emperor to recall his abdication, and to place himself at the head of the people to repel the Allies.

Two regiments of volunteers, from the faubourg Saint Antoine, accompanied by a countless multitude, marched to the gates of the Elysée. A deputation waited upon the Emperor, stating that the traitorous Chamber of Deputies was about to sell France again to the Bourbons, and entreating him to take the reins of government into his own hands, as on the 18th Brumiaire.

The Emperor replied, "You recall to my remembrance the 18th Brumiaire, but you forget that the circumstances are not the same. On the 18th Brumiaire the nation was unanimous in desiring a change. A feeble effort only was necessary to effect what they so much desired. Now it would require floods of French blood; and never shall a single drop be shed by me in the defense of a cause purely personal."

Count Montholon, who was at this time present with the Emperor, could not refrain from expressing his regret that Napoleon should thus refuse to avail himself of the proffered arms of the people to save France from the enemy. The Emperor listened attentively to his representations, and then firmly replied:

"Putting the brute force of the mass of the people into action would doubtless save Paris,

and insure me the crown, without incurring the horrors of civil war. But it would likewise be risking thousands of French lives; for what power could control so many various passions, so much hatred, and such vengeance? No! there is one thing I can not forget. I have been escorted from Cannes to Paris in the midst of the bloody cries, 'Down with the priests! Down with the nobles!' *No! I like the regrets of France better than her crown.*"

Fouché and his accomplices in the Chamber of Deputies trembled in view of the Emperor's vast popularity, and were very apprehensive that he might accede to the wishes of the people and frustrate all their plans. Rumors of assassination alarmed his friends. The crowd grew more and more dense, enthusiastic, and clamorous around the Elysée. On the evening of the 25th, Napoleon, putting on a disguise of a round hat and an ordinary traveling dress—not to escape the enmity but the love of the people—left the Elysée, and entering the carriage of Las Cases, retired to Malmaison. As the Emperor left the Elysée, he said to Caulaincourt: "Remain where you are. Do whatever you can to prevent mischief. Carnot will second you. He is an honest man. For me all is at an end. Strive to serve France, and you will still be serving me. Courage, Caulaincourt! If you and other honorable men decline to take an active part in affairs, that traitor Fouché will sell France to foreigners."

His devoted stepdaughter, Queen Hortense, had gone before to the chateau, and awaited his arrival. "She restrained her own tears," says Baron Fleury, "reminding us, with the wisdom of a philosopher and the sweetness of an angel, that we ought to surmount our sorrows and regrets, and submit with docility to the decrees of Providence." The Emperor wandered sadly through the rooms, and traversed the beautiful walks endeared to him by the love of Josephine. His demeanor was calm, and to all peculiarly gentle and affectionate.

"Every object here," said he, "revives some touching memory. Malmaison was my first possession. It was purchased with money of my own earning. It was long the abode of happiness. But she who was its chief ornament is now no more. My misfortunes caused her death. Ten years ago I little foresaw that I should one day take refuge here to avoid my persecutors."

The Emperor was now making preparations to leave France and embark for America. The provisional government had assembled at Paris about 80,000 men. With this force, behind the intrenchments of the metropolis, they hoped to compel the Allies to pay some little respect to the wishes of France. Napoleon, as usual, entirely devoted to his country and forgetful of himself, issued a farewell proclamation to the soldiers, urging them to be faithful to the new government, and to maintain the honor of the nation. No one will withhold his tribute of respect from the following noble words:

"Soldiers! While obeying the necessity which removes me from the brave French army, I carry with me the happy conviction that it will justify, by the eminent services which the country expects from it, the praises which our enemies themselves can not withhold.

"Soldiers! Though absent I shall follow your steps. I know all the corps, and not one of them will ever gain a signal advantage over the enemy without receiving ample credit from me for the courage it may have displayed. You and I have been calumniated. Men, unfit to appreciate your labors, have seen, in the marks of attachment which you have given me, a zeal of which I was the sole object. Let your future successes convince them that in obeying me, it was the country above all things which you served; and that, if I had any share in your affection, I owe it to my ardent love of France, our common mother.

"Soldiers! A few more efforts and the coalition will be dissolved. Napoleon will recognize you by the blows which you are about to strike. Save the honor, the independence of France. Be, even to the last, the same men I have known you for twenty years, and you will be invincible. NAPOLEON."



NAPOLEON LEAVING THE ELYSEE.

The provisional government immediately appointed plenipotentiaries to hasten to the headquarters of Wellington and Blucher and sue for peace. The envoys were instructed that the basis of their negotiations should be, the integrity of the French territory, the exclusion of the Bourbons, and the recognition of Napoleon II. These instructions, however, were intended merely to deceive the French people. As the plenipotentiaries departed, the government, as a mark of respect, sent a committee to inform the Emperor of the instructions given to the envoys. Napoleon replied, "The Allies are too deeply interested in imposing the Bourbons upon you, to nominate my son. *He will yet reign over France. But his time has not arrived.*" This prediction, in its spirit, has been fulfilled. The heir of Napoleon now reigns over France.

Fouché was at that time the agent of Louis XVIII. and of the Duke of Wellington for the restoration of the house of Bourbon. The very day on which these negotiators were appointed, Fouché commissioned M. de Vitrolles to invite Louis to hasten his return to France. Our readers will remember the treasonable efforts of this royalist when Napoleon was struggling with the Allies on the banks of the Seine.

"You see," said Fouché to Vitrolles," the extreme embarrassment of my position. For the last three months I have risked my head every day for the cause of peace, of France, and of Louis. The Chamber has proclaimed Napoleon II. This is a necessary preliminary step toward the restoration of the Bourbons. This name quiets simple men, who imagine, like my colleague Carnot, that the safety of France and of liberty exists in this chimera of a republican empire, under a child who is the prisoner of Europe. They must be allowed to indulge in this delusion for a few days. It will last long enough to enable us to get rid of the Emperor. We can then easily lay aside Napoleon II. and the Duke of Orleans."

Benjamin Constant was one of the envoys who had allowed himself to be thus deluded by Fouché. Before he departed for the headquarters of the Allies, he went to Malmaison to take a sorrowful leave of the Emperor. In the course of conversation Constant inquired, "Where does your Majesty intend to seek an asylum!"

"I have not yet decided," the Emperor replied, in a tone of great indifference. "Flight I disdain. Why should I not remain here? What can the Allies do to a disarmed man? I may continue to live in this retreat with a few friends, who will remain attached, not to my power, but to my person. If they do not choose to leave me here, where would they wish me to go? To England! But there my residence would be disquieting. No one would believe that I could be tranquil there. I should compromise all my friends. Every mist would be suspected of bringing me to the coast of France. By dint of saying, 'There, he is come at last!' I should at length be tempted to come in earnest. America would be a more suitable retreat. I could live there with dignity.

"But, after all, what have I to apprehend in staying where I am? What sovereign could persecute me without dishonoring himself. To one, I have returned the half of his conquered states. How many times has the other pressed my hand, felicitating himself on being the friend of a great man! I shall see, however. I do not wish to struggle against open force. I arrived at Paris to combine our last resources. I have been abandoned with the same facility with which I was received. Well, let them efface, if possible, the double stain of weakness and frivolity. They should at least cover it with some struggle, some glory. Let them do for their country what they will no longer do for me. But I do not hope it. To-day, they give me up to save France; to-morrow, they will give France up to save themselves."

In conversation with Hortense, he said: "Give myself up to Austria? Never! She has seized upon my wife and my son. Give myself to Russia? That would be to a single man. But to give myself up to England; that would be to throw myself upon *a people.*"

One of his visitors congratulated the Emperor that the plenipotentiaries were instructed to urge upon the Allies the claims of his son. But Napoleon was not thus deceived. "The Allies," he replied, "are too much interested in imposing the Bourbons upon you to give my son the crown. Most of the plenipotentiaries are my enemies. The foes of the father can not be the friends of the son. Moreover, the Chambers obey the wishes of Fouché. If they had given to me what they have lavished upon him, I should have saved France. My presence alone, at the head of the army, would have done more than all your negotiations."

In confidential intercourse with his friends, he discussed the question of his retreat. He spoke of England, having great confidence in receiving respectful treatment from the British *people*. His friends, however, assured him that he could not safely trust himself in the power of the British *government*. He then seemed inclined to go to the United States. Several American gentlemen in Paris sent him the assurance that he would be cordially received by the government in Washington, and by the whole American people. At the same time the Chamber of Deputies pressed his departure from France, as essential to successful negotiations with the Allies. The Emperor to these applications replied,

"That he was ready to embark, with his household, for the United States, if furnished with two frigates." The Minister for Foreign Affairs instantly ordered the frigates to be equipped; and as the coast of France were thronged with hostile British cruisers, he applied to the Duke of Wellington for a "safe-conduct." In the mean time the provisional government, trembling lest the people should yet reclaim their beloved Emperor, sent General Becker to Malmaison, with a strong military force, professedly as a guard of

honor, but in reality to hold Napoleon as a prisoner.

Napoleon fully understood the meaning of this, but pretending to be blind to the truth, received his guard as friends. This movement caused great consternation at Malmaison. All were apprehensive that Napoleon might be arrested, exposed to captivity, insult, and death. Hortense wept bitterly. General Gourgaud, with enthusiasm roused to the highest pitch, vowed "to immolate the first man who should dare to lay a hand upon his master."

General Becker was the brother-in-law of General Dessaix, who fell at Marengo. He revered and loved Napoleon. With tears in his eyes he presented himself to the Emperor, bowed in homage before the majesty of that moral power which was still undimmed. He assured the Emperor "that he held himself and his troops in entire subjection to the commands of Napoleon." The Emperor kindly took his arm, and walked, in long conversation, in the embowered paths of the chateau.

He had now become impatient for his departure. He sent to the government to hasten the preparation of the two frigates. Fouché replied "that they were ready, but that the safe-conducts had not arrived." "I can not," said he, "dishonor my memory by an act of imprudence which would be called treachery should the frigates be taken with Napoleon on board when leaving port." But the Duke of Wellington refused to grant any safe-conduct. And the English government multiplied their cruisers along the coast to prevent the escape of their victim. On the evening of the 27th, Fouché and his colleagues, trembling lest Napoleon should be driven by desperation to place himself again at the head of the people, sent him word that the frigates were ready, and begged him to embark without waiting for a safe-conduct. An hour later, finding that the Allies were near Malmaison, and that the coast was effectually guarded, they revoked this order, and sending additional troops and gendarmes, ordered General Becker to escort Napoleon to Rochefort, where he was to remain until he had an opportunity to embark.

The region through which the Emperor was to pass was thronged with his most devoted friends. He had, however, no wish to rouse them to an unavailing struggle. The provisional government were apprehensive that his presence might excite enthusiasm which it would be impossible to allay. It was therefore mutually decided that Napoleon should travel in disguise. General Becker received a passport in which the Emperor was designated as his secretary. As the General presented the passport to the Emperor, Napoleon pleasantly said, "Behold me, then, your secretary." "Yes, Sire," the noble Becker replied, in tones tremulous with grief and affection, "but to me you are ever my sovereign."

The French army, composed of the remnant of Waterloo and the corps of Grouchy, sullenly retreating before Wellington and Blucher, were hardly a day's march from Malmaison. Several of the officers were very anxious that Napoleon should place himself at the head of these squadrons, and beat back the foe. General Excelmans sent Colonel Sencier to Malmaison to urge the Emperor to this desperate enterprise. The Colonel was commissioned to say, in behalf of those who sent him:

"The army of the North is unbroken, and full of enthusiasm for its Emperor. It is easy to rally around this nucleus every thing that remains of patriotism and of military spirit in France. Nothing is to be despaired of with such troops and with such a chief."

Napoleon for a moment paced the floor of his library, absorbed in silent and profound thought. He then said calmly, but firmly:

"Thank your General for me; but tell him that I can not accept his proposition. To give hope of success I should require the united support of France. But every thing is unsettled, and nobody cares any thing about the matter. What could I do alone, with a handful of soldiers, against all Europe?"

The Allies were now at Compiegne, within two days' march of Paris. Portions of the hostile troops had advanced even to Cenlis. Napoleon, in the garden of Malmaison, heard rumbling in the distance the deep thunder of their cannonade. The sound of hostile artillery enkindled in his soul a fever of excitement. He summoned General Becker into his cabinet, and exclaimed, in accents of deepest emotion:

"The enemy is at Compiegne, at Cenlis! Tomorrow he will be at the gates of Paris! I can not understand the blindness of the government. He must be either an imbecile or a traitor who doubts for a moment the false faith of the Allies. Those persons know nothing of their business. Every thing is lost! I will apply for the command of the army under the provisional government. Let them appoint me general in their employ, and I will take the command; communicate my offer to the government. Explain to them that I have no intention to repossess myself of power. I only wish to fight the enemy, and to force him, by a victory, to grant better conditions. When this result is obtained, I pledge my word of honor that I will quietly retire from France."

General Becker presented the message of the Emperor at the Tuileries. Carnot, a sincere patriot, welcomed the generous proposal. The wily Fouché, whose treachery was now nearly consummated, argued that Napoleon was the sole cause of the war; that his presence at the head of the army would be a defiance to the Allies, and would provoke them to more severe measures; and that if Napoleon were successful, that success would certainly place him again upon the throne.

Napoleon's energy was, however, thoroughly aroused. He hoped that the government, in this hour of national humiliation, would accept his services, and allow him to drive the invaders from France. Blucher and Wellington, fearing no enemy, were marching carelessly with their

forces scattered. Napoleon felt sure that, with the enthusiasm his presence would inspire, he could crush both armies, and thus efface the stain of Waterloo. He had dressed himself for the campaign. His chargers, saddled and bridled, were champing the bit at the gates. His aids were assembled. He had imprinted his parting paternal kiss upon the tearful cheek of Hortense. Becker, on returning, presented the reply of the government, courteously but decidedly declining to accept the Emperor's offer. Napoleon received the answer without betraying the slightest emotion, and then said, calmly:

"Very well. They will repent it. Give the necessary orders for my departure for the coast. When all is ready let me know."

He afterward said, in confiding friendship, to M. Bassano, "These people are blinded by their avidity for power. They feel that were I replaced, they would no longer be any thing more than my shadow. They thus sacrifice me and the country to their own vanity. My presence would electrify the troops, and astound the foreign powers like a clap of thunder. They will be aware that I return to the field to conquer or to die. To get rid of me they will grant all you may require. If, on the contrary, I am left to gnaw my sword here, the Allies will deride you, and you will be forced to receive Louis XVIII. cap in hand."

Then—as if convinced and roused to action by this train of thought—he exclaimed, "I can do nothing better for all of you—for my son and for myself—than to fly to the arms of my soldiers. If your five emperors"—alluding to the committee of government—"will not have me save France, I must dispense with their consent. I have but to show myself, and Paris and the army will receive me a second time as their deliverer."

"I do not doubt it, Sire!" M. Bassano replied; "but the Chamber will declare against you. Perhaps it will even venture to pronounce you outlawed. And should fortune prove unfavorable—should the army, after performing prodigies of valor, be overpowered by numbers—what will become of France and of your Majesty? The enemy will abuse his victory; and your Majesty may have occasion to reproach yourself with being the cause of your country's eternal ruin."

The Emperor remained thoughtful a few moments, without uttering a word. His whole soul was absorbed in contemplating the immense interests to be periled. He then exclaimed: "You are right. I must not take upon myself the responsibility of issues so momentous. I ought to wait till recalled by the voice of the people, the soldiery, and the Chambers."

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Baron Fleury, with the information that the allied troops were rapidly approaching Paris, and that the Emperor was in great personal danger.

"I shall have no fear of them to-morrow," the Emperor replied; "I shall depart to-night. I am weary of myself, of Paris, and of France. Make your preparations to leave immediately."

"Sire!" Baron Fleury, with hesitancy replied, "when I promised yesterday to attend your Majesty, I only consulted my personal attachment. When I mentioned my resolution to my mother, she implored me, by her gray hairs, not to desert her. She is seventy-four years old and blind. My brothers are all dead. I alone remain to protect her. I had not the heart to refuse."

"You have done well," said Napoleon promptly. "You owe yourself to your mother. Remain with her. Should you at some future period be master of your own actions, rejoin me. You will be well received."

"But whither," said the Baron despondingly, "will your Majesty go?"

"The path, in truth," the Emperor replied, "is difficult; but fortune and a fair wind may favor me. I will repair to the United States. They will give me land, or I will purchase some, and we will cultivate it."

"But will the English," said Fleury, "allow you to cultivate your fields in peace? You have made England tremble. As long as you are alive, or at least at liberty, she will dread your genius. The Americans love and admire you. You have great influence over them. You might perhaps excite them to enterprises fatal to England."

"What enterprises?" the Emperor replied. "The English well know that the Americans would lose their lives, to a man, in defense of their native soil. But they are not fond of carrying on foreign warfare. They are not yet arrived at a pitch to give the English any serious uneasiness. At some future day perhaps they will be the avengers of the seas. But that period, which I might have had it in my power to accelerate, is now at a distance. The Americans advance to greatness slowly."

"Admitting," Fleury continued, "that they can give England no serious uneasiness at this moment, your presence in the United States will at least furnish England with an occasion to stir up Europe against them. The combined powers will consider their work imperfect till you are in their possession. They will compel the Americans either to deliver you up, or to expel you from their territory."

"Well, then," Napoleon continued, "I will go to Mexico, to Caraccas, to Buenos Ayres, to California. I shall go, in short, from shore to shore, and from sea to sea, until I find an asylum against the resentment and the persecution of men."

"But can you reasonably hope," Fleury replied, "continually to escape the snares and fleets of the English?"

"If I can not escape," the Emperor rejoined, "they will take me. The English *government* has no magnanimity; the *nation*, however, is great, noble, generous. It will treat me as I ought to be treated. But after all, what can I do? Would you have me allow myself to be taken, like a child, by Wellington, to adorn his triumph in London? I have only one course to adopt, that of retiring from the scene. Destiny will do the rest. Certainly I could die. I could

say, like Hannibal, 'Let me deliver them from the terror with which I inspire them.' But suicide must be left to weak heads and souls badly tempered. *As for me, whatever may be my destiny, I shall never hasten my natural end by a single moment.*"

The savage Blucher, plundering and destroying wherever he appeared, declared, with manifold oaths, that could he capture Napoleon, he would hang him on a gallows in presence of both armies. Wellington was ashamed of the conduct and threats of his barbarian ally. General Becker made defensive arrangements upon the roads leading to Malmaison, to secure the Emperor from surprise. A little after midnight some friends came from Paris, with information that the Allies had refused the safe-conduct which had been solicited, and that the Emperor had scarcely time to escape captivity by flight.

But where could he find an asylum? Europe in arms against a single man could afford him no retreat. England had entire command of the sea, and consequently escape to lands beyond the ocean seemed impossible. It is generally supposed that Fouché contrived all these embarrassments that he might deliver Napoleon up, a captive and a sacrifice, to the vengeance of the Allies. Whatever the *motive* might have been, the *facts* remain undisputed. Napoleon could not escape the vigilance of the British cruisers by sea. He could not escape the eagle eye of the exasperated Allies on the land. He was helpless. All this he understood perfectly. A kind Providence might open some unexpected door for his escape; but there was no visible refuge.

In answer to the application of the provisional government for passports for the Emperor, the Duke of Wellington, with his accustomed curtness, replied, that "he had no authority from his government to give any reply whatsoever to the demand for a passport and safe conduct for Napoleon Bonaparte."

The Emperor received this message without any apparent emotion, and without any remark.

The morning of the 29th of June dawned cloudless, and radiant with all the loveliness of the early summer. The gardens, the park, the embowered walks of the enchanting chateau of Malmaison were bathed in a flood of surpassing beauty. The Emperor sat in his library, quite exhausted with care and grief. Hortense, emulating the affection and devotion of her noble mother, with pallid cheeks and eyes swollen with weeping, did every thing which a daughter's love could do to minister to the solace of her afflicted father. A few faithful followers, with grief-stricken countenances, were also at Malmaison, determined to share all the perils and sufferings of that friend whom they loved with deathless fervor. The Emperor, whose countenance now betrayed the anguish of his wounded spirit, was writing at a table with great earnestness and rapidity. Caulaincourt was announced. As this faithful friend, endeared to the Emperor by a thousand grateful reminiscences, entered the room, Napoleon raised his head, laid aside his pen, and said, with a faint smile,

"Well, Caulaincourt, this is truly draining the cup of misfortune to the dregs. I wished to defer my departure only for the sake of fighting at the head of the army. I desired only to contribute my aid in repelling the enemy. I have had enough of sovereignty. I want no more of it—*no more of it.* I am no longer a sovereign, but I am still a soldier. When I heard the cannon roar, when I reflected that my troops were with-



THE EMPEROR IN THE LIBRARY AT MALMAISON.

out a leader, that they were to endure the humiliation of defeat without having fought, my blood boiled with indignation. All I wished for myself was a glorious death amidst my brave troops. But my co-operation would have defeated the schemes of traitors. France has been sold. She has been surrendered up, without a blow being struck in her defense. Thirty-two millions of men have been made to bow their heads to an arrogant conqueror, without disputing the victory. Such a spectacle as France now presents has not been found in the history of any other nation."

As the Emperor uttered these words he rose, and, in his excitement, walked up and down the room. The deep emotion which agitated him was betrayed by his rapid utterance and animated gestures. After a moment's pause, he continued,

"Honor, national dignity, all, all, now is lost! That miserable Fouché imagines that I would assume the sovereignty in the degradation to which it now is reduced. Never! never! The place assigned to the sovereign is no longer tenable. I am disgusted alike with men and things. I am utterly indifferent about my future fate, and I endure life without attaching myself to it by any alluring chimeras. I carry with me from France recollections which will constitute at once the charm and the torment of the remainder of my days. A bitter and incurable regret must ever be connected with this last phasis of my singular career. Alas! what will become of the army, my brave, my unparalleled army? The reaction will be terrible. The army will be doomed to expiate its fidelity to my cause, its heroic resistance at Waterloo. Waterloo! what horrible recollections are connected with that name! Oh! if you had seen that handful of heroes, closely pressed one upon another, resisting immense masses of the enemy, not to defend their lives, but to meet death on the field of battle where they could not conquer! The English stood amazed at the sight of this desperate heroism. Weary of the carnage, they implored the martyrs to surrender. This merciful summons was answered by the sublime cry, '*The Guard dies; it never surrenders!*' The Imperial Guard has immortalized the French people and the Empire."

He paused, overcome by emotion, as his mind retraced these memorable scenes. Soon raising his eyes, and fixing them sadly yet affectionately upon Caulaincourt, he added, in tones of peculiar tenderness,

"And you, all of you who are here, will be pursued and persecuted. Compromised as you are for your fidelity to my cause, what will become of you! All is over, Caulaincourt. We are now about to part. In a few days I must quit France forever. I will fix my abode in the United States. In the course of some little time, the spot which I shall inhabit will be in a condition to receive the glorious wrecks of the army. All my old companions in arms will find an asylum with me. Who knows but that I may one day or other have a *Hospital of Invalids* in the United States for my veteran Guards."

Suddenly the galloping of horses was heard in the court-yard. The Emperor advanced to the window. The carriages had arrived for his departure. He heaved a deep sigh, and seemed for a moment much agitated. He advanced toward Caulaincourt, took his hand, gazed for a moment silently and with a look of inexpressible tenderness in his face, when suddenly the warm and glowing heart of this imperial man was overwhelmed with affection and grief, and his eyes were flooded with tears, which he vainly struggled to repress. Unable to articulate a word, he pressed the hand of his devoted friend, and, in the silent adieu of uncontrollable emotion, departed.

"I will not attempt," says Caulaincourt, "to describe my feelings on taking my last farewell of the Emperor. I felt that he was about to enter upon an endless exile. I rushed from the cabinet, almost in a delirium of despair. Since then my prosaic life has been utterly devoid of interest. I have been insensible to persecution, and have resented injuries only by cold contempt. There is one regret which presses heavily upon my heart. It is that I can not live long enough to complete the work of conscience and justice which I am anxious to bequeath to France. By employing the few hours which I can snatch from death in portraying the hero whom faction hurled from the throne, I feel that I am discharging a sacred duty to my country.

"The wonderful character of Napoleon can only be accurately portrayed by those who had the opportunity of observing him in the relations of private life. They only can paint the thousand traits which characterized his extraordinary mind. Napoleon was more than a hero, more than an Emperor. A comparison between him and any other sovereign, or any other man, is impossible. His death has left a void in human nature which probably never will be filled up. Future generations will bow with respect to the age on which the glory of Napoleon Bonaparte shed its lustre. For centuries to come French hearts will glow with pride at the mention of his exploits. To his name alone is attached inexhaustible admiration, imperishable remembrance."

The Emperor embraced Queen Hortense, who was overwhelmed with grief, and then took a melancholy farewell of the other friends whom he was never to meet again. Every heart seemed lacerated with almost unearthly anguish. As he passed along through the serpentine walk of the enchanting park, embellished with all the verdure, the flowers, and the bird songs of June, and where he had enjoyed so many hours of happiness with his much loved Josephine, he stopped several times, and turned round to fix his last lingering looks upon the familiar and attractive scene. Little did he then imagine that a dilapidated hut, upon the bleak, storm-swept rock of St. Helena, was to be his prison and his tomb.

At the gate of the park he entered a plain caleche. General Becker, Count Bertrand, and Savary took the three other seats. Several other carriages followed, occupied by Madame Bertrand and her children, Count Montholon, wife and child, Las Cases and his son, and several devoted



THE DEPARTURE FROM MALMAISON.

officers who were anxious to share the fortunes of the dethroned Emperor. These carriages were to proceed to Rochefort by another road. The Emperor and his companions were habited in the simple traveling dress of private gentlemen. The distance from Paris to Rochefort, near the mouth of the Charente, is about three hundred miles. The friends of Napoleon were well aware that attempts would be made to secure his assassination on the way. They were secretly well provided with arms for a desperate defense. The emotions excited in every bosom were too strong for utterance. The attitude of the Emperor was calm and dignified. For several hours there was unbroken silence in the carriage. At ten o'clock at night they arrived at Rambouillet, about thirty miles from Malmaison. In this antique castle the Emperor passed the night.

At an early hour the next morning, June 30th, the rapid journey was resumed. After a melancholy drive of two or three hours, they arrived at Chateaudun. The mistress of the post-house hastened to the carriage door, and anxiously inquired if there was any truth in the report that the Emperor had been assassinated. She had hardly asked the question, ere she recognized the countenance of Napoleon. For a moment she seemed stunned. Then, raising her eyes to heaven and clasping her hands, she burst into a flood of tears, and retired weeping bitterly. All were much moved at this touching proof of affection. Driving rapidly all day and night, and

meeting with no occurrence to disturb the profound sadness of the route, they arrived before the break of day, on the morning of the 1st of July, at Tours.

Pressing on some fifty miles further, they arrived at mid-day at Poitiers. The roads were dusty, and the heat, from a blazing July sun, sultry and oppressive. At a little post-house outside the town the Emperor remained a couple of hours for repose. At two o'clock he again entered his carriage, and proceeded onward to Niort, where he arrived just as the glooms of night were settling down over the city. Here the Emperor remained for a day. He was recognized by some persons, and the rumor of his arrival spread rapidly through the city. Cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* began to resound through the streets. An immense concourse immediately surrounded the hotel, with enthusiastic acclamations and with every expression of respect and love. During the whole day his rooms were thronged with officers of the garrison, public functionaries, and influential citizens. Here the Emperor was also informed that all egress from the roadstead of Rochefort, by the two frigates prepared for him, was effectually prevented by English ships of war. His position was now in the highest possible degree embarrassing. The officers of the army entreated him to place himself at their head, assuring him that every soldier in the army and all the masses of the people would rally around him with deathless fervor.

Napoleon might thus have saved himself. He could easily have aroused such enthusiasm throughout France, and have presented himself with such imposing power before the Allies, that it would have required a long and sanguinary civil war before the hostile invaders could have subdued him. In this conflict the Allies would have been compelled to sacrifice tens of thousands of lives, and millions of money. Trembling before the genius of the Emperor, they would have been glad to purchase peace with him upon terms which would secure his personal safety and dignified retirement. But in this conflict France would have been deluged in blood, and Napoleon repeatedly declared, and persevered in the lofty resolve, that not one single life should be sacrificed merely to secure benefits or safety to himself. History presents few parallels to such magnanimity.

He was, however, still sanguine in the belief that if the Chambers would unite with him and with France, so as to present an united front to the coalition, the invaders, notwithstanding their locust legions, might still be driven from the empire. General Becker immediately informed the government that the roadstead at Rochefort was reported as effectually blockaded; and reported to them the enthusiastic desires of the troops, that Napoleon would head them to drive out the invaders. At Napoleon's suggestion, in this desperate emergence, General Becker added to this communication, "*If, in this situation, the English cruisers prevent the frigates from putting to sea, you can dispose of the Emperor as a General eagerly desirous only of being useful to his country.*"

To this Fouché replied, "Napoleon must embark without delay. You must employ every measure of coercion you may deem necessary, without failing in the respect due to him.

"As to the services which are offered, our duties toward France, and our engagements to foreign powers, do not permit us to accept of them."

The evidence is now conclusive to almost every mind that Fouché had all this time been plotting to betray Napoleon to the Allies. He knew that Europe combined could not maintain the Bourbons upon the throne, so long as the people of France saw any possibility of recalling Napoleon. It was therefore his design to deliver Napoleon up to his enemies. He was afraid to order his arrest until Paris should be engirdled by the bayonets of the Allies. The exasperated people would instantly have risen to the rescue. Under pretense of waiting for a safe-conduct, and affirming that France would be dishonored by the Emperor's capture, he would not allow the frigates to sail when there was the slightest chance of their escaping the British cruisers. He wished to drive the Emperor on board one of the frigates, so that he could no longer be surrounded by the enthusiasm of the French people, and then to detain the frigates until the English cruisers, by his treachery, should be accumulated in such numbers as to render escape impossible. While, therefore, he was thus urging General Becker to "employ every measure of coercion" to induce the Emperor to embark, orders were sent to the maritime prefect at Rochefort not to allow the frigates to sail. "It is utterly impossible," said the order, "for our two frigates to attempt sailing while the enemy retains his present position. It would be proper to wait for a favorable opportunity, which can not offer for a long time to come."

"The provisional government," says the Duke of Rovigo, "had dispatched agents to the coast, and prepared the means of carrying off the Emperor, or at least of preventing his eluding the vigilance of the English cruisers. By this means they had it in their power to seize him as soon as the presence of the foreign troops in Paris should have rendered unavailing any opposition that might have sprung from the enthusiasm still created by the Emperor's painful situation."

Early in the morning of the 3d of July the Emperor arrived in Rochefort. During his short reign, with all the despots of Europe striving to crush him, he had done more to promote the health and the opulence of this city than all the monarchs of France combined who had preceded him. By his orders the extensive marshes surrounding the city had been drained and fertilized, and important works had been erected for defense, and for the promotion of internal improvements. As they rode along, the Emperor pointed out to his companions the once infectious marshes, now filled with ricks of new-mown hay.

"You see," said he, "that the population cheerfully recognize the prosperity which I have created in their country. Wherever I pass, I receive the blessings of a grateful people."

The Emperor's arrival at Rochefort produced a

profound sensation. The gardens of the prefecture, where he took his lodgings, were filled with an enthusiastic crowd. Whenever he appeared he was greeted with the most ardent acclamations. "I believe," says the Duke of Rovigo, who was with the Emperor at that time, "that every inhabitant, without a single exception, participated in our feelings." There were several thousand troops in the vicinity. They all transmitted to the Emperor expressions of devoted attachment, and tendered to him their services. There was not a military officer within thirty miles who did not hasten to offer his homage to the Emperor.

Napoleon was desirous of embarking immediately, and of trusting to his good fortune, and to the guns of the frigate, for escape from the enemy. But many obstacles were thrown in the way, and it was not until after the lapse of five days, on the evening of the 8th, that it was announced that the frigates were ready for his embarkation.

The two frigates, the *Saale* and the *Medusa*, which had been assigned for the transportation of Napoleon and his suite, were at anchor in the bay. In the mean time the English cruisers, guided by information from Fouché, had been doubled all along the coast. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor took an affecting leave of his faithful companions in arms, and amidst the tears of an innumerable throng of people, and their cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" stepped into one of the boats of the *Saale*. The vessels were at a long distance from the quay. The wind was boisterous and the sea rough as the Emperor, in silence and sadness, thus bade adieu to the shores of his beloved France, It was eight o'clock in the evening before the boats reached the *Saale*. The Emperor slept on board. He found, however, that the frigates were not yet permitted to leave the harbor. Fouché had sent word that the English government would soon transmit the passports by an English ship of war, which was cruising off Rochefort. The Emperor had hoped that his peaceful retirement would not be opposed. He had supposed that his enemies would be satisfied by his self-sacrifice, and his retirement to the wilds of the New World.

At day-break on the morning of the 9th the Emperor landed on the Isle of Aix, off which the frigates were anchored. The whole population of the island, and the regiment of marines in the garrison, crowded to the shore to greet him, and the air was rent with their acclamations. His exile resembled a triumph. In this his last hour upon the soil of France, he was greeted with the warmest testimonials of love and homage. As he returned to the frigate, he was waited upon by the maritime prefect. The Allies were now in possession of Paris. The treacherous Fouché was prepared to resign his power into the hands of the Bourbons. The commander of the frigate was informed that "*the act of disembarking Napoleon again upon the soil of France would be declared high treason.*"

The Emperor passed the 10th on board the frigate, much perplexed in considering the various plans proposed for his escape. "It is however evident," says Las Cases, "that in the midst of this state of agitation he continues calm and resolute, even to indifference, without manifesting the least anxiety."

Before the break of day on the 11th of July, the Duke of Rovigo and Las Cases were sent with a flag of truce to the commander of the English squadron, to inquire if he would feel himself authorized to allow the frigates, or any other French



EMBARKING IN THE BOATS.

or neutral vessels, conveying the Emperor, and bound to the United States, to pass free.

About seven o'clock in the morning the envoys arrived on board the *Bellerophon*, under the command of Captain Maitland, which was cruising off the harbor. Captain Maitland replied that his orders were to capture any vessel which should attempt to leave the roadstead.

They then inquired, "In the event of the Emperor's adopting the idea of going to England, may he depend upon being received on board your ship, with those who accompany him?"

Captain Maitland frankly and honestly answered, "I will instantly address a dispatch to the Admiral on the subject. Should the Emperor present himself before I receive a reply, I shall receive him. But in that case I shall be acting on my own responsibility; and I can not enter into any engagements as to the reception he may meet in England."

Captain Maitland promised in two days again to cast anchor in the roads, when he would probably have received his answer from the Admiral, and when they could again communicate with him.

Napoleon, upon receiving this answer, reflected upon it for some time, and then resolved, notwithstanding the overwhelming force of the English, to brave all the peril, and endeavor to escape. "Go," said he to the Duke of Rovigo, "and desire the captain of the frigate, in my name, to set sail immediately." Captain Philibert returned the astounding reply, that "he was strictly forbidden by the government to sail if the vessels would be exposed to any risk." When the Duke of Rovigo, upon receiving this answer, indignantly exclaimed, "This is all deception. The government is only plotting to deliver up the Emperor to the enemy!" the Captain replied, "I do not know. But I have orders not to sail."

When the Emperor was informed of this result, he calmly said, "My secret presentiments told me as much. But I was unwilling to believe it. I was reluctant to suspect that this Captain, who appeared a worthy man, could have lent himself to so shameful an act of treachery. What a villain is that Fouché!"

In this fearful emergence the Captain of the *Medusa* came forward with the following heroic proposition. Forgetting every other consideration in devotion to the safety of the Emperor, he begged permission, under favor of the night, to surprise the *Bellerophon* at anchor, to engage her in close combat, and to grapple his vessel to her sides. The sixty-gun frigate could maintain the conflict with her powerful adversary of seventy-four guns for at least two hours before she should be destroyed. The *Bellerophon*, impeded and crippled by the action, could not overtake the *Saale*, which could not be effectually opposed by the English brig alone, and would thus escape. This plan promised success. A single word from the Emperor would have tossed the Captain of the *Saale* into the sea, and have placed the frigate under the command of one of the Emperor's friends. But Napoleon was the last man in the world to think of saving himself by sacrificing the lives of others. He was grateful for this proof of affection, but promptly and decisively declined the offer.

The captain of a Danish vessel, the *Bayadere*, which was a very rapid sailer, offered the Emperor the protection of his flag, and expressed the utmost confidence that he should be able to escape the cruisers. He had prepared a secret recess in his vessel, with very great skill, where the Emperor might be concealed, should the vessel be searched by the English. Several young officers connected with the naval service fitted out two small fishing-vessels, with which they could glide along in the night, near to the shore, and thus escape to sea, and perilously cross the Atlantic. Upon consultation, both of these plans were rejected. The Emperor was unwilling to separate himself from his friends, and, in securing his own escape, to abandon them to Bourbon vengeance. He also considered it inconsistent with his character to attempt escape in disguise or concealment. Nearly all of his friends were also of opinion, that if Napoleon would throw himself upon the hospitality of England, he would meet from the nation a generous reception. Joseph Bonaparte had made sure of his departure from Bordeaux for the United States. He strikingly resembled his brother Napoleon. He entreated the Emperor to take advantage of the close resemblance and escape in his place, while Joseph should remain in the Emperor's stead. Napoleon would not listen to a proposition which exposed his brother to dangers which belonged to his own destiny. Others urged that it was expedient to renew the war. It was obvious to all that the Emperor had but to place himself upon the shore, and the army every where, and all the masses of the people, would rally around him. But to this the Emperor persisted in the reply:

"Civil war can have no other result than that of placing me as Emperor in a better position to obtain arrangements more favorable to my personal interests. I can not consent to expose my friends to destruction for such a result. I can not allow myself to be the cause of the desolation of the provinces, and thus to deprive the national party of its true support, by which, sooner or later, the honor and independence of France will be established. I have renounced sovereignty, and only wish for a peaceful asylum."

On the 14th, the Emperor again sent Las Cases and Savary on board the *Bellerophon*. They returned with the report, that Captain Maitland wished them to say to the Emperor, that "if he decided upon going to England, he was authorized to receive him on board; and that he accordingly placed his ship at the Emperor's disposal."

Under these circumstances, the Emperor assembled his friends in council. Nearly all were of opinion that it was best to confide in the honor and the hospitality of England. General Gourgaud and Count Montholon alone dissented. They urged that the generous feelings of the

English *nation* would have but little influence over the aristocratic *ministry;* that the sympathy of the people of England and Ireland with Napoleon, was a prominent reason why the republican Emperor was thus dreaded by the cabinet of St. James.

Napoleon, in conclusion, replied: "If there were a prospect of saving France, and not merely of promoting my personal safety, I might attempt a repetition of the return from Elba. As it is, I only seek for repose. Should I once more cause a single shot to be fired, malevolence would take advantage of the circumstance to asperse my character. I am offered a quiet retreat in England. I am not acquainted with the Prince Regent; but from all I have heard of him, I can not avoid placing reliance in his magnanimity. My determination is taken. I am going to write to the Prince. To-morrow, at daybreak, we will repair on board the English cruiser."

Napoleon immediately wrote, with the utmost rapidity, and apparently without devoting a moment to the choice either of words or thoughts, the following letter to George IV., then Prince Regent. It is couched in terms of calm, sorrowful, and majestic diction, worthy of the occasion and of the man. Its comprehensiveness, appropriateness, and dignity of expression have commanded universal admiration:

"Royal Highness—Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the principal powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to sit down at the fireside of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

It was now four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th. Las Cases and Gourgaud were dispatched on board the *Bellerophon* to announce the coming of his Majesty the next day. General Gourgaud was also commissioned to take the letter to London. He received from the Emperor the following instructions:

"My aid-de-camp Gourgaud will repair on board the English squadron, with Count de Las Cases. He will take his departure in the vessel which the commander of that squadron will dispatch either to the Admiral or to London. He will endeavor to obtain an audience of the Prince Regent, and hand my letter to him. If there should not be found any inconvenience in the delivery of passports for the United States of America, it is my particular wish to proceed to that country. But I will not accept of passports for any colony. In default of America, I prefer England to any other country. I shall take the name of Colonel Muiron or of Duroc. If I must go to England, I should wish to reside in a country-house, at the distance of ten or twelve leagues from London, and to arrive there in the strictest *incognito*. I should require a dwelling-house sufficiently capacious to accommodate all my suite. I am particularly anxious to avoid London; and this wish must necessarily fall in with the views of the government. Should the Ministry be desirous of placing a commissioner near my person, Gourgaud will see that this condition shall not seemingly have the effect of placing me under any kind of confinement; and that the person selected for the duty may, by his rank and character, remove all idea of an unfavorable or suspicious nature."

General Gourgaud was dispatched to England, but was not even allowed to land. His letter was sent by other hands to the Court of St. James.

During the night, several French naval officers again entreated Napoleon not to trust to the British government. They expressed great confidence that they could escape along the shore, and implored him not to place himself in the power of an enemy, to whose honor and generosity it was in vain to make any appeal. While thus deliberating, General Becker arrived in all haste with the information that the Bourbons had sent some officers to Rochefort to arrest the Emperor. Napoleon immediately dressed, and, just as the day was dawning, entered a small brig, the *Epervier*, to be conveyed to the British cruiser.

The whole party accompanying the Emperor, consisting of officers, ladies, children, and servants, amounted to fifty-nine persons.

"Sire," said General Becker, with deep emotion, "shall I accompany you to the *Bellerophon?*"

With that instinctive sense of delicacy, generosity, and honor, which ever characterized the Emperor, he promptly replied: "By no means. We must be mindful of the reputation of France. Were you to accompany me, it might be thought that you had delivered me up to the English. It is entirely of my free will that I proceed to their squadron. I do not wish to expose France to the suspicion of such an act of treachery."

General Becker, like all who had ever been admitted to the familiar acquaintance of this extraordinary man, was entirely under the influence of that irresistible attraction which he exerted over all who approached him. The General, who had been sent by the provisional government to watch over Napoleon as a spy and a jailor, endeavored to reply. But, entirely overwhelmed with grief, he could not articulate a word, and burst into tears.

The Emperor cordially grasped his hand, and said, with that melancholy serenity of countenance which never forsook him: "Embrace me, General! I thank you for all the care you have taken of me. I regret that I have not known you sooner. I would have attached you to my person. Adieu, General! Adieu!"

Sobbing uncontrollably, General Becker could only reply, in words almost inarticulate, "Adieu, Sire! May you be happier than we!"

As the boat approached the ship, the English sailors manned the yards, the marines were drawn up on deck, Captain Maitland and his officers awaited at the gangway, and the Emperor was received with all the respect and etiquette due to his rank, his history, and his misfortunes. As the Emperor placed his foot on board the *Bellerophon*, he said:



NAPOLEON CONFIDING IN THE HOSPITALITY OF ENGLAND.

"Captain Maitland, I come on board your ship to place myself under the protection of the laws of England."

The Captain only replied by a low bow. He then led the Emperor into his cabin, gave him possession of the room, and all the officers of the *Bellerophon* were presented. In the mean time the anchors were raised, the sails spread, and the ship was on her way for England. Early in the evening, the *Superb*, a seventy-four gun ship, bearing the flag of Admiral Hotham, hove in sight, and signaled the *Bellerophon* to cast anchor. The Admiral came on board, and solicited permission to pay his respects to the Emperor, who had retired to his cabin. After a long and friendly interview, the Emperor was invited to breakfast the next morning on board the *Superb*. He was received with all the honors due to a sovereign. The Admiral and all the officers of the squadron emulated each other in greeting their illustrious guests with a generous hospitality. The Admiral invited the Emperor to take passage for England on board his ship, as more capacious and comfortable than the *Bellerophon*. The Emperor, with his usual kindness, replied,

"It is hardly worth while for a few days. Besides, I should be sorry to wound the feelings of Captain Maitland, especially if present circumstances are likely to forward him in his career."

As the Emperor was leaving the *Bellerophon* to visit the *Superb*, the guard was drawn up on the quarter-deck to salute him. He stopped and requested them to perform several military movements, giving the word of command himself. Perceiving their manner to differ from that of the French, he advanced into the midst of the soldiers, pushed their bayonets aside with his hands, and taking a musket from one of the rear-rank, went through the exercise himself. The officers and the sailors gazed with unutterable amazement upon this exhibition of the republican Emperor.

In consequence of light and contrary winds, nine days passed before the *Bellerophon* cast anchor in an English harbor. The Emperor, with intense interest, made himself familiar with every thing on board the ship. He had won golden opinions from all. He was no longer doubtful of a cordial reception in England. His mind was relieved from a terrible burden of care, and his spirits were cheerful and buoyant. The discipline on board the ship charmed him, and he was never weary of expressing his admiration. "What I admire most," said he, "is the silence and orderly conduct of the men. On board a French ship every one calls, and gives orders, gabbling like so many geese."

An English officer on board the ship records: "He has stamped the usual impression on every one here, as elsewhere, of his being an extraordinary man. Nothing escapes his notice. His eyes are in every place and on every object, from the greatest to the most minute. All the general regulations of the service, from the lord high admiral to the seamen, their duties, views, expectations, pay, rank, and comforts, have been scanned with characteristic keenness and rapidity. The machinery of the ship, blocks, masts, yards, ropes, rigging, and every thing else underwent similar scrutiny."

The kind reception given to the Emperor on board the ships had repelled all suspicions. He was now proceeding to England with perfect confidence, soothed by cheerful thoughts, and unapprehensive of any hostile treatment there. During the whole passage the Emperor appeared tranquil, and, by his kind and gentle spirit, soothed the feelings of his grief-stricken companions. He showed to Captain Maitland the portraits of his wife and child; and tears flooded the eyes of the

affectionate husband and father, as he tenderly spoke of being separated from those whom he so dearly loved.

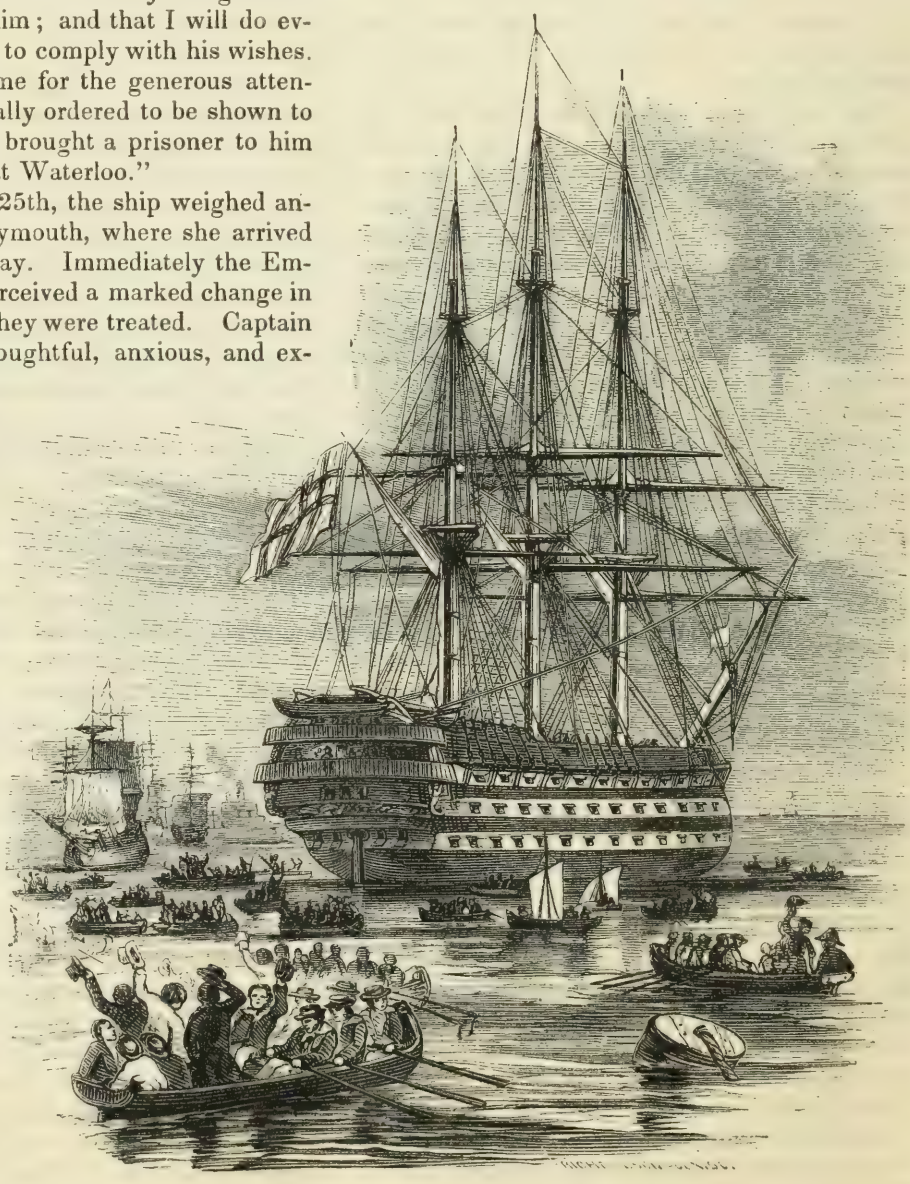
During the passage the officers and the crew adopted the etiquette of the Emperor's suite. They addressed him as *Sire*, or *Your Majesty*, and whenever he appeared on deck every one took off his hat. About nine o'clock in the morning of the 25th, the *Bellerophon* cast anchor in the harbor of Torbay. The moment it was announced that the Emperor was on board, the bay was covered with boats crowded with people, men and women of all ranks, eager to catch a glimpse of the man who had filled the wide world with his renown. The Emperor kindly came upon deck several times to gratify their curiosity by the exhibition of himself. All hearts seemed to turn toward him. The owner of a beautiful country-seat, in sight of the ship, sent Napoleon a present of various fruits. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and scarfs in attestation of sympathy.

Admiral Keith, who was in command at Plymouth, but a few miles from Torbay, wrote to Captain Maitland, "Tell the Emperor that I shall be happy in being made acquainted with any thing which may be agreeable to him; and that I will do every thing in my power to comply with his wishes. Thank him in my name for the generous attentions which he personally ordered to be shown to my nephew, who was brought a prisoner to him after being wounded at Waterloo."

In the night of the 25th, the ship weighed anchor and sailed for Plymouth, where she arrived about noon the next day. Immediately the Emperor and his suite perceived a marked change in the manner in which they were treated. Captain Maitland appeared thoughtful, anxious, and extremely sad. A number of armed boats from the other line-of-battle ships and frigates in the harbor, took their stations, like sentinels, around the *Bellerophon*, and no one was allowed to approach without a pass from the Admiral. Two frigates were also placed as guard-ships off the *Bellerophon*. Had the British government been apprehensive that the English people would rise and seize Napoleon and make him their king, they could not have adopted more rigorous precautions. Rumors, taken from the daily papers, passed through the ship, that the Privy Council were deliberating whether to deliver Napoleon to the vengeance of Louis XVIII., to order him to be tried by a court-martial and shot, or to send him a prisoner for life to the dreary rock of St. Helena. The Duke of Wellington, England's proudest noble, who had unworthily allowed himself to cherish feelings of implacable hatred toward the illustrious republican chief, "in his dispatches," says Count Montholon, "urged them to adopt bloody and terrible determinations."* The earnest and kindly intended expostulation of the Duke of Sussex induced the government to adopt the lingering execution of insult and privation, instead of the more speedy agency of the bullet.

The harbor at Plymouth, still more than at Torbay, was covered with boats of all descriptions. The population from thirty miles around came in crowds to see and to greet the illustrious prisoner. In admiration of his greatness, and with an instinctive sense that he had ever been the friend of the *people*, they surrounded the ship with one continuous roar of acclamation and enthusiasm. The Emperor was never more cordially greeted

* See also London Times, July 24, 25, 1815



NAPOLEON AT PLYMOUTH.

even upon the banks of the Seine. His arrival had produced a delirium throughout all England. Notwithstanding the libels of the Ministers, the returned soldiers had narrated in every cottage stories of his magnanimity, his kindness, his sympathy with the poor and the oppressed. He was the man of the people, and the people instinctively surrendered to him their love and homage. From all parts of England multitudes were crowding toward Plymouth. There were frequently not less than a thousand boats surrounding the *Bellerophon*. The armed guard-boats continually rowing around, though they fired musketry and run down two boats, by which several lives were lost, could with great difficulty keep the eager crowd at the prescribed distance of three hundred yards. The enthusiasm was so intense and universal, that the English government became actually apprehensive that Napoleon might be rescued even on board a British line-of-battle ship and in a British harbor. "Two frigates were therefore," says Sir Walter Scott, "appointed to lie as guards on the *Bellerophon*, and sentinels were doubled and trebled both by day and by night."

The Emperor was firm, thoughtful, and silent. His friends were overwhelmed with consternation. On the evening of the 30th of July, Sir Henry Bunbury, Under-Secretary of State, came on board with Admiral Keith, and from a scrap of paper, without signature, read to the Emperor the following illegal and infamous decision:

"As it may perhaps be convenient for General Bonaparte to learn, without further delay, the intentions of the British government, your lordship will communicate the following information:

"It would be inconsistent with our duty toward our country and the Allies of his Majesty, if General Bonaparte possessed the means of again disturbing the repose of Europe. It is on this account that it becomes absolutely necessary that he should be restrained in his personal liberty, so far as this may be required by the foregoing important object. The island of St. Helena has been chosen as his future residence. Its climate is healthy, and its local position will allow of his being treated with more indulgence than could be admitted in any other spot, owing to the indispensable precautions which it would be necessary to employ for the security of his person."

It was then stated that *General Bonaparte* might select a surgeon and any three officers, excepting Savary and Lallemand, to accompany him, and also twelve domestics; that these persons would be regarded and treated as prisoners of war; and that Sir George Cockburn would sail in a few days to convey the captives to their prison.

Sir George received very rigorous instructions to recognize Napoleon not as an *Emperor* but simply as a *General*. He was to examine every article in the possession of the Emperor, baggage, wines, provisions, plate, money, diamonds, bills of exchange, and salable effects of all kinds. Every thing of value thus seized was to be placed in the hands of the Ministers. He was informed that the interest accruing from this property should be faithfully appropriated to defraying the expenses of his prison-house.

The members of the household of the Emperor, in the various capacities of household service, were also informed that if they wished to accompany the Emperor, they must be subjected to all the restraints which might be deemed necessary for securing the person of the distinguished captive. "This was regarded," says Mr. Bussy, "as an effort to deter his friends from accompanying the exile to his destination, by impressing them with an idea of punishment for vague and undefined offenses; and of having before them a life of disquietude, from espionage and arbitrary control. If such were really the intention, however, it signally failed; its sole effect being to concentrate the affections of those whom it sought to terrify."

Thus trampling upon the British constitution, and in defiance of all justice and law, was an illustrious foreigner condemned to imprisonment for life, without trial and even without accusation. The Ministers were so fully conscious of the illegality of the measure, that they did not venture even to sign their names to the act. The Emperor listened to the reading of this atrocious document in silence, with profound calmness, and without manifesting any emotion. He had obtained such wonderful control over his own spirit that, in tones gentle and dignified, and with great mildness of manner and countenance, he simply, yet eloquently, replied:

"I am the guest of England, not her prisoner. I have come, of my own accord, to place myself under the protection of the British law. In my case the government has violated the laws of its own country, the law of nations, and the sacred duty of hospitality. I protest against their right to act thus, and appeal to British honor."

After the Admiral and Sir Henry Bunbury had retired, Napoleon, in anguish of spirit, remarked to his friends,

"The idea of imprisonment at St. Helena is perfectly horrible. To be enchained for life on an island within the tropics, at an immense distance from any land, cut off from all communication with the world, and every thing it contains that is dear to me! It is worse than Tamerlane's iron cage! I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. They style me *General!* They might as well call me *Archbishop*. I was head of the church as well as of the army. Had they confined me in the Tower of London, or in one of the fortresses of England, though not what I had hoped from the generosity of the English people, I should not have had so much cause for complaint. But to banish me to an island within the tropics! They might as well sign my death warrant at once. It is impossible that a man of my habit of body can exist long in such a climate."

In the despair of this dreadful hour, in which Napoleon first confronted insult, separation from all his friends and from every earthly joy, life-long imprisonment upon the ocean's most dreary

rock, and the deprivations and sufferings of those faithful followers who still clung to him, he seemed, for an instant only, to have wavered in his usual fortitude. For a time he slowly paced the floor of the cabin, apparently perfectly calm, yet oppressed by the enormity of the doom descending upon his friends and upon himself. His first thoughts even then seemed to be for his companions. As he slowly walked to and fro, he said, in the absent manner of soliloquy,

"After all, am I quite sure of going to St. Helena? Is a man dependent upon others when he wishes that his dependence should cease?"

Then turning to Las Cases, he added, "My friend! I have sometimes an idea of quitting you. This would not be very difficult. It is only necessary to create a little mental excitement (*Il ne s'agit que de se monter un tant soit peu la tête*), and I shall soon have escaped. All will be over, and you can then tranquilly rejoin your families."

Las Cases, remonstrating warmly against such suggestions, replied, "Sire! we will live upon the past. There is enough of that to satisfy us. Do we not enjoy the life of Cæsar and of Alexander? We shall possess still more; you will reperuse yourself, Sire!"

The cloud immediately passed away from the spirit of the Emperor. "Be it so," he promptly replied; "we will write our memoirs. Yes, we must be employed, for occupation is the scythe of time. After all, a man ought to fulfill his destinies. This is my grand doctrine. Very well! Let mine be accomplished." Instantly resuming his accustomed serenity and cheerfulness, he changed the topic of conversation.

The officers of the *Bellerophon* had all become attached to the Emperor. From the Captain to the humblest sailors they were all exceedingly mortified and chagrined at the treatment their illustrious guest was receiving from the Ministers.* Many English gentlemen, in London, also eagerly volunteered their efforts to place the outlawed Emperor under the protection of the British constitution.

The French gentlemen composing the suite of the Emperor were in great consternation, since but four of them could be permitted to accompany him to St. Helena. Their attachment to Napoleon was so strong that all were anxious to share his dreary and life-long imprisonment. Dreadful as was this doom, "we did not hesitate to desire," says Las Cases, "that each of us might be among those whom the Emperor would choose; entertaining but one fear, that of finding ourselves excluded."

Two of the daily papers generously and warmly espoused the cause of the Emperor. The voice of the *people* grew louder. The number of boats daily increased, and so crowded the *Bellerophon* that discharges of musketry were employed to keep them at a distance. Whenever the Emperor appeared upon deck, he was greeted with constantly increasing enthusiasm of acclaim. Napoleon began to be cheered by the hope that the despotism of the government would be compelled to yield to the pressure of public opinion.

The *Northumberland*, under the command of Admiral Cockburn, was to convey the Emperor to St. Helena. This ship was at Portsmouth, not quite ready for so long a voyage. The Ministers were exceedingly uneasy in view of the public developments in favor of the Emperor. They consequently urged the utmost possible dispatch to hasten the departure of the ship. Under these circumstances, by the advice of an English lawyer, the Emperor wrote the following Protest, to be forwarded to the English government:

PROTEST.

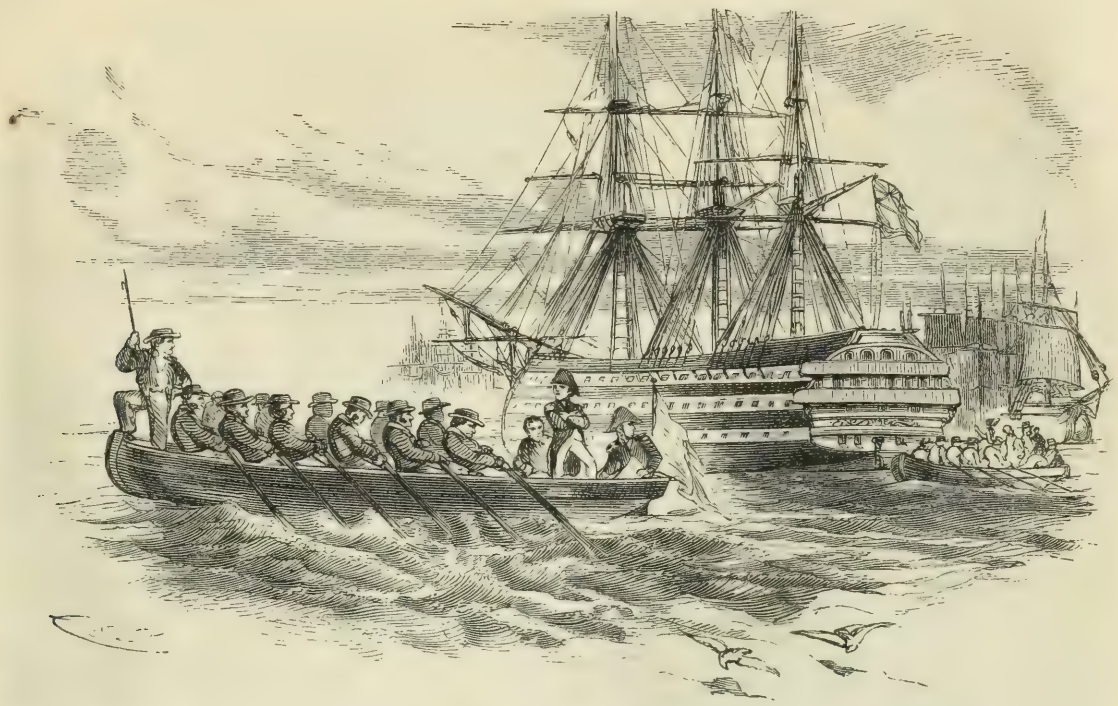
"I hereby solemnly protest, in the face of Heaven and mankind, against the violence that is done me, and the violation of my most sacred rights in forcibly disposing of my person and liberty. I voluntarily came on board the *Bellerophon*. I am not the prisoner, I am the guest of England. I came, at the instigation of the Captain himself, who said he had orders from the government to receive and convey me to England, together with my suite, if agreeable to me. I came forward with confidence to place myself under the protection of the laws of England. When once on board the *Bellerophon*, I was entitled to the hospitality of the British people. If the government, in giving the Captain of the *Bellerophon* orders to receive me, only wished to lay a snare, it has forfeited its honor and disgraced its flag. If this act be consummated, it will be in vain for the English henceforth to talk of their sincerity, their laws, and liberties. British faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the *Bellerophon*.

"I appeal to history. It will say that an enemy, who made war for twenty years against the English people, came spontaneously, in the hour of misfortune, to seek an asylum under their laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and confidence? But how did England

* The English government felt so embarrassed by conscious guilt that a *year after* they passed a law to sanctify the crime. Mackintosh, in his "History of England," iii. 133, drawing a parallel between Napoleon and Mary Queen of Scots, says, "Neither of them was born a British subject, or had committed any offense within the jurisdiction of England. Consequently neither of them was amenable to English law. The imprisonment of neither was conformable to the law of England or the law of nations."

Still, Sir James Mackintosh justifies the crime upon the plea of necessity. In reference to the *subsequent act*, by which the government attempted to legalize an outrage already committed, he says, "Agreeably to this view of the matter, the detention of Napoleon was legalized by an act of the British Parliament.* By the bare passing of such an act, it was tacitly assumed that the antecedent detention was without warrant of law. This evident truth is more fully admitted by the language of the statute, which, in assigning the reason for passing it, alleges that 'it is necessary for the preservation of the tranquillity of Europe, and for the general safety, that Napoleon Bonaparte should be detained and kept in custody;' and it is still more explicitly declared by a specific enactment, which pronounces that he 'shall be deemed and taken to be, and shall be treated and dealt with as a prisoner of war'—a distinct admission that he was not so in contemplation of law, until the statute had imposed that character upon him."

* 56 Geo. III. cap. 22, A.D. 1816.



ADMIRAL KEITH ELUDING THE EXECUTION OF THE LAWS.

reply to such an act of magnanimity? It pretended to hold out a hospitable hand to the enemy, and on giving himself up with confidence he was immolated. NAPOLEON.

"Bellerophon, at Sea, August 4, 1815."

In the evening of the next day, as the Emperor was slowly pacing the deck conversing with Las Cases, he quietly drew from under his waistcoat the valuable diamond necklace which Queen Hortense had pressed upon him, and, without slackening his pace, placed it in the hands of Las Cases, saying, "Take care of that for me." He then continued his conversation, upon a totally different subject, as if there had been no interruption.

Two plans were formed, by legal gentlemen in London, to rescue the Emperor from the despotic grasp of the Ministers, and to place him under the protection of British law. One effort was, to demand the person of Napoleon, through a writ of *habeas corpus*. An attempt was also made to cite him, as a witness, in an important trial, to prove the condition of the French navy. When the officer arrived to serve the writ on Lord Keith, the Admiral contrived to keep the boat off until he had leaped into his twelve-oared barge. Then there ensued a race in which the Admiral was of course a victor, but which provoked the mirth of all England, and also roused the indignation of many generous hearts.

The government, alarmed by these determined efforts to rescue their victim from a life-long imprisonment and a lingering death, ordered the *Bellerophon* immediately to put to sea, and to remain cruising off Torbay till she could be joined by the squadron from Portsmouth destined for St. Helena. It is greatly to the honor of the British nation, that the Ministers, while perpetrating this high-handed crime, could not, with safety, take Napoleon into any harbor in England. The wind was high and the sea rough, but the *Bellerophon* weighed anchor and pushed out into the stormy waves. Here the ship remained for several days, to the great discomfort of all on board, pitching and rolling on the restless billows.*

The Emperor chose as his companions the Grand-Marshal Bertrand, Count Montholon, and Count Las Cases. General Gourgaud was in such despair at being left, and pleaded so earnestly to be taken, that, notwithstanding the instructions allowed Napoleon to take but three officers, it was consented that Las Cases should be considered, not as an officer, but as private secretary. Thus Gourgaud was included.

On the evening of the 7th, the *Northumberland*, with two frigates, arrived at Torbay. Admiral Keith and Admiral Cockburn came on board the *Bellerophon*. Both seemed embarrassed and ashamed of the ignominious business they were called upon to perform. Admiral Keith was a gentleman of highly polished manners. He seem-

* "The friends of Napoleon in England, meanwhile—for notwithstanding the odium which had been uniformly cast upon him by authority, his real character had gradually become known, and the revulsion, consequent upon the detection of falsehood, had naturally converted many, who had been unwitting dupes, into admiring friends, to say nothing of the number of intelligent persons who had never been deceived—used all their influence to soften the rigor of his sentence; and failing in their appeals to the clemency of the government, they had recourse to other, though certainly as inadequate means, to effect their purpose. It was first sought to procure his removal on shore by a writ of *habeas corpus*; but this process was found to be inapplicable to an alien; upon which a subpœna was issued, citing him to appear as witness in an action brought by a naval officer for libel. This proceeding seems to have alarmed and confounded both the Admiralty Board and its officer, Lord Keith."—*History of Napoleon by George M. Bussey. London*, 1840.



PASSING TO THE NORTHUMBERLAND.

ed to feel keenly the insults which his government was heaping upon the Emperor. With crimson cheeks and faltering speech he informed Napoleon that he was ordered to search his luggage and that of his suite, and to take away all the money that could be found. He, however, gave the kind assurance that the English government did not intend to rob *General Bonaparte;* but that they would act as guardians, and keep his money safely, that he might not squander it in attempts to escape. "When General Bonaparte dies," the government authorized the Admiral to say, "he can dispose of his property by Will, and he may be assured that his Will shall be faithfully executed." The Emperor and his friends were also ordered to surrender their swords. *General Bonaparte* was also informed, that, if he should make any effort to escape, he would expose himself to close confinement. A few months afterward an act of Parliament was passed, subjecting to the penalty of *death* any of his suite who should attempt to facilitate his escape.

Admiral Cockburn attended to this humiliating task. The French gentlemen refused to be present at an outrage so ignominious. The Emperor's valet, Marchand, opened the trunks for the search. The business was faithfully executed. Every article was examined, not even excepting the Emperor's body linen. About twenty thousand dollars was taken, in gold, from the trunks. Twenty-five hundred dollars, in gold, were left in the hands of Marchand, the Emperor's valet-de-chambre, for his master's present use in remunerating his servants. The Admiral was, however, not willing to thrust his hand into the pockets of the Emperor, or to order him to take off his shirt. Thus some eight or nine hundred thousand dollars, in diamonds and letters of credit, were retained.*

The two Admirals now came into the cabin where the Emperor, calm and sorrowful, was standing by the stern windows. Las Cases, Count Montholon, General Bertrand, and General Gourgaud, burning with unavailing indignation, were at his side. Lord Keith—in obedience to a command from which his soul revolted—in a voice tremulous with embarrassment and shame, said, "*England demands your sword!*"

The strange demand seemed to rouse the Em-

* See Memoirs of Duke of Rovigo, vol. iv. p. 176; also Montholon and Las Cases.

peror from a painful reverie. He looked up with a convulsive movement, placed his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and fixed upon the Admiral one of those withering glances which few men had been able to withstand. Lord Keith could go no further. His head, silvered with gray hairs, fell upon his breast. His generous heart refused to inflict another pang upon the illustrious victim before him. Bowing profoundly and with deep emotion to the Emperor, without uttering a word he withdrew. The secretary of the Admiral ventured to remind him that the command of the Ministers was explicit—that the sword of Napoleon should be surrendered. Lord Keith, turning upon his heel, indignantly replied, "Mind your own business!"

Napoleon then sent for Captain Maitland, and said: "I have requested this visit in order to return my thanks for your kindness and attention while I have been on board the *Bellerophon*, and also to beg that you will convey them to the officers and to the ship's company under your command. My reception in England has been far different from what I had anticipated. I have, however, no longer to learn that it is not fair to judge of the character of a *people* by the conduct of their *government*. It gives me great satisfaction to assure you that I feel your conduct to me throughout has been that of a gentleman and a man of honor."

Napoleon took an affecting leave of his friends who were forbidden to accompany him. Their anguish was very great, and many of them wept bitterly. Las Cases—who left both wife and children to devote himself to the Emperor—said to Lord Keith, "You see, my lord, that the only persons who shed tears are those who remain behind." The Emperor affectionately embraced General Lallemand and the Duke of Rovigo after the French manner, clasping them in his arms and pressing his cheek to theirs. He had nerved himself to composure, but tears streamed copiously from their eyes.

The French government had excluded Savary and Lallemand from the amnesty; and now the British Ministry prohibited them from accompanying Napoleon to St. Helena. Thus these distinguished men—whose only crime was their generous devotion to their sovereign—were consigned to almost inevitable death. Their subsequent perils and sufferings—while the victims of poverty, persecution, and exile—were awful. Piontkouski—a Polish officer who had been raised from the ranks—with tears implored Lord Keith to allow him to follow his beloved Emperor, even in the most menial character.

Mr. O'Meara was the surgeon of the *Bellerophon*. He with enthusiasm attached himself to Napoleon, and accepted the appointment of his physician. About 11 o'clock the barge appeared to convey the Emperor to the *Northumberland*. As Napoleon crossed the quarter-deck of the ship the men presented arms, and three ruffles of the drum were beat, such as are used in a salute to a general officer. He uncovered his head, and said: "Captain Maitland, I take this last opportunity of thanking you for the manner in which you have treated me while on board the *Bellerophon*." Then turning to the officers who were standing by, he added: "Gentlemen, I have requested your Captain to express my gratitude for your attentions to me, and to those who have followed my fortunes." He then advanced to the gangway, but, before descending, bowed two or three times to the crew, who were all assembled in the waist and on the forecastle. He was followed by the French officers with their ladies, and by Lord Keith. After the boat had shoved off and was a few yards from the ship, he rose, took off his hat and bowed, first to the officers and then to the men. He then sat down, and, with perfect composure and politeness, entered into conversation with Lord Keith.

The household of the Emperor, as now composed, consisted of Count and Countess Montholon and child, Count and Countess Bertrand and three children, Baron Gourgaud, Count Las Cases, and Dr. Barry O'Meara. There were also thirteen individuals in the various grades of servants—making in all twenty-four persons. One man, in his anxiety to follow the Emperor, succeeded in concealing himself on board the ship. When discovered, he was held as a prisoner during the voyage, and was not permitted to land.

The orders given by the government to Sir George Cockburn were very explicit—that Napoleon should not be recognized as *Emperor*, but sim-



SAILING OF THE CONVOY.

ply as *General*. They persisted to the last in the assumption that he was an *usurper*, and that the people of France who placed him upon the throne were rebels. When the Emperor was informed of this decree, he simply remarked, "They may call me what they please; they can not prevent me from being *myself*."

The *Northumberland* was manned by more than a thousand sailors. As the barge approached, every eye, of officers and seamen, was riveted upon the man whom the world has pronounced to be the most extraordinary recorded in the annals of time. Universal silence, adding almost religious awe to the solemnity of the ceremonial, prevailed, as the Emperor, with a slow step, ascended the gangway and stood upon the deck. The officers of the *Northumberland* stood in a group uncovered. The Emperor raised his hat, when the guard presented arms and the drums rolled. After addressing a few words, with an air of the most affable politeness, to those near him, he retired to his cabin.

It is indeed whimsical to see the British Ministers attach so much importance to withholding the title of Emperor from one who had governed so large a portion of Europe—who had been the creator of kings—and whose imperial title had been recognized by every Continental nation. Napoleon was so far superior to any similar weakness, that he intended to assume the name of Colonel Duroc or Muiron. The assumption, however, that the French nation were rebels, and had no right to elect him their Emperor, roused his indignation and incited him to an honorable resistance. It can never be sufficiently deplored that England lost so glorious an opportunity of dignifying history by the record of a noble deed. Had the appeal of Napoleon met with a magnanimous re-



MAP OF FRANCE.

The shaded parts of the map show those portions of the Empire wrested from France by the Allies.



EXECUTION OF MARSHAL NEY.

sponse, it would have consigned much of the wrongs the English government had previously inflicted to oblivion. But now no friend of England, who is not lost to all sense of honor, can ever hear the words *Napoleon* or *St. Helena* without feeling the cheek tingle with the blush of shame.

Two frigates and seven sloops of war—all with troops on board—were prepared for the voyage, and the next day, the 9th of August, the whole squadron, guarding *one man*, set sail for St. Helena. What a comment upon the grandeur of his character, and the powerful influence he had obtained over the hearts of the people of Europe, that it was deemed necessary to send him to a lonely rock two thousand miles from France, to place an army of bayonets around his solitary hut, and to girdle the island with a squadron of armed ships! Surely Napoleon stands alone and unrivaled in his glory.

While these scenes were transpiring, Blucher and Wellington marched vigorously to Paris. Blucher, with savage barbarity, plundered and ravaged the country through which he marched. The French soldiers, disheartened by the loss of their Emperor, would not fight for the provisional government. A few despairing and bloody battles ensued, when Paris again capitulated, and the English and Prussians triumphantly encamped in the garden of the Tuileries and in the Elysian Fields. France was humiliated. Her crime, in choosing her own Emperor, was unpardonable. Blucher, drunk with exultation and wine, was with the utmost difficulty restrained from blowing up the beautiful bridge of Jena, which spans the Seine, and the magnificent monument in the Place Vendome. The allied sovereigns soon arrived, with their countless hosts. France was dismembered without mercy, her strong fortresses were surrendered to the Allies, the Louvre was stripped of all those treasures of art which had been surrendered to France by hostile nations, in recompense for perfidious attacks. The enormous

sum of three hundred and seven million five hundred thousand dollars was extorted from the people, to pay the Allies for the expense incurred in crushing the independence of France. An army of one hundred and fifty thousand allied troops were stationed in all the French fortresses along the frontier, to be supported by the French people, for from three to five years, to keep France in subjection. This scene of exultation was closed by a review of the whole *Russian army* in one field. The mighty host consisted of one hundred and sixty thousand men, including twenty-eight thousand cavalry, and five hundred and forty pieces of cannon. They were assembled upon an immense plain at a short distance from Chalons. At the signal of a single gun fired from a height, three cheers were given by all the troops. The awful roar, never forgotten by those who heard it, reverberated through France, and fell upon the ear of the nation as the knell of death. It was despotism's defiant and exultant yell. Then did one and all, except the few partisans of the Bourbons, bitterly deplore that they had not adhered to the Emperor, and followed those wise counsels which alone could save France. Then did it become evident to every mind, that the only government which could by any possibility be sustained against the encroachment of the Allies and the usurpation of the Bourbons, was the wise and efficient government which Napoleon had established. But it was too late to repent. Napoleon, a captive on a British ship, was passing far away to cruel imprisonment, and to a lingering death. France, bound hand and foot, exhausted and bleeding from chastising blows, could resist no more.

By the Capitulation of Paris it was expressly declared, that "no person should be molested for his political opinions or conduct during the Hundred Days." Wellington and Blucher concluded the capitulation, and their sovereigns ratified it. But the Allies seem never to have paid any regard to their plighted faith. Fifty-eight persons were banished, and three condemned to death. Among these three was Marshal Ney, who had yielded to perhaps the most powerful temptation which had ever been presented to a generous soul, The magnanimity of Napoleon would with eagerness have pardoned such a crime. The noble Marshal, who had fought a hundred battles for France, and not one against her, was led out into the garden of the Luxembourg, to be shot like a dog in a ditch. In those days of spiritual darkness, he cherished a profound reverence for the Christian religion. He sent for a clergyman, and devoutly partook of the last sacraments of the gospel, saying, "I wish to die as becomes a Christian."

He stood erect, but a few feet from the soldiers, with his hat in his left hand, and his right upon his heart. Fixing for a moment his eagle eye upon the glittering muskets before him, he calmly said, "*My comrades, fire on me.*" Ten bullets pierced his heart, and he fell dead. A warmer heart never beat. A braver man, a kinder friend, a more devoted patriot, never lived. His wife upon her knees had implored of Louis XVIII. the pardon of her husband, but was sternly repulsed. The tidings that he was no more threw her into convulsions, and she soon followed her beloved companion to the grave.



MARSHAL NEY.

Wellington can never escape condemnation for permitting such a violation of national honor. No matter how guilty Ney might have been deemed by the Allies, the capitulation which Wellington had signed pledged his safety. The weight of the world's censure has fallen upon Wellington rather than upon Blucher, for no one expected any thing but barbarism from "Prussia's debauched dragoon." But England's proud Duke, unfortunately, at that time, allowed his mind to be sadly darkened by angry prejudices.



THE "MERVEILLEUSE," 1793.

THE GENERATIONS OF FASHIONS.

IF there be one earthly object more deserving of pity than another, what do you think it is, curious reader? As a Yankee, with all your inherited traditionary 'cuteness, you will never guess! I leave that to a Frenchman; and, not to keep you longer in suspense—the worst possible policy for an author—I will tell you. It is an "*old fashion!*" How many delicately-chiseled noses are turned up at that irrevocable sentence of condemnation, while disgust at the sight, and amazement at the audacity of the shopkeeper, play about the lines of the fairest mouths, as their lovely possessors turn their backs peremptorily upon an article which but a month before was the coveted object of all eyes—"a perfect beauty"—a "sweet love"—with an exclamatory "Pooh! it is old-fashioned." To use an expressive, though vulgar phrase, that is "a clincher." The fate of an old pot is not more hopeless. When once that Mede and Persian fiat has gone forth from feminine lips, every body is at liberty to give it another crack. A shopkeeper might as profitably employ his time in searching for the philosopher's stone, as his eloquence in endeavoring to sell any thing once put under the ban of fashion. The interdict of beauty is upon it. Accursed of good taste has it become, and excommunicated from the depths of every well-filled purse. No matter how becoming it has been considered a few short weeks before, whatever may be its intrinsic merits of elegance, art, or costliness; however much human brains and hands have labored to make it a combination of utility and beauty, it is now a sunken, degraded thing, despised of women and scorned of men, barely tolerated by the necessities of poverty, or reduced to seek a home in the haunts of vice.

This caprice, which looks only to change for its aliment, is as old as human invention. I make no doubt that Eve never wore twice the same pattern of fig-leaves, while Adam searched diligently the forests through to diversify the colors of his vegetable breeches. The Polynesian turns to nature for his book of fashions, and seeks to rival the hues of the bird of Paradise in the ample folds of his brilliant-colored "tappas." Every savage finds his greatest wants in the bright gewgaws of civilization. If there be a nation on earth that clings to its old clothes and furniture because they are good and useful, that deprecates change as innovation upon good habits and customs, that does not dive into the bowels of the earth, fish the seas, and penetrate the heavens, racking nature to find material wherewith to distort and crucify nature in form, stuff, and pattern, out of sheer disgust of the old and capricious love for the new, I have yet to discover it.

A passion so universal must be productive of more good than evil, or else it would die of neglect. At first glance, nothing appears more unreasonable, and more destructive of excellence, than this devotion to variety. The "love" of one season is the "fright" of the next. No sooner have we reconciled our eyes and shoulders to one fit, and begun to think it tolerable, than we abandon it for some fresh abomination of the tailor or modiste, and recommence our penance of new-formed inexpressibles and new-cut whalebone. Every change of coat or boot is another martyrdom. The rack has indeed left the halls of justice, but it has taken up its residence on the counters of St. Crispin and kindred saints. Human flesh has become a mere machine—a sort of clay model—for the masters and mistresses of the shears and needles to fit their garments upon. Bone and muscle are secondary in their system; the primary object is to display their "fashions," which, as they are mainly of late of the "grotesque" order, we may class, according to the views of Ruskin's architecture, rather as the *labor* of little minds than the *repose* of great.

So in other things. We no sooner combine utility and beauty, forming an article which is truly excellent in itself, than we abandon it, and content ourselves with some crude novelty, to be discarded in its turn, as soon as it has advanced



1760. THE CHANGES OF FASHION. 1793.

through its several degrees of fashion to any thing like comfortable excellence. An individual who ventures to like what suits and fits him well, in opposition to the novel and fashionable, becomes a pariah at once. He is abandoned of society; lucky if known as nothing worse than an "odd, old-fashioned fellow," and of no more account in creation than a dead leaf. In usual they are doomed to equal consideration with an old hat, substituting a stale joke for the decided kick, either of which is an effectual barrier to the firmament of fashion.

If this love of variety had no other recommendation than to prevent repletion in the purses of the rich, it would still be a social blessing. It feeds, clothes, and houses half the world. It feels the way to artistic perfection, opens the doors to ingenuity, favors invention, and prevents mental stagnation. Costly and annoying to the individual it may be, but to the nation it is beneficial. The very whims of beauty are so much bounty to industry and art. Mere dandyism is the rust of civilization. Like corroded steel, it shows the most where the polish is most brilliant.

Paris is the central star of fashion. Whatever is seen elsewhere is a ray from her light, diminishing in lustre as it recedes from that city. The French under Napoleon, by force of arms, sought to win a universal empire. Failing in this, they have since employed the more subtle weapons of taste and fashion to attain the same end. Their conquests extend with a rapidity that far surpasses the warlike exploits of the "grand Empereur." There is not a race on the globe that does not seem destined to lose its national identities of costumes and habits before the invincible power of French fashions. They have penetrated the huts of the South Sea savages. They march with the rapidity of commerce along the steppes of Central Asia, and have climbed the Chinese wall. The turban of the descendants of the Prophet rolls in the dust before the hat of the infidel. This infiltration of Parisian fashions is seen every where; sometimes with an elegance that rivals Paris itself, but more often with an awkward imitation destructive of every grace of the original. It threatens to subjugate every European costume, however venerable from antiquity or picturesque in effect. The traveler must hasten if he would see what remains of the beautiful or odd in the dresses of the Italian, the national costumes of the Swiss, the furred robes of the Pole, and the medley mediæval civilization of the Asiatic and European tribes that now are ruled by



1820. THE CHANGES OF FASHION. 1850.

the Autocrat of all the Russias. The conquests of the *modistes* are wider than those of the marshals.

A French army of "artistes" have insinuated themselves, as worms into old books and furniture, into every cranny of past civilization. They are rapidly undermining every habit, both of the body and for the body, of the past. At present the adulterine mixture is becoming to neither condition; but before the army of French cooks, dancing-masters, tailors, modistes, coiffeurs, valets, femmes-de-chambres, and mechanics of knick-knackery, every other knick-knackery and fashion not absolutely Parisian in its origin and education is rapidly giving way. Whether this is an incipient stage of the millennium or not, when mankind are to be all brethren, alike in speech, habits, and rule, remains to be seen. This much we know, that French millinery is the dominant power of civilization. England's Queen and Russia's Czar alike acknowledge its supremacy. Parisian fashion, which, like all others, once had a local character of its own, has now become a cosmopolite, making itself equally at home in Timbuctoo as in the Champs Elysées.

Whether the world will gain in picturesque effect by the obliteration of national costumes may well be doubted; but whether French taste has not a wide gulf yet to pass, before it can make any thing graceful and comfortable of the stove-pipe hat, dismal colors, and swaddling clothes to which it dooms its male devotees, is no matter of doubt at all. It is in the infancy of its empire, and has yet much to learn before mankind will acknowledge its sway an easy one. The most that can now be said in its favor is, that in its restlessness it may by chance hit upon some combination which shall reconcile comfort and beauty. But we very much fear, if it succeeded in this, that it would not allow it to live a month.

One secret of Parisian success in the empire of fashion is this: In the past, it cunningly borrowed of all nations every peculiarity that could be turned to account in its own rage for novelty. The Romans admitted the deities of conquered nations into their mythology without scrutiny. Their great scheme of government comprehended every worship, provided it was not purer than their own. Parisians borrowed every hue and cut from rival costumes, and transformed them to their own tastes and purposes. Receiving every



"CLASSICAL COSTUME," 1796.

thing in the beginning, they have ended by giving every thing, and the whole world now looks to Paris as the arbitress of fashion, as the Jew does to Jerusalem, and the Romanist to Rome, for the seat of their religions.

With all this, however, the French once had fashions peculiarly their own. Indeed their empire is of very recent date, and it is well worth our trouble to go back a little, and see by what strange metamorphoses French taste has assumed its present shape. To do this, I shall be compelled to illustrate freely, for two reasons. I detest the technicalities of dress, and if I employed the terms in description, I could neither understand the costumes myself or make them intelligible to my readers; therefore I shall adopt the better plan of letting them see for themselves.

After gunpowder had put an end to metallic armor, the French nobles, by the usual force of contradiction, ran into the opposite extreme, and from iron by the pound on their necks, began to wear



HEAD DRESSES, 1813.



COURT DRESS, 1775.



"L'AGIOTEOR," 1795.

costly lace and ribbons by the yard. This in time subsided into the most elegant of court-dresses, though too effeminate in its character for any but aristocratic idlers. Such was the costume of the perfumed gallants who crowded the ante-chambers of Pompadour and Dubarray. Intrigue was the business of their lives; they looked, acted, studied, and above all dressed with the paramount view of captivating the fairer sex. Dressing therefore was a laborious and protracted operation, which demanded all the powers of the mind. It was well if the gallant who commenced it as soon as he rose from his couch at noon, finished his labor of love by three o'clock. The hands, withdrawn from the night-gloves, must be soaked for a long time in lotions and washes, to remove any discoloration or roughness; the cheeks were to be tinted with carminatives to give a bloom to the complexion, palid from last night's debauch; every envious pimple must be hidden by a patch; the clothes must be perfumed, the linen powdered to overcome the smell of soap. The proper tying of the cravat was the great labor of the day; this performed, the wig and hat properly adjusted, the most captivating attitudes and graces carefully studied before the mirror, and the French noble of the few years before the Revolution was prepared for the conquests of the day. But before this elaborate costume was finally swept away by the Revolution, there was a brief episode of simplicity. Franklin made his appearance at court in a suit of sober brown. All heads were turned. Lace and embroidery and powdered curls were discarded. Straight brown coats and straight cut hair became the mode of the moment.

The habit succeeding this was based upon the old English frock-coat, with its ample and awkward folds, which by some unaccountable freak became all at once the rage at Paris. The Duke de Lauroquais used to say that the English frock-coat gave a mortal wound to the costume of the French noblesse, which speedily degenerated, with its brocade and gay colors, into a disguise for the carnival or a dress for a masquerade ball; while the new costume, which was half adopted by the ladies, became in 1787 as we see it in the cut which we present of the fashions of that year.

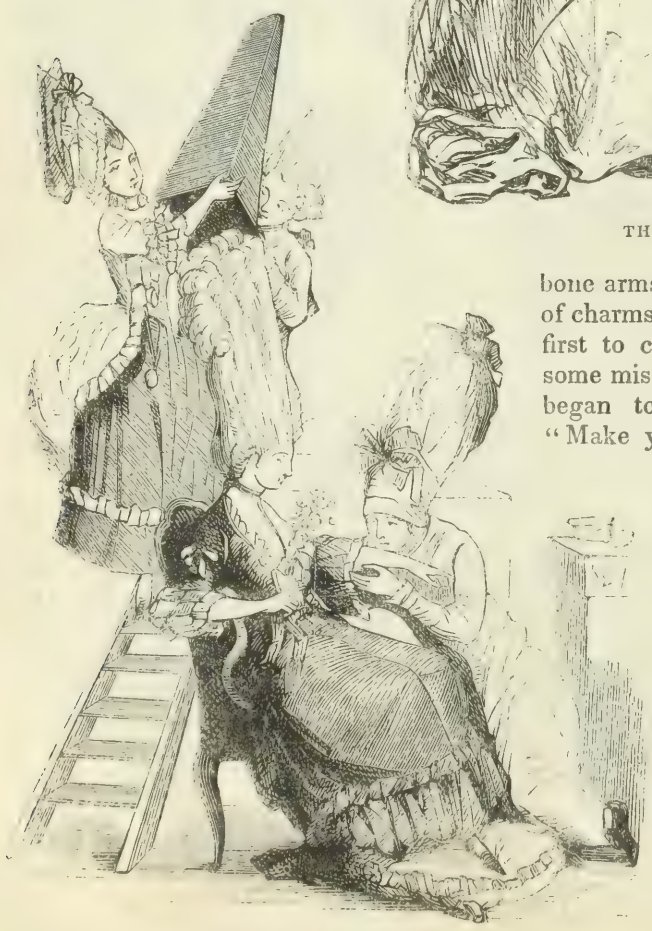
Black, which heretofore had been the obscure color confined to lawyers, authors, and all those who then formed the connecting link between the vulgar and the fashionable world, now suddenly

took a start, and became the "ne plus ultra" of gentility. The pre-eminence then attained by it for gentlemen has been retained to this day, while colors are banished to the street or masquerades. At this time, too, that abomination of abominations for the covering of the head, known as the modern hat, began to assume its present hideous shape, for which the transformer deserves the pains of decapitation. Expensive lace became the passion of the dandies, who piqued themselves upon having a different variety for each season.

It was the fashion also for gentlemen to wear much costly jewelry, as another mode of distinguishing themselves from the plebeian crowd. In 1780 was introduced the singularity of wearing two watches at once, burdened with immense chains. This was also adopted by the ladies. The custom now appears ridiculous, but in reality it is no more so than the present one of loading a vest with a huge bundle of nondescript jewelry — coral and bone arms, legs, and death's-heads—under the name of charms. The Marshal Richelieu was one of the first to carry two watches. One day a caller, by some mischance, threw them both on the floor. He began to overwhelm the Marshal with excuses. "Make yourself easy," replied the veteran of politeness, "I never saw them go so well together before."



THE FASHIONS FOR 1787.



CARICATURE, 1778

The ladies, not to be outdone in extravagance by their lords, turned their attention to their hair, and invented the strangest coiffures. The Roman ladies, in their rage for red perukes, frequently sacrificed their own raven locks altogether, and accumulated several hundred of different shades in a short time. The passion of the French was for white. A caricature of 1778 gives an idea of the height to which they carried their new fashion, which, after all, was not much above the truth.

The chronicles of the day are filled with scandalous stories of the relations



HEAD-DRESS, 1785.

between the grand dames and the artists thus admitted to the solitude and privacy of their bedchambers. The art of the coiffeurs became a great one in the eyes of fashion. A work on the subject was published at eight dollars the volume. The professors became rich and distinguished. The handsome Leonard, who was the coiffeur of the Queen, Maria Antoinette, succeeded in using upward of fourteen yards of gauze upon a single head, which acquired for him a European renown.

The turbans and bonnets of this epoch were equally extravagant. The coiffures of the ladies became so high that the face seemed to be in the middle of their bodies; and the director of the Opera was compelled to make a rule that no lady with a head-dress above a certain height should be admitted into the amphitheatre, because the spectators were unable on account of them to see the stage. If the ladies are induced to class these specimens as "frights," let them consider that in *their* day they were considered equally as becoming as the present styles.

It was in vain that the caricaturists leveled their weapons at these towering head-dresses. "Top-knots" would not "come down." They waxed higher and higher, threatening to rival the tower of Babel; until the Queen was attacked by a violent illness which occasioned the loss of the flaxen locks that had called forth the genius of the coiffeurs. At once down went the towering piles, like castles in the clouds. Every lady at court appeared



HEAD-DRESSES, 1802.

with a flat head. The next great change in ladies head gear was wrought by a philosopher and poet. St. Pierre put forth his *Paul et Virginie*, and all Paris went mad for simplicity and nature. He attired his heroine in simple white muslin with a hat of plain straw. The volatile *Parisiennes* were captivated. Silks and satins, powder and pomatum vanished as if by magic, and from queen to waiting-maid nobody appeared except in white muslins and straw hats.

Geography was ransacked to find names for these remarkable superstructures for the head. Thus there were bonnets *à la Turke*, *à la Autriche*, and, even as early as 1785, America was honored in having one style, called *à la Philadelphie*; finally, the wits or the geographical knowledge of the milliners being exhausted, in despair they christened their last invention the "anonymous bonnet."

Paris, in 1851, no sooner set eyes on the would-be American fashion of Bloomerism, with its short skirts and trowsered legs, than it completely extinguished it by one blast of its all-powerful ridicule. Yet, as long ago as 1772, it had adopted a mode, compounded from the Polonaise, equally as open to objection, so far as scantiness of petticoats was concerned, with the additions of heels several inches



BONNET, 1786.



BONNET, 1786.

in height, and walking-sticks which might easily be mistaken for boarding-pikes.

The extravagance and luxury of the fashionables of both sexes immediately preceding the Revolution, which was destined to engulf them and their fortunes, were such as almost to palliate the excesses of the people who had so long and patiently borne with the heartlessness and vices of the aristocracy. There was a rivalry among the great lords and bankers as to who should ruin themselves soonest for the favorite actresses of the day. Then courtesans rode in their carriages made with panels of porcelain, silver spokes, drawn by six horses, and attended by mounted servants in livery. Even royalty was scandalized and outdone by the magnificence of their equipages, hotels, and houses of pleasure. The nobles, as if with a presentiment of their coming fate, hastened to pour into the laps of their mistresses their entire fortunes, seeking to drown in refined debauchery the thunder of the storm that already began to roll over their heads.

Among the follies which the fashions of this date presented was the confusion which arose between male and female attire. Men borrowed the laces, ruffles, belts, jewelry, and finery of the women. They, in revenge, took the coats, vests, open shirts, cravats, powdered queues, canes, and even cloth frock-coats of the men. The fashion



THE FASHIONS, 1787, '88.

of the male for one month was frequently adopted for the mode of the female for the next. Sexual proprieties in dress were utterly confounded, and this medley of apparel extended in some degree to habits and pursuits. The ladies seized upon the studies and occupations of men. Many of their conquests they have retained to this day, as any one conversant with Paris can perceive.

In the midst of this extravagance came the Revolution. The etiquette and magnificence of the old society disappeared in the vortex of the social whirlpool. Diamonds and lace, flowers and plumes, embroidered coats and satin robes, all the luxurious and costly creations of past fashion, sunk more rapidly than they arose. Fortunes were annihilated in a day. Royalty even put on plebeian shoes, mounted the coarse cap of the worker, and shouted the hollow cry of "*Egalitè!*" Universal brotherhood was on the lips of men, and universal hate in their hearts. Religion and decency fled in affright. It was the advent of *sans-culottism*. For a while, coarseness and vulgarity, under the garbs of equality and fraternity, reigned triumphant. For a time they took the form of *Anglo-mania*. This was before the advent of the "classical" era. The clubbists carried enormous cudgels, wore thick shoes and coarse coats, and in all ways endeavored to transform themselves into blackguards, with the most complete success. The stones of the Bastile were made up into patriotic breast-pins for the bosoms of beauty. Copper buckles replaced the gold and silver of former years. Wealth and fashion, once so inordinately displayed, were now the sure tokens of destruction. Safety was only in abject humility and conspicuous poverty. But French nature, though it could endure the tyranny of political Jacobinism, was restless under the extinction of fashion and obliteration of clean breeches. It soon rebelled, discarding all past inventions, struck out new and tenfold more ridiculous costumes than before. The fashion-plates of that time reveal this rebellion against *sans-culottism* in a thousand comical ways. A view of the rendezvous of the fashionable world, the garden of the famous "Palais Royal," as it existed in 1792, would better illustrate the "cut" of the day than pages of description. The different political parties displayed their mutual hatred, not so much in words which they dared not utter, as in the silent but mocking eloquence of dress. The popular tri-colors and cut and unpowdered hair remained, however, in the ascendency. But neither the horrors of the scaf-



"INCROYABLE," 1796.

fold nor the brutalities of Jacobinism could long suppress the pretensions of the young elegants to dress as they pleased. Indeed, it became a species of heroism, by extravagant finery and outrageous taste, joined to a mincing, effeminate voice, to throw contempt upon the coarseness of their political opponents. The "*jeunesse dorée*" of this period were clerks, young lawyers, and others of equally humble origin, who, having aided in destroying the old aristocracy, now sought to excel them in vice and folly.

Each succeeding year gave origin to fashions if possible more absurd than the preceding. The moral chaos that prevailed in France affected all material things. Dress was not only more or less typical of politics, but illustrative of the classical theories of the times. The military scholar of the school of Mars in 1793, wore a mongrel uniform, invented by the painter David, and intended to be partly Roman, partly Grecian, but which any old legendary or phalanx veteran of Cæsar or Alexander would have indignantly rejected as wholly French.

Upon the overthrow of Robespierre, fashion took for a time a strange turn. A year before men went in red night-caps, and magistrates wore wooden shoes. Now the citizens emulated the times of the Regency in the extravagance if not in the elegance of their costumes. The most popular entertainments were the *bals à victime*. To be admitted to these one must have lost a relative by the guillotine. The dancers wore crape about the arm, and gayly danced in honor of the deceased. It became the fashion to show the profoundest abhorrence of the Reign of Terror. Instead of Robespierre's *tappedurs*, "hard-crackers," young *muscadines*, or dandies, in swallow-tailed coats, with their hair plaited at the temples, and flowing behind in military fashion, made it a duty to knock down any shag-coated Jacobin they chanced to encounter. The ladies, too, expressed their horror of the bloody time in a fashion of their own. The Jacobins had made a virtue of destroying life; the production of life must be



PROMENADE COSTUME, 1801.



BONNET, 1801.



"MERVEILLEUX," 1793.

the grand virtue under the new state of things. Hence in 1794 it was noticed that every fashionable *citoyenne* was either really or apparently far advanced in maternity.

The "*Merveilleuse*" of the same year, by the capacity of her bonnet and the slimness of her skirts, will recall a fashion which undoubtedly some of my readers thought "extremely elegant" in its day, but which would now be likely to consign its wearer to a mad-hospital.

The male specimen of this species was scarcely less remarkable in his choice of attire; while the "*Agioteur*"—a political bully, a blackguard, on a par in principles and practice with some of his kindred who disgrace our republic—wore a costume which, like the stripes of a hyena, distinguished him at once from the more respectable citizen.

The attempt, under the auspices of David, to revive the classical toga, and to model the fashions for the ladies after the costumes of Aspasia and Agrippina, met with but transient success, owing to the severity of the climate—which was particularly unfavorable to bare throats and legs, and transparent muslin. Besides, none but those whom nature had bountifully clothed with charms could with complacency thus dispense with dress. Coughs, rheumatisms, and ridicule, soon extinguished all classical ardor among these few, though many of the fashionable women of the day were willing to sacrifice both modesty and health in their desire to carry back the civilization of the world two thousand years, when silk was worth its weight in gold and cotton an unknown thing. While the fashion lasted its want of adaptation to the climate gave rise to some ludicrous scenes. Thus at the famous "Feast of Pikes," when all Paris was gathered in the open air, a sudden storm of rain came down. The thin muslins with which the females had attired themselves "like the women of the free peoples of antiquity," were soaked through in a moment, and clung closely around their wearers, so that, as the dry chronicler remarks, "the shape was clearly discernible." "Titus" and "Alcibiades" would have been more than human to have refrained from laughing at the spectacle presented by the bedraggled "Clorinda" and "Aspasia."



THE MODE, 1800.

The *coup de grace* was given to the classical fashion by the appearance of a favorite actress in the character of a Chinese girl. Her costume would hardly have been recognized in Pekin; but such as it was it struck the fancy of the town; and the Parisiennes loaded themselves with frills and ruffs, fancying that they were habited *à la Chinoise*.

The classical party were divided into Romans and Athenians, whose simplicity of attire gave rise to another sect in the world of fashion called "*Incroyables*." They protested against the invasion of antiquity by an opposite extreme in dress; so that, what between superfluity of coat collar, cravat, and hat, it was difficult to see that they had any head at all.

At this epoch the confusion, or, more properly speaking, medley of fashions—in which every extreme and incongruity was represented—was at its height. Each taste and political sentiment wantoned in its own masquerade. The liberty of dressing as one pleased for once reigned triumphant. The Jacobins reveled in dirt and dishabille; the classical scholars in nude simplicity; the fops in perukes, powdered heads, three-cornered hats, and hair cut *à la Titus;* the ladies as simple country girls with bonnets *à la butterfly;* robes *à la Cybèle;* chemises *à la Carthaginoise;* in short, *à la* any thing their caprices or ingenuity could devise. Each one strove after originality; and a more extraordinary crowd than that of the streets and salons of Paris under the Consulate the world will never again see. It was fashion run crazy. The world of "ton" were more like the inmates of a mad-house than the rulers of society. Madame Tallien—the beauty of the day—wore *transparent* costumes, in imitation of the Olympian gods. Her stockings were flesh-colored and divided at the toes, on which she carried rings and jewels. Her friend



THE MODE, 1812.

Josephine—afterward Empress—was her rival in fashion. Feminine whims did not stop even at this degree of immodesty, but went to such lengths as I shall not undertake to describe. Suffice it to say that dresses "*à la sauvage*" became in vogue; while the pictures and ornaments openly displayed would have scandalized even the Roman world, and been thought not quite "the thing" in Sodom.

I shall run hastily over the intervening space between that era and our own, depending mainly upon illustrations to show by what changes of cut, and gradations in taste, our present costumes have been formed; and how Paris—having for a while rioted in every species of extravagance that a depraved and licentious taste could conceive—has at last quietly and indisputably assumed the supreme rank in the world of fashion. From being the butt of mankind for her grossness of garments, she has become the arbiter of civilization as to what it shall wear, and how it shall live. Not a rival disputes her sway.

As the Revolution receded so luxury augmented. At the commencement of the present century dress had simplified wonderfully, and the worst features of previous absurdities had disappeared, although it would not be quite safe for man or woman to walk the streets in our day in the attire of that. The grand passion, after the Egyptian expedition, was for India shawls, pearls, diamonds, and lace of the highest price. Men rivaled women in their desires for these luxuries. The debts of Josephine for her toilet in a short time amounted to one million two hundred thousand francs. She had ordered thirty-eight new bonnets in one month; the feathers alone cost eighteen hundred francs. With such an example, the Court followed so rapidly in the path of extravagance that even Napoleon was scandalized, although he had said to his wife, "Jose-



CRAVAT "A OREILLES DE LIEVRE," 1812.



LEG-OF-MUTTON SLEEVE, 1828.

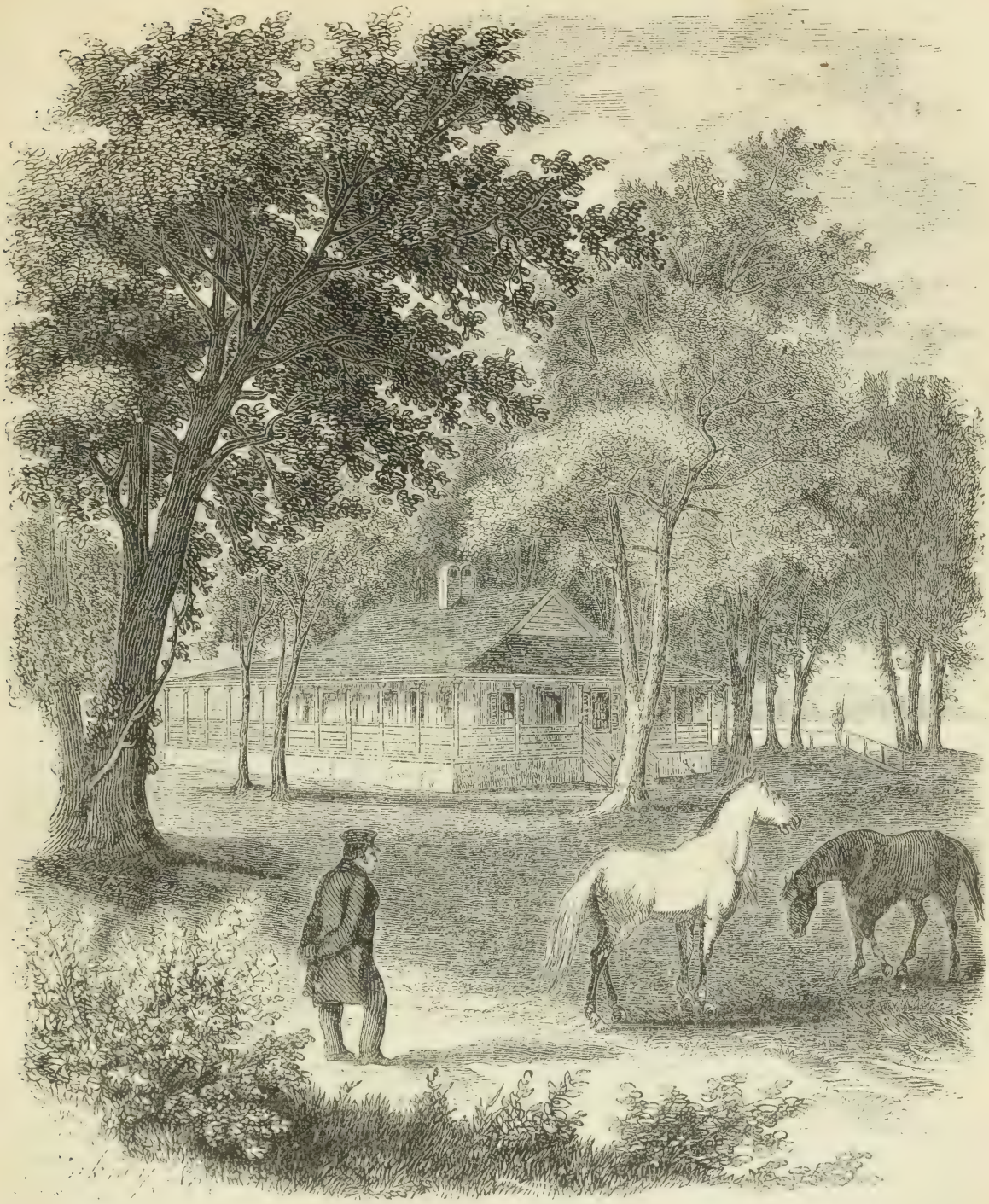
phine, I wish that you shall astonish by the beauty and richness of your dress;" following up the precept with action one day, when she was not clad with sufficient elegance to satisfy him, by throwing the contents of his inkstand upon her costly robe. Josephine owned one hundred and fifty cashmere shawls of remarkable beauty and great price. She offered Madame Murat for one that pleased her fourteen thousand francs.

Judging from the past, nothing admits of greater variety of form than the modern bonnet; while its rival—the male hat—is restricted to the slightest possible variation of its pipe shape. *Now*, the fashionable ladies wear their bonnets merely suspended from the back of their heads, like the outer leaf of an opening rose-bud. *Then*—in 1801—they overhung the forehead much after the manner of a candle extinguisher.

In 1812, the modern hat had assumed the general shape which it has unfortunately ever since retained, and with which it seems likely to make the tour of the globe. The ladies have at times made various assaults upon it, and even attempted to take it into their own possession—a conquest which, luckily for the influence of their charms, they never wholly accomplished. He would be a benefactor to the human race who could invent a suitable covering for the head, which should utterly annihilate the present source of torture and ugliness which surmounts the front of him made in the image of God.

In 1812, the leg-of-mutton sleeve, which descended in its full amplitude to the present generation, was in full vogue; also *low* necks and backs, which have ever maintained their popularity, by a strange sort of anomaly, as *full* dress; while short petticoats—which are so convenient—have been lengthened into untidy skirts that save the street-cleaners half their trouble.

I have brought together, in one tableau, the four principal types of dress that have swayed the fashionable world for the past century. The striking changes therein depicted are indicative of what we may look for in the future. With so plastic a many-colored material as dress, there can be no limits to the varieties of costume.



GENERAL TAYLOR'S RESIDENCE AT BATON ROUGE.

THE brilliant impression that General Taylor made upon the imagination of the people of the Union by his victories of the "8th and 9th of May," has not yet been effaced. There was all the art of a splendid play accompanying the events; there was the mystery that enshrouded his forgotten camp at Corpus Christi, his self-sacrificing march to the Nueces, his call to the people of the country for assistance, the painful rumors that "he had been cut off by the enemy," the dark cloud of deep regret that followed, to be suddenly dissipated by the announcement of battles won, which will ever hold rank among the brightest achievements of our victorious arms. Such again were the preliminaries that ushered in the triumph of Buena Vista. Every thing seemed to conspire to make the event captivating and essentially dramatic.

In addition, General Taylor himself, more than any other of his contemporaries, possessed the qualities of a popular hero: he was a soldier, but he was in his personal habits essentially a citizen; in the storm and hurricane of battle his eagle eye anticipated the triumph—in his tent he was as simple as a child—surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of war, he lived amidst the excitement as a father among his children. In recalling his person there are no plumes, no epaulets, no clanging of arms conjured up; on the contrary, there is simply seen a brave, chivalrous old man, a vivid personation of republican character, one that all feel proud to call eminently American.

Springing as General Taylor did into popular favor with all the perfection and unexpectedness of another Minerva from the brain of Jove, he was hurried in such rapid succession from one triumph to another, and closed his mortal career so unexpectedly in death, that the people never learned much of his private life; and that biography, always so interesting and so instructive, if preserved of the truly great, is probably destined to be lost in oblivion.

With the military services of General Taylor the world is familiar; we would allude, in connection with a notice of his residence, only to some of his characteristics in private life. Soldier as he was, his great passion seemed to be the pursuit of agriculture, and there was no time in his whole history when he did not have his farm, upon the management of which he expended much of his thoughts. The first time we ever saw the "old Colonel"—as he was then called—was on his plantation, directing the labors of some forty or fifty "hands," and the zeal he displayed was quite equal to his manner in the more stirring scenes of his military life. Brought up upon a farm, he retained all the theoretical knowledge of the most practical agriculturist; and from his "head-quarters," whether in Baton Rouge, Florida, or Mexico, he most frequently sent his specific directions to his business agent as to the details of conducting his estate; and he would at any time drop all other subjects of conversation to go into the details of raising wheat or cotton, and grow unusually animated in discussing the value of different kinds of plows. In July, 1848, he wrote as follows: "The subject of farming is one to which I have devoted much of my life, and in which I yet continue to take the deepest interest." Nor could he forget his farmer habits even in times of actual war; for it was his wont in Mexico, while accidentally passing a train, to criticise any impropriety in the adjustment of the harness, or evident negligence in the care of the wagons; and probably one of his greatest pleasures arose from witnessing the military precision which distinguishes the army in the preservation of its *materiel*. Originally, in common with many of the older officers and Indian fighters, prejudiced against the artillery, we can readily imagine that his repugnance was somewhat modified by the magnificent manner with which Ridgely and Duncan brought it upon the field in their afternoon displays; for it was not until it swept the serried ranks of the enemy under his own eye, that he cordially embraced the artillery as the most efficient as well as the most brilliant arm of the service.

The leisure that hangs so heavily upon the hands of the soldier in times of peace, was constantly occupied by General Taylor with the study of books; and no one could be much in his society without being struck, not only with the great variety of his reading, but also by the happy application he made of his acquired knowledge. He was particularly successful in relating illustrative anecdotes, and took pleasure in detailing the thoughts and actions occurring in the lives of the "early Presidents" and statesmen; and he invariably, if necessary, gave his own opinions of what he related with the utmost frankness. His descriptive powers were of the highest order; and his private correspondence, though dwelling upon the most familiar subjects, has kindred excellences with his official papers. A private letter written by General Taylor, partially on the day before, and concluded on the day following the Battle of Buena Vista, and now in the possession of an eminent private citizen of Louisiana, contains passages more eloquent and of more graphic clearness, if possible, than even the official dispatches that announced this greatest of his military victories.

A peculiarity of General Taylor's social habits deserves particular notice, and may with propriety be mentioned here. Throughout his whole life he confined himself to pure water as a beverage. Upon the necessity of temperance he often dwelt, and gave it as his experience that, throughout his long life, he had seldom known an officer or soldier, or any one else attached to the army, to get into difficulty, be cashiered or disgraced, that the primary causes could not be directly traced to indulgence in ardent spirits. Soon after his return from Mexico, he dined with a hospitable planter, who insisted upon his trying his superior wine. General Taylor tasted the Madeira, and instantly followed it by a draught of ice-water, and recovering himself remarked, "That he really was no judge of wine." The first steam-ship that arrived at the Brazos, after the surrender of Matamoras, brought out from New Orleans, as presents, fine brandies, clarets, and ice. General Taylor ordered the whole to be carried to the hospitals to be distributed among the wounded and sick, so little did he care for the commonly considered luxuries of life.

On one occasion General Taylor said, "For more than a quarter of a century my house has been a tent, my home in the field." Such was literally true; yet the old soldier had meanwhile his residence, where lived his family, where centered his affections, where occasionally he stole from the duties of the camp a few moments of domestic repose. A view of that interesting spot, by the genius of Daguerre and the graver's art, is now preserved to the world, and for the first time made a heritage to all who remember with pleasure the old hero it occasionally sheltered, and who has given it an immortal interest by his virtues and exalted career.

It is natural to the reverential mind to take a sad pleasure in visiting the identified homes of the great dead. These residences recall vividly forgotten associations, and afford useful lessons for the living; but there is so much about Montpelier, Monticello, and Mount Vernon that shocks the sensibilities of the admirers of departed greatness, that it may be deemed fortunate that at least one of our "hero Presidents" has left no mansion to go to decay from a nation's neglect, no tomb upon the current of fashionable travel, to be gazed at by the curious tourist, and left each year an

increasingly sad memento of the proverbial ingratitude of Republics.

Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, one hundred and twenty miles above New Orleans, is situated upon the first bluff that is to be met with on the Mississippi, ascending from its mouth. It is on a natural elevation, some forty feet above the highest annual rise, and suggests to the least experienced in military science a commanding place for defense. It was here that the Spaniards in early times erected a fortification, and it was one of the last places held by them of their once extensive possessions, then known as Florida.

Upon the absorption of Baton Rouge and the surrounding country by the Americans, extensive buildings were erected as a garrison for troops, and others for the depository of ammunition and arms, within the grounds belonging to the Spanish fort. These stations and dépôts were for many years the most important upon our southern frontiers; but, by the annexation of Texas, they have become so far in the "interior" as to cease to be much used, save as magazines for military stores.

Directly upon the banks, and near some still visible ruins of the old Spanish fort, was a small cottage-built house, originally inhabited by the proud Castilian Commandant. It is said to have been quite a sumptuous building at the time of its erection, although now it sinks into humble obscurity when compared with the least pretentious private residences in its vicinity. This modest building contained but three large rooms, to which were added, in course of time, a surrounding veranda, and some outbuildings devoted to domestic purposes. Here Colonel Taylor, when ordered to take a command in the army South, refusing the more ostentatious quarters of "the garrison," established himself, and here the members of his family resided, more or less, for the quarter of a century that preceded his translation to the "White House."

Such is the history of what will always be known as General Taylor's residence. At the time of the "Presidential contest," the thousands who traveled upon the great highway of the South and West, the Mississippi, were accustomed to stop their steamers in front of this humble-looking house, and make the welkin ring with exulting cheers; and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm when "old Whitey," grazing in his retirement, would start at the enlivening sounds, and sweep along the bluff in graceful movements, as if cordially acknowledging the honors paid to his master.

A few years more and "General Taylor's residence" will have disappeared. Long ago it was "officially" condemned as worthless, and we know of no circumstances, "even if our army possessed another economic soldier," which would cause him to be stationed at Baton Rouge, providentially as it were, to retard for a few years more the hand of destiny. The engraving presents a faithful picture of the old house, of the old soldier as he appeared after his return from Mexico, and of his two war horses grazing contentedly upon the sward. The thousands who visited General Taylor will recognize the life-like representation. They will remember the ample gallery upon which he received his visitors, the rustic gate through which they entered, to be followed by the hearty salutation so characteristic of the awaiting host.

On the morning of the 23d of January, 1849, General Taylor took his formal leave of the citizens of Baton Rouge, preparatory to his journey to Washington. On that occasion he said, "Gentlemen, I assure you it is with feelings of no ordinary character that I meet with my fellow-citizens on this occasion, many of whom I have known for more than *a quarter of a century*. Had I consulted my own wishes, I should have much preferred to retain the office I am now about to vacate, and have remained among you;" and there can not be a doubt that, while surrounded by the political corruptions of the national capital, the quiet home he had left behind him often rose to his mind, as a haven where he could find that peace and that enjoyment never accorded to the Chief Magistrate of a great nation.

The mortal remains of General Taylor repose in the old family burying-ground of his father. It is one of the simplest and least ostentatious of all the plantation graveyards in Kentucky. To reach it, you have a solitary walk until, coming to a rude inclosure in an open field, you behold a plain vault, the front composed of roughly hewn limestone rocks; and this is all that indicates the resting-place of one of the deceased Presidents of the United States. No monument has been erected to his memory, and his name is not even inscribed upon the vault.

WHOM SHALL WE MARRY?

THE Americans, of all people in the world, are the most connubially inclined. We have little doubt that if the Christian religion inculcated polygamy, our piety in this particular would rival that of Solomon and David, and not be outdone by the lord of the harem, the youthful Abdul Medjid, Sultan of Turkey, or by our fellow-citizen, His Excellency Brigham Young, Governor of the Territory of Utah. Unlike most of the Turks, who, satisfied with the Mohammedan privilege of a plurality of wives, content themselves with the Christian practice of one, we would probably fulfill the law to the greatest numerical extent, and shame, by our willing obedience, the reserve of the recreant Moslem. The juvenile jacket has hardly lengthened into the manly coat, and the down of a nascent beard has cast but the faintest shadow of the coming event of a mustache upon the youthful face, when young America asks, "Whom shall we marry?" Our adolescent, now lusty with youthful vigor, and ardent with the unabated passion of love, stretches out his "marriageable arms" to embrace some sympathetic beauty, and slake his eager thirst in matrimony,

"Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets."

If the connubially disposed be rich, his purse heavy, however light of head or heart, he finds no want of opportunity for investment. His mere presence in the market is sure to attract to him a

mercenary crowd with their enticing commodities of feminine charms, set off with all the display of the latest fashion. No sooner is the arrival of the wealthy purchaser announced than the dealers, eager for a sale, deluge him with advertisements. The "honor of his company is requested"—so runs the stereotyped civility of the trade—at every fashionable establishment in the town. He responds to the polite request, and goes the round of the market. He is dazzled by the display; Circassia, with all its beauties, could not make a fairer show. He feasts upon female loveliness, sucking in sweets that are openly exposed before him, and regaling his imagination with the hidden charms in store for the lucky purchaser. He is invited to touch and handle for himself. He grasps the tender hand of beauty; he embraces the slender waist; he feels the palpitating heart; he inhales the warm breath; he measures the light step; he balances the feather weight. There is not a point, a line, or a movement, which is not fairly submitted to the minute investigation of the curious purchaser. Such we submit as a fair statement of the intimacies of the polkas or the waltzes of our fashionables. We know of no mart in the world—not excepting the slave market of Constantinople in its most prosperous days—where so much beauty abounds, where its charms are so openly exposed and so freely offered for sale, as in our own Christian land.

The American women are certainly the prettiest in the world. If we were Turks instead of Christians, as we profess to be, and were about to furnish the female department of our Mohammedan establishment, we certainly should prefer to lay out our sequins in an investment in the beauties of the United States rather than in any other quarter of the globe. We confess to a gross Turkish view, just now, of woman. We are stocking a Mohammedan harem; we are buying up the finest specimens of the animal, selecting the most perfect forms, the best proportioned limbs, the finest sculptured features, the most delicate complexions, and the highest grace of movement.

In mere physical charms our women undoubtedly excel. It is for the general average, however, of good looks, rather than for those exceptional examples of transcendent beauty, that America is remarkable. It is a stream of female loveliness, sparkling in the sun of life, which, expanding every where, beautifies our land. Nowhere is there such a uniformity of physical excellence. The general high standard of living gives the excellence, and the equality of privilege, the natural result of our republican institutions, fixes the uniformity. This want of variety is no less exhibited by the absence of those surpassing examples of infinite beauty, than by the rarity of specimens of supreme ugliness. Were it not for the floods of foreign humanity, which, however fertilizing to the land, are certainly not beautifying, that pour down upon us, bringing the mud and the impurities of older countries, America might boast itself in beauty pure and undefiled. The deformed figure, the irregular features, the rough skin and raw complexion, the large spreading foot, the thick fleshy hand, are foreign importations. In no country in the world is the foreigner so readily recognized as with us, notwithstanding the rapidity with which he assimilates in habits of life. This is more true of women than of men. An English, a German, or an Irish woman, need not hoist a national flag. She will be recognized at once, to use a nautical phrase, by her ugly build.

The beauty of American women we consider an established fact, a fact of which none seem more conscious than themselves. The Grand Mogul was in the habit, as we are told by some of the old travelers, to take his weight annually. His Oriental Majesty would place himself on one side of the balance, and pour in diamonds and rubies in the scale of the other, and thus, year after year, estimated his value. Our calculating countrywomen follow the Grand Mogul's wise example. They are no sooner ready for a market than they step into an imaginary scale, and balance themselves with gold. There is not a smile but is estimated at a fixed price by the ready-reckoner; and as for virgin blushes, they, according to their rarity, are set down at a sum only to be encompassed by the accumulative imagination of a Wall Street financier. A pretty woman, between fifteen and twenty, is held at so enormous a price, that none but the lucky heir of a fortune, or the millionaire, grown luxurious in old age, who has consumed the whole of youth and the better part of manhood in amassing his millions, can hazard a bid. And it is the latter who, oftener engaged in this matrimonial trade, generally smacks his dry lips over the possession of purchased beauty in its youth and tenderness. The young heir of fortune is more transitory in his enjoyments, and looks only to matrimony as a retreat for tired life in the future.

From fifteen to twenty, then, beauty is a luxury, which, like early peas, is only to be had for money. The score of years passed, when more youthful beauty throngs in to compete, and the failure of the past darkens the prospect of the future, woman may be purchased at a diminished price. There is now no hope of the millionaire, and the beauty of twenty condescends to content herself with the rising professional man already in the enjoyment of a fair income, or the thriving merchant with a good prospect of a fortune in the future. Each revolving year, which lengthens out the maiden meditation, brings the aspiring bride more and more within the bounds of moderate desire; and we have known the would-be mistress of millions, at sixteen, the actual wife and partner, at twenty-six, of a thousand a year.

Sterne says, that there are three epochs in the empire of a French woman: she is coquette, then deist, then *dévote*. We do not believe that the term deist can ever be fairly applied to our American beauties; at any rate, they are never skeptical of their own divinity. Coquettes they always are, and, in advancing age, unquestionably *dévotes*. At thirty or so, unless their beauty has resisted the blight of time by a rare vigor and freshness, they begin to be conscious of the van-

ity of the world. Repentance shows itself with the earliest wrinkles, and devotion to heaven dates from the first neglect of earth. Our women have always been church-goers, and as long as the churches afford such excellent opportunities for the display of the fashions and the graceful exhibition of personal charms, they will continue to be. But we do not believe our youthful beauties, in their prime, are remarkable for their devotion to the duties of religion, beyond a regular appearance, during the season, at the fashionable conventicles where they bend their French hats and prostrate their flowing brocades in genteel worship. When the glow of youth, however, is cooled by experience, and the gloss of vanity tarnished by disappointment, the fashionable maid retires within the shrine of piety. But as the cowl does not make the monk, nor a demure look the pious worshiper, we still find the former fashionable in the full exercise of her worldly accomplishments, and bringing to bear the whole artillery of her coquetry upon the susceptible heart of some widowed parson or unsuspecting young sprig of divinity. The vanities of the ball-room, and all the other empty pleasures of society, are now renounced, and the duties of religion, the practical piety of Sunday-school teaching, and the benevolent offices of working slippers for the clergyman, and condoling with his widowed condition, and the helplessness of his children, are undertaken with an enthusiastic piety that should secure the highest place in the parsonage, if not in the mansions of the skies. If this fail, our fading beauty is left to pine away in solitude, or, saturated in "ancient maiden's gall," to wander restlessly about from tea-table to tea-table, and poison the happiness she can not enjoy.

It would be a profanation to speak of love in connection with this cool, calculating course which we have traced out as the career of our beautiful countrywomen. We are told that young hearts are ever generous, disinterested, and self-sacrificing to imprudence; but we look in vain for the exhibition of conduct which such qualities would prompt. A love-match, for example, is an anomaly in these days of finance. We might put one of the most impatient of our young misses upon a course of French novels for a month, supply her with a perfectly accomplished villain in a Spanish cloak, a Fra Diavolo hat, and beard to match, attach the silken ladder to her bedroom window, bribe the chambermaid, throw a sop to the house-dog, and have a carriage-and-four in attendance, and we are sure the young lady would not be tempted to look out at the casement even. Mothers may quiet their nerves, and fathers may slumber in peace; their daughters are not to be enticed away by any thing short of the cash in hand.

Female sentiment has grown luxurious. It no longer contents itself with the tenure of a cottage and a diet of rose leaves; it must revel in marble halls and fare sumptuously every day. In the romantic ages, it is true, our grandmothers were absurdly sentimental, and the Chloes and Delias talked a great deal of love-sick nonsense, but, withal, the heart was seen to beat beneath its flimsy covering of sentiment. Our worldly-wise daughters eschew sentiment, and take a practical view of life, which closes upon a brown stone mansion in the Fifth Avenue, where they may make a display of that wealth they alone covet. As for their hearts, they are so deeply buried in lucre, that, if not completely crushed by the superincumbent weight, they are too remote for human sympathy.

We have spoken of the mercenary spirit of youth, for it best illustrates the wide-spread famine of the heart with which mammon has afflicted our land. That the old age of a sordid, money-getting career, with the juices of life dried out of its bones by the ardor of gain, its heart withered by the blight of selfishness, and its early desires palsied into anxious fears, should be timid, watchful, and suspicious, is, however melancholy a spectacle, but the natural termination of such an existence—the *caput mortuum* of an attempt to transmute all into gold. That youth should anticipate age in its vices, and be eager for gain, shows the heart not only corrupt but distorted. The natural vices of the young are but the exaggerations of their virtues. Generosity flows into extravagance, confidence widens into recklessness, and passion is relaxed into dissipation. If the young heart, and that of woman, moreover, be dried up in its fountains of love; if the ways of pleasantness and peace, which should lead to the shrine of her affections, where we all would worship, be thronged with the money-changers, and the temple itself desecrated by unholy barter; then, truly, is life but a frightful reality of woe. Are we never to win the sympathy of woman's love? Are there no longer any hearts to be won? Must we toil and moil until, tempered by the hot lust of gain, and beaten by the rude strokes of life, we become so hardened as not to distinguish between the reality and that semblance of love, which is all our women have to offer, and that we, if it be accompanied by a fair show of flesh and blood, are ready to purchase?

Fathers and mothers lead their daughters to the sacrifice. The young victims, decked in the flowers of fashion, gayly dance to the altar, where they willingly offer up heart and affections to avarice; while parent sanctions, and the priest, in the name of religion, blesses the unholy ceremony. The young heart is entombed in gold with all the honors, and the youthful affections hang in withered drapery over the tomb upon which we may inscribe, "Sacred to the memory of the lost heart, dead ere its prime." The skeleton bride is borne to the nuptial couch, while the world looks on in decent reverence.

We have no design upon the heart—even if we knew where to find it—of the daughter, or upon the fortune of any of our wealthy and fashionable fellow-citizens. It matters little to us, in our disinterested bachelorhood, how much fathers are affected by the present alarming state of Wall Street. The ring of *cent. per cent.* is no music to our ears, whether it is set to the tune of thou-

sands or millions. We are not particularly interested—God save the mark!—in the life and prosperity of any bloated millionaire, nor especially anxious for his death, with a view to a share in the cutting up, as the phrase goes, of his remains. Independent as we are, we hold ourselves perfectly at liberty to despise, enviously of course, that filthy lucre for which life and soul are bartered, and these eternal grubbers and sordid hoarders of it. That men will sell the souls of their fair daughters for gold, when they have long since sold their own for copper, is not surprising; but there is a want of fairness in these matrimonial transactions, which is contrary to all the ordinary laws of trade. A man of wealth, possessed say of three or four hundred thousand dollars, marries his daughter. He has early inculcated her, by precept and example, with a reverence for the idol of his worship; he decks her with the expensive gewgaws of fashion; he accustoms her to the habits of profuse expenditure; he, with the aid of Madame Gigaway, or some other Parisian fashioner of female youth *à la mode*, laboriously unfits her for a useful life, by furnishing the chambers of her mind with the tawdry furniture of fashion, where substantial knowledge and plain common sense are never guests. The spoiled maiden, though fair to outward show, is married. There never was a prettier bride, more richly attired. Her vail from Paris; her robe of the glossiest and thickest white satin; her diamonds a present, probably, from her betrothed; her *trousseau*, with its treasures of silk, fine linen, and genuine lace; the wealth of presents, mostly contributions of friends and relations; the jewels and plate; the golden-leaved and heavily-clasped Bible "from her affectionate father, with the blessing of God," are delicately exposed to stimulate the emulation of rival donors, and become the talk of the town for a week. Papa resigns his daughter with a kiss, hands a check, perhaps for a thousand dollars, perhaps for two or three, to his son-in-law, with the express understanding that it is to be laid out in rosewood and damask. The respectable parent now buttons his pockets, congratulating himself that one of his family is off his hands, and his current expenses diminished by a thousand dollars per annum, more or less. The shrewd tradesman never made a better bargain, in all his wide experience, in Pearl Street. By a small investment of two or three thousand dollars, he saves the annual interest of some fifteen or twenty thousand. A splendid transaction, which does credit to the head of the knowing calculator, and is the very best disposition he could have made of his daughter for the advantage of—himself. The practice of marrying children without dowries began in this country, when daughters and large fortunes were scarce, and it has been continued until now, when both are comparatively abundant. When habits of life were simpler with us—when it was cheaper to live and easier to support a wife—there was no occasion for any aid from the father-in-law. Now, however, the ability to sustain a family, in consequence of the luxurious and expensive requirements of living, is not easily acquired, and seldom at an age when men should marry. The withholding of the dowry is another obstruction, in addition to the inordinate desires of luxury, to those early marriages which are essential to virtue, as they are in accordance with the instincts of nature. The laws of the country, says Goldsmith in one of his Essays, are finely calculated to promote all commerce but the commerce between the sexes. Our stock-jobbing patriarchs are never content to invest a sum, or place a daughter, without a very considerable shave by which they may be gainers at the expense of the needy.

One very obvious result of the pecuniary spirit which controls the union of the sexes is a frightful increase of old maids. We know a respectable old gentleman who has six daughters on his hands, each one of whom has gone through the several phases of budding, blooming, and fading belle. The aged patriarch, surrounded by his maiden daughters, is like some old oak, with decay at its roots. He looks as if there had been vigor enough in him to have propelled his life-blood into a perpetuity of forests, yet his roots, vigorous and tough enough in their original structure, are, instead of giving off-shoots in some new soil, still clinging to the parent stock, and drying and decaying from mere want of congenial nutriment. The old gentleman is rich, and his note circulates in Wall Street as currently as a new eagle fresh from the mint, while his domestic stock stagnates in the Fifth Avenue like the Russian loan in Europe, or the Schuyler issue of New Haven "in the street."

No expense was spared in accomplishing his daughters; Madame Gigaway's indispensable services were secured for the "finishing polish;" the aid of the fashionable milliners, the confectioners, and the Browns of the day, was obtained, without regard to expense, for the suitable "coming out." Season after season parties were given, and invitations accepted, and every maid of the six of the house ran the gauntlet of matrimonial expectation for a succession of years. The millionaires, however, being few, and the greedy bidders many, the marriageable men of promise, in the professions and trade, being busy and discreet, and the parsons shy, the six daughters have passed their bloom of life, in spite of the restless activities of avaricious papa, enterprising mamma, and the costly assistance of the Gigaways, and all the camp followers of intrepid fashion, and now pine away in single misery, without even a prospect of the benefit of clergy—that forlorn hope of the maiden sisterhood. How many young men, who, at an early stage of the career of the six sisters, had nothing but their intellect and virtue to recommend them, and who, of course, were never looked at, or scared away by a sneer at their poverty, have since become prosperous, and wealthy enough now to be eagerly caught at by the greedy pursuers of fortune. When shall we ever have in New York an illustration of Hogarth's good apprentice marrying his master's daughter? If our mer-

chants and traders, instead of staking their children's all at the red and black of those gamblers, Fortune and Fashion, where the *noir* turns up nineteen times out of twenty, would bring into the conduct of life some of the shrewd maxims of the shop or the counting-house, there would be less disappointment and more happiness. Absurd old hucksters in dry goods and hardware, don't shut up your common sense with the close of the ledger for the day, but take it home with you in the evening; eschew fashion, its follies, its risks, and its failures, and, instead of decking your daughters with the sham flowers of fashion, and throwing them into that grave of the affections, the fashionable world, keep them at home, where they may grow up in the grace and proportion of fair columns of that temple of the affections; bring to your home the young merchants and clerks with whom you have some sympathy in common, and where, by your fireside, surrounded by your daughters, youthful hearts may hold communion, and be knit together in the strength of holy love. We need not enlarge here—for it does not come within the compass of our present purpose—upon the obvious effect of this miserable money-seeking policy upon the male sex. The young men are driven to the loose pleasures of the town, the debauchery of illicit relations, or the restricted life of perpetual bachelorhood, while a puny offspring, bred of doting old age or idiotic youth of wealth and fashion, is the only hope of a coming generation.

What kind of wives does the system produce? It might be naturally inferred, that when our young ladies marry a brown stone house, a carriage, and the other perquisites of a wealthy establishment, with an aged proprietor to boot, that, having satisfied their avarice and love of display, they keep their hearts in reserve for a lover to whom they dispense their fondness as liberally as they draw upon the purses of their husbands. The wicked *Charivari* entertained us, not long since, with a characteristic lithograph, drawn by the free hand of Cham, where two young ladies were represented comparing notes about their suitors. Rose says to Blanche: "How many suitors have you?" "Two," answers Blanche, "A and B." "Which one do you love?" resumed the fair interrogator. "A," answers the innocent beauty. "Then of course you will marry B," replies Rose, with the wisdom of the serpent. This was in Paris, and what is true of that profane Babylon, is of course false in this Christian community. Notwithstanding the sly innuendos and sneers of our town cynics, and the open boasts of our would-be rakes, we believe our wives are virtuous. Their practice is, we feel quite confident, much better than might be naturally inferred from their matrimonial principles. Whether it is virtue or insensibility we do not know, but we hope it is the former which justifies the wisdom of our children. There is, however, a reckless freedom among our married women of fashion which entertains the approach of unlicensed suitors with a disregard of appearances and the happiness of a husband, which, to say the least, has the semblance of vice, and is decidedly uncomfortable to their wedded lords,

If the morals are not loose, the manners of our women are certainly easy. There is no country in the world where such unrestrained intercourse between the sexes before marriage is allowed as in the United States—an inalienable republican right which the women never surrender. There is an innocent freedom from suspicion, on the part of parents, and a rollicking enjoyment of the license they possess on the part of daughters, which are as charming to the lovers of nature as they are convenient to the experienced in art. This freedom began early in this country, dating back to the patriarchal times of our earliest settlement, and was consonant with, as it was secured by, the simplicity of life of our ancestors. Debauched Europe could not understand it at all. When Jerome Bonaparte was the brother, as he is now the uncle of an Emperor of the French, and was in the lustiness of his youth, though not inexperienced in the ways of the world, he visited, as we all know, the United States. While in Baltimore, before he had concentrated his affections in matrimony, he wandered from flower to flower in that garden of beauty. The prince was a favored visitor every where. On one occasion, being invited as a guest to a ball, a young belle, yet in her teens, called for him, and invited him to a seat at her side in the paternal carriage in which she lounged unattended. The prince joyfully accepted the invitation, and had hardly seated himself by the side of beauty and innocence, when he showed by his ardent admiration of the charms of the former, how incapable he was of appreciating the simplicity of the latter. The young girl expressed her indignation, and, discharging her companion, drove home and invoked the aid of a brother in the emergency. The Prince was called to account, and was ready with an apology. In France, he said, he would have lost his claim to gallantry if he had acted otherwise; but, upon his faith as a Frenchman, the Prince continued, he would not have treated the young beauty as he had done, had he not supposed that was what she expected, and the express object of her visit. He acknowledged, with a shrug of the shoulders, that he was a *bête*, and ought to have known that old Europe was one thing, and new America quite another. Such was the virtue and simplicity of our American grandmothers. Their beautiful descendants have lost nothing, we are sure, of their ancestral virtue, but have become much more knowing, If they should take up a Prince, and a Frenchman, they would know what to expect.

The fast young lady is one of the developments of female liberty. Young and handsome she is, of course, and brim full of vitality. Daring and dashing, she does a thousand extravagant things; but youth and beauty lend such a grace to all she does, that we are attracted more than is quite right for our prim propriety to acknowledge. From the very first, she is vailed by no maiden

blushes, and checked by no coy shyness, but boldly faces the world and rushes into its embrace. She becomes known every where; she is at every ball of the season and every party of the night. She is as familiar to the frequenters of Broadway as the Astor House. Her reckless doings are on every tongue: How she was at six parties in one night; how she kissed young Dalliance in the ball-room, out-drank him in Champagne at the supper-table, and smoked one of his cigars on her way home. She is indefatigable in her coquetry: while revolving in the arms of one beau, she will illuminate another by her bright glances; her hand will return the warm pressure of a devoted admirer, while her little foot is busy in its intimate confidences with his rival. In the race with fashion, our fast young lady is always ahead. If red is the prevailing color, she will flame in scarlet; if it is permitted to display the shoulders, she will reveal to the waist. Her daring spirit is always flying beyond the verge of decorum, and hovering in the dangerous neighborhood of vice.

Wives, we are inclined to think, are less eager to enjoy their independence than to assert it. They do not cast off altogether the ball and chain of their matrimonial bonds, but show themselves so restless, that they keep their legal guardians in a state of constant suspicion and anxiety, lest they should escape and fly to the refuge of the bosom of some of their numerous admirers.

Our women seek publicity, and love to display their charms to the curious gaze of every passer-by. They choose the most frequented streets for their promenades, and are not shy of showing off their most attractive points, made conspicuous by all the ingenious arts of cunning fashion and meretricious address. The presence in the public streets, the languid walk, the yielding figure, the well-assured countenance, and the bold eye of our women, are noted by every stranger. Steadiness under the fire of the gaze of man, supposed to be the result of matrimonial discipline only, is exhibited by American wives in perfection, and somehow or other seems to be precociously possessed by our single women.

The fondness of our fashionable folks for fine feathers is far famed. A *marchande des modes*, who entices our wives and daughters, with her luxurious displays of the fashions, at No. — Broadway, and frightens fathers and husbands by the enormity of her bills, tells us, that in her annual visits to Paris, her difficulty is not in finding what may be tasteful and beautiful, but what may be sufficiently costly to suit the sumptuousness of American prodigality. Every sovereign republican must be clothed in purple and fine linen. Royal magnificence of drapery is barely sufficient for the splendid loins of our Dives. Ostentation here shrugs its shoulders at the mantle of foreign grandeur. Our informant tells us, moreover, that the scope of Parisian modes is not sufficiently broad to suit the expansive views of cis-Atlantic fashionables. Her imagination, she declares, is constantly on the stretch, to make what is fashionable more fashionable still. If an inch is assumed abroad, an ell is insisted upon here. If low necks and short skirts prevail in Paris, the former must descend to the waist and the latter rise to the knees in New York. We will not disclose all the revelations made, *entre nous*, by Madame Crinoline, our ingenious friend and cunning adorner of the New York ladies, the abovementioned *marchande des modes;* but we can, we think, without an abuse of confidence, state generally, upon the word of honor of Madame, that the American ladies are *more made up* than any other women in the world. We had taken occasion to remark upon the improved health, the increased development of our beauties. With a smile at our simplicity, and a shrug of her French shoulders to indicate her own superior knowledge, Madame, with a coolness of an experienced anatomist, set about dissecting a beauty for us, and did it so clearly and satisfactorily, that we must have been dull not to have understood, and foolish not to benefit, to the end of our lives, by the revelation. There is the *robe en soir*, with four additional breadths, and wadded here, there, and every where; there is the silk *jupon*, the hair cloth, the flannel, the linen, the cotton, the—, but we dare not follow Madame in her bold inroads upon the precincts of beauty. Let it suffice, that we exhausted the numerical capacity of our ten fingers in calculating *jupons* only, without taking account of innumerable other ingenious artifices for enlarging the sphere of beauty. When Madame had technically described, with the minutest accuracy, every contrivance of female art, and had reached the precincts of nature, I asked, "What then?" "*Ma foi, rien de tout, que la peau et la squelette*," was her answer. The practical experience of Blubberly, a married acquaintance, confirms the theory of Madame. Blubberly was always carnivorously disposed, and as he is rich, he had his choice of the first specimens of flesh and blood in the market. So he chose a wife for her substance; but not having consulted Madame Crinoline, as we have done, was sadly taken in in the bargain, and found himself the possessor of a large bulk of Madame's art and a very scant supply of nature. "I thought I had forty stone at a small computation," groaned Blubberly, "but, by all that's true, there is no more flesh upon her than upon the picked carcass of a spring chicken."

We have no better reason for denying intellect to our women of society, than the entire want of evidence to prove its existence. In their empty career of show and frivolous occupation, a prospect never opens to the better life of thought and of earnest purpose. Hour succeeds hour in languid succession, while the wearied pursuer of exhausting pleasure sinks in a mortal lethargy, cheered by no spark of heavenly flame, and enlivened by no vital current of intelligence. Our young ladies have been to school, but their intellectual culture is as scant as their knowledge of the wicked world is abounding. Five years at Madame Gigaway's is indispensable, for it is expensive, and the wealthy Mr. Smith and the distinguished Mrs. Jones send their daughters there.

We are puzzled to discover what they learn beyond an intimate acquaintance with the personal history and position of the parents of their fellows. They can glibly tell you who is in the wholesale, or who is in the retail business; whether Miss A.'s father lives in Fifth Avenue or East Broadway; whether Miss B.'s house is a four-story brown stone mansion or a two-story brick front. They have already settled the gentility and the expectations of every girl in the school, and are, at the earliest age, devout worshipers of the golden idol. Their substantial acquirements are such, that not one in twenty can indite a billet-doux without the aid of a dictionary, and their arithmetic is puzzled by the washerwoman's bill. If you meet them in society, and, taking them for rational beings, start some subject of conversation which bears upon politics, literature, or art, they stare at you with stupid amazement, or laugh outright at you as a pedant or a clown unacquainted with polite society. As for literature, they have not enterprise enough to study current history in the daily papers, and only spell through some popular ephemeral book, when it has become, by a lucky accident, the talk of the town. Art ranks with them somewhere between cabinet ware and upholstery, and they estimate a picture as they do a damask curtain or a rosewood table, according to the show it makes in the drawing-room. Woman, from her intellect and vigorous culture, is said to be a power in France, and Napoleon had more fear of Madame de Staël than of combined Europe; here the sex is impotent and harmless in every respect but in its folly, and is composed, not of De Staëls, but of just the kind of women the Corsican tyrant would have cherished to debauch and enslave the land which he subjected to his iron rule.

These butterflies of fashion—

> "All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
> The silly tenants of the summer air,
> In folly lost, of nothing take they care,"

flutter forth only in the glare of vanity and display. In the sober atmosphere and subdued light of home they are torpid and useless. The quiet virtues of the household, the domestic duties, the humble utilities of a housewife's daily life, are quite beneath our fine ladies' attention. These bring with them merely the reward of a good conscience, the happiness of a husband and family, the goodly influence of a virtuous life.

As long as we can hire good cooks for twelve dollars a month, we have no desire to have our broth spoiled by the interference of the ten pretty fingers of our wives. The turn of the spit, and the boiling of the pot are, however, by no means contemptible influences in the happiness of life, and should not be lightly contemned by woman. Rousseau was, as we all know, so full of sentiment that he fairly boiled over, and not only blubbered outright himself, but had all France blubbering with him for a score of years. Now, while the author of Heloise was puling in his books, and theorizing about his heart, he did not fail practically to realize his possession of a stomach, and took to his home a skillful caterer to its wants. Therese, who lived with Rousseau nearly half a century, had, according to the united testimony of all his contemporaries, only one good quality to recommend her, and that was her skill in the kitchen. Cooke, the actor, was so charmed with a beef steak at the old Tontine Coffee-house, in this city, that he swore he would marry the kitchen wench who cooked it, and kept his vow. We can assure our fair dames that better lessons of the heart can be learned from Miss Beecher's cookery book than from the Sorrows of Werther.

There is one manœuvre on the part of our ladies which we here, in the name of manhood, protest against, and that is the ingenious one of shifting their own burdens upon the backs of their husbands. Nineteen out of twenty of the once proud cavaliers of our queens of beauty are broken down into mere domestic drudges. They do four-fifths of the family duty—go to market, select the dinner, leave the orders at the grocers, stop on their way down town at the intelligence office, leave word for the sweeps, go at midnight after their wives to bring them home when they are sated with pleasure and dissipation abroad, keep house in the dog-days in town, while their fashionable spouses are coquetting at Newport or Saratoga, run after the doctor at all hours, and spend the better part of the winter nights in nursing the baby. If this is to continue, we might better transfer one of those painted, well-stuffed, and elegantly-dressed wax figures which revolve in Trufitt the barber's window, to our drawing-room, and dispense with an American wife.

We might have sermonized upon the danger to society from the character, or rather want of character, of our fashionable women, for of them we have been speaking, and not of the fair daughters of America whose simpler life is an honor to the land. but we have preferred drawing a series of portraits which may aid the inexperienced in answering the question which we confess our inability to do—

WHOM SHALL WE MARRY?

THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

IN 1769, the Society of Friends comparatively was a new one, and the strictness of its members in regard to dress and manners was quite unmodified, and remarkable even in that period of formality and decorous observances. Many, very many, good and noble hearts have lain hidden beneath the uncreased broadcloth and dove-colored silk of Friends, and so many singular things have come to my knowledge, what I am now going to tell, though it must be regarded as a deviation from the ordinary state of things in Quaker families, will, I trust, be regarded in this light—that there is no rule, or set state of things, but there is an exception. My exception to the usual frigidity and formality of young female Friends was a young girl of that sect whom I came to know, named Martha Clifton. How I came into possession of some strange passages in her life, it is not essential to tell, nor for my readers to know—suffice it that what I relate are facts, and having outlived the dear and sweet lady who

is the subject of my story, as I think it interesting, I mean to relate it. Among the many beautiful girls I have seen in my time, I never saw any one who surpassed Martha Clifton. Somehow the rigid Quaker dress only lent added charms to her noble simplicity of beauty. You might as soon have thought of decking out one of those young Roman women (whom "Little Mary" reads about sometimes in her history-books) in furbelows and ribbons, as to wish Martha's dress any thing but just what it was. Sooth to say, our young "Friend" knew well enough how to attire herself, and to contrive that the tasteless form of her dress should be so disposed as to enhance her exquisite face and figure. Her parents occupied a large sad-looking mansion opposite our house, so that I had frequent opportunities of studying the "Quaker beauty," as our pert needle-women would call her, and I observed that her thick silks and satins, nay, even sober camlets, were always of the most becoming colors—dove, silver gray, rich brown, or, on festive occasions, spotless maiden white. She was but eighteen when I first began to observe her, though she looked grave and sedate enough for forty—but the snows of Etna cover fire. Inclined by her natural taste to love intensely the ideal and beautiful, she was restrained from such indulgences by the cold and frigid habits of her society; still her imagination was sometimes gratified by the composition of poems, which were of no mean order. Such a mind, you may be sure, stagnated amidst the formal and joyless life of Quakerism. She knew herself to be fair; she could scarcely help it, when every passer-by confirmed the knowledge with his admiration, and even the cool and sober "Friends" vied with each other in the endeavor to gain her love; but Martha Clifton was hard to please where love was concerned, and believed her heart to be insensible to the passion; yet the fire was but smouldering, to burst forth with increased intensity when fairly kindled. She believed it could not be possible for her to love one of her own sect. Quakers, she used to remark, were so fond of personal comfort, that she feared their selfishness was too great ever to allow them to love any but themselves. She was mistaken though, as so many of us are, when we attempt to decide on our future course. Scarcely had she known Everard Wilson one week, when she knew that her destiny had arrived. He was a young and very handsome Quaker, who had gone in his boyhood to Philadelphia, from whence he had not long returned. Like Martha, his eager and intelligent mind soared far beyond the narrow limits of the society, but he had dared to go further than the fair "Friend," and had read worldly books extensively. It was only necessary for Martha and himself to have an opportunity of conversing, unheard by their elders, to discover that they were indeed kindred souls. That discovery soon led to another, namely, that their hearts also were indissolubly united; and the course of their love, the depth of which was known truly but to themselves, ran smooth enough. Martha was the only child of a wealthy house, Everard of a family high in the commercial world. When they were united, nothing that luxury—though clothed in the forms of the severest simplicity—could give, was wanting, and Martha was radiant with happiness; and in her plain garb of pure white silk, with no trimming or ornament, which she wore on her wedding-day, I think a lovelier creature could not have been seen in Queen Charlotte's own court.

Yes! the fair Quakeress married, went to her new home, and for a long time I neither saw nor heard any thing of her, save such odd scraps as Christiana Marcourt gleaned now and then from Ruth Clifton, Martha's grave and quiet mother (my forewoman went there now and then with some of the Brussels net, which the female Friends of the wealthier classes used for kerchiefs and aprons), and that was little enough. Whenever I thought of my former beautiful neighbor, it was to imagine her in the enjoyment of cloudless happiness; but I reckoned too fast. Five months after Martha's wedding-day, as I sat at the window one day at work, a plain coach drew up to Friend Clifton's door, and from it, received by her father and mother, came forth Martha Wilson, oh, so changed, so wan—thin, even to meagreness, so that it was with difficulty I satisfied myself that this was the beautiful girl whom I had seen go from her father's house, even as a bride. Still her altered appearance and her quantity of luggage convinced me that something was wrong in that Quaker *ménage*; for allowing Martha a plenitude of filial affection, still, from all I had heard, I knew the formality and want of genial feeling in her paternal home to be ill suited to her taste. It was a long time after that I found out the truth of my surmises, and the events which, having after a few months of married life caused a separation, and return of the young wife to her parents' roof, made some commotion among the body of "Friends," connections of both parties. Martha Wilson had scarcely been settled in her own handsome and comfortable residence, than she discovered that her husband was absent many hours from his home, when business she well knew had no claims on his time. Great absence of manner, too, marked his conduct; still Martha was long ere she suspected that her husband's affections were no longer hers. There was not on his part less kindness, when present; but this grew a thing of such rare occurrence, that not merely her days, but her evenings were solitary. Still her mind was unawakened to jealousy, till an anonymous letter—one of those deadly firebrands in domestic estrangements—arrived one day, and informed Martha that her husband was daily in the habit of visiting a young female in an obscure street; that he was even in the habit of accompanying this woman to places of public entertainment, more especially the Opera House, where he might be seen in a certain box, dressed in the garb of the world, and listening to the divine strains of Belleroni and Staffonini. It was Martha's misfortune that, instead of taking this precious epistle to her husband, she chose rather to muse and brood over the information it contained, till her brain became fermented and her

reason warped. She unhesitatingly believed the calumny. This belief was confirmed, by finding in her husband's linen-drawer a pair of soiled white gloves—things certainly not worn by any of the Society of Friends. To her jaundiced eye this was sufficient proof. The young wife assumed a coldness equal to what she felt to be her injuries. A wild thought took possession of her brain; pondered on, it became more and more tangible—what was it? Why, that she, too, would don gay clothes, visit the house of sin, and with her own eyes behold if the husband of her choice was there, partaking with her favored rival these worldly snares and vanities. And Martha truly thought them thus, for though latitudinarian as a Quaker, still she went not to the extreme of longing after stage-plays, and such like vanities and temptations. Her inner life was still pure and intellectual. If this presumed slander proved to be a truth, her fate was decided. This resolution formed, she felt impatient till it was acted on. As her maid Rachel could by no means be trusted, Martha had to undertake the difficult arrangements of this matter herself. She availed herself of the excuse that she required choice nets, to visit the house of a fashionable *modiste*, and requesting to speak with the principal, she ordered (not without much confusion, as she marked the smile of the dressmaker, a Frenchwoman) a suit of clothes proper to appear in at the scene of gayety, which she was now quite determined to invade. She requested that the dress and a large gray mantle, with which she meant to hide it from the eyes of her staid household, should be sent by a messenger to her house. She took good care to be in the way when it arrived, and conveyed the strange habiliments to her own apartment. That very evening she had ascertained there was to be an opera, at which their majesties were to be present, and she had, through the means of the foreign woman, the dressmaker, obtained a ticket, which was inclosed with the dress. She had, in her own phraseology, "determined to go forth to the house of Belial" that very night. Now, in a Quaker household, such a resolution was not easy of accomplishment; but Martha had seriously resolved, and she determined to brave all. After the three o'clock dinner, which, as usual now, passed in silence, Everard Wilson retired to his room, and soon after went out: stung to the quick, she also went to her own apartment, locked the door, lit the candles herself, and unfolding her finery, surveyed it with any feelings but pleasurable ones. In another hour's time she looked at the time-piece, and perceived it was six o'clock. The opera began, she was told, at eight. She reluctantly proceeded to clothe herself in the costly garments, in which for the first time, the only time, she would enter the world of fashion. The pale-blue satin sacque, over a petticoat of the color "maiden's blush," the costly Mechlin lace which adorned the robe, the gipsy-looking cloak and hood of Murrey velvet which served to adorn, not conceal this exquisite toilet, enhanced Martha's perfect beauty so greatly, that for a moment she forgot the cause of this strange metamorphosis, and gazed, enchanted. The gray Cashmere went over all, and a black silk whalebone hood, and then she rang the bell, and desired her maid to bid them call a hired chair. Rachel obeyed, not without a look of surprise. Telling her woman that she should be late home, she stepped into the sedan, and the Irish chairmen bore her away. The adventure was fairly commenced, it must be finished, and in a short time she would enter the temple of Apollo alone. Yes, alone; she had forgotten till now that even the daughters of the world usually went into public with a cavalier to attend on them; she felt the color rush into her face, as she was ushered to a seat in the pit, which then, as now, was the resort of the Macaroni, and such of the citizens' wives as affected, in spite of not comprehending Italian music, a taste for this fashionable amusement. Martha could not fail, in spite of her extreme perturbation, to perceive that she was an object of the general gaze, and murmurs reached her ear which made her sink into the nearest seat she could find. Not daring to look up, she bent her eyes on her fan, wishing devoutly for the Cashmere cloak which she had left behind in the sedan chair. Her great beauty and unprotected appearance led the gentlemen around to regard her with an impertinent curiosity, and the ladies with an affected shrinking. The universal opinion being, I am sorry to say, in spite of her modesty, youth, and timidity, that she was any thing but a woman of reputation. Such was the predicament into which the pure, retired young Quakeress had involved herself. The opera had commenced, but she attended to nothing on the stage. Her eyes, when, indeed, she mustered sufficient courage to raise them, were busily employed in making a survey of that brilliant assemblage. Suddenly her eyes dwelt on a box on the second tier, in which a young girl of exquisite beauty sat conspicuously forward. Further back, dressed *à-la-mode*, sat Martha's husband. "Yes, it was truth, then; she was glad she was there to confront him; glad that she sat there a living witness of his shame." She gazed for some minutes on the pair. The young girl cast her brilliant eyes about the house—she seemed as if seeking some one amidst the splendid throng.

Everard, on his part, appeared to be absorbed in constantly watching her, though apparently he seldom spoke. At length Martha, who had gazed at this sight till her woman's heart, burning with excitement, she could bear it no longer, rose up and abruptly quitted her seat. Some of the beaux who were lounging about started up also, and, to her extreme vexation, she was surrounded by offers of assistance; she hardly knew what impulse caused her to take the arm of the least obtrusive, but she did so, saying, in her formal phraseology (to which being accustomed, she could not, under excitement and irritation, alter to more conventional forms), "Friend, I accept thy proffered assistance; be respectful, I entreat thee, and convey me to yonder small compartment—that one hung with scarlet, wherein thou seest that fair but shameless woman." You may guess the amazement of the votaries of Fops' Al-

ley at hearing this Quaker language; but though conceited and a fashionable lounger, the young man addressed had still the feelings of a gentleman; so quietly clearing the way from his contemptuously-smiling companions, he said, with some respect, "Depend on me, madam; you honor me by trusting me," and in a very short space of time they arrived at the box-door. Calling the box-keeper, the young nobleman, for such he was, signed to him to open the door; he was obeyed, and on Martha thanking him, he bowed and rejoined his friends below, who were engaged in an animated discussion as to the pretty Quakeress in disguise. As the box-door opened, Everard Wilson turned, and I will not attempt to depict the expression on his face as he, with some difficulty, recognized his wife. "Thou!" said he, knitting his brows; then taking her by the wrist, he led her toward the door. "Martha!" he exclaimed, "dost thou understand thine actions? art thou departed from reason? This dress? Oh, shame! that thy husband should blush for thee."

"Shame on thyself," said the exasperated wife. "Darest thou to confront me, thou and thy shameless paramour?"

The young female, who had hastily drawn the curtains, and had sat apparently much amazed at this scene, and who, with her eye-glass directed toward the excited Martha, seemed likewise considerably amused, burst at this crisis into a loud laugh. She was about to address Martha, when Everard laid his hand on her arm.

"Silence," said he, "I will not have *her* addressed by thee—dost thou understand? not *one* sentence." Then turning to the disgusted and alienated wife, "Woman," he said, "I am thy husband; on thy duty I *command* thee to depart home. This is no time or place to explain, if I even chose to do so—but I do not. Come, I will assist thee to thy conveyance. Edith," to the strange female, "do thou remain here—alone—mark me. I trust thee for a few short moments; let me not on my return find myself deceived;" so saying he took his wife's hand and led her out, resistless, powerless, stupefied with combined anger, terror, and apprehension. As one in a dream, she suffered him to lead her; then as Everard dispatched a messenger for a chair, she demanded if he meant to leave the "Woman of Belial," and depart with her?

"I do not," said Everard; "my duty leads me to remain here: ask no questions, for I shall answer none. Thou hast much transgressed this night, and it will need all my love to accord thee pardon."

"Thou," said Martha, "pardon me! I thank thee; thou hast said well; henceforth join whom thou wilt. —— Street," she said to the chairmen, as, repulsing Everard's assistance, she entered the sedan; the bearers went on, and Martha, in the midst of her indignation, was reminded by her chilliness that she had lost the wrapping in which she came, so that she would have to enter her own house in her assumed dress was very evident. When the chair stopped at her own home, she gave orders to the men that her women should bring a cloak out; her order being obeyed, she enveloped her person in it before she quitted the sedan. But, truth to say, the quiet Quaker household were sufficiently scandalized at their mistress's proceedings without beholding with their own eyes her strange and unseemly transformation. Martha's first step, after destroying her opera costume, and securely hiding the remains from the prying eyes of Rachel, was to abandon her own apartment, and lodge herself in a remoter one; she had succeeded in discovering the source of her unhappiness; she felt degraded in her own estimation; her husband had all but avowed that she had forfeited his, and a more thoroughly miserable woman perhaps did not at that moment exist.

The next morning, having spent the night in tears and lamentations, she dispatched a letter to Everard, requesting that if he could not satisfactorily account for his conduct, he would prepare measures for an immediate separation. Everard turned pale when he read this letter, so haughty and uncompromising in its tone—as he thought, so unwifelike. He had been all that night preparing for a humiliating confession, but one which would have restored him Martha's unbounded love and confidence. Now, the demon of pride stepped in and whispered, "To act thus, I will not wound my own feelings to save hers." He therefore returned an answer, avowing it impossible to explain at present, the matter involving another person's honor. He also requested his wife to summon her parents and provide her own man of business. Martha, heart-stricken, and firmly convinced of his guilt, did as he desired, and the result of these proceedings was, that she returned to her own family in a state of health which afforded the most serious grounds for apprehensions of the worst kind. . . . .

Thus did twelve months pass away, mournfully enough to Martha. Her appearance was so altered that, save for elegance of demeanor, few would have recognized the beautiful Quakeress. Her own fortune had been returned, and all allowance from Everard declined.

She never heard of him, for all communication between the families was interdicted. Quakers are silently vindictive, and Friends Clifton, loving their daughter fondly, resented strongly her wrongs. One day she received a note written in a small female hand, requesting Mrs. Wilson would visit a house in a street named in the neighborhood of Bloomsbury, where there was a dying woman who had injured her. Such an invitation Martha would scarcely have refused at any time, but perhaps a foreboding of who this enemy might be, induced her still more urgently on this occasion to go. She desired Christiana Marcourt to attend her thither, and Christiana, who possessed her confidence and was much respected by her, consenting, they departed together to the locality indicated in the note, and arrived at the door of a mean-looking house. A woman-servant ushered them to a room on the first floor; there, stretched on a couch arranged as a bed,

lay a girl evidently in the last stage of rapid decline. The invalid beckoned her visitors to take chairs close to the couch, for a cough, distressing even to hear, interrupted the poor girl every minute. Martha, who had recognized her opera rival, turned pale, and the tears came into her fine dark eyes; she evidently anticipated a heart-rending confession of wrongs and injuries done to herself; judge, then, how great was her surprise, when, after a paroxysm of coughing was over, and the sick girl able to speak, she addressed Mistress Wilson by saying, "I sent to tell you —for I could not die till I had done so—that your husband is innocent of all guilt as regards myself, for I am—his sister." An exclamation burst from the lips of Martha. She continued, "Hear what I have to say while breath is yet given me. It was shame first sealed Everard's lips, and pride seals them now, and the fear that false shame and wounded pride together will seal them when I am gone, has induced me to send for you to-day." A pause ensued; the unhappy young creature was breathless and nearly fainting; when a little recovered, she related such circumstances as I shall narrate precisely as I heard them.

At sixteen years of age Edith Wilson, notwithstanding the strictness of her education and the sobriety of her father's household, possessed an incorrigible levity of heart and mind. Gifted with great beauty, her gayety was not the pardonable effervescence of youth, but the frivolity and natural vicious tendency of an idle disposition joined to strong passions. She formed, secretly, acquaintances out of the society; and many a night, when her parents deemed her retired to rest, had she quitted her paternal roof, and been a partaker of all the secret and not over-reputable diversions, which even in the strict and Puritanical city of Philadelphia found votaries among the young and viciously inclined. Some natures are so warped, so gnarled, and knotted by secret vice, that not all the pious training in the world could bend them straight. *One* bad female acquaintance, many vile books, had so perverted Edith Wilson, that at sixteen she secretly laughed at all moral or religious notions. I do not wish, however, to dilate on the errors of this guilty young creature; suffice it, that when she was by her parents formally betrothed to a staid and somewhat elderly merchant of the Quaker persuasion, she eloped from her father's house, robbing his bureau of a large sum in money, and sailed from New York undiscovered, though her distracted brother and father lost no time in pursuit. She made her voyage alone and unprotected. On arriving in England, though to continue so formed no part of her plan, gifted with the rarest beauty and immense vivacity, destruction, seeking for it as she did, was inevitable. When her brother Everard (whose chief object in coming to England was to discover and reclaim her if possible), some short time after his marriage, did recognize her, to his unfeigned horror and subsequent torment, she was dressed in splendor, lolling in the carriage of a well-known profligate nobleman. Everard, though burning with shame and confusion, stopped the carriage, and addressing his sister by name, insisted on her alighting and entering a private hotel close at hand. The shameless girl defied him, till he, threatening to pursue her for robbery, she found herself obliged to succumb, and dismissing her gaudy equipage, accompanied her brother in silent rage to the house he pointed out. A long and most unsatisfactory conversation ensued. Edith persisting in her right to pursue any course of life she pleased; her brother, equally determined to force her into decorum and submission, asserted his resolution never to leave her unwatched or unguarded. At first the wretched girl laughed the idea to scorn, but she soon found Everard was perfectly in earnest. He dispatched a messenger with a note to an old servant of his, now retired from service, and to whom he resolved to intrust the charge of his sister when he was forced to be absent. When the old man arrived, obedient to his late master's summons, he desired him to call a hackney-coach, and to look for lodgings in a certain part of the town he named; and leading the indignant Edith to the coach, placed her in it, and drove slowly thither. She had then recourse to tears and entreaties, but they had as little effect as her passion. "Lost as she was," he told her, "irretrievably for earth, he would try to save her for heaven." She asked, with scorn and baffled rage flashing from her beautiful eyes, if he intended to take her to his house. He indignantly asked if she thought such a thing possible. What! pollute his pure and beautiful Martha's eyes with the sight of such a sister! Thus they reached the apartments which Andrew, who was waiting in a street previously agreed on, had hired; and here, these plainly-furnished rooms was Edith Wilson told she must consider her home for the present. She raved, stormed, and threatened, but to no purpose. She was never left unguarded by her brother or his servant; and being without money she had no means to break her chain. This life continued some time, till one day, reading the *Gazette*, she discovered that a rich and childless relative, ignorant of course of her misconduct, had left her a large sum of money. Not being able to claim it without Everard's assistance, she formed a new plan—she affected extreme penitence and humility; and so perfectly deceived her brother, that having claimed the legacy for her, he was induced to place the power of disposing of it in her own hands, and hoped that she might be now trusted. She pursued this new conduct for some time, till Andrew and her brother off their guard, she gave unbounded license to her love of expense. Her object being to see her former admirer, she engaged a box at the Opera; and Everard found to his horror that opposition was in vain; nothing seemed effectual but his constant surveillance.

A billet from Lord —— having been intercepted by Andrew, and Edith persisting that she would frequent her Opera-box, Everard announced his determination to go with her. It was received with the wildest shouts of laughter.

"In that dress?" "No," said her brother, "I shall wear the dress of the world: to save my sister from further sin it will be admissible." And assuredly his presence did preserve her from the interviews she so much desired, when Martha's inopportune appearance surprised them. Edith was about to tell her the truth—it was then that Everard by an expressive gesture forbid her communicativeness. During his absence that night she contrived to see Lord ——; and two months after her brother's formal separation from his wife, she eloped in the dead of night to her profligate lover.

The rest of her history I dare not dwell upon; it was such as Hogarth has described in some of his matchless pictures. Cards and extravagance soon dissipated her own money; and he, whose protection she had sought, became wearied of her expensive whims.

A short time before her interview with Martha her brother had discovered her perishing from hunger, illness, and misery, in a low and wretched dwelling—into such an extreme of misery had her vice plunged her. He would have taken the wanderer to his own home, for he perceived the end was at hand; but she so ardently begged to be alone, that he permitted her to choose the humble refuge in which Martha found her. She entreated that she might effect a reconciliation between her brother and his wife ere she died; but to this proposition he would not listen. "He thought," said she to Martha, "that you should have trusted him better."

"And so I should," said the weeping Martha, tenderly wiping the dying girl's brow, damp with the exertion of her narrative. . . . . .

Martha Wilson had many subsequent interviews with her fallen sister, and it was at the very last that, hastily summoned to the death-scene, husband and wife met again. It was by the side of that death-bed that they felt how slight had been their cause of dissension; and the only feeling which prevented a reconciliation—pride—in that awful hour of human suffering and expiation was crushed in the dust.

Edith Wilson died calmly and even happily, trusting that the tears with which, like the sinner of old times, she had washed her Saviour's feet, might in his eye wash away her many sins, and trusting, with a childlike devotion, that Faith in His mercy would save her.

THE YOUNG SURGEON.

THE rain fell heavily against the window-panes; the night was not only dark and gloomy, but a thick, black vapor seemed actually to penetrate into the interior of the mansion, the inhabitants of which were now locked in profound slumber. Not a single light appeared throughout the whole city of Brest, save in the windows of a large, square, dismal-looking building which stood on the left bank of the port. This edifice is the Bagne, or fatal prison, in which the captives, doomed to perpetual labor, are left to waste their useless sighs, or vent their idle execrations.

In an upper room of that portion of this establishment used as an hospital, a young man, in the undress uniform of a surgeon in the French navy, sat reading. He seemed so absorbed in his studies that he took no notice of the pattering rain, or the fast decay of the lamp which dimly lighted the book before him. On a sudden he started up, and carrying on the thread of the argument he had apparently been following, he exclaimed aloud, "True, true; the poor do but *live*, they do but *exist*, drag on a few miserable years, and then sink unheeded into a noisome grave. Riches alone can bring pleasure, and make each hour we live an age of enjoyment. Cursed is the lot of him unblessed by fortune! At twenty-seven years of age, here am I, doomed to a life of poverty, destined to pass my days in this miserable hospital! The author is right." And again De Launay plunged into his studies.

His task was, however, soon broken in upon by the entrance of one of the infirmary men, who came to inform him that "number seven had just breathed his last." Without the slightest emotion, save a shade of annoyance, which instantly stole over his countenance at this interruption, the young surgeon rose, and approached the double row of iron beds, each bearing the number of its tenant; for in the infirmary of the Bagne no prisoner bears a name. A single cipher stands for the appellative the convict has disgraced.

De Launay stopped when he came to "number seven." He drew down the sheet which had been thrown over the face of the corpse, and gazed at it with deep interest. He placed his hand upon the head, and contemplated the form before him for some instants, then, as if struck with a sudden desire to ascertain some anatomical point, he ordered the body to be instantly carried into the dissecting hall. The wretched remains were those of one whose phrenological developments might have proved a study of deep interest. Condemned to hard labor for life, for robbery and attempt to murder, Pierre Cranon had now been an inmate of the prison for upward of ten years—ten years of continual study how to escape. No less than sixty times had the unhappy man endeavored to get away, and sixty times had he been detected and punished. For several months previous to his last illness had Cranon been bound to his labor by chains weighing some thirty pounds; every vigilance had been exercised by his guards to prevent the possibility of his flight, and yet the idea of escape haunted his imagination, and became a never-dying, never-yielding monomania. The pain, however, of his increased fetters, at length brought on a sullen despair. His strict confinement within the walls undermined his health, and wore out the last remnant of his miserable days. He pined; he sickened; and withering, sank.

The attendants re-entered with a bier, on which they placed the body, and carried it, as desired, into the dissecting-room. The anatomical hall of the Bagne, but rarely used, was still more horrible in its appearance than such places usually are. Strewed about lay several human limbs, thrown carelessly aside, half-eaten by the rats.

Several shreds of human flesh, already putrid, clung to the large marble table used for dissecting, while the foot occasionally slipped as it glided through some filthy pool of half-coagulated blood. Near an open window hung a skeleton, which had already lost some of its parts, and which moved up and down, creaking and almost cracking as the breeze swung it about.

Although accustomed to such scenes, De Launay felt a chill steal through his frame, a nervous sensation hitherto unknown to him, but now brought on by the dreary damp of the horrid amphitheatre, whose terrors seemed to dance in grim array, as the flaming light kept waving in the breeze. The young surgeon quickly produced his instruments, and approached the corpse. The dreadfully attenuated frame, the lacerated ankles, where the iron had actually eaten into the flesh, all lay displayed before him, and he paused for a moment. De Launay, seizing his dissecting-knife, was about to plunge it into the body, when a slight movement of the arm made him start back; in another instant, Cranon opened his eyes, and slowly raising himself, peered anxiously around. The young surgeon stood aghast. Profiting by this, the prisoner quietly but quickly started up, and rushed toward the window. In a moment De Launay saw the artifice; he darted on the unfortunate wretch, and attempted to throw him down. The love of life, the hope of liberty, for a moment lent their whole force to the miserable captive. A deadly struggle took place, in which youth and vigor gained the mastery, and Cranon lay at the mercy of De Launay, who placed his knee upon his chest.

"Your attempts are useless; you are in my power. A single call will bring the guard. Say, then, what means this fresh, this mad attempt at escape?"

"For the love of God, let me go! Surely my escape can not hurt you, and the Almighty will reward you for the good deed. Nay, do not spurn the prayers of a miserable old man."

"What! think you I'll connive at such a thing?"

"Just Providence! think what I've suffered! ten long years of misery, and now two months of cherished hope thus crushed in a moment. I, who for three days refused all food, in order to become ill, and be admitted into the infirmary; I, who counterfeited death so well that even you were deceived. But no, no; you will not detain me. Good Monsieur De Launay, you have a heart. O give me, then, my freedom!"

"Why are you so desirous of obtaining it?"

"Why? Ah! you have never been a prisoner, a prisoner for life, or you would never ask why I desire liberty."

"But how would you gain a livelihood? You are too old, too weak to work. You would starve."

The captive smiled; an almost disdainful sneer of triumph curled his lip, as he replied, "I am richer than yourself."

"You!"

"Most true."

"You are indeed, then, fortunate." This was said with a degree of bitter irony, which, while it conveyed a doubt of the truth of the assertion, told plainly how highly the young surgeon estimated the gifts of fortune.

"Would you also be rich? I have enough for us both."

"Do you take me for a fool, that you thus endeavor to deceive me?"

"I tell you I can make your fortune."

"Some robbery in which you would have me join?"

"No, not so; assist my flight, and I will place the money in your hands. I will give you half of all I have got."

"Silence! keep your falsehoods for those who are credulous enough to believe them, and come instantly back to the guard-house;" and De Launay attempted to look careless, though his ears had drunk in each syllable the prisoner had uttered.

"Why will you not believe me?" despairingly asked the captive. "On my soul, I lie not. How can I prove the truth of my assertion?"

"Show me your treasure."

"I have it not here. You know well I can not have it in my possession. Let me go, and I swear you shall have your share of it."

"Thank you! thank you for nothing! I will instantly sign the receipt in full. So up, and in again!—up!" and he shook the wretched man.

Cranon groaned heavily. He pondered for a moment, and then suddenly exclaimed, in a tone which left no doubt on the mind of the young surgeon that he was speaking the truth. "Listen to me; so help me Providence, I possess the money I speak of. It is no fancy, no well-invented lie; I have a fortune enough to make us both rich. Now, say, if I prove this to be the fact, and consent to give you half, will you allow me to escape?"

"We'll see; go on."

"Not so, till you promise."

"Well, I suppose I may do so safely."

"Swear that you will."

"I swear."

"Well, then, on the beach at St. Michael's, just behind the rock of Irglas, in a pit six feet deep, ten years ago I hid an iron case, containing 400,000 francs in bank-notes."

De Launay started. "Where did you get that sum?"

"From a traveler we assassinated near the spot."

"Wretch!"

"Four hundred thousand francs," repeated the convict, with a voice of triumph, "is enough, I hope, for two—enough to make us both happy. Say, will you have half?"

The young surgeon paused, then added in a tone of doubt, "The tale seems scarcely credible. You have been a prisoner here for upward of ten years."

"Right; it is fully that time since Martin and I, being closely pursued, buried the treasure in the spot I have told you of. The very day after we were seized at Plestin, and brought here. Martin died within these walls last year, and

left me the sole possessor of this important secret."

Notwithstanding all his endeavors to appear indifferent, De Launay had listened with deep attention to Cranon's recital. When he had ceased to speak, the young man remained perfectly silent for some time, seeming to balance in his own mind the probability of the story he had just heard. Casting his eyes up for a single moment, he found those of the prisoner fixed on him. He blushed, and starting from his reverie, said, with an air of forced levity, which his former attention but too fully belied—

"Your story is well invented, but the theme is old. It won't do. These hidden treasures are a hackneyed subject, which even children laugh at now. Try and get up a better—a more probable one."

The convict shuddered. "You do not believe me?"

"I believe you to be a clever rogue, who might, perhaps, succeed in deceiving one less wary than myself."

Cranon threw himself on his knees. "Monsieur de Launay, for the love of God, believe me! I speak the truth; I can instantly find the spot, if you will only let me go and search for it."

"I will save you that trouble."

"Nay, then, I will give you two-thirds, two full thirds."

"Enough."

"Nay, I will also add the jewels, the trinkets; for there are also valuable jewels in the case."

"Silence! I have listened too long; get up, sir."

Cranon uttered a wild scream of despair, and threw himself on the ground again. The convict now rolled himself over in agonizing misery; he groaned in mental torture. De Launay seemed perplexed; an inward struggle agitated his bosom. Bad passions began to spring up and shake his purpose. On the one hand, his violent desire for riches made him almost hope the tale he had just heard were true, and in this case he would not hesitate to accept the prisoner's proposals; on the other hand, he feared he might be duped, and become a laughing-stock, despised, disgraced, for thus conniving at the escape of a convict. This last reflection overcame his every other feeling He started up, and attempted, but without success, to drag Cranon toward the entrance. Foiled in this, he darted through the door, which he double-locked upon the prisoner, and rushing to the guard-house, obtained the assistance of a file of soldiers.

As he was unlocking the door, in company with the assistants he had brought, a sudden shot was fired; at the same moment a man stripped perfectly naked, covered with blood, bounded past him. It was Cranon, who, during his momentary absence had jumped out of the window, and been wounded by the sentinel on duty.

The unhappy man staggered a few paces, reeled, and fell a corpse into the arms of De Launay. . . . . .

Badenwiller, an inconsiderable watering-place in the neighborhood of the Black Forest, is one of the most picturesque spots on the continent of Europe. Nature seems here to have taken a strange delight in amassing her richest charms, and concentrating her every beauty within a single valley. As its name indicates, Badenwiller boasts mineral baths, famed from the earliest ages.

The bathers who lodged at the "Ville de Carlsruhe," the best hotel in the place, were assembled beneath a little grove of acacias planted in the garden of the inn. Madame Perschof, with her only unmarried daughter, had just joined the group, from which the young bachelors shrunk with terror at the approach of this regular husband-hunting dame, who, having managed to procure partners for her three elder damsels elsewhere, had come hither for the purpose of entrapping another son-in-law. After a short salutation to each of the company, the match-making parent sat down, and having made her spinster child take a place next to her—for caution is always commendable in prudent mammas at strange watering-places—the conversation, which had been interrupted for a moment by her arrival, again went on.

"I must confess," said a fat old lady, who occupied three chairs, "I must confess that the conduct of this Miss Morpeth is most strange. I can not make out her coming here with a sort of a governess, traveling about unprotected in a strange country."

"Oh, that is nothing," interrupted a pseudo-blue-stocking lady. "I know the customs of these islanders well; for my husband subscribes to the British reading-room at Frankfort; and I can assure you that English young ladies always travel alone, or with their lovers."

"How very immoral!" exclaimed Madame Perschof.

"And this Englishman, this Mr. Burns, who follows the young lady about to every place she visits? It is all very well for her to call him an old friend of the family; but I know better than that. I've watched his attentions, and I am sure he is a lover.

"But he is old enough to be her father."

"So much the more likely to be a gallant. She is just the girl an elderly man would admire. I will be bound to say Mr. Burns is rich."

"How very horrible!" cried Madame Perschof. "I am but a poor lone widow; but if I had a child like Miss Morpeth—"

"Yes, but you don't understand the character of these English," again chimed in the blue-stocking. "England is a free country; they have their 'habeas corpus,' and their hustings, which decidedly affect their manners."

"That is all very possible, though I don't understand it. But this I do know, the girl is a coquette, and has managed to turn Monsieur de Launay's head—a young man who might aspire to a far more beautiful and accomplished creature." And Madame Perschof looked approvingly at her buckram daughter.

"Hush!" cried the fat lady; "here he comes."

As she spoke, Edward de Launay approached. Apparently preoccupied by unpleasant reflections, he allowed the gesture of Madame Perschof to pass unheeded, although that gesture conveyed a direct invitation to the favored gentleman to take a seat next to her fair daughter; but taking his place at some distance from the rest of the company, he turned silently away, without deigning to cast another look on the fair Madame Perschof, and thus offended the worthy mamma, who, with some little acerbity, asked, "How it was that Monsieur de Launay was not on duty, keeping guard over the lovely Fanny Morpeth?"

"Miss Morpeth does not go out to-day: she is far from well."

"Indeed! I think you are wrong. I am almost sure I saw her pass some hours ago."

"I learned this from Miss Morpeth herself, in answer to a solicitation on my part to accompany her on an excursion we had planned last evening."

"Is it so? Then you are not the favored one I thought you. Behold!"

And, with a glance of triumph, Madame Perschof pointed to Miss Morpeth, who just then entered the grove mounted on a donkey. She had evidently returned from a long country ramble. Mr. Burns accompanied her on foot. De Launay started up, while his countenance betrayed surprise and mortification. Miss Morpeth blushed, and, hurrying past, entered the hotel without speaking to any one. Mr. Burns was following her, when De Launay, seizing him by the arm, begged for a few minutes' private conversation. The Englishman instantly assented, and they at once sought the retirement of the neighboring wood. Suddenly De Launay stopped.

"You doubtless know my reason for thus seeking a private interview?"

"Perhaps I do."

"You can not be ignorant that I love, adore Miss Morpeth; that, to a certain extent, our affection is mutual; at least so I had every reason to believe, till you arrived here. Since that period her manner has changed; she is no longer the same."

"Surely a lady has a right to consider well, and weigh the consequences, ere she enters into an engagement to marry a perfect stranger."

"I scarcely understand you, nor your right to inquire; but if you seek the information, you shall have it. I am not ashamed of telling you who and what I am."

"I am all attention."

"I am a member of one of the oldest families in Brittany. My father, who commanded a frigate, died at Brest. Left an orphan at fifteen years of age, I became a surgeon in the French navy, a service I only quitted a year and a half ago. As to my fortune," and here his voice trembled as he added, "I possess four hundred thousand francs, of which I can give positive proof."

"All these assertions would doubtless be of great interest, and have their proper weight with the young lady. As far as I am concerned, mere statement is not sufficient."

"Sir, this language, these doubts are insulting."

"Rather call it prudence."

"By what right do you thus dare either to question or disbelieve me? You are a stranger to me yourself; I know not who you are."

"A friend, warmly interested in the young lady's welfare; nothing more."

"In my turn, may I not re-echo your doubts? may I not declare such an explanation to be wholly unsatisfactory?"

"Sir, you will remember that I never sought this interview. You chose to make me your confidant; it was a post I did not seek. I have told you all I intend to tell you. If this does not suit you, I wish you a good morning."

At this moment Miss Morpeth appeared.

"I come, my dear, I come," said the Englishman; and he instantly joined Fanny, leaving De Launay to his further reflections: Whether Miss Morpeth was a heartless coquette who had played with his affections? By what tie she was bound to the laconic Englishman? Had the young surgeon's vanity misconstrued her good nature, and magnified her simple civilities into encouragement? Was the whole a dream? or was she really attached to him? For the life of him, De Launay could not decide in his own mind.

When De Launay saw Miss Morpeth in the evening, he assumed all the coldness, the distance of an injured lover. He even attempted to conceal his jealousy by appearing to flirt with Mademoiselle Perschof, to the no small delight of her proud mamma, who occasionally came to the relief of her blushing daughter by a chance allusion to her uncle the burgomaster, a hint about family portraits, and a mere glance at her child's great accomplishments.

Fanny looked grave, but not angry. Day after day rolled past; her melancholy seemed to increase, an anxious excitement lighted her countenance, and on more than one occasion De Launay saw her rush with peevish impatience to meet the man who was employed to bring the letters to the hotel. At length the wished-for epistle reached her hands. Pale as marble, she received one morning a packet bearing the postmark "Brest," and with trembling haste she flew to Mr. Burns, to whom it was directed, as if her whole existence depended on the contents of that missive.

De Launay saw this, and again his jealous fears were roused. In misery and anger he rushed from the house, and entering the well-shrubberied garden, threw himself on one of the benches, where, unseen by any one, he might mentally review his misfortunes, jealous lest some prying eye should read his thoughts, and discover the pain he felt at being thus slighted, cast off, in favor of another. Here he had not sat long, when a fairy hand was placed on his shoulder, and the well-known tones of his loved Fanny was heard to utter his name. He started up: it was no vision. There stood the girl he

loved, smiling on him with pure affection; there before him was the rapturous gaze of her, who, while she offered him one of her lovely hands as a token of restored affection, held up to his view, with tantalizing archness, the very letter which had caused him so much uneasiness.

They exchanged a single sentence, and were again the fondest, the most affectionate of lovers. A few more words, and, without alluding to its contents, Miss Morpeth handed him the letter, which he eagerly read.

"TO MR. BURNS.

"SIR—I have, as directed, made every inquiry relative to the person you mention. He is the only son of the late Captain de Launay, who died in this city in 1820. His Christian name is Edward. He became a naval surgeon—appointed five years ago as assistant in the Bagne—quitted on the 8th of April last year, having, it is said, inherited a large fortune from a distant relation—name unknown. Bears a good character, and said to be skillful. Description copied from the police-office, as per margin.

"Your obedient and humble servants,

"ROCHFORT & Co."

In an instant the blood rushed into the face of the indignant young man.

"Am I to be made the object of inquiries like these? Never, never! If it is at such a price—if I am to be taken only on the faith of such documents as these, to become the husband of Miss Morpeth, ten thousand times will I rather renounce them than be the pointed object of suspicion."

"Edward! this from you?"

"Alas! it will break my heart; but by heaven it shall not pass unpunished. I will seek out this officious Englishman."

"Stay, you know not what you do."

"Ay, but too well do I know that he is your lover."

"On my soul, not so."

"Tell me then, tell me, I conjure you, how is it that he is thus mixed up in your welfare?"

"Nay, I beseech you, inquire not. After to-morrow I pledge myself to clear up this mystery. Suffice it to say at present, he is a relative, a near and dear relative, whose name must remain concealed for a few days, till the fate of an officer he has wounded be ascertained. Wait but a little, dearest Edward, and there shall be no concealment between us."

The term, "dearest Edward," at once softened the young Frenchman. The half explanation, the assurance that Mr. Burns was a relative pleased him; and though he thought it dignified to keep up a small degree of apparent rancor about the letter, the contents of which, after all, were not disagreeable, De Launay felt perfectly happy. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that, in less than ten minutes, the said letter, Mr. Burns, Mademoiselle Perschof, and the whole world were forgotten.

To their great surprise, the bell sounded, and summoned them to their evening repast ere they seemed to have conversed five minutes.

"And must we part, dearest Fanny?—so soon, too. Promise to see me here again at the same hour to-morrow." The happy and now lively girl assented. "Till then, sometimes think on me. But stay—a happy idea—bear some token that will remind you of me in my absence."

"That is unnecessary, Edward."

"Nay, nay, not so; it will please me—here." And he took a small casket from his pocket. "The cameo has long been in our family: accept it as a token that my parent now looks down from heaven on our love."

And he fastened the rich ornament in her scarf. In truth, I must confess I believe he imprinted a chaste kiss on the fair cheek of her he adored, as he entered with her into the saloon in which the evening meal was served.

The greater number of persons were assembled together in a little knot, talking of some discoveries lately made in Africa; while the female portion were expressing their terror at the dangers which every man must incur who travels through an uncivilized country. This little *coterie* Edward instantly joined, and was soon mixed up in their conversation; while Miss Morpeth approached Mr. Burns, who sat at the opposite end of the room, apparently in a deep reverie. As Fanny drew near to him, he rose, and advanced to meet her. Scarcely, however, had he taken a single pace toward her, than, starting back with a look of horror, pointing, at the same time, to the brooch she had just received, he said—"Where did you get that ornament?"

The poor girl blushed. She had unconsciously betrayed her secret.

"Where did you get that brooch?" repeated Mr. Burns, in a tone of extreme agitation; "where did you purchase it?"

"It was a present."

"From whom?" Fanny was silent. "Doubtlessly from Monsieur de Launay? Ah, it is so, is it? Then are my worst fears confirmed."

"I do not understand you."

"Allow me to look at it."

She handed it to him; he examined it carefully, turned it over several times, then touching a spring at the back, the setting flew open, and discovered some hair placed inside it.

"I thought I could not be deceived; and yet his age almost staggers me. Tell me, Miss Morpeth, did Monsieur de Launay state where he obtained this trinket?"

"It is a family jewel: his mother left it to him."

"He told you so—you are quite sure?"

"Most perfectly so."

For a few moments the Englishman was plunged in thought; then, suddenly recovering himself, he approached the group of talkers, who were still speaking of the dangers which surrounded those who ventured into savage lands. He abruptly chimed in.

"Risk of life is not confined to the distant voyager; I have experienced this myself in Europe."

"In England, perhaps," replied De Launay, somewhat displeased at being interrupted.

"You are wrong, sir; it was in France, that country so proud of its high state of civilization. I was nearly assassinated twelve years ago."

"Indeed! How did it happen?"

The chairs of the ladies were drawn close round the narrator.

"Mine is a very simple, straightforward tale, though it is one I can never forget, or cease to feel, since it has had an effect both upon my health and fortune. Having disembarked at Brest, where we had put in from stress of weather, I determined on proceeding through Brittany on to Paris by post. I was quite alone, and carried a pocket-book containing 400,000 francs in bank-bills. In the course of our journey we had to cross the sands of St. Michael."

At the mention of this, De Launay started, and turned deadly pale. He lent his undivided attention, while the Englishman, who had closely watched him, continued—

"When we arrived at this spot the shades of night had already begun to obscure the horizon. The damp sand returned no echo to the footfall of the horses or the roll of the wheels. The white surf of the receding tide, the murmur of the waves, the wildness of the scene, threw me into a deep reverie. Suddenly we came in view of a rock which stands boldly in the middle of the beach, like an Egyptian pyramid. I lowered the glass, and asked the name; the postillion turned round and replied, 'The Irglas;' scarcely was the word uttered when he fell from his horse, struck down by a ruffian, whom I now clearly perceived. I instantly jumped from the carriage. In another instant a blow from an unseen hand laid me senseless, bathed in my blood."

A general murmur went round the auditors. De Launay stood like a statue, immovable, and as pale as death.

"When again recovered, I found myself in a fisherman's hut. He had discovered me apparently without life, and having transported me to his cottage, had taken care of me. The postillion was found quite dead and the carriage rifled."

"And have you never been able to trace the assassins?" asked several voices.

"As yet all attempts to do so have failed. I think, however, I have at length discovered a clew," and he looked straight at De Launay; "one of the objects stolen was a jewel-case, containing several rich trinkets of peculiar make; among others a brooch, the very counterpart of the one I now hold in my hand."

In an instant every one was busily engaged in examining the brooch, of which Mr. Burns still retained possession. One individual alone seemed indifferent to the subject, Edward de Launay, who, evidently fainting, was leaning against the opposite wall.

"Good Heaven! see, what is the matter with Monsieur de Launay? What can this mean?" cried a well-intentioned friend.

"I'll tell you!" sternly replied Burns; "it is—"

"Father, for Heaven's sake, stop!" cried Fanny, throwing herself into his arms, and interrupting him. "Stop, as you value your child!" and she sank insensibly on his shoulders.

"Her father! he—her father! great God! then I am lost!" and with one bound Edward rushed frantically from the room.

Miss Morpeth was carried to her chamber. A violent fever, accompanied by spasms, was the immediate consequence, and a surgeon was instantly sent for from the neighboring town. At length she fell into an uneasy slumber, and her father took advantage of the opportunity to enter the next room, where he had a letter to finish. Scarcely had he begun the task when the door opened quietly, and De Launay entered. The first impulse of Burns was anger and indignation; but when he saw the humble, the self-abased attitude of the young surgeon, who approached him as one conscious of his own degraded position, the good-hearted Englishman checked the harsh term which was already on his tongue, and awaited the address of the intruder.

"My visit is unexpected," murmured Edward, in a low voice.

"It is true; assassins are usually more prudent."

"Were I one I might be so. I came to offer you a full explanation."

Mr. Burns was silent, but cast a look of doubt on the young Frenchman.

"Nay, sir, you will have no cause to disbelieve my statement. I confess myself to be, if not exactly criminal, yet quite culpable enough to satisfy the malice of my bitterest enemy. As to any participation in the crime of which you were the victim, these certificates will exempt me, since they prove that I was employed on board a frigate in the South Seas at the time the misfortune happened to you." And he laid some official documents before Mr. Burns, who expressed some suspicion at this testimony in favor of him he had supposed to have been an assassin, and he cautiously demanded—

"Whence, then, this cameo? You appeared evidently overcome by my late recital. Though you did not commit the deed, I fear you were cognizant of it."

"I was aware of it."

"You gave this brooch to my daughter, as a trinket belonging to your family; am I, then, to understand that it was a member of—"

"By no means," interrupted Edward, "my family has always been honorable and honored."

"Unfortunate young man! how, then, have you become an accomplice?"

"By inheritance. Listen, sir; I will hide nothing from you." And he at once stated the whole truth to Mr. Burns. When it was concluded, the Englishman pondered; but ere he had time to speak, De Launay rose, and added, "Your four hundred thousand francs are placed in the funds. Here are the vouchers: I have by this act transferred them to your name; and

here, sir, is the case which contains the rest of the property, for which, in an unlucky hour, I have bartered honor, life, and happiness."

"Sir, this extraordinary explanation, this sudden restitution of property, lost, but for you, forever, has filled me with such conflicting ideas, that I scarcely know whether to reproach you or load you with grateful acknowledgments. I can not, however, conceal from you that I think you have committed a great fault."

"Say crime; crime is the word. I was too weak. It is true I strove with the tempter for some time after the death of Cranon; but, alas! the evil spirit, Ambition, was too strong, and I fell a victim to it. I obtained the treasure I sought; but it has been at the expense of peace and repose; for, since the moment I became possessed of it, I have not known a happy hour."

For a moment the miserable young man seemed racked with pain; but after an instant's pause he continued—

"But I will not trouble you further. I have, perhaps, already said too much. I will now retire; most probably we shall never meet again." He took a pace toward the door, then stopped, and in a voice of humble appeal, again addressed the Englishman—"No, sir, you will never see me more; this farewell may be looked upon as the farewell of a dying man. Oh, sir, if I dared to ask it, dared to hope for it—one single word with *her* before we part forever. But no; I see you think me unworthy of this happiness. I go," and he was turning to leave, as Fanny suddenly threw open the door, and appeared before them.

"What do you here? Begone! return to your room, I insist."

"Ah, sir; you deny me this last consolation, this fleeting happiness!" He turned to Fanny. "You shed tears. May Heaven bless you! My prayers shall follow you, though I shall never behold you more."

"I have heard all," sobbed Miss Morpeth.

"You then despise me?"

"No, not so!" cried the wretched girl, and, flying to him, she threw herself into his arms. For a moment their mingled sobs could only be heard. Mr. Burns approached to separate them, when Fanny, suddenly disengaging herself, stood erect before him, and sternly exclaimed—

"Father, I have sworn to be his!"

"Are you distracted?"

"I will keep my vow. I am his forever!"

"Sir, as you value your life, give up my daughter," and he approached De Launay.

"Stay!" suddenly cried Fanny, her feelings wrought up to a point of excitement almost beyond endurance, and suddenly throwing herself on her knees between them, she burst into tears. "Stay, father! I have been your child, your affectionate child. I have loved, I have venerated you; but from this moment Edward is my husband. Cast him off, if you will; I will follow him; I will share his exile, and endeavor to console him for your unkindness. In misery, in illness, in poverty, I am his forever. Renounce me, if you will; nothing shall change my purpose;" and she sprang up, and encircled De Launay with her arms.

Franctic almost to madness, her father rushed toward her, and attempted to tear her away; then turning to the young Frenchman, he raised his hand as if about to strike him.

"Stay, sir! I can permit no violence. Fear not that I am about to rob you of this angel. No, sir; you ought to have known me better. Remove your daughter quietly, but quickly. Can not you see I am dying?"

The lovely girl uttered a piercing cry, and clung still closer to him. He looked up; he smiled; he attempted to draw her closer to his breast as his head fell on her marble shoulder.

De Launay was no more!

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN WHICH M. DE FLORAC IS PROMOTED.

HOWEVER much Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry was disposed to admire and praise her own conduct in the affair which ended so unfortunately for poor Lord Kew, between whom and the Gascon her grace vowed that she had done every thing in her power to prevent a battle, the old Duke, her lord, was, it appeared, by no means delighted with his wife's behavior, nay, visited her with his very sternest displeasure. Miss O'Grady, the Duchesse's companion, and her little girl's instructress, at this time resigned her functions in the Ivry family; it is possible that in the recriminations consequent upon the governess's dismissal, the Miss Irlandaise, in whom the family had put so much confidence, divulged stories unfavorable to her patroness, and caused the indignation of the Duke, her husband. Between Florac and the Duchesse there was also open war and rupture. He had been one of Kew's seconds in the latter's affair with the Vicomte's countryman. He had even cried out for fresh pistols and proposed to engage Castillonnes when his gallant principal fell; and though a second duel was luckily averted as murderous and needless, M. de Florac never hesitated afterward and in all companies to denounce with the utmost virulence the instigator and the champion of the odious original quarrel. He vowed that the Duchesse had shot *le petit Kiou* as effectually as if she had herself fired the



* Continued from the October Number.

pistol at his breast. Murderer, poisoner, Brinvilliers, a hundred more such epithets he used against his kinswoman, regretting that the good old times were past—that there was no Chambre Ardente to try her, and no rack and wheel to give her her due.

The biographer of the Newcomes has no need (although he possesses the fullest information) to touch upon the Duchesse's doings, further than as they relate to that most respectable English family. When the Duke took his wife into the country, Florac never hesitated to say that to live with her was dangerous for the old man, and to cry out to his friends of the Boulevards or the Jockey Club, "Ma parole d'honneur, cette femme la tuera!"

Do you know, O gentle and unsuspicious readers, or have you ever reckoned as you have made your calculation of society, how many most respectable husbands help to kill their wives—how many respectable wives aid in sending their husbands to Hades? The wife of a chimney-sweep or a journeyman butcher comes shuddering before a police magistrate—her head bound up—her body scarred and bleeding with wounds, which the drunken ruffian, her lord, has administered: a poor shopkeeper or mechanic is driven out of his home by the furious ill-temper of the shrill virago his wife—takes to the public-house—to evil courses—to neglecting his business—to the gin-bottle—to delirium-tremens—to perdition. Bow Street, and policemen, and the newspaper reporters, have cognizance and a certain jurisdiction over these vulgar matrimonial crimes; but in politer company how many murderous assaults are there by husband or wife—where the woman is not felled by the actual fist, though she staggers and sinks under blows quite as cruel and effectual; where, with old wounds yet unhealed, which she strives to hide under a smiling face from the world, she has to bear up and to be stricken down and to rise to her feet again, under fresh daily strokes of torture; where the husband, fond and faithful, has to suffer slights, coldness, insult, desertion, his children sneered away from their love for him, his friends driven from his door by jealousy, his happiness strangled, his whole life embittered, poisoned, destroyed! If you were acquainted with the history of every family in your street, don't you know that in two or three of the houses there such tragedies have been playing? Is not the young mistress of Number 20 already pining at her husband's desertion? The kind master of Number 30 racking his fevered brains and toiling through sleepless nights to pay for the jewels on his wife's neck, and the carriage out of which she ogles Lothario in the park? The fate under which man or woman falls, blow of brutal tyranny, heartless desertion, weight of domestic care too heavy to bear—are not blows such as these constantly striking people down? In this long parenthesis we are wandering ever so far away from M. le Duc and Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry, and from the vivacious Florac's statement regarding his kinsman, that that woman will kill him.

There is this at least to be said, that if the Duc d'Ivry did die he was a very old gentleman, and had been a great *viveur* for at least threescore years of his life. As Prince de Moncontour in his father's time before the Revolution, during the Emigration, even after the Restoration M. le Duc had *vécu* with an extraordinary vitality. He had gone through good and bad fortune; extreme poverty, display and splendor, affairs of love—affairs of honor—and of one disease or another a man must die at the end. After the Baden business—and he had dragged off his wife to Champagne—the Duke became greatly broken; he brought his little daughter to a convent at Paris, putting the child under the special guardianship of Madame de Florac, with whom and with whose family in these latter days the old chief of the house effected a complete reconciliation. The Duke was now forever coming to Madame de Florac; he poured all his wrongs and griefs into her ear with garrulous senile eagerness. "That little Duchesse is a Médée, a monstre, a femme d'Eugène Sue," the Vicomte used to say; "the poor old Duke he cry—ma parole d'honneur, he cry and I cry too when he comes to recount to my poor mother, whose sainted heart is the *asile* of all griefs, a real Hôtel Dieu, my word the most sacred, with beds for all the afflicted, with sweet words, like Sisters of Charity, to minister to them—I cry, mon bon Pendennis, when this *vieillard* tells his stories about his wife and tears his white hairs to the feet of my mother."

When the little Antoinette was separated by her father from her mother, the Duchesse d'Ivry, it might have been expected that that poetess would have dashed off a few more *cris de l'âme*, shrieking according to her wont, and baring and beating that shriveled maternal bosom of hers, from which her child had been just torn. The child skipped and laughed to go away to the convent. It was only when she left Madame de Florac that she used to cry; and when urged by that good lady to exhibit a little decorous sentiment in writing to her mamma, Antoinette would ask, in her artless way, "Pourquoi? Mamma used never to speak to me except sometimes before the world, before ladies that understands itself. When her gentleman came, she put me to the door; she gave me tapes, *o oui*, she gave me tapes! I cry no more; she has so much made to cry M. le Duc, that it is quite enough of one in a family." So Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry did not weep, even in print, for the loss of her pretty little Antoinette; besides, she was engaged, at that time, by other sentimental occupations. A young grazier of their neighboring town, of an aspiring mind and remarkable poetic talents, engrossed the Duchesse's platonic affections at this juncture. When he had sold his beasts at market, he would ride over and read Rousseau and Schiller with Madame la Duchesse, who formed him. His pretty young wife was rendered miserable by all these readings, but what could the poor little ignorant countrywoman know of Platonism? Faugh! there is more than one woman we see in society smiling about from house to house, pleasant and

sentimental and *formosa supernè* enough; but I fancy a fish's tail is flapping under her fine flounces, and a forked fin at the end of it!

Finer flounces, finer bonnets, more lovely wreaths, more beautiful lace, smarter carriages, bigger white bows, larger footmen, were not seen, during all the season of 18—, than appeared round about St. George's, Hanover Square, in the beautiful month of June succeeding that September when so many of our friends, the Newcomes, were assembled at Baden. Those flaunting carriages, powdered and favored footmen, were in attendance upon members of the Newcome family and their connections, who were celebrating what is called a marriage in high life in the temple within. Shall we set down a catalogue of the dukes, marquises, earls, who were present; cousins of the lovely bride? Are they not already in the *Morning Herald*, and *Court Journal*, as well as in the *Newcome Chronicle* and *Independent*, and the *Dorking Intelligencer and Chanticleer Weekly Gazette*? There they are, all printed at full length sure enough; the name of the bride, Lady Clara Pulleyn, the lovely and accomplished daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dorking; of the beautiful bridesmaids, the Ladies Henrietta Belinda Adelaide Pulleyn, Miss Newcome, Miss Alice Newcome, Miss Maude Newcome, Miss Anna Maria (Hodson) Newcome; and all the other persons engaged in the ceremony. It was performed by the Right Honorable Viscount Gallowglass, Bishop of Ballyshannon, brother-in-law to the bride, assisted by the Honorable and Reverend Hercules O'Grady, his lordship's Chaplain, and the Reverend John Bulders, Rector of St. Mary's, Newcome. Then follow the names of all the nobility who were present, and of the noble and distinguished personages who signed the book. Then comes an account of the principal dresses, chefs-d'œuvre of Madame Crinoline; of the bride's coronal of brilliants, supplied by Messrs. Morr and Stortimer; of the vail of priceless Chantilly lace, the gift of the Dowager Countess of Kew. Then there is a description of the wedding breakfast at the house of the bride's noble parents, and of the cake, decorated by Messrs. Gunter with the most delicious taste and the sweetest hymenial allusions.

No mention was made by the fashionable chronicler, of a slight disturbance which occurred at St. George's, and which indeed was out of the province of such a genteel purveyor of news. Before the marriage service began, a woman of vulgar appearance, and disorderly aspect, accompanied by two scared children who took no part in the disorder occasioned by their mother's proceeding, except by their tears and outcries to augment the disquiet, made her appearance in one of the pews of the church, was noted there by persons in the vestry, was requested to retire by a beadle, and was finally induced to quit the sacred precincts of the building by the very strongest persuasion of a couple of policemen; X and Y laughed at one another, and nodded their heads knowingly as the poor wretch with her whimpering boys was led away. They understood very well who the personage was who had come to disturb the matrimonial ceremony; it did not commence until Mrs. De Lacy (as this lady chose to be called), had quitted this temple of Hymen. She slunk through the throng of emblazoned carriages, and the press of footmen arrayed as splendidly as Solomon in his glory. John jeered at Thomas, William turned his powdered head, and signaled Jeames, who answered with a corresponding grin, as the woman with sobs, and wild imprecations, and frantic appeals, made her way through the splendid crowd, escorted by her aids-de-camp in blue. I dare say her little history was discussed at many a dinner-table that day in the basement story of several fashionable houses. I know that at clubs in St. James's, the facetious little anecdote was narrated. A young fellow came to Bays's after the marriage breakfast and mentioned the circumstance with funny comments; although the *Morning Post*, in describing this affair in high life, naturally omitted all mention of such low people as Mrs. De Lacy and her children.

Those people who knew the noble families whose union had been celebrated by such a profusion of grandees, fine equipages, and footmen, brass bands, brilliant toilets, and wedding favors, asked how it was that Lord Kew did not assist at Barnes Newcome's marriage: other persons in society inquired waggishly why Jack Belsize was not present to give Lady Clara away.

As for Jack Belsize, his clubs had not been ornamented by his presence for a year past. It was said he had broken the bank at Hombourg last autumn; had been heard of during the winter at Milan, Venice, and Vienna; and when a few months after the marriage of Barnes Newcome and Lady Clara, Jack's elder brother died, and he himself became the next in succession to the title and estates of Highgate, many folks said it was a pity little Barney's marriage had taken place so soon. Lord Kew was not present, because Kew was still abroad; he had had a gambling duel with a Frenchman, and a narrow squeak for his life. He had turned Roman Catholic, some men said; others vowed that he had joined the Methodist persuasion. At all events Kew had given up his wild courses, broken with the turf, and sold his stud off; he was delicate yet, and his mother was taking care of him; between whom and the old dowager of Kew, who had made up Barney's marriage, as every body knew, there was no love lost.

Then who was the Prince de Moncontour, who, with his princess, figured at this noble marriage? There was a Moncontour, the Duc d'Ivry's son, but he died at Paris before the revolution of '30: one or two of the oldsters at Bays's, Major Pendennis, General Tufto, old Cackleby—the old fogies in a word—remembered the Duke of Ivry when he was here during the Emigration, and when he was called Prince de Moncontour, the title of the eldest son of the family. Ivry was dead, having buried his son before him, and having left only a daughter by that young woman

whom he married, and who led him such a life. Who was this present Moncontour?

He was a gentleman to whom the reader has already been presented, though when we lately saw him at Baden, he did not enjoy so magnificent a title. Early in the year of Barnes Newcomè's marriage, there came to England, and to our modest apartment in the Temple, a gentleman bringing a letter of recommendation from our dear young Clive, who said that the bearer, the Vicomte de Florac, was a great friend of his, and of the Colonel's, who had known his family from boyhood. A friend of our Clive and our Colonel was sure of a welcome in Lamb Court; we gave him the hand of hospitality, the best cigar in the box, the easy chair with only one broken leg; the dinner in chambers and at the club, the banquet at Greenwich (where, ma foi, the little *whites baits* elicited his profound satisfaction); in a word, did our best to honor that bill which our young Clive had drawn upon us. We considered the young one in the light of a nephew of our own; we took a pride in him, and were fond of him; and as for the Colonel, did we not love and honor him; would we not do our utmost in behalf of any stranger who came recommended to us by Thomas Newcome's good word? So Florac was straightway admitted to our companionship. We showed him the town, and some of the modest pleasures thereof; we introduced him to the Haunt, and astonished him by the company which he met there. Between Brent's "Deserter," and Mark Wilders "Garryowen," Florac sang—

> Tiens voici ma pipe, voila mon bri—vuet;
> Et quand la Tulipe fait le noir tra—jet
> Que tu sois la seule dans le régi—ment
> Avec la brûle-gueule, de ton cher z'a—mant;

to the delight of Tom Sarjent, who, though he only partially comprehended the words of the song, pronounced the singer to be a rare gentleman, full of most excellent differences. We took our Florac to the Derby; we presented him in Fitzroy Square, whither we still occasionally went, for Clive's and our dear Colonel's sake.

The Vicomte pronounced himself strongly in favor of the blanche misse, little Rosy Mackenzie, of whom we have lost sight for some few chapters. Mrs. Mac he considered, my faith, to be a woman superb. He used to kiss the tips of his own fingers, in token of his admiration for the lovely widow; he pronounced her again and again more pretty than her daughter; and paid her a thousand compliments which she received with exceeding good humor. If the Vicomte gave us to understand presently, that Rosy and her mother were both in love with him, but that for all the world he would not meddle with the happiness of his dear little Clive, nothing unfavorable to the character or constancy of the before-mentioned ladies must be inferred from M. de Florac's speech; his firm conviction being, that no woman could pass many hours in his society without danger to her subsequent peace of mind.

For some little time we had no reason to suspect that our French friend was not particularly well furnished with the current coin of the realm. Without making any show of wealth, he would, at first, cheerfully engage in our little parties: his lodgings in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, though dingy, were such as many noble foreign exiles have inhabited. It was not until he refused to join some pleasure-trip which we of Lamb Court proposed, honestly confessing his poverty, that we were made aware of the Vicomte's little temporary calamity; and, as we became more intimate with him, he acquainted us, with great openness, with the history of all his fortunes. He described energetically that splendid run of luck which had set in at Baden with Clive's loan; his winnings, at that fortunate period, had carried him through the winter with considerable brilliancy; but Bouillotte and Mademoiselle Atala, of the Variétés (*une ogresse, mon cher!* who devours thirty of our young men every year in her cavern, in the Rue de Bréda), had declared against him, and the poor Vicomte's pockets were almost empty when he came to London.

He was amiably communicative regarding himself, and told us his virtues and his faults (if indeed a passion for play and for women could be considered as faults in a gay young fellow of two or three-and-forty), with a like engaging frankness. He would weep in describing his angel mother: he would fly off again into tirades respecting the wickedness, the wit, the extravagance, the charms of the young lady of the Variétés. He would then (in conversation) introduce us to Madame de Florac, née Higg, of Manchesterre. His prattle was incessant, and to my friend Mr. Warrington especially, he was an object of endless delight, and amusement, and wonder. He would roll and smoke countless paper segars, talking unrestrainedly when we were not busy, silent when we were engaged: he would only rarely partake of our meals, and altogether refused all offers of pecuniary aid. He disappeared at dinner-time into the mysterious purlieus of Leicester Square, and dark ordinaries only frequented by Frenchmen. As we walked with him in the Regent Street precincts, he would exchange marks of recognition with many dusky personages, smoking bravos, and whiskered refugees of his nation. "That gentleman," he would say, "who has done me the honor to salute me, is a coiffeur of the most celebrated; he forms the *délices* of our table d'hôte. 'Bon jour, mon cher monsieur!' We are friends, though not of the same opinion. Monsieur is a republican of the most distinguished; conspirator of profession, and at this time engaged in constructing an infernal machine to the address of His Majesty, Louis Philippe, King of the French." "Who is my friend with the scarlet beard and the white paletôt?" "My good Warrington! you do not move in the world: you make yourself a hermit, my dear! Not know Monsieur!—Monsieur is secretary to Mademoiselle Caracoline, the lovely rider at the circus of Astley; I shall be charmed to introduce you to this amiable society some day at our table d'hôte."

Warrington vowed that the company of Florac's friends would be infinitely more amusing than the noblest society ever chronicled in the *Morning Post;* but we were neither sufficiently familiar with the French language to make conversation in that tongue as pleasant to us as talking in our own; and so were content with Florac's description of his compatriots, which the Vicomte delivered in that charming French-English of which he was a master.

However threadbare in his garments, poor in purse, and eccentric in morals our friend was, his manners were always perfectly gentlemanlike, and he draped himself in his poverty with the grace of a Spanish grandee. It must be confessed that the grandee loved the estaminet, where he could play billiards with the first comer; that he had a passion for the gambling-house; that he was a loose and disorderly nobleman: but, in whatever company he found himself, a certain kindness, simplicity, and politeness distinguished him always. He bowed to the damsel who sold him a penny segar, as graciously as to a duchess; he crushed a *manant's* impertinence or familiarity as haughtily as his noble ancestors ever did at the Louvre, at Marli, or Versailles. He declined to *obtempérer* to his landlady's request to pay his rent; but he refused with a dignity which struck the woman with awe: and King Alfred, over the celebrated muffin (on which Gandish and other painters have exercised their genius), could not have looked more noble than Florac in a robe-de-chambre, once gorgeous, but shady now as became its owner's clouded fortunes; toasting his bit of bacon at his lodgings, when the fare even of his table d'hôte had grown too dear for him.

As we know from Gandish's work that better times were in store for the wandering monarch, and that the officers came acquainting him that his people demanded his presence, *à grands cris*, when of course King Alfred laid down the toast and resumed the sceptre; so, in the case of Florac, two humble gentlemen, inhabitants of Lamb Court, and members of the Upper Temple, had the good luck to be the heralds, as it were, nay, indeed, the occasion of the rising fortunes of the Prince de Moncontour. Florac had informed us of the death of his cousin the Duc d'Ivry, by whose demise the Vicomte's father, the old Count de Florac, became the representative of the house of Ivry, and possessor, through his relative's bequest, of an old chateau still more gloomy and spacious than the count's own house in the Faubourg St. Germain—a chateau, of which the woods, domains, and appurtenances, had been lopped off by the Revolution. "Monsieur le Comte," Florac says, "has not wished to change his name at his age; he has shrugged his old shoulder, and said it was not the trouble to make to engrave a new card; and for me," the philosophical Vicomte added, "of what good shall be a title of prince in the position where I find myself?" It is wonderful for us who inhabit a country where rank is worshiped with so admirable a reverence, to think that there are many gentlemen in France who actually have authentic titles and do not choose to bear them.

Mr. George Warrington was hugely amused with this notion of Florac's ranks and dignities. The idea of the Prince purchasing penny segars; of the Prince mildly expostulating with his landlady regarding the rent; of his punting for half-crowns at a neighboring hall in Air Street, whither the poor gentleman desperately ran when he had money in his pocket, tickled George's sense of humor. It was Warrington who gravely saluted the Vicomte, and compared him to King Alfred, on that afternoon when we happened to call upon him and found him engaged in cooking his modest dinner.

We were bent upon an excursion to Greenwich, and on having our friend's company on that voyage, and we induced the Vicomte to forego his bacon, and be our guest for once. George Warrington chose to indulge in a great deal of ironical pleasantry in the course of the afternoon's excursion. As we went down the river, he pointed out to Florac the very window in the Tower where the captive Duke of Orleans used to sit when he was an inhabitant of that fortress. At Greenwich, which palace Florac informed us was built by Queen Elizabeth, George showed the very spot where Raleigh laid his cloak down to enable her Majesty to step over a puddle. In a word he mystified M. de Florac: such was Mr. Warrington's reprehensible spirit.

It happened that Mr. Barnes Newcome came to dine at Greenwich on the same day when our little party took place. He had come down to meet Rooster and one or two other noble friends whose names he took care to give us, cursing them at the same time for having thrown him over. Having missed his own company, Mr. Barnes condescended to join ours, Warrington gravely thanking him for the great honor which he conferred upon us by volunteering to take a place at our table. Barnes drank freely, and was good enough to resume his acquaintance with Monsieur de Florac, whom he perfectly well recollected at Baden, but had thought proper to forget on the one or two occasions when they had met in public since the Vicomte's arrival in this country. There are few men who can drop and resume an acquaintance with such admirable self-possession as Barnes Newcome. When, over our dessert, by which time all tongues were unloosed and each man talked gayly, George Warrington feelingly thanked Barnes, in a little mock speech, for his great kindness in noticing us, presenting him at the same time to Florac as the ornament of the city, the greatest banker of his age, the beloved kinsman of their friend Clive, who was always writing about him; Barnes said, with one of his accustomed curses, he did not know whether Mr. Warrington was "chaffing" him or not, and indeed could never make him out. Warrington replied that he never could make himself out: and if ever Mr. Barnes could, George would thank him for information on that subject.

Florac, like most Frenchmen, very sober in his potations, left us for a while over ours, which were

conducted after the more liberal English manner, and retired to smoke his segar on the terrace. Barnes then freely uttered his sentiments regarding him, which were not more favorable than those which the young gentleman generally emitted respecting gentlemen whose backs were turned. He had known a little of Florac the year before, at Baden: he had been mixed up with Kew in that confounded row in which Kew was hit: he was an adventurer, a pauper, a blackleg, a regular Greek; he had heard Florac was of old family, that was true: but what of that? He was only one of those d— French counts; every body was a count in France, confound 'em! The claret was beastly—not fit for a gentleman to drink! He swigged off a great bumper as he was making the remark; for Barnes Newcome abuses the men and things which he uses, and perhaps is better served than more grateful persons.

"Count!" cries Warrington, "what do you mean by talking about beggarly counts. Florac's family is one of the noblest and most ancient in Europe. It is more ancient than your illustrious friend, the barber-surgeon; it was illustrious before the house, ay, or the pagoda of Kew was in existence." And he went on to describe how Florac, by the demise of his kinsman, was now actually Prince de Moncontour, though he did not choose to assume that title. Very likely the noble Gascon drink in which George had been indulging, imparted a certain warmth and eloquence to his descriptions of Florac's good qualities, high birth, and considerable patrimony; Barnes looked quite amazed and scared at these announcements, then laughed, and declared once more that Warrington was chaffing him.

"As sure as the Black Prince was lord of Acquitaine—as sure as the English were masters of Bourdeaux—and why did we ever lose the country?" cries George, filling himself a bumper, "every word I have said about Florac is true;" and Florac coming in at this juncture, having just finished his segar, George turned round and made him a fine speech in the French language, in which he lauded his constancy and good humor under evil fortune, paid him two or three more cordial compliments, and finished by drinking another great bumper to his good health.

Florac took a little wine, replied "with effusion" to the toast which his excellent, his noble friend had just carried. We rapped our glasses at the end of the speech. The landlord himself seemed deeply touched by it as he stood by with a fresh bottle. "It is good wine—it is honest wine—it is capital wine," says George, "and honni soit qui mal y pense! What business have you, you little beggar, to abuse it? my ancestor drank the wine and wore the motto round his leg long before a Newcome ever showed his pale face in Lombard Street." George Warrington never bragged about his pedigree except under certain influences. I am inclined to think that on this occasion he really did find the claret very good.

"You don't mean to say," says Barnes, addressing Florac in French, on which he piqued himself, "que vous avez un tel manche à votre nom, et que vous ne l' usez pas?"

Florac shrugged his shoulders; he at first did not understand that familiar figure of English speech, or what was meant by "having a handle to your name." "Moncontour can not dine better than Florac," he said. "Florac has two Louis in his pocket, and Moncontour exactly forty shillings. Florac's proprietor will ask Moncontour tomorrow for five weeks' rent; and as for Florac's friends, my dear, they will burst out laughing to Moncontour's nose!" "How droll you English are!" this acute French observer afterward said, laughing, and recalling the incident. "Did you not see how that little Barnes, as soon as he knew my title of Prince, changed his manner and became all respect toward me?" This, indeed, Monsieur de Florac's two friends remarked with no little amusement. Barnes began quite well to remember their pleasant days at Baden, and talked of their acquaintance there: Barnes offered the Prince the vacant seat in his brougham, and was ready to set him down any where that he wished in town.

"Bah!" says Florac; "we came by the steamer, and I prefer the *péniboat*." But the hospitable Barnes, nevertheless, called upon Florac the next day. And now having partially explained how the Prince de Moncontour was present at Mr. Barnes Newcome's wedding, let us show how it was that Barnes's first cousin, the Earl of Kew, did not attend that ceremony.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

RETURNS TO LORD KEW.

We do not propose to describe at length or with precision the circumstances of the duel which ended so unfortunately for young Lord Kew. The meeting was inevitable: after the public acts and insult of the morning, the maddened Frenchman went to it convinced that his antagonist had willfully outraged him, eager to show his bravery upon the body of an Englishman, and as proud as if he had been going into actual war. That commandment, the sixth in our decalogue,

which forbids the doing of murder, and the injunction which directly follows on the same table, have been repealed by a very great number of Frenchmen for many years past; and to take the neighbor's wife, and his life subsequently, has not been an uncommon practice with the politest people in the world. Castillonnes had no idea but that he was going to the field of honor; stood with an undaunted scowl before his enemy's pistol; and discharged his own, and brought down his opponent with a grim satisfaction, and a comfortable conviction afterward that he had acted *en galant homme*. "It was well for this Milor that he fell at the first shot, my dear," the exemplary young Frenchman remarked, "a second might have been yet more fatal to him; ordinarily I am sure of my *coup*, and you conceive that in an affair so grave it was absolutely necessary that one or other should remain on the ground." Nay, should M. de Kew recover from his wound, it was M. de Castillonnes' intention to propose a second encounter between himself and that nobleman. It had been Lord Kew's determination never to fire upon his opponent, a confession which he made not to his second, poor scared Lord Rooster, who bore the young Earl to Kehl; but to some of his nearest relatives, who happened fortunately to be not far from him when he received his wound, and who came with all the eagerness of love to watch by his bedside.

We have said that Lord Kew's mother, Lady Walham, and her second son were staying at Hombourg, when the Earl's disaster occurred. They had proposed to come to Baden to see Kew's new bride, and to welcome her; but the presence of her mother-in-law deterred Lady Walham, who gave up her heart's wish in bitterness of spirit, knowing very well that a meeting between the old Countess and herself could only produce the wrath, pain, and humiliation which their coming together always occasioned. It was Lord Kew who bade Rooster send for his mother, and not for Lady Kew; and as soon as she received those sad tidings, you may be sure the poor lady hastened to the bed where her wounded boy lay.

The fever had declared itself, and the young man had been delirious more than once. His wan face lighted up with joy when he saw his mother; he put his little feverish hand out of the bed to her; "I knew you would come, dear," he said, "and you know I never would have fired upon the poor Frenchman." The fond mother allowed no sign of terror or grief to appear upon her face, so as to disturb her first-born and darling; but no doubt she prayed by his side as such loving hearts know how to pray, for the forgiveness of his trespass, who had forgiven those who sinned against him. "I knew I should be hit, George," said Kew to his brother when they were alone; "I always expected some such end as this. My life has been very wild and reckless; and you, George, have always been faithful to our mother. You will make a better Lord Kew than I have been, George. God bless you!" George flung himself down with sobs by his brother's bedside, and swore Frank had always been the best fellow, the best brother, the kindest heart, the warmest friend in the world. Love—prayer—repentance, thus met over the young man's bed. Anxious and humble hearts, his own the least anxious and the most humble, awaited the dread award of life or death; and the world, and its ambition and vanities, were shut out from the darkened chamber where the awful issue was being tried.

Our history has had little to do with characters resembling this lady. It is of the world, and things pertaining to it. Things beyond it, as the writer imagines, scarcely belong to the novelist's province. Who is he, that he should assume the divine's office; or turn his desk into a preacher's pulpit? In that career of pleasure, of idleness, of crime we might call it (but that the chronicler of worldly matters had best be chary of applying hard names to acts which young men are doing in the world every day), the gentle widowed lady, mother of Lord Kew, could but keep aloof, deploring the course upon which her dear young prodigal had entered; and praying with that saintly love, those pure supplications, with which good mothers follow their children, for her boy's repentance and return. Very likely her mind was narrow; very likely the precautions which she had used in the lad's early days, the tutors and directors she had set about him, the religious studies and practices to which she would have subjected him, had served only to vex and weary the young pupil, and to drive his high spirit into revolt. It is hard to convince a woman perfectly pure in her life and intentions, ready to die if need were for her own faith, having absolute confidence in the instruction of her teachers, that she and they (with all their sermons) may be doing harm. When the young catechist yawns over his reverence's discourse, who knows but it is the doctor's vanity which is enraged, and not Heaven which is offended? It may have been, in the differences which took place between her son and her, the good Lady Walham never could comprehend the lad's side of the argument; or how his Protestantism against her doctrines should exhibit itself on the turf, the gaming-table, or the stage of the opera-house; and thus but for the misfortune under which poor Kew now lay bleeding, these two loving hearts might have remained through life asunder. But by the boy's bedside; in the paroxysms of his fever; in the wild talk of his delirium; in the sweet patience and kindness with which he received his dear nurse's attentions; the gratefulness with which he thanked the servants who waited on him; the fortitude with which he suffered the surgeon's dealings with his wound;—the widowed woman had an opportunity to admire with an exquisite thankfulness the generous goodness of her son; and in those hours, those sacred hours passed in her own chamber, of prayers, fears, hopes, recollections, and passionate maternal love, wrestling with fate for her darling's life;—no doubt the humbled creature came to acknowledge that her own course regarding him had been wrong; and, even more for herself than for him, implored forgiveness.

For some time George Barnes had to send but doubtful and melancholy bulletins to Lady Kew and the Newcome family at Baden, who were all greatly moved and affected by the accident which had befallen poor Kew. Lady Kew broke out in wrath and indignation. We may be sure the Duchesse d'Ivry offered to condole with her upon Kew's mishap the day after the news arrived at Baden; and, indeed, came to visit her. The old lady had just received other disquieting intelligence. She was just going out, but she bade her servant to inform the Duchesse that she was never more at home to the Duchesse d'Ivry. The message was not delivered properly, or the person for whom it was intended did not choose to understand it, for presently as the Countess was hobbling across the walk on her way to her daughter's residence, she met the Duchesse d'Ivry, who saluted her with a demure courtesy and a commonplace expression of condolence. The Queen of Scots was surrounded by the chief part of her court, saving of course M.M. Castillonnes and Punter absent on service. "We were speaking of this deplorable affair," said Madame d'Ivry (which indeed was the truth, although she said it). "How we pity you, Madame!" Blackball and Loder, Cruchecassée and Schlangenbad, assumed sympathetic countenances.

Trembling on her cane, the old Countess glared out upon Madame d'Ivry, "I pray you, Madame," she said in French, "never again to address me the word. If I had, like you, assassins in my pay, I would have you killed; do you hear me?" and she hobbled on her way. The household to which she went was in terrible agitation; the kind Lady Ann frightened beyond measure, poor Ethel full of dread, and feeling guilty almost as if she had been the cause, as indeed she was the occasion, of Kew's misfortune. And the family had further cause of alarm from the shock which the news had given to Sir Brian. It has been said that he had had illnesses of late which caused his friends much anxiety. He had passed two months at Aix-la-Chapelle, his physicians dreading a paralytic attack; and Madame d'Ivry's party still sauntering on the walk, the men smoking their segars, the women breathing their scandal, now beheld Doctor Finck issuing from Lady Ann's apartments, and wearing such a face of anxiety that the Duchesse asked, with some emotion, "Had there been a fresh bulletin from Kehl?"



"No, there had been no fresh bulletin from Kehl; but two hours since Sir Brian Newcome had had a paralytic seizure."

"Is he very bad?"

"No," says Dr. Finck, "he is not very bad."

"How inconsolable M. Barnes will be!" said the Duchesse, shrugging her haggard shoulders. Whereas the fact was that Mr. Barnes retained perfect presence of mind under both of the misfortunes which had befallen his family. Two days afterward the Duchesse's husband arrived himself, when we may presume that exemplary woman was too much engaged with her own affairs to be able to be interested about the doings of other people. With the Duke's arrival the court of Mary Queen of Scots was broken up. Her majesty was conducted to Loch Leven, where her tyrant soon dismissed her very last lady-in-waiting, the confidential Irish secretary, whose performance had produced such a fine effect among the Newcomes.

Had poor Sir Brian Newcome's seizure occurred at an earlier period of the autumn, his illness no doubt would have kept him for some months confined at Baden; but as he was pretty nearly the last of Dr. Von Finck's bath patients, and that eminent physician longed to be off to the Residenz, he was pronounced in a fit condition for easy traveling in rather a brief period after his attack, and it was determined to transport him to Manheim, and thence by water to London and Newcome.

During all this period of their father's misfortune no Sister of Charity could have been more tender, active, cheerful, and watchful, than Miss Ethel. She had to wear a kind face and exhibit no anxiety when occasionally the feeble invalid made inquiries regarding poor Kew at Baden; to catch the phrases as they came from him; to acquiesce, or not to deny, when Sir Brian talked of the marriages—both marriages—taking place at Christmas. Sir Brian was especially eager for his daughter's, and repeatedly, with his broken words, and smiles, and caresses, which were now quite senile, declared that his Ethel would make the prettiest countess in England. There came a letter or two from Clive, no doubt, to the young nurse in her sick room. Manly and generous, full of tenderness and affection, as those letters surely were, they could give but little pleasure to the young lady, indeed, only add to her doubts and pain.

She had told none of her friends as yet of those last words of Kew's, which she interpreted as a farewell on the young nobleman's part. Had she told them they very likely would not have understood Kew's meaning as she did, and persisted in thinking that the two were reconciled. At any rate, while he and her father were still lying stricken by the blows which had prostrated them both, all questions of love and marriage had been put aside. Did she love him? She felt such a kind pity for his misfortune, such an admiration for his generous gallantry, such a remorse for her own wayward conduct and cruel behavior toward this most honest, and kindly, and affectionate gentleman, that the sum of regard which she could bestow upon him might surely be said to amount to love. For such a union as that contemplated between them, perhaps for any marriage, no greater degree of attachment was necessary as the common cement. Warm friendship and thorough esteem and confidence (I do not say that our young lady calculated in this matter-of-fact way) are safe properties invested in the prudent marriage stock, multiplying and bearing an increasing value with every year. Many a young couple of spendthrifts get through their capital of passion in the first twelvemonths, and have no love left for the daily demands of after-life. O me! for the day when the bank account is closed, and the cupboard is empty, and the firm of Damon and Phyllis insolvent!

Miss Newcome, we say, without doubt, did not make her calculations in this debtor and creditor fashion; it was only the gentlemen of that family who went to Lombard Street. But suppose she thought that regard, and esteem, and affection, being sufficient, she could joyfully and with almost all her heart bring such a portion to Lord Kew; that her harshness toward him as contrasted with his own generosity, and above all with his present pain, infinitely touched her; and suppose she fancied that there was another person in the world to whom, did fates permit, she could offer not esteem, affection, pity only, but something ten thousand times more precious? We are not in the young lady's secrets, but if she has some as she sits by her father's chair and bed, who day or night will have no other attendant; and, as she busies herself to interpret his wants, silently moves on his errands, administers his potions, and watches his sleep, thinks of Clive absent and unhappy, of Kew wounded and in danger, she must have subject enough of thought and pain. Little wonder that her cheeks are pale and her eyes look red; she has her cares to endure now in the world, and her burden to bear in it, and somehow she feels she is alone, since that day when poor Clive's carriage drove away.

In a mood of more than ordinary depression and weakness Lady Kew must have found her granddaughter upon one of the few occasions after the double mishap when Ethel and her elder were together. Sir Brian's illness, as it may be imagined, affected a lady very slightly, who was of an age when these calamities occasion but small disquiet, and who having survived her own father, her husband, her son, and witnessed their lordship's respective demises with perfect composure, could not reasonably be called upon to feel any particular dismay at the probable departure from this life of a Lombard Street banker, who happened to be her daughter's husband. In fact not Barnes Newcome himself could await that event more philosophically. So finding Ethel in this melancholy mood, Lady Kew thought a drive in the fresh air would be of service to her, and Sir Brian happening to be asleep, carried the young girl away in her barouche.

They talked about Lord Kew, of whom the accounts were encouraging, and who is mending in

spite of his silly mother and her medicines, and as soon as he is able to move we must go and fetch him, my dear, Lady Kew graciously said, before that foolish woman has made a Methodist of him. He is always led by the woman who is nearest him, and I know one who will make of him just the best little husband in England. Before they had come to this delicate point the lady and her grandchild had talked Kew's character over, the girl, you may be sure, having spoken feelingly and eloquently about his kindness and courage, and many admirable qualities. She kindled when she heard the report of his behavior at the commencement of the fracas with M. de Castillonnes, his great forbearance and good-nature, and his resolution and magnanimity when the moment of collision came.

But when Lady Kew arrived at that period of her discourse, in which she stated that Kew would make the best little husband in England, poor Ethel's eyes filled with tears; we must remember that her high spirit was worn down by watching and much varied anxiety, and then she confessed that there had been no reconciliation, as all the family fancied, between Frank and herself—on the contrary, a parting, which she understood to be final; and she owned that her conduct toward her cousin had been most captious and cruel, and that she could not expect they should ever again come together. Lady Kew, who hated sick beds and surgeons, except for herself, who hated her daughter-in-law above all, was greatly annoyed at the news which Ethel gave her; made light of it, however, and was quite confident that a very few words from her would place matters on their old footing, and determined on forthwith setting out for Kehl. She would have carried Ethel with her, but that the poor Baronet with cries and moans insisted on retaining his nurse, and Ethel's grandmother was left to undertake this mission by herself, the girl remaining behind acquiescent, not unwilling, owning openly a great regard and esteem for Kew, and the wrong which she had done him—feeling secretly a sentiment which she had best smother. She had received a letter from that other person, and answered it with her mother's cognizance; but about this little affair neither Lady Ann nor her daughter happened to say a word to the manager of the whole family.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IN WHICH LADY KEW LEAVES HIS LORDSHIP QUITE CONVALESCENT.

Immediately after Lord Kew's wound, and as it was necessary to apprise the Newcome family of the accident which had occurred, the good-natured young Kew had himself written a brief note to acquaint his relatives with his mishap, and had even taken the precaution to antedate a couple of billets to be dispatched on future days; kindly forgeries, which told the Newcome family and the Countess of Kew that Lord Kew was progressing very favorably, and that his hurt was trifling. The fever had set in, and the young patient was lying in great danger, as most of the laggards at Baden knew, when his friends there were set at ease by this fallacious bulletin. On the third day after the accident, Lady Walham arrived with her younger son, to find Lord Kew in the fever which ensued after the wound. As the terrible anxiety during the illness had been Lady Walham's, so was hers the delight of the recovery.



The commander-in-chief of the family, the old lady at Baden, showed her sympathy by sending couriers, and repeatedly issuing orders to have news of Kew. Sick beds scared her away invariably. When illness befell a member of her family she hastily retreated from before the sufferer, showing her agitation of mind, however, by excessive ill-humor to all the others within her reach.

A fortnight passed, a ball had been found and extracted, the fever was over, the wound was progressing favorably, the patient advancing toward convalescence, and the mother, with her child once more under her wing, happier than she had been for seven years past, during which her young prodigal had been running the thoughtless career of which he himself was weary, and which had occasioned the fond lady such anguish. Those doubts which perplex many a thinking man, and when formed and uttered give many a fond and faithful woman pain so exquisite, had most fortunately never crossed Kew's mind. His early impressions were such as his mother had left them; and he came back to her as she would have him, as a little child, owning his faults with a hearty, humble repentance, and with a thousand simple confessions lamenting the errors of his past days. We have seen him tired and ashamed of the pleasures which he was pursuing, of the companions who surrounded him, of the brawls and dissipations which amused him no more; in those hours of danger and doubt, when he had lain, with death perhaps before him, making up his account of the vain life which probably he would be called upon to surrender, no wonder this simple, kindly, modest, and courageous soul thought seriously of the past and of the future; and prayed, and resolved, if a future were awarded to him, it should make amends for the days gone by; and surely as the mother and son read together the beloved assurance of the divine forgiveness, and of that joy which angels feel in heaven for a sinner repentant, we may fancy in the happy mother's breast a feeling somewhat akin to that angelic felicity, a gratitude and joy

of all others the loftiest, the purest, the keenest. Lady Walham might shrink with terror at the Frenchman's name; but her son could forgive him, with all his heart, and kiss his mother's hand, and thank him as the best friend of his life.

During all the days of his illness Kew had never once mentioned Ethel's name, and once or twice as his recovery progressed, when with doubt and tremor his mother alluded to it, he turned from the subject as one that was disagreeable and painful. Had she thought seriously on certain things? Lady Walham asked. Kew thought not; but those who are bred up as you would have them, mother, are often none the better, the humble young fellow said. I believe she is a very good girl. She is very clever, she is exceedingly handsome, she is very good to her parents and her brothers and sisters; but—he did not finish the sentence. Perhaps he thought, as he told Ethel afterward, that she would have agreed with Lady Walham even worse than with her imperious old grandmother.

Lady Walham then fell to deplore Sir Brian's condition, accounts of whose seizure of course had been dispatched to the Kehl party, and to lament that a worldly man as he was should have such an affliction, so near the grave and so little prepared for it. Here honest Kew, however, held out. "Every man for himself, mother," says he. "Sir Brian was bred up very strictly, perhaps too strictly as a young man. Don't you know that that good Colonel, his elder brother, who seems to me about the most honest and good old gentleman I ever met in my life, was driven into rebellion and all sorts of wild courses by old Mrs. Newcome's tyranny over him? As for Sir Brian, he goes to church every Sunday: has prayers in the family every day: I'm sure has led a hundred times better life than I have, poor old Sir Brian. I often have thought, mother, that though our side was wrong, yours could not be altogether right, because I remember how my tutor, and Mr. Bonner and Dr. Laud, when they used to come down to us at Kewbury, used to make themselves so unhappy about other people." So the widow withdrew her unhappiness about Sir Brian; she was quite glad to hope for the best regarding that invalid.

With some fears yet regarding her son—for many of the books with which the good lady traveled could not be got to interest him; at some he would laugh outright—with fear mixed with the maternal joy that he was returned to her, and had quitted his old ways; with keen feminine triumph, perhaps, that she had won him back, and happiness at his daily mending health, all Lady Walham's hours were passed in thankful and delighted occupation. George Barnes kept the Newcomes acquainted with the state of his brother's health. The skillful surgeon from Strasbourg reported daily better and better of him, and the little family were living in great peace and contentment, with one subject of dread, however, hanging over the mother of the two young men, the arrival of Lady Kew, as she was foreboding, the fierce old mother-in-law who had worsted Lady Walham in many a previous battle.

It was what they call the summer of St. Martin, and the weather was luckily very fine; Kew could presently be wheeled into the garden of the hotel, whence he could see the broad turbid current of the swollen Rhine: the French bank fringed with alders, the vast yellow fields behind them, the great avenue of poplars stretching away to the Alsatian city, and its purple minster yonder. Good Lady Walham was for improving the shining hour by reading amusing extracts from her favorite volumes, gentle anecdotes of Chinese and Hottentot converts, and incidents from missionary travel. George Barnes, a wily young diplomatist, insinuated "Galignani," and hinted that Kew might like a novel; and a profane work called "Oliver Twist" having appeared about this time, which George read out to his family with admirable emphasis, it is a fact that Lady Walham became so interested in the parish boy's progress, that she took his history into her bedroom (where it was discovered, under Blatherwick's "Voice from Mesopotamia," by her ladyship's maid), and that Kew laughed so immensely at Mr. Bumble, the Beadle, as to endanger the reopening of his wound.

While, one day, they were so harmlessly and pleasantly occupied, a great whacking of whips, blowing of horns, and whirring of wheels was heard in the street without. The wheels stopped at their hotel gate; Lady Walham started up; ran through the garden door, closing it behind her; and divined justly who had arrived. The landlord was bowing; the courier pushing about; waiters in attendance; one of them, coming up to pale-faced Lady Walham, said, "Her Excellency the Frau Gräfinn von Kew is even now absteiging."

"Will you be good enough to walk into our salon, Lady Kew?" said the daughter-in-law, stepping forward and opening the door of that apartment. The Countess, leaning on her staff, entered that darkened chamber. She ran up toward an easy chair, where she supposed Lord Kew was. "My dear Frank!" cries the old lady; "my dear boy, what a pretty fright you have given us all! They don't keep you in this horrid noisy room facing the— Ho—what is this?" cries the Countess, closing her sentence abruptly.

"It is not Frank. It is only a bolster, Lady Kew: and I don't keep him in a noisy room toward the street," said Lady Walham.

"Ho! how do you do? This is the way to him, I suppose;" and she went to another door—it was a cupboard full of the relics of Frank's illness, from which Lady Walham's mother-in-law shrunk back aghast. "Will you please to see that I have a comfortable room, Maria; and one for my maid, next me? I will thank you to see yourself," the Empress of Kew said, pointing with her stick, before which many a time the younger lady had trembled.

This time Lady Walham only rang the bell. "I don't speak German; and have never been on any

floor of the house but this. Your servant had better see to your room, Lady Kew. That next is mine; and I keep the door, which you are trying, locked on the other side."

"And I suppose Frank is locked up there!" cried the old lady, "with a basin of gruel and a book of Watts's hymns." A servant entered at this moment, answering Lady Walham's summons. "Peacock, the Countess of Kew says that she proposes to stay here this evening. Please to ask the landlord to show her ladyship rooms," said Lady Walham; and by this time she had thought of a reply to Lady Kew's last kind speech.

"If my son were locked up in my room, madam, his mother is surely the best nurse for him. Why did you not come to him three weeks sooner, when there was nobody with him?"

Lady Kew said nothing, but glared and showed her teeth—those pearls set in gold.

"And my company may not amuse Lord Kew—"

"He—e—e!" grinned the elder, savagely.

"But at least it is better than some to which you introduced my son," continued Lady Kew's daughter-in-law, gathering force and wrath as she spoke. "Your ladyship may think lightly of me, but you can hardly think so ill of me as of the Duchesse d'Ivry, I should suppose, to whom you sent my boy, to form him, you said; about whom, when I remonstrated—for though I live out of the world I hear of it sometimes—you were pleased to tell me that I was a prude and a fool. It is you I thank for separating my child from me—yes, you—for so many years of my life; and for bringing me to him when he was bleeding and almost a corpse, but that God preserved him to the widow's prayers; and you, you were by, and never came near him."

"I—I did not come to see you—or—or—for this kind of scene, Lady Walham," muttered the other. Lady Kew was accustomed to triumph, by attacking in masses, like Napoleon. Those who faced her routed her.

"No; you did not come for me, I know very well," the daughter went on. "You loved me no better than you loved your son, whose life, as long as you meddled with it, you made wretched. You came here for my boy. Haven't you done him evil enough? And now God has mercifully preserved him, you want to lead him back again into ruin and crime. It shall not be so, wicked woman! bad mother! cruel, heartless parent!—George!" (Here her younger son entered the room, and she ran toward him with fluttering robes and seized his hands.) "Here is your grandmother; here is the Countess of Kew, come from Baden at last; and she wants—she wants to take Frank from us, my dear, and to—give—him—back to the—Frenchwoman again. No, no! O, my God! Never! never!" And she flung herself into George Barnes's arms, fainting with an hysteric burst of tears.

"You had best get a strait-waistcoat for your mother, George Barnes," Lady Kew said, scorn and hatred in her face. (If she had been Iago's daughter, with a strong likeness to her sire, Lord Steyne's sister could not have looked more diabolical.) "Have you had advice for her? Has nursing poor Kew turned her head. I came to see *him*. Why have I been left alone for half an hour with this mad woman? You ought not to trust her to give Frank medicine. It is positively—"

"Excuse me," said George, with a bow; "I don't think the complaint has as yet exhibited itself in my mother's branch of the family. (She always hated me," thought George; "but if she had by chance left me a legacy, there it goes.) You would like, ma'am, to see the rooms upstairs? Here is the landlord to conduct your ladyship. Frank will be quite ready to receive you when you come down. I am sure I need not beg of your kindness that nothing may be said to agitate him. It is barely three weeks since M. de Castillonnes' ball was extracted; and the doctors wish he should be kept as quiet as possible."

You may be sure that the landlord, the courier, and the persons engaged in showing the Countess of Kew the apartments above, spent an agreeable time with her Excellency the Frau Gräfinn von Kew. She must have had better luck in her encounter with these than in her previous passages with her grandson and his mother; for when she issued from her apartment in a new dress and fresh cap, Lady Kew's face wore an expression of perfect serenity. Her attendant may have shook her fist behind her, and her man's eyes and face looked Blitz and Donnerwetter; but their mistress's features wore that pleased look which they assumed when she had been satisfactorily punishing somebody. Lord Kew had by this time got back from the garden to his own room, where he awaited grandmamma. If the mother and her two sons had in the interval of Lady Kew's toilet tried to resume the history of Bumble the Beadle, I fear they could not have found it very comical.

"Bless me, my dear child! How well you look! Many a girl would give the world to have such a complexion. There is nothing like a mother for a nurse! Ah, no! Maria, you deserve to be the Mother Superior of a House of Sisters of Charity, you do. The landlord has given me a delightful apartment, thank you. He is an extortionate wretch; but I have no doubt I shall be very comfortable. The Dodsburys stopped here, I see, by the travelers' book—quite right, instead of sleeping at that odious buggy Strasbourg. We have had a sad, sad time, my dears, at Baden. Between anxiety about poor Sir Brian, and about you, you naughty boy, I am sure I wonder how I have got through it all. Doctor Finck would not let me come away to-day; but I would come."

"I am sure it was uncommonly kind, ma'am," says poor Kew, with a rueful face.

"That horrible woman against whom I always warned you—but young men will not take the advice of old grandmammas—has gone away these ten days. Monsieur le Duc fetched her; and if he locked her up at Montcontour, and kept her on bread and water for the rest of her life, I am sure he would serve her right. When a woman once forgets religious principles, Kew, she is sure to

go wrong. The Conversation Room is shut up. The Dorkings go on Tuesday. Clara is really a dear little artless creature; one that you will like, Maria—and as for Ethel, I really think she is an angel. To see her nursing her poor father is the most beautiful sight; night after night she has sate up with him. I know where she would like to be, the dear child. And if Frank falls ill again, Maria, he won't need a mother or useless old grandmother to nurse him. I have got some pretty messages to deliver from her; but they are for your private ears, my lord; not even mammas and brothers may hear them."

"Do not go, mother! Pray stay, George!" cried the sick man (and again Lord Steyne's sister looked uncommonly like that lamented marquis). "My cousin is a noble young creature," he went on. "She has admirable good qualities, which I appreciate with all my heart; and her beauty, you know how I admire it. I have thought of her a great deal as I was lying on the bed yonder (the family look was not so visible in Lady Kew's face), and—and—I wrote to her this very morning; she will have the letter by this time, probably."

"Bien! Frank!" Lady Kew smiled (in her supernatural way) almost as much as her portrait, by Harlowe, as you may see it at Kewbury to this very day. She is represented seated before an easel, painting a miniature of her son, Lord Walham.

"I wrote to her on the subject of the last conversation we had together," Frank resumed, in rather a timid voice, "the day before my accident. Perhaps she did not tell you, ma'am, of what passed between us. We had had a quarrel; one of many. Some cowardly hand, which we both of us can guess at, had written to her an account of my past life, and she showed me the letter. Then I told her, that if she loved me she never would have showed it me: without any other words of reproof I bade her farewell. It was not much, the showing that letter; but it was enough. In twenty differences we have had together, she had been unjust and captious, cruel toward me, and too eager, as I thought, for other people's admiration. Had she loved me, it seemed to me Ethel would have shown less vanity and better temper. What was I to expect in life afterward from a girl who before her marriage used me so? Neither she nor I could be happy. She could be gentle enough, and kind, and anxious to please any man whom she loves, God bless her! As for me, I suppose, I'm not worthy of so much talent and beauty, so we both understood that that was a friendly farewell; and as I have been lying on my bed yonder, thinking, perhaps, I never might leave it, or if I did, that I should like to lead a different sort of life to that which ended in sending me there, my resolve of last month was only confirmed. God forbid that she and I should lead the lives of some folks we know; that Ethel should marry without love, perhaps to fall into it afterward; and that I, after this awful warning I have had, should be tempted back into that dreary life I was leading. It was wicked, ma'am, I knew it was; many and many a day I used to say so to myself, and longed to get rid of it. I am a poor weak devil, I know, I am only too easily led into temptation, and I should only make matters worse if I married a woman who cares for the world more than for me, and would not make me happy at home."

"Ethel care for the world!" gasped out Lady Kew; "a most artless, simple, affectionate creature; my dear Frank, she—"

He interrupted her, as a blush came rushing over his pale face. "Ah!" said he, "if I had been the painter, and young Clive had been Lord Kew, which of us do you think she would have chosen? And she was right. He is a brave, handsome, honest young fellow, and is a thousand times cleverer and better than I am."

"Not better, dear, thank God," cried his mother, coming round to the other side of his sofa, and seizing her son's hand.

"No, I don't think he is better, Frank," said the diplomatist, walking away to the window. And as for grandmamma at the end of this little speech and scene, her ladyship's likeness to her brother, the late revered Lord Steyne, was more frightful than ever.

After a minute's pause, she rose up on her crooked stick, and said, "I really feel I am unworthy to keep company with so much exquisite virtue. It will be enhanced, my lord, by the thought of the pecuniary sacrifice which you are making, for I suppose you know that I have been hoarding—yes, and saving, and pinching—denying myself the necessities of life, in order that my grandson might one day have enough to support his rank. Go and live and starve in your dreary old house, and marry a parson's daughter, and sing psalms with your precious mother; and I have no doubt you and she—she who has thwarted me all through life, and whom I hated—yes, I hated from the moment she took my son from me and brought misery into my family, will be all the happier when she thinks that she has made a poor, fond, lonely old woman more lonely and miserable. If you please, George Barnes, be good enough to tell my people that I shall go back to Baden;" and waving her children away from her, the old woman tottered out of the room on her crutch.

So the wicked Fairy drove away disappointed in her chariot with the very dragons which had brought her away in the morning, and just had time to get their feed of black bread. I wonder whether they were the horses Clive and J. J. and Jack Belsize had used when they passed on their road to Switzerland? Black Care sits behind all sorts of horses, and gives a trinkgelt to postillions all over the map. A thrill of triumph may be permitted to Lady Walham after her victory over her mother-in-law. What Christian woman does not like to conquer another; and if that other were a mother-in-law, would the victory be less sweet? Husbands and wives both will be pleased that Lady Walham has had the better of this bout: and you, young boys and virgins, when your turn

comes to be married, you will understand the hidden meaning of this passage. George Barnes got "Oliver Twist" out, and began to read therein. Miss Nancy and Fanny again were summoned before this little company to frighten and delight them. I dare say even Fagin and Miss Nancy failed with the widow, so absorbed was she with the thoughts of the victory which she had just won. For the evening service, in which her sons rejoiced her fond heart by joining, she lighted on a psalm which was as a *Te Deum* after the battle—the battle of Kehl by Rhine, where Kew's soul, as his mother thought, was the object of contention between the enemies. I have said, this book is all about the world and a respectable family dwelling in it. It is not a sermon, except where it can not help itself, and the speaker pursuing the destiny of his narrative finds such a homily before him. O friend, in your life and mine, don't we light upon such sermons daily? don't we see at home as well as among our neighbors that battle betwixt Evil and Good? Here, on one side, is Self and Ambition and Advancement; and Right and Love on the other. Which shall we let to triumph for ourselves—which for our children?

The young men were sitting smoking the Vesper segar. (Frank would do it, and his mother actually lighted his segar for him now, enjoining him straightway after to go to bed.) Kew smoked and looked at a star shining above in the heaven. Which is that star? he asked; and the accomplished young diplomatist answered it was Jupiter.

"What a lot of things you know, George!" cries the senior, delighted; "You ought to have been the elder—you ought, by Jupiter. But you have lost your chance this time."

"Yes, thank God!" says George.

"And I am going to be all right—and to turn over a new leaf, old boy—and paste down the old ones, eh? I wrote to Martins this morning to have all my horses sold; and I'll never bet again—so help me—so help me, Jupiter. I made a vow—a promise to myself, you see, that I wouldn't if I recovered. And I wrote to cousin Ethel this morning. As I thought over the matter yonder, I felt quite certain I was right, and that we could never, never pull together. Now the Countess is gone, I wonder whether I was right—to give up sixty thousand pounds, and the prettiest girl in London?"

"Shall I take horses and go after her? My mother's gone to bed, she won't know," asked George. "Sixty thousand is a lot of money to lose."

Kew laughed. "If you were to go and tell our grandmother that I could not live the night through; and that you would be Lord Kew in the morning, and your son, Viscount Walham, I think the Countess would make up a match between you and the sixty thousand pounds, and the prettiest girl in England: she would by—by Jupiter. I intend only to swear by the heathen gods now, Georgy. No, I am not sorry I wrote to Ethel. What a fine girl she is!—I don't mean her beauty merely, but such a noble bred one! And to think that there she is in the market to be knocked down to— I say, I was going to call that three-year-old, Ethelinda. We must christen her over again for Tattersall's, Georgy."

A knock is heard through an adjoining door, and a maternal voice cries, "It is time to go to bed!" So the brothers part, and, let us hope, sleep soundly.

The Countess of Kew, meanwhile, has returned to Baden; where, though it is midnight when she arrives, and the old lady has had two long bootless journeys, you will be grieved to hear that she does not sleep a single wink. In the morning she hobbles over to the Newcome quarters; and Ethel comes down to her pale and calm. How is her father? He has had a good night: he is a little better, speaks more clearly, has a little more the use of his limbs.

"I wish *I* had had a good night!" groans out the Countess.

"I thought you were going to Lord Kew, at Kehl," remarked her granddaughter.

"I did go, and returned with wretches who would not bring me more than five miles an hour! I dismissed that brutal grinning courier; and I have given warning to that fiend of a maid."

"And Frank is pretty well, grandmamma?"

"Well! He looks as pink as a girl in her first season! I found him, and his brother George, and their mamma. I think Maria was hearing them their catechism," cries the old lady.

"N. and M. together! Very pretty," says Ethel, gravely. "George has always been a good boy, and it is quite time for my Lord Kew to begin."

The elder lady looked at her descendant, but Miss Ethel's glance was impenetrable. "I suppose you can fancy, my dear, why I came back?" said Lady Kew.

"Because you quarreled with Lady Walham, grandmamma. I think I have heard that there used to be differences between you." Miss Newcome was armed for defense and attack; in which cases we have said Lady Kew did not care to assault her. "My grandson told me that he had written to you," the Countess said.

"Yes; and had you waited but half an hour yesterday, you might have spared me the humiliation of that journey."

"*You*—the humiliation—Ethel!"

"Yes, *me!*" Ethel flashed out. "Do you suppose it is none to have me bandied about from bidder to bidder, and offered for sale to a gentleman who will not buy me? Why have you and all my family been so eager to get rid of me? Why should you suppose or desire that Lord Kew should like me? Hasn't he the Opera; and such friends as Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry, to whom your ladyship introduced him in early life? He told me so: and she was good enough to inform me of the rest. What attractions have I in comparison with such women? And to this man from whom I am parted by good fortune; to this

man who writes to remind me that we are separated—your ladyship must absolutely go and entreat him to give me another trial! It is too much, grandmamma. Do please to let me stay where I am; and worry me with no more schemes for my establishment in life. Be contented with the happiness which you have secured for Clara Pulleyn and Barnes; and leave me to take care of my poor father. Here I know I am doing right. Here, at least, there is no such sorrow, and doubt, and shame, for me, as my friends have tried to make me endure. There is my father's bell. He likes me to be with him at breakfast, and to read his paper to him."

"Stay a little, Ethel," cried the Countess, with a trembling voice. "I am older than your father, and you owe me a little obedience, that is, if children *do* owe any obedience to their parents nowadays. I don't know. I am an old woman—the world perhaps has changed since my time; and it is you who ought to command, I dare say, and we to follow. Perhaps I have been wrong all through life, and in trying to teach my children to do as I was made to do. God knows I have had very little comfort from them: whether they did or whether they didn't. You and Frank I had set my heart on; I loved you out of all my grandchildren—was it very unnatural that I should wish to see you together? For that boy I have been saving money these years past. He flies back to the arms of his mother, who has been pleased to hate me as only such virtuous people can; who took away my own son from me; and now his son—toward whom the only fault I ever committed was to spoil him and be too fond of him. Don't leave me too, my child. Let me have something that I can like at my years. And I like your pride, Ethel, and your beauty, my dear; and I am not angry with your hard words; and if I wish to see you in the place in life which becomes you—do I do wrong? No. Silly girl! There—give me the little hand. How hot it is! Mine is as cold as a stone—and shakes, doesn't it?—Eh! it was a pretty hand once! What did Ann—what did your mother say to Frank's letter?"

"I did not show it to her," Ethel answered.

"Let me see it, my dear," whispered Lady Kew, in a coaxing way.

"There it is," said Ethel, pointing to the fire-place, where there lay some torn fragments and ashes of paper. It was the same fire-place at which Clive's sketches had been burned.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT BIRDS.

BIRDS, says M. Toussenel, a distinguished French Ornithologist, live more in a given time than any other creatures. For, to live, is not only to love; it is also to move, act, and travel. The hours of the swift, which in sixty minutes can reach the distance of eighty leagues, are longer than the hours of the tortoise, because they are better occupied, and comprise a greater number of events. Men of the present day, who can go from America to Europe in little more than a week, live four times as much as men of the last century, who took a month to make the passage. People who are now fifty years of age have still a longer time before them than Michael Angelo and Voltaire had at the moment when they were laid in the cradle. Independently of birds thus enjoying more of life than all other beings in the same given number of years, time seems to glide over them without leaving a trace of its effects; or rather, time only improves them, reviving their colors and strengthening their voices. Age increases the beauty of birds, while in men it brings on ugliness.

A bird is a model ship constructed by the hand of God, in which the conditions of swiftness, manageability, and lightness, are absolutely and necessarily the same as in vessels built by the hand of man. There are not in the world two things which resemble each other more strongly, both mechanically and physically speaking, than the carcass and framework of a bird and a ship. The breast-bone so exactly resembles a keel, that the English language has retained the name. The wings are the oars, the tail the rudder. That original observer, Huber the Genevese, who has carefully noticed the flight of birds of prey, has even made use of the metaphor thus suggested to establish a characteristic distinction between rowers and sailers. The rowers are the falcons, who have the first or second wing-feather the longest, and who are able, by means of this powerful oar to dart right into the wind's eye. The mere sailers are the eagles, the vultures, and the buzzards, whose more rounded wings resemble sails. The rowing bird is to the sailing bird what the steamer that laughs at adverse winds is to the schooner, which can not advance against them.

The bones of highflyers, as well as their feathers, are tubes filled with air, communicating with a pulmonary reservoir of prodigious capacity. This reservoir is also closely connected with the air-cells which lie between the interior muscles, and which are so many swimming-bladders by aid of which the bird is able to inflate its volume, and diminish its specific gravity in proportion. In birds that are laden with a heavy burden of head, Nature has interposed so decided a gap between skin and flesh, that there results an almost complete detachment of the skin. Consequently, they can be stripped of their coating just as easily as a rabbit can. In man, and other mammifers, the blood, in the act of breathing, advances ready to meet the air; in birds, air enters to find the blood, and comes in contact with it, every where. Hence an ubiquity of respiration and a rapidity of hæmatosis, which explains the untirability of the wings of birds. The muscles do not get fatigued, because they receive new vigor every second from the influence of the ever-revivified blood. A stag or a hare drops at last, when hunted, because its lungs, rather than its legs, are tired.

Between the different members of a bird's body there exists a sort of equilibrium and balance, which prevents any one organ from obtaining undue development without another losing in the same proportion. Thus, exaggerated length of wing generally coincides with very small feet and

legs. Examples: the frigate-bird, the swift, and the humming-bird. Feathered feet and legs are mostly short, as in pigeons, bantams, ptarmigan, and grouse. Nature always contrives to economize out of one part of a bird's body the material which she has too lavishly expended upon another. Good walkers are bad flyers, and good flyers are bad walkers. First-rate runners and divers are deprived of the power of rising in the air. Half-blind individuals, like owls, are astonishingly quick of hearing. Creatures clad in plain costume are recompensed by the powers of song. The lark and the redbreast, victim species (both being greedily eaten in France), have the gift of poesy bestowed upon them to console them for their future sorrows.

The most exquisite sense a bird possesses, is sight. The acuteness and sensibility of the retina are in direct proportion to the rapidity of wing. The swift, according to Belon's calculation, can see a gnat distinctly, at the distance of more than five hundred yards. The kite, hovering in the air at a height beyond our feeble vision, perceives with ease the small dead minnow floating on the surface of the lake, and is cognizant of the imprudence of the poor little field-mouse as it timidly ventures out of its hole. All God has done and made, He has thoroughly well done and made. If He had not exactly porportioned the visual powers of the bird of prey, or the swallow, to its dashing flight, the mere extreme velocity of the bird would have only served to break its neck. Partridges constantly kill themselves against the iron wires of electric telegraphs; and nothing is more common than to find thrushes and larks with dislocated vertebræ, when they fall into the large vertical net which is used in France by twilight sportsmen.

Perhaps, after all we have said and seen, the sense of touch is the most perfect in birds, and the organs of feeling are endowed with a subtilty of perception more exquisite even than those of sight. In fact, air being the most variable and unstable of elements, birds would be endowed by nature with the gift of universal sensibility, enabling them to appreciate and foretell the slightest perturbations of the medium they inhabit. In consequence, the feathered race are armed with a nervous impressionability which comprises the different properties of the hygrometer, the thermometer, the barometer, and the electroscope. A tempest which takes the man of science by surprise, has, long before, given warning to the birds of the sea. The noddies, cormorants, gulls, and petrels, know twenty-fours beforehand, by means of the magnetic telegraph which exists within them, the exact day and moment when ocean is going into one of his great rages, opening wide his green abysses, and flinging the angry foam of his waves in insult against the forehead of the cliffs. Some birds are the harbingers of wintery storms; others usher in the advent of spring. The raven and the nightingale announce the coming of the tempest by a peculiar form of bird's expression, which they both seem to have borrowed from the vocabulary of the frog—a pre-eminently nervous animal, to whom the science of galvanism is greatly indebted. The chaffinch, in unsettled weather, recommends the traveler to take his umbrella, and advises the housekeeper not to be in a hurry to hang out her linen. Certain mystic geniuses have attributed this faculty of divination possessed by birds, to some special sensibility, acquainting them with the action of the electric currents that traverse the atmosphere, and accurately informing them of their direction. Nor is there any scientific argument which can be confidently opposed to such a theory.

After the organs of sight and touch, the sense of hearing comes next in importance. The delicacy of the auditory powers of birds is sufficiently apparent from the passion for vocal music which many of them manifest. It is a universally admitted physical law that, in all animals, a close and invariable correspondence exists between the organs of voice and those of hearing. Now, birds, it will be seen, are the Stentors of nature. The bull, who is an enormous quadruped, endowed with an immensely capacious chest, does not roar louder than the bittern. In Lorraine, they style him the *bœuf d'eau*, or "water-bull." A crane, trumpeting two or three thousands yards above the surface of the earth, pulls your head back just as violently as a friend who asks you, "How do you do?" from the balcony of a fifth-floor window; while the thundering Mirabeau, who should venture to harangue the Parisian populace from the top of the towers of Notre Dame, would run a great risk of not being able to convey a single word to a single member of his congregation.

Ascend in the air, by means of a balloon, in company with an old Atlas lion, whose formidable roaring once struck terror throughout Algerian wildernesses; and, when you have risen only half a mile, make your traveling companion give utterance to the most sonorous of his fine chest-notes. Those notes will spend themselves in empty space, without descending so low as the earth. But the royal kite, floating another half mile above you, will not let you lose a single inflexion of his cat-like mewings, miniatures though they be of the lion's roar. It is probable, says M. Toussenel—M. Toussenel is always speaking, through our humble interpretation—that nature has expended more genius in the construction of the larynx of a wren or a nightingale, than in fabricating the ruder throats of all the quadrupeds put together.

Smell and taste are but feeble in birds; and they have no great occasion for either sense. A bird's appetite *must* be enormous, in order to supply the animal heat necessary for the maintenance of its superior nature. A bird is a locomotive of the very first rank—a high-pressure engine, which burns more fuel than three or four ordinary machines. "Animals feed; man eats," says worthy Brillat Savarin. "Clever men alone know how to eat properly." This strictly true gastrosophic aphorism is more exactly applicable to birds than to quadrupeds. Birds feed, to assuage their hunger and to amuse themselves; not to indulge in

epicurism. They fatten through sheer ennui, and for pastime's sake, rather than through any ambition of "cutting up fat." The task, moreover, assigned to them, is to destroy the innumerable seeds of weeds—which they do in a larger proportion than the protected seeds of human food—and animal and insect vermin, which would soon annihilate the labors of man, did not certain species of birds feel an incessant craving to devour them. Birds have no nose, for the same good reason that they have no palate. It is not necessary that creatures, destined to eat every thing without making wry faces, should have, posted in front of their stomach, as we have, a vigilant sentinel who is troublesomely cautious who and what he allows to enter the fortress.

M. Toussenel classifies birds according to the form of the foot. Every bird, from the penguin of the Antartic pole to the gerfalcon of the North Cape, has the foot either flat or curved. The whole kingdom of birds is thus divisible into Flat-foots and Curve-foots. The first three orders of the former class, are, the Oar-foots, the Stilters, and the Vélocipèdes, or Runners. Further general details are now impossible; we can only give a sample of the Runners.

Praise be to Heaven for creating the Velocipede, the delight alike of the eye and the palate—the glory and ornament of fields, forests, and feasts—the nourisher of rich and poor! No other race contributes in the same proportion to man's two composite pleasures of sporting and eating. The world with no other living creatures to inhabit it than Men, Women, and Velocipedes, might still manage to get on tolerably.

The Velocipedes come immediately after the Stilters, in the order of creation. They were the first inhabitants of the earliest emerging continents; for, they are herbivorous and graminivorous creatures, and grass is the initial manifestation of the vital forces of the earth. Their character of primogeniture is, moreover, indelibly stamped upon all their features, in their rudimental structure, and their small number of toes. The order opens with the ostrich (the ostrich is a bird-quadruped, as the penguin is a bird-fish); it can not fly, for want of wings, and has only two toes on each foot. As every individual in the order has its frame modeled, more or less, after that of the ostrich, it is important to refer to this original and primitive pattern, and to compare its organization with that of the humming-birds, in order clearly to comprehend the character and the providential destiny of the creatures we are considering.

The humming-bird, and all the swift-sailers, have the thoracic cavity, or chest, outrageously developed, with the ridge of the breast-bone projecting, like the keel of a cutter. But, in virtue of the natural law of equilibrium, this excessive development can only take place at the expense of some other part of the body. In the humming-bird, the atrophied and deficient portion is the region of the insertion of the lower members. All is sacrificed to lightness and utility. The chest is fashioned like the blade of a knife. In short, the swift-sailer, when its feathers are plucked, has a great resemblance to its own skeleton: an idea, which invincibly repulses all thoughts of savory roast-meat.

But let us demolish, piece by piece, the frame of the bird of prey, or the humming-bird. Let us put the complete in the place of the incomplete, and substitute the empty for the full. Let us take, in one word, the very reverse of all these anatomical arrangements, and we shall have the exact pattern of the runner. There do not, perhaps, exist in all nature two creatures belonging to the same family, which bear such slight marks of relationship as the humming-bird and the ostrich. In vain would the latter deny the fact that it partakes more of the camel than of the biped; for, in proof of the fact, it carries on its back the children and the kings of Egypt. An ostrich is a vice versa humming-bird. Here flight, there running, is the only means of locomotion. In the ostrich the breast-bone, instead of projecting, is flattened down to ridiculous dimensions. It is a bony plate in the form of a shield, which acts as a prow instead of a keel. The thighs and legs assume the bulky dimensions of the same parts in herbivorous quadrupeds. All of which means, that Nature, who, in the swift-sailers, has favored the development of uneatable parts at the expense of those which are articles of food, has completely changed her style of architecture in the Velocipedes: neglecting the parts which are never eaten, in order to develop, in luxurious fashion, those parts which supply us with dainty dishes.

Now, wherefore this contrast of comparative anatomy? Wherefore has Nature, who does nothing without a motive, so liberally garnished the Velocipede with meat? Why has she endowed that tender viand with so remarkable an easiness of digestion, and so exquisite and inviting a flavor? Does Nature, by these signs, intend to insinuate that the providential destiny of the runner is to be snared or shot, and then roasted and eaten?

The fact, alas! is only too probable, the language too clear, the oracle too certain. Yes! Every thing leads to the belief that Nature has destined the order of Velocipedes to serve as food for flesh-eating creatures, in every kingdom of the animated world. Yes! These unhappy races merit, in the same degree as the Ruminants, the appellation of the victim order.—(Victim, from the Latin *victus*, conquered, from which the word victuals is also derived, in consequence of the ancient practice of conquerors making a meal off their conqueree's sirloin.)—Yes! Of what use is it to mince the matter? Among birds, the Velocipedes are, to man, what the Ruminants are among the mammifers—an order, every species of which is charged with the mission of furnishing us with composite pleasure. The analogy must be very evident; since, before we came to enlighten the world, it had already struck a number of savants. There are, in fact, Velocipedes of the sands, and Velocipedes of the steppes—of the meadows, the rocks, and the

precipices—exactly as there are Ruminants for every one of those special localities. There is the ostrich, as there is the camel; the bustard, as the antelope; the hen, as the cow; the partridge and the pheasant, as the gazelle and the roe; the bartavelle, the grouse, and the ptarmigan, as the moufflon, the bouquetin, and the chamois.

Further, the Velocipedes are all true Ruminants, living, like them, on grass and grain. They have several stomachs, with a preparatory crop fulfilling exactly the same office as the paunch of the quadruped. Now, all meats produced from grass are of delicate taste and easy digestion. Analogically and algebraically speaking, the hen is to the cow as the partridge is to the roe. The hen gives us her eggs and her chickens, just as the cow does her milk and her calf. We ought, besides, to remark that, in either order, the flesh of the female is superior to that of the male. The fact, moreover, is universal, that nature has endowed the female world with more delicate aromas than the male; with more fleshy tissues and shorter muscles.

To this proposition will be made the objection that the flesh of the ox, nevertheless, is preferable to that of the cow. There is no denying it. Only, it may be observed, the ox is not the contrary of the cow, but is simply the uncle of the calf. Put the cow in the same condition as the ox, and she will bear the palm; exactly as the poularde is far preferable to the capon. The poularde is merely the chicken's aunt. The profound study of the above analogies has led M. Toussenel to the unexpected discovery of the following magnificent law of passional movement: God has delivered up animals to man, by means of the virtues of the females and the vices of the males.

Take all our domestic animals one after the other—the list is not a very long one—conscientiously analyze the dispositions of both sexes, and you will inevitably find the foregoing conclusion lurking at the bottom of your comparisons. You will be convinced of the innocence, gentleness, and docility of the females, and of the pride, mischievousness, and insubordination of the males.

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

THERE was once a hermit who lived in the deep recess of a forest. Some bitter grief had induced him, while he was still young, to seek seclusion from the world in this dreary solitude. He had built himself a small hut of wood, and with his goats and the wild fruits of the forest he barely managed to maintain existence.

He had thus passed many years, when one day, as he was thinking over the scenes of his past life, some doubts arose in his mind concerning the justice of God. He therefore resolved to go forth once more into the world, in order to gain further knowledge which might enlighten him.

The hermit arose and set out upon his travels. He had not proceeded far when he was accosted by a youth of a fair and gentle countenance, who, on being told of the hermit's object, offered to accompany him on his journey, since his road lay in the same direction. That night they came to a stately and magnificent castle, where they were graciously received and hospitably entertained. The following morning they took leave of their kind host and proceeded on their journey.

"Ah!" said the hermit, "in this instance I must confess that justice seems to have been wisely dispensed, since the good things of this world could not have been better bestowed than on one so kind and benevolent as our good host. May God bless and prosper him to the end of his days."

But the youth was silent.

They traveled on till nightfall, when they came to a miserable cottage, where they knocked and begged for shelter. It was a wretched hovel; the roof was partly falling in, and cobwebs hung like draperies around the walls. This comfortless abode was occupied by a feeble, emaciated old man, who was seated on a large oaken chest bound with bands of iron, the key of which he wore around his neck.

"Why do you ask for shelter at a poor place like this?" said the miser, for such he was. "I have but a little straw on which to rest my aching limbs, and a morsel of black bread and water is all that has ever passed my lips for many a day. Come not to me, then, for shelter and entertainment—this poor hut is unable to afford it."

"But no other human dwelling is near," urged the youth; "the wind howls wild and fierce, and heavy clouds are gathering over our heads threatening to discharge their fury upon us. For pity's sake permit us to take shelter under your roof. This is all we ask."

The miser then reluctantly unfastened the door and admitted them. The old man spread some straw for his guests in the only corner where the rain did not pour through the roof, and again seating himself on his chest, he remained awake all night that he might keep a watch over his unwelcome visitors.

At dawn of day the hermit and his companion arose to depart, but to the surprise and dismay of the hermit, on taking leave of their host the youth produced from under his cloak a golden goblet, which he had taken from the castle, and presented it to the miser, who received it with brightening eyes and a grim smile of satisfaction.

"Well," thought the hermit, "this is a strange youth; but I will not part from him just yet"—for his wonder and curiosity were aroused by such an unaccountable proceeding.

The next day was very hot, the travelers grew faint and weary; so they entered a poor, though neat and pretty cottage, and asked for a drink of water. The inmates of the cottage consisted of a feeble old couple, their widowed daughter, and a little grandson. The daughter seemed worn by anxiety and fatigue; since, with all her industry and care, she could scarcely earn enough to support them all, as her old parents were entirely dependent upon her. However, what with

the extreme cleanliness, neat little garden, and gay flowers which adorned each casement, the place looked most comfortable and cheerful.

At the approach of the hermit and his companion the young woman smilingly bade them welcome, and invited them to share their frugal evening repast. It merely consisted of bread, milk, and a few radishes. After this simple meal they all knelt down, while the old man pronounced a short, simple, but fervent prayer for the blessing and assistance of the Almighty. The old couple and the child then retired to rest, but the daughter took down her spinning-wheel and began working with great industry. The hermit and the youth then arose and took leave of their poor but hospitable hostess.

The youth carried a torch which he had just lighted at the cottage fire. They had hardly proceeded a few steps, when the youth turned back and set fire to the straw thatch of the cottage. The wind being strong and the thatch dry, the cottage was soon in flames, nothing being saved but the lives of the inmates. The hermit was so horror-struck and afraid that he durst not venture any remark on the conduct of his strange companion, but continued his journey in silence, ever and anon gazing at the youth with a mingled feeling of awe and wonder. That same night they passed a hut among the mountains, from whence sounds of lamentation and a bitter cry were heard. They entered and found a mother weeping over her only child, while the father was bending over him with a countenance in which was expressed the most intense grief. As the travelers entered, the parents of the child looked up and cried: "Oh, pray for us, Holy Father, that our child may be spared!" Thereupon the hermit knelt down to pray; but the youth took a cup and prepared a draught, which he administered to the sick child; and the child immediately expired. The remainder of that night they staid at the hut, and next morning the youth engaged the father as their guide over the mountains.

This time the hermit hesitated to go with his companion any further, but somehow an irresistible impulse urged him to follow the mysterious youth. They had traveled some way over the steep rocky paths of the mountains, when they came to a slight bridge of planks thrown over an abyss. On passing over this, the youth pushed his guide and hurled him headlong into the yawning gulf.

"Wretch!" cried the hermit, who could no longer control his feelings, and was springing toward him with uplifted arm; but just as he was on the point of seizing him, a bright cloud enveloped the youth, and a dazzling radiance shone around him; for, lo! the archangel Michael arose on the cloud before him. Then the angel spake, saying:

"Thou didst doubt the justice of God, and now thou hast seen it. The goblet which I took from the castle was poisoned, and therein will the miser find his due reward. The good people whose cottage I burned down will find a treasure which hath long been buried under its foundation; and the child whom I poisoned would have grown up a murderer and a robber like his father, whom I threw into the abyss as a just reward for his iniquities."

The hermit—who had fallen on his face—now looked up, but the archangel had disappeared.

Healed of all his doubts, the hermit returned to his silent retreat in the forest glades, where he passed the remainder of his days in humble meditation on the wonderful and mysterious ways of God.

THE SCHOLARS OF BRIENNE.

THE winter of 1783 was a severe one in the northern provinces of France. Snow storms of unusual violence and duration visited every district. The vineyards were half buried, the great road to Paris was impassable for weeks, and in the lower streets of Brienne the inhabitants were obliged to open narrow passages through the snow, which rose above their ground-floor windows.

The situation of that ancient town still renders it liable to such wintry visitations. Surrounded by an open level country, and built on a steep hill side, its streets rise one above another like successive terraces, up to the grim château which has stood many a siege, and seen various occupants since it was erected by the first seigneur of Brienne. Few travelers visit the city, for it has little traffic and less fashion about it. There are traces of wars both early and late—ruined fortifications, tracks of shot, and shell, and fire. There are also an old church or two, and some houses that might interest the antiquary; but, excepting these and their traditions, a more commonplace old burgh is not to be found in northern France.

At the time of our story, Brienne had not such a modern look. Its narrow, irregular streets, turreted roofs, and projecting gables, told of builders who flourished with the line of Valois. A noble governor held half-feudal, half-military state in its château, where he commanded a small and very idle garrison. Its trade was old and homely; its burghers careful and quiet; and the great glory of the town was its military college. The citizens believed that half their country's great commanders had been educated there. They had tales of Conde and Turrene, Vilars, and De Luxemburg, which, though scarcely historical, were in high credit. The students, too, were more popular than students in quiet country towns are apt to be, chiefly on account of the rigid discipline prevailing in military schools of those days, which permitted no visits, except to relations, and little going beyond the college even on holidays, Besides Christmas and Easter, the principal of those was the governor's birthday; and as the commandant of the château happened to have been born on the 29th of January, his festival came immediately after the storm that year.

It was a cold, clear day, with the snow lying white over town and country. The students had been up early, assisting the porter and other humble office-bearers to clear the entrance and

courts of their college, and were now at noon assembled, great and small, in a large neglected garden, which served them as ground for play and exercise. From the early age at which they were drafted off to the army, the senior students were yet boys, and the juniors mere children; but the controversy of their times had found entrance among them. Some were cadets of noble but reduced families, and stood high on the real or imaginary privileges of their birth, taking a boyish pride in the feudal rights and usages of which France was becoming every day more impatient. They knew that the college had been expressly founded for youths of family; but time, the innovator, had brought *parvenues* within its walls. Ambitious burghers sent their sons, courtiers their dependents, and promising boys from the colonies, who could boast no quarterings, found their way thither with the help of friends and patrons. All these naturally took the democratic side, and lost no opportunity of making the fact known, but quarreled and shouted for the people's rights and liberties with as much zeal and as little knowledge as the fiercest of their opponents. In short, like every society then in France, the students of Brienne were divided into two parties of almost equal strength. The professors, though old and prudent men, were known to entertain similar differences of opinion, and demonstrations which did not transgress the bounds of discipline were rather encouraged.

On the present occasion, the least skillful observer of school affairs would have guessed that something extraordinary was to come off in the garden. Its principal walk had been cleared, together with a graveled space generally used for a tennis ground. The snow had been shoveled into great heaps on either side, and the whole body of students separated with military precision, the aristocrats forming one juvenile army, and the democrats another, in order to celebrate the holiday by a grand display of tactics in honor of what the boys called their principles.

For this purpose, all fell to work with the enthusiasm and activity of youth. Never had play been more earnest. The aristocrats labored on one side, the democrats on the other; and within an hour, thanks to their united exertions and the plastic nature of the material, a miniature fortress, with bastion, battlement, and outworks, on one of Vauban's most approved plans, was constructed out of the snow. The young students sent up a cheer of triumph through the cold, clear air, as the perishable fortifications were completed; and after settling the articles of war and appointing officers with extreme formality, the aristocrats were left in possession of the fortress, which it was their duty to defend, while the democrats besieged it with all their force and skill. Neither party had ever seen war. As yet they knew it only by romance and theory; and the mingling of these in their mimic siege would have amused any veteran who had ever mounted a breach or kept a bastion. The governor of the snow-built fortress, a fair-faced, noble-looking youth of sixteen, who had been elected to that high office by acclamation, as an acknowledged and most popular leader, addressed his troops in a speech full of classical quotations; reminded them of the exploits performed by Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and their own illustrious ancestors; and closed with an exhortation to maintain the honor of the noble houses from which they were descended, by driving that contemptible rabble from beneath their walls.

The besieging general, a fiery young Parisian, in no less esteem with his party, talked of the rights of man, prophesied the triumph of liberty, and shouted "death to the tyrants."

No imitation of the pomp and circumstance of war was wanting; no manœuvre of all they had been taught in that methodical college was left unpracticed. There were trumpets and drums, war-cries and standards. Cannon were planted on every available height, in the form of boys, to fling snowballs; sappers, armed with spades and shovels, advanced under cover of their fire to mine the walls. There were storming parties and forlorn hopes, led by most experienced officers, and attempts at surprise and escalade; but all to no purpose. The besieged had a strong position, and kept it gallantly, showering missiles of snow hardened by sundry rapid but ingenious processes, making all sorts of sallies, and occasionally carrying off the youngest of their enemies as prisoners of war.

In the mean time, tempers waxed warm on both sides. No contest, however small its object, can be long carried on without unsealing some bitter waters. The blows grew harder, the sneers more spiteful. There was earnestness and almost ferocity in the fighting now, which did not escape the notice of the only spectators within sight—two men of gray hair and military appearance, who stood each wrapped in a rough gray cloak, and smoking a long pipe at the garden gate.

The tallest and most martial-looking of the pair was old Jules, the chief porter and general overseer of domestic matters in the college. He had never worn uniform, nor served out of Brienne; but in discourse, deportment, and inclinations, there was not a more soldier-like man within his country. The other was Jean Martin, his cousin-german, who had been a peasant's son in the neighborhood till he went with a volunteer corps of the marquis Lafayette, to serve in the American war of independence. The peace signed at Paris in the previous year had closed their campaigns; and, though the newly-established republic rewarded her French auxiliaries with liberal grants from the inexhaustible treasury of prairie and forest lands, such was the applause known to await them at home, that the greater part of Lafayette's soldiers chose to return with their commander. Fighting for liberty was then an untried but most popular business in France. Jean Martin came home covered with glory in the eyes of his kindred and old neighbors. All that winter his father's cottage was a place of evening gatherings, to hear him relate his battles and marches. The old peasant felt his house raised

half way to nobility by such a son, and the porter of the military college considered Jean the only one of his relations worthy to visit him in Brienne. He had accordingly sojourned for some time with old Jules, and seen the wonders of the college. There was a museum of arms and military engines on which the porter delighted to expatiate. Jean Martin was a praiseworthy listener, when not engaged on his American campaigns; and the cousins now stood in a high state of mutual satisfaction, smoking their pipes, and gazing on the siege of that snow-built fortress with an interest scarcely inferior to that of the contending students.

"That is a brave boy who leads the attack," said Jean; "so is he who holds the fortress."

"Yes," replied the porter, who prided himself on knowing every student's genealogy, and had extremely aristocratic prejudices. "Would you believe that the young rogue who leads the democrats actually belongs to one of the best houses in Paris? Their name is Caulaincourt. They can count back five hundred years without one low alliance; but the house is terribly reduced. There is a wine-shop kept in their hotel in the Rue du Temple, and that boy has taken to the new notions. These are queer times! The boy who holds the fort so well, and looks so like a nobleman's son, is poorly enough descended, though his father was an officer in Montcalm's army, and fell at Quebec; his great-grandfather, as I know, was that cousin of Madame de Maintenon whom she could neither bribe nor frighten out of Protestantism. He fled to Switzerland at the revocation, but came back when Louis le Grande was gone, and they say"—here the porter's voice fell—"he lived and died a mere pastor at Maziers."

"His great-grandson knows something of defense," said Jean; "I have not seen either since we kept Fort Philip on the Mississippi; but tell me, cousin, who is yonder boy, who stands alone leaning against the old apple tree, and smiles so scornfully every time young Caulaincourt and his company are repulsed."

Old Jules followed, with a glance of any thing but approbation, the direction of the soldier's eye, which rested on a dark spare youth of Italian features, grave, keen, and very discontented looking, who had been one of the most earnest and active in the siege, till in a fit of sudden disgust he retired to the old apple tree, and stood there surveying the proceedings of his comrades with silent but manifest contempt.

"He," said the porter, "is of no family at all—one of the patronized, you understand. He was born in Corsica, and don't know who sent him here; but the best descended at the college is not as ambitious as that boy. When he is not in command, he is always in a quarrel with somebody, or standing alone as you see him now. The professors don't seem to think him clever, and the young noblemen try to keep him in his place, but it is wonderful how often he gets the upper hand. Just look at Caulaincourt coaxing him back. That boy condescends so to his inferiors!"

The general of the besieging army was indeed making most inviting signals to the recusant of the apple tree; but he answered, loud enough for Jules and Jean to hear: "No, you'll never take the place; you don't know the way. As I said before, give me the command, and I'll plant the colors on it in half an hour."

Caulaincourt looked angry, but his soldiers began to talk. There was an evident inclination to try the new general. So he descended to the ranks in quiet indignation, and the young Italian literally jumped from the apple tree to the post of power.

The besieged set up a shout of derision, but their scorn did not last. The new leader whispered his commands, altered the position of his army, and drew them into a sally, in which one division cut off the retreat, another attacked the fortress at a point hitherto untried, and in less than a quarter of an hour the Italian planted his colors, consisting of three old silk handkerchiefs tacked together, on the highest of its snowy battlements.

"He is a young general!" cried Jean Martin, clapping his hands in a glow of enthusiasm. "Cousin, I have seen nothing like that since the day when we, with some help from the Americans, surrounded Burgoyne's army at the springs of Saratoga."

"He a general!" cried Jules, in great wrath; "I wonder to hear you, who have served under a marquis. The fellow has done nothing in due form; I could have shown him better myself; but there's the dinner-bell, and our soup will be cold."

The bell which smote old Jules with that well-founded fear summoned the students also from their mimic warfare. The fortress was, however, dismantled, by the special command of the victorious general. He left his flag floating over its ruins, and laughed heartily at the defeated governor, who was sorely discomfited, not so much for having lost his fort, as because in the fray he had hurt a sickly boy, though the brave child wiped up his eyes and promised to say nothing about it. So the garden was left to snow and silence, and the wintry twilight came down upon Brienne.

Many evenings and mornings come and go in the space of thirty years, and many things besides had come and gone in France, when on the 29th of January, 1814, old Jules and his cousin again stood together at the fall of the winter day. Both were now old indeed; Jules was approaching ninety. Jean Martin had numbered fourscore and five. The world of their youth was long dead and buried under successive ruins. They had outlived seven forms of government, and seen changes of power, and glory, and faith; but except that the gray hair had grown snow-white, and even the military erectness of Jules had bowed to time, there was little change in the cousins. They had led hardy and temperate lives, and in consequence enjoyed that singular preservation of faculties which keeps the oldest age green. Both remembered the time of Louis

XV., and were high authorities in the topography of their native province. It was in the latter capacity they had been summoned from the wine cellar of a ruined convent hard by the city wall, which had been the old men's latest habitation, to a large upper room in the château of Brienne, once a baron's banquet hall, but now bare and dusty, with queer stains on the walls and floor, a great wood fire blazing on the hearth, a stray chair or two and a table covered with papers, between which and the nearest window a man in a general's uniform much the worse for wear was walking backward and forward like one made restless by anxiety. The old cousins knew that he was the Emperor—people said of the world—but that was years ago, before the grand army marched for Russia. Now there was an allied army in the heart of France, pressing from all sides toward her capital, and fighting for every town and village on their way. That day the Russians had been driven out of Brienne after a desperate battle, but the bombshells from the French batteries had set fire to the old town, and when the place was won, half its streets, dwellings, and churches, the town hall and the military college, were so many heaps of black and smouldering ruins. Among them the troops remained under arms, though snow lay deep on the surrounding country, and the previous day had been spent in a fatiguing march through the marshy forest of Jerre; but through the deepening gray of night there rose from hill and plain the glare of hostile watch-fires. Blucher, with his mingled host of Germans, Russians, and Cossacks was there, for the day of decisive victories had passed from the French eagles. The imperial army was now but the broken remnants of many battles. The genius of its chief had been discovered not to be invincible, by all except himself. Yet even he could not rest for the dread of gathering enemies, and the two aged men had been summoned to his quarters in the château, to give some information concerning local byways which maps did not supply, for a retreat had been determined on before the break of day. All that the cousins could recollect of that interview was that the great commander's questions came quick and many. They had neither words nor memory to reply, for grief and consternation was upon them. Jean Martin had seen war before; both remembered the revolution, had lived through the reign of terror, and beheld the northern enemy in their own Brienne; but to see the old streets burned down, and the military college laid in ashes, was more than their white heads could bear without confusion.

"Caulaincourt!" cried the impatient man of power, as a care-worn marshal entered, conducting a man whose dress belonged to civil life, and whose look was more thoughtful than soldiers are apt to wear—"Caulaincourt! these old men have lost their wits, if they ever had any. Why do they bring such people to me? Who is this you have brought? Oh, I see, the Protestant curé whom we found in the forest. Well, monsieur le curé (and his tone imperceptibly softened), you made a capital guide, though not very willing to bear us company at first. Perhaps you never saw fighting before, and didn't care for being so near the cannon!"

"No, sire," said the curé, with a respectful bend, "that was not the reason; but I had been on my way to see a sick member of my scattered flock—"

"Well, well, you will get back to your parish in good time and see them all," said the Emperor; "but they say you know something of this country. Tell me all about it." And once more the questions came fast and many. The results, however, were far more satisfactory, for the Protestant curé answered not only so clearly, but in such good military phrase, that the imperial questioner declared he had some sense, and took him confidentially to the window to see Blucher's watch-fires. The curé had pointed out a narrow by-way, which led beyond the enemy's position into the open country, and ventured to hint that a safe and quiet retreat might be thus secured. The Emperor made no reply, but he took notes and gave orders to wearied aid-de-camps who came and went; and at last, looking the curé steadily in the face as he was gazing involuntarily on the burned town, the war-wasted country and the distant Prussian lines, he said:

"What is your name, and where did you get so much military knowledge?"

The room was silent, the great fire was burning red. Old Jules and Jean, kept in the vestibule lest they might be wanted, were leaning half asleep against the wall, in charge of a tired attendant. Marshal Caulaincourt sat in the furthest corner of the room fast asleep, and dreaming perhaps of his embassy to the allied sovereigns, and the notes that were sent him every day to "sign nothing." The curé had been waiting for his dismissal, and was slightly startled, but he answered:

"My name, sire, is François d'Aubigny, and my military knowledge was acquired yonder;" and he pointed to the still smouldering seminary.

"Ha!" said the Emperor, whose memory was singularly strong at times, "you are then my old schoolfellow. I thought I knew your face. It is long ago. What in all the world made you turn pastor? You showed as much science defending a snow fortress in that old garden one day, as would have insured you a marshal's staff."

"Perhaps I did," said the curé; "but war is a fearful trade. A chance blow I gave a little schoolfellow that day, first made me think so; and oh, sire, look at this burned town, this bloody country, and the dead that lie about us, and if you can, give us peace."

The silence of the night, the scene, the circumstances, and the truth that had been spoken, strangely equalized the schoolfellows once more, in spite of history and fortune. They stood together as accountable men, with no other distinction between them; for a moment the dark resolute face was fixed in a long gaze on the old college of his youth, burned down by his own bomb-

shells. The next, it kindled up with self-confidence and imperial pride.

"Yes, I will restore peace to France," he said, "by driving these invaders from her soil. To-morrow I will destroy Blucher; on Wednesday I will annihilate the Russians; on Saturday the entire Austrian force will join me; and within a month the Allies will be too happy to recross the Rhine with the loss of cannon and baggage. As for this town, I will rebuild and make it a provincial capital. I will erect a palace, a college, and perhaps a church on the ground of yon old garden. Then you will see what this country will become. But good-night. Victor will send you safe to your parish, and I will not forget your services."

So the curé was dismissed, and the French army retreated before daybreak; but Blucher was not annihilated, neither were the Russians destroyed. The palace, the college, and the church were never built, and most people know how peace was restored to France and Europe; but old Jules, even to his ninety-fifth, and Jean Martin to his eighty-ninth year, lived, they said, comfortably in the old quarters, and continued to tell all listeners a broken story, better known to some of the ancient citizens, concerning one of their great Emporer's fellow-students, who forgot the art of war to be the humble laborious pastor of a forest parish, through which he once guided the march of his famous schoolfellow, witnessed what was almost his last victory, and talked with him over the burned ruins of Brienne.

A NIGHT IN AN OLD CASTLE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

IT was one of the most awful nights I ever remember having seen. We had set out from St. Goar in a carriage which we had hired at Cologne, drawn by two black horses, which proved as stubborn and strange a pair of brutes as man could undertake to drive. Not that I undertook it, for I wanted to see the Rhine from the land route, and not to weary my arms and occupy my attention with an unprofitable pair of dirty reins; but my friend, Mr. Lawrence, was rather fond of pulling at horses' mouths, and he preferred driving himself, and me too, to being troubled—bored he called it—with coachman. The landlord of the "Adler" knew me well, and had no fear of trusting his horses with me, though, to say sooth, I had some fear of trusting myself with them.

They were assuredly a strange, unaccountable pair of brutes, and when the little baggage we took with us had been put in, and I went down to the carriage, I did not like the appearance of them at all. At first sight they looked merely like a heavy pair of funeral horses, accustomed to nod their heads under heavy black plumes, and walk along at solemn pace with a mute before them; but when I came to examine their eyes, there was a sort of dull, unpleasant fire in them, and the one nearest turned round his head and stared at me out of the corner of his eye with a sort of supercilious, impertinent fun that I shall not easily forget. It seemed as if he were saying, "I'll give you a dance before I've done!" Then suddenly he stamped his foot upon the pavement of the inn yard, as if losing patience at my delay, and opening his fiery nostrils gave a great snort.

I got in, however, beside my friend, and away we went. As far as Bonn all was well enough; but there the horses insisted upon stopping to eat. Lawrence tried to persuade them it would be better to go on; but it was of no use: they had been accustomed to stop at the Star, and stop they would. We made the best of it, fed the horses, and got some dinner ourselves, and then we set out again.

The landlord of the Star saw us politely to the carriage, and, addressing my friend as he took the reins in hand, observed, in no very consolatory tone, "You had better take care of that horse, sir; he is the devil himself:" and so, on my word, I believe he was. Where he took us for the first five minutes I really do not know; but I have a remembrance of careering hither and thither about the great square, and having a running view of the University and the Palace of Popplesdorff. He would go any way on earth but up the Rhine. But Lawrence, who was really a very good whip, brought him to his senses at length, and that before he had knocked the little crazy carriage all to pieces. Thus we were at length going along the high and proper road, at a speed dangerous to market men and women, and to our own necks; but even that at length was quieted down, and our further journey only suffered interruption from an occasional dart which both the horses would make at any diverging road that led away from the river, as if they had a presentiment that their course up the stream would lead to something strange and horrible. The instinct of brutes is a very curious subject of study. How far it is inferior, how far superior, to human reason—how much beyond man's keenest perception it goes—how near it approaches to the supernatural, are questions over which I have often pondered for hours.

We set out from St. Goar, then, with that same pair of horses, and the little rickety open carriage, on the 9th of October—a day ever-memorable to me. We were somewhat late, for we had been idling away our time in speculations vain enough; but it was a beautiful day. The Rhine was hurry with the vintage; all hearts seemed open as the wine gushed from the glorious clusters, and one could hardly help thinking leniently and sympathetically even of Noah and his first intemperance. Songs were breaking out from the hill-sides; the sun shone upon gay dresses and pleasant faces, and the merry laugh was often in the air. Oh! the Rhine land is a bright and pleasant land, especially in the gay season of the grape.

The horses that day seemed to have lost all their fire. It seemed as if it was their fate to go on whatever lay before them; and forward they dragged us at a slow, heavy trot, with drooping heads and heaving sides. Even the one whom

the landlord of the Star had called a devil was as tame as his companion, and minded the whip no more than if he had been tickled with a straw.

About three o'clock we saw a large heavy cloud begin to rise before us, overtopping the mountains, overshadowing the Rhine. It was only in hue that it bore the look of a thunder-cloud. It had no knobs, or pillars, or writhing twists about it; but it was inky black, and kept advancing like a wall of marble, dark as night at the lower part, and leaden-gray at the superior edge. The wind had lulled away to a perfect calm, but still that cloud kept marching on over the sky, absorbing into itself some light vapors that had been floating above over the blue, and gradually hiding the more distant hills, where we had caught a sight of them, in its own dim vail.

A light wind at length fluttered in our faces, hot and unrefreshing, like the breath of fever.

"Put up the hood!" said Lawrence, "we are going to have it!"

Hardly had he spoken when a bright flash burst from the cloud, and I could see a serpent-like line of fire dart across the Rhine. It nearly blinded one, but it had no effect upon the horses; they did not even start. Then came a clap of thunder which I thought would bring the rocks and mountains on our heads. There were two or three more such flashes, and two or three other roars, and then the giant began to weep. Down came the rain like fury: it seemed as if we had got into the middle of a water-spout; and the sky, too, grew so dark that an unnatural shadow filled the whole valley of the Rhine, late so bright and smiling. I thought that we were going to have two of the plagues of Egypt at once—darkness that could be felt, and fire mingled with hail. Indeed they did come upon us at last. But no one can describe how that storm worked itself up. It was like one of those concerted pieces of music, beginning with a few instruments, and bringing in more and more, and louder and louder, till all seems one universal crash. Nor can one easily picture to imagination the change which came over the scene while all this went on. The rocks, the mountains, the castles, the towers—except those that were close by—were either shut out from sight completely, or appeared like dim spectres through the descending rain. The vineyards, with their gay population scattered, looked dank and dismal; the hills, in a thousand directions, were channeled by red turbid cascades; and the black rocks seemed slimy and foul, with the oozing waters that trickled over their dark faces amidst the lichens and the weeds.

We were wet to the skin in five minutes; but as the thunder and lightning diminished—which they did toward sunset—the wind rose and blew with terrific violence, threatening to overset the carriage. The horses would hardly drag it on; and I am sure we did not go more than three miles an hour, while the rain, which continued harder than ever, was dashed furiously in our faces, nearly blinding both man and beast. At length, to complete our discomforts, night fell; and one so black and murky I have never seen. It was in vain whipping; neither horse would go the least out of his determined pace; and, besides, the whip had become so soaked and limp that it was of little service, moving as unwillingly as the brutes themselves, and curling itself up into a thousand knots.

I got as far back in the carriage as I could, and said nothing. As for my companion he seemed at his wits' end, and I could hear muttered curses which might have well been spared, but which I was in no mood to reprove.

At length he said, "This will never do! I can not see a step before me. We shall meet with some accident. Let us get into the first place of shelter we can find. Any cottage, any roadside public-house or beer-house, is better than this."

"I do not think you will find any thing of the kind," I answered gloomily; "if you do, I can be contented with any place to get out of this pelting—a cave in the rock if nothing better."

He drove on nearly at a walk for about two miles further, and then suddenly pulled up. I could hardly see any thing but a great black point of rock sticking out, as it seemed to me, right across the road. But Lawrence declared that he perceived a shed under the rock, and a building on the top of it, and asked me to get out and reconnoitre. I was as glad to catch at straws as he could be, and I alighted as well as I could, stumbling upon a large stone over which he had nearly driven us, and sinking deep in mud and mire. I now found that the rock which had seemed to block the way was only one of those many little points round which the river turns in its course through the mountains, and on approaching near it I discovered the shed he had seen. It was an old dilapidated timber-built hut, which might have belonged at some former period to a boatman, or perhaps a vine-dresser; but it was open at two sides, and we might as well have been in the carriage as there. By the side, however, I found a path with a step or two cut in the rock, and I judged rightly that it must lead to the building Lawrence had seen above. On returning to the side of the carriage, I clearly perceived the building too, and made it out to be one of the old castles of which such multitudes stud the banks of the frontier river. Some of these, as we all know, are in a very ruinous, some in a more perfect state; and I proposed to my companion to draw the horses and carriage under the shed, climb the path, and take our chance of what we should find above. Phaëthon himself could not have been more sick of charioteering than Lawrence was: he jumped at the proposal. We secured our vehicle and its brutes as well as we could, and I began to climb. Lawrence staid a minute behind to get the portmanteau out from under the seat where we had stowed it to keep it dry; and then came hallooing after me with it upon his shoulder.

"Do you think there is a chance of finding any one up there?" he asked, as he overtook me.

"A chance, certainly; but a poor one," I answered. "Marxburg and one or two other old

castles are inhabited; but not many. However, we shall soon know; for this one is low down, thank Heaven! and here we are at some gate or barbican."

I can not say that it was very promising to the feel—for sight aided us but little—and the multitude of stones we tumbled over gave no idea of the castle itself being in a high state of repair. Lawrence thought fit to give a loud halloo; but the whistling wind drowned it—and would have drowned it, if he had shouted like Achilles from the trenches.

We next had to pick our way across what had probably been a court of the castle; that was an easy matter, for the stones in the open space were few, and the inequalities not many. The moon, I suppose, had risen by this time, for there seemed more light, though the rain ceased not; but we could now perceive several towers and walls quite plainly; and at length I found myself under a deep archway, on one side of which the drifting deluge did not reach me. Lawrence was by my side in a minute, and, thanks to what he was accustomed to jeer me for, as one of my old-bachelor habits, I was soon enabled to afford both him and myself some light. There are three things I always carry with me in traveling: a box of wax-wick matches—these are in my pocket well wrapped up in oil silk; a ball of string, and a couple of wax candles: the wax candles, I believe, once saved my life.

As soon as I got under shelter, I extracted my large box of matches and lighted one easily enough. It burned while one might count twenty, but that sufficed to show us that we were under a great gateway between two high towers. A second which I lighted Lawrence carried out into an inner court, but it was extinguished in a moment. I had perceived, however, a doorway on either side of this arch, and the spikes of a portcullis protruding through the arch above, which showed that the castle had some woodwork left about it; and as soon as he came back we lighted another match, and set out to explore what was behind the two doorways, which we managed easily by getting a new light as soon as the old one was burned out. On the right there was nothing but one small room, with no exit but the entrance, and with a roof broken in and rank weeds rising from the encumbered floor. On the left was a room of the same size, equally dilapidated, but with a second door and two steps leading to a larger room or hall, the roof of which was perfect except at one end. There were two old lozenge-shaped windows likewise, minus a few panes; but the sills were raised nearly a man's height from the floor, and thus, when one was seated on the ground, one's head was out of the draught. Comparison is a wonderful thing, and the place looked quite comfortable. Lawrence threw down the portmanteau, and while he held a lighted match, I undid it and got out a wax candle. We had now the means of light till morning, and it remained to get some dry clothing, if it could be found. We had each a dress-suit and a couple of shirts in the portmanteau; and though the rain in one spot had contrived to penetrate the solid leather and wet the shoulder of my coat and the knee of his pantaloons, it was certainly better to have but one damp place of a few inches about one than to be wet all over. We therefore dressed ourselves in what the apprentice boys would call our best clothes, and a little brandy from the flask made us feel still more comfortable. The taste for luxuries increases with marvelous rapidity under indulgence. An hour before, we should have thought a dry coat and a place of shelter formed the height of human felicity, but now we began to long for a fire on the broad stone hearth at the end of the room. Lawrence was fertile in resources and keen-sighted enough. He had remarked a quantity of fallen rafters in the first little room we had entered, and he now made sundry pilgrimages thither in the dark—for we dared not take out the candle—till he had accumulated enough wood to keep us dry all night. Some of it was wet and would not burn, but other pieces were quite dry, and we soon had a roaring fire, by which we sat down on the ground, hoping to make ourselves comfortable.

Oh the vanity of human expectations! As long as we had been busy in repairing our previous disasters we had been well enough; but as soon as we were still—no, not quite so soon as that, but by the time we had stared into the fire for ten minutes, and made out half a dozen pictures on the firebrands, miseries began to press upon us.

"I wish to heaven I had something to sit upon!" said Lawrence, "if it were but a three-legged stool. My knees get quite cramped."

"How the wind howls and mourns," said I, listening. "It would not surprise me if one half of this old crazy place were to come down upon our heads."

"The rain is pouring on as heavily as ever," said Lawrence. "I should not wonder if that puddle at the other end were to swell into a lake and wash us out at the door."

"Those poor brutes of horses," said I, "must have a bad time of it, and the chaise will be like a full sponge."

"Come, come!" said Lawrence, "this will never do. We shall croak ourselves into a fit of the horrors. Let us forget the storm, and the horses, and the old tumble-down place, and fancy ourselves in a middling sort of inn, with a good fire, but little to eat. It is the best policy to laugh at petty evils. Come, can not you tell us a story beginning 'Once upon a time?'"

I was in no fit mood for story-telling, but there was some philosophy in his plan, and I accordingly agreed, upon the condition that when I had concluded my narrative he would tell another story.

"Once upon a time," I said, "when the late Duke of Hamilton was a young man, and traveling in Italy—making the grand tour, as it was called in those days—he came one night to a solitary inn in the mountains, where he was

forced to take refuge from a storm something like that which we have met with to-day—"

"Oh, I know that story," cried Lawrence, interrupting me; "I have heard it a hundred times; and besides, you do not tell it right—My God, what is that?"

As he spoke, he sprang up on his feet with a look of consternation and a face turning suddenly pale.

"What? what?" I cried, "I heard nothing."

"Listen!" he said, "it was certainly a shriek."

We were silent as death for the next minute, and then again, rising above the moaning wind and pattering rain, came one of the most piercing, agonizing shrieks I ever heard. It seemed quite close to where we sat—driven in, as it were, through the broken panes of the casement.

"There must have been some accident," I said, anxiously. "Let us go down and see."

We had contrived to fix our candle between two pieces of firewood, and, leaving it burning, we hurried out through the little ante-room to the old dark archway. The night seemed blacker than ever, and the storm no less severe.

"Stay, stay!" said Lawrence; "let us listen. We hear nothing to direct us where to search."

I stopped, and we bent our ears in vain for another sound. We heard the wind sigh, and the rustling patter of the rain, and the roaring of the mighty river as, swollen tremendously, it went roaring along through its rocky channel, but nothing like a human voice made itself heard. At length, without giving me any warning, and making me start like a guilty spirit at the crow of cock, Lawrence shouted with the full force of his powerful lungs, inquiring if there was any one there and in distress. No answer was returned, and again and again he called without obtaining a reply. It was evident that the lips which had uttered those sounds of pain or terror were either far away or still in death; and having nothing to guide us further, we returned to our place of shelter. It was long, however, ere we could shake off the impression those two shrieks had made. We had neither of us become hardened, like Macbeth, to sounds of woe, and for some time we went on speculating on the occurrence, and supposing many things, with very little to guide us to a right judgment. There was the rushing Rhine and the slippery road, on which many an accident might happen, and there were almost as many perils imminent as those which St. Paul recapitulates as having overtaken himself. But there was nothing certain. After we had tired ourselves with such fancies Lawrence proposed a little more brandy. I did not object; and then we told tales of screams and shrieks which had been heard at different times and places by various credible witnesses—ourselves among the rest—for which no natural cause had ever been assigned.

At length, quite tired out, I proposed that we should try to sleep. Lawrence ensconced himself behind the door; I took up a position in the other corner, sitting on the floor with my back supported by the two walls, and at a sufficient distance from the window. I should have said we had piled more wood on the fire, in such a way as we hoped would keep it in at least till we woke; and it flickered and flared and cast strange lights upon the walls and old windows, and upon a door at the other end of the room which we had never particularly examined, on account of the wet and decayed state of the floor in that part. It was a very common door—a great mass of planks placed perpendicularly and bound together by two great horizontal bars—but as the fire-light played upon it, there was something unpleasant to me in its aspect. I kept my eyes fixed upon it, and wondered what was beyond; and, in the sort of unpleasant fancifulness which besets one sometimes when dreary, I began to imagine all sorts of things. It seemed to me to move as if about to be opened; but it was only the shaking of the wind. It looked like a prison door, I thought—the entrance to some unhappy wretch's cell; and when I was half asleep, I asked myself if there could be any one there still—could the shrieks we heard issue thence—or could the spirit of the tortured captive still come back to mourn over the sorrows endured in life? I shut my eyes to get rid of the sight of it; but when I opened them again, there it was staring me full in the face. Sometimes when the flame subsided indeed, I lost sight of it; but that was as bad or worse than the full view, for then I could not tell whether it was open or shut. But at length, calling myself a fool, I turned away from it, and soon after dozed off to sleep.

I could not have been really in slumber more than an hour, and was dreaming that I had been carried off a road into a river, and just heard all the roaring and rushing of a torrent in my ears, when Lawrence woke me by shaking me violently by the shoulder, and exclaiming: "Listen, listen! What in the fiend's name can all that be?"

I started up bewildered; but in a moment I heard sounds such as I never heard before in my life; frantic yells and cries, and groans even—all very different from the shrieks we had heard before. Then, suddenly, there was a wild peal of laughter ringing all through the room, more terrible than the rest.

I can not bear to be woke suddenly out of my sleep; but to be woke by such sounds as that quite overcame me, and I shook like a leaf. Still, my eyes turned toward the door at the other end of the room. The fire had sunk low; the rays of our solitary candle did not reach it, but there was now another light upon it, fitful as the flickering of the flame, but paler and colder. It seemed blue almost to me. But as soon as I could recall my senses I perceived that the moon was breaking the clouds, and from time to time shining through the casement as the scattered vapors were hurried over her by the wind.

"What in Heaven's name can it be?" I exclaimed, quite aghast.

"I don't know, but we must see," answered my companion, who had been awake longer and

recovered his presence of mind. "Light the other candle, and bring the one that is alight. We must find out what this is. Some poor creature may be wanting help."

"The sound comes from beyond that door," I said: "let us see what is behind it."

I acknowledge I had some trepidation in making the proposal, but my peculiar temperament urged me forward in spite of myself toward scenes which I could not doubt were fearful; and I can boldly say that if Lawrence had hesisitated to go I would have gone alone. It would seem as if Fate, in giving me this impulse toward sights painful to other men and to myself also, had prearranged the combinations which continually brought them in my way; and at this time of life I had learned to look upon it as a part of my destiny to find somewhere or other in my path at almost every step some of those events which make the heart sicken and the blood freeze.

Taking the candle in my hand, then, I advanced at once toward the door. Lawrence stopped a moment to examine by the light I had left behind a pair of pistols which he had brought in his pockets, and to put on fresh caps, although I believe they had escaped the rain. Thus I had reached the door before he came up, and had opened it, for all the iron-work but a latch had been carried off. The moment it was thrown back, the cries and groans were heard more distinctly than before; but I could see nothing before me but darkness, and it required a moment or two for the light to penetrate the darkness beyond. I had not taken two steps beyond the threshold ere Lawrence was by my side, and we found ourselves in a stone passage without windows, appearing to lead round the building. Ten paces on, however, we came to the top of a flight of steps, broken and mouldy, with grass and weeds growing up between the crevices. Part of the wall had fallen there, but it was on the side away from the wind; and although the fluttering air, diverted by some obstacles from its course, caused the flame of the candle to waver, I carried it still lighted past the aperture. It was a work of some danger to descend those steps, for they rocked and tottered under the foot, and they seemed interminable; but after the first twenty had been passed we had no more to fear from wind. The masonry ceased; the walls became the solid rock, rudely hewn out for a passage for the stairs; and the steps themselves were of the native stone, squared and flattened at one time probably, but worn by many feet, and in some places broken, by what influences I do not know.

When we were about half way down, the sounds, which had been growing louder and louder, suddenly ceased, and a deathlike stillness succeeded.

"Stay a bit," said my companion: "let us reconnoitre. We may as well look before we leap. Hold up the light."

I did as he asked, but the faint rays of the candle showed us nothing but the black irregular faces of the rock on either side, a small rill of water percolating through a crevice, and flowing over, down upon the steps, along which it poured in miniature cascades, and beyond, a black chasm where we could see nothing.

"Come on," said Lawrence, advancing; "we must see the end of it."

Forward we went—down, down, some two-and-thirty steps more, without hearing another sound; but just as we reached the bottom step something gave a wild sort of yell, and I could hear a scrambling and tumbling at a good distance in advance.

My heart beat terribly, and Lawrence stopped short. I was far more agitated than he was, but he showed what he felt more, and any one who had seen us would have said that he was frightened, I perfectly cool. He had passed me on the stairs; I now passed him, and holding the light high up gazed around.

It was very difficult to see any thing distinctly, but here and there the beams caught upon rough points of rock, and low arches rudely hewn in the dark stone, and I made out that we were in a series of vaults excavated below the castle, with massive partitions between them, and here and there a doorway or passage from one to the other. It seemed a perfect labyrinth at first sight, and now that all was silent again, we had nothing to guide us. I listened, but all was still as death; and I was advancing again, when my companion asked me to stop, and proposed that we should examine the ground on each side as we went on, marking the spot from which we started. It seemed a good plan, and I was stooping down to pile up some of the loose stones with which the ground or floor was plentifully encumbered, when a large black snake glided away, and at the same moment a bat or a small owl flitted by, and extinguished the light with its wings.

"Good Heaven, how unlucky!" cried Lawrence; "have you got the match-box?"

"No," I answered; "I left it on the floor near where I was sleeping. Feel your way up the steps, my good friend, and bring it and the other candle. I will remain here till you come. Be quick!"

"You go; let me stay," said Lawrence. But I was ashamed to accept his offer; and there was a something, I knew not what, that urged me to remain. "No, no," I said, "go quickly; but give me one of your pistols," and I repeated the last words in German, lest any one who understood that language should be within ear-shot.

We were so near the foot of the steps that Lawrence could make no mistake, and I soon heard his feet ascending at a rapid rate, tripping and stumbling, it is true, but still going on. As I listened, I thought I heard a light sound also from the other side, but I concluded that it was but the echo of his steps through the hollow passages, and I stood quite still, hardly breathing. I could hear my heart beat, and the arteries of the throat were very unpleasant—throb, throb, throbbing.

After a moment or two I heard Lawrence's feet as it seemed to me almost above me, and I know not what impression of having some other being

near me, made me resolve to cock the pistol. I tried to do it with my thumb as I held it in my right hand, but the lock went hard, and I found it would be necessary to lay down the candle to effect it. Just as I was stooping to do so, I became suddenly conscious of having some living creature close by me; and the next instant I felt cold fingers at my throat, and an arm thrown round me. Not a word was spoken, but the grasp became tight upon my neck, and I struggled violently for breath and life. But the strength of the being that grasped me seemed gigantic, and his hand felt like a hand of iron.

Oh what a moment was that! Never, except in a terrible dream, have I felt any thing like it. I tried to cry, to shout, but I could not, his hold of my throat was so tight; power of muscle seemed to fail me; my head turned giddy; my heart felt as if stopping; flashes of light shone from my eyes.

My right hand, however, was free, and by a violent effort I forced back the cock of the pistol nearly to the click; but then I lost all power. The hammer fell; the weapon went off with a loud echoing report, and for an instant, by the flash, I saw a hideous face with a gray beard close gazing into mine.

The sound of Lawrence's footsteps running rapidly overhead were the most joyful I had ever heard; but the next instant I felt myself cast violently backward, and I fell half stunned and bewildered to the ground.

Before I could rise the light of the candle began to appear, as Lawrence came down the stairs, first faint, and then brighter; and I heard his voice exclaiming, "What has happened? what has happened?"

"Take care!" I cried faintly; "there is some man or some devil here, and he has half killed me!"

Looking carefully around, Lawrence helped me to rise, and then we picked up the candle I had let fall and lighted it again, he gazing in my face from time to time, but seeming hardly to like to take his eyes off the vaults, or to enter into any conversation, for fear of some sudden attack. Nothing was to be seen, however; my savage assailant was gone, leaving no trace behind him but a cut upon the back of my head, received as he cast me backward.

"What has happened?" said Lawrence at length, in a very low voice. "Why, your face looks quite blue, and you are bleeding!"

"No wonder," I answered; "for I have been half strangled, and have nearly had my brains dashed out. Have you got powder and ball? If so, load the pistol;" and giving it to him, I sat down on the last step of the stairs to recover myself a little, keeping a wary eye upon the gloom beyond him while he re-charged the weapon.

From time to time he asked a question, and I answered, till he had heard all that had happened, and then, after a minute's thought, he said, "Do you know, I think we had better give this up, and barricade ourselves into the room upstairs. There may be more of these ruffians than one."

"No, no," I answered; "I am resolved to see the end of it. There is only one, depend upon it, or I should have had both upon me. We are two, and can deal with him at all events. I have a great notion that some crime has been committed here this night, and we ought to ascertain the facts. Those first shrieks were from a woman's voice."

"Well, well," answered my companion, "I am with you, if you are ready. Here, take one light and one pistol, and you examine the right-hand vaults while I take the left. We are now on our guard, and can help each other."

We walked on accordingly, very slowly and carefully, taking care to look round us at every step, for the vaults were very rugged and irregular, and there was many a point and angle which might have concealed an assailant, but we met with no living creature. At length I thought I perceived a glimmer of light before me, but a little to the left, and calling up Lawrence, who was at some yards' distance, I pointed it out to him.

"To be sure I see it," he answered; "it is the moon shining. We must be near the entrance of the vaults. But what is that? There seems to be some one lying down there."

He laid his hand upon my arm as he spoke, and we both stood still and gazed forward. The object toward which his eyes were directed certainly looked like a human figure, but it moved not in the least, and I slowly advanced toward it. Gradually I discerned what it was. There was the dress of a woman, gay colored and considerably ornamented, and a neat little foot and shoe, with a small buckle in it, resting on a piece of fallen rock. The head was away from us, and she lay perfectly still.

My spirit felt chilled; but I went on, quickening my pace, and Lawrence and I soon stood beside her, holding the lights over her.

She was a young girl of nineteen or twenty, dressed in gala costume, with some touch of the city garb, some of the peasant attire. Her hair, which was all loose, wet, and disheveled, was exceedingly rich and beautiful, and her face must have been very pretty in the sweet happy coloring of health and life. Now it was deathly pale, and the windows of the soul were closed. It was a sad, sad sight to see! Her garments were all wet, and there was some froth about the mouth, but the fingers of the hands were limp and natural, as if there had been no struggle, and the features of the face were not distorted. There was, however, a wound upon her temple, from which some blood had flowed, and some scratches upon her cheek, and upon the small fair ears.

She looked very sweet as she lay there, and Lawrence and I stood and gazed at her long. Her dress was somewhat discomposed, and I straightened it over her ankles, though the sense of modesty and maiden shame had gone out with all the other gentle harmonies in that young heart.

How came she by her death? How came she there? Was she slain by accident, or had she

met with violence? were questions that pressed upon our thoughts. But we said little then, and after a time left her where we found her. It mattered not to her that the bed was hard or the air cold.

We searched every corner of the vaults, however, for him I could not help believing her murderer, but without success; and on going to the mouth of the vault, where there had once been a door, long gone to warm some peasant's winter hearth, we found that it led out upon the road close by the side of the Rhine, and hardly a dozen paces from the river.

It was clear how he had escaped; and we sadly took our way back to the chamber above, where we passed the rest of the night in melancholy talk over the sad events that must have happened.

We slept no more, nor tried to sleep; but as soon as the east was gray went down to the shed where we had left the horses, and resumed our journey, to give information at the next village of what we had discovered.

The horses were very stiff, and at first could hardly drag us along, for the road was in a horrible state, but they soon warmed to the work, and in little more than three quarters of an hour we reached a small village, where we got some refreshment, while the landlord of the little Gasthaus ran at my request for the Polizei.

When the only officer in the place came, I told him every thing that had happened in the best German I could muster, and willingly agreed to go back with him to the spot, and show him where the body lay. The rumor spread like wildfire in the village; a crowd of the good peasantry collected round the door; and when we set out, taking a torch or two with us, as I described the vaults as very dark, we had at least a hundred persons in our train, among whom were a number of youths and young girls. As nothing but one old chaise was to be procured in the village, and it did not look as if it would rain, we pursued our way on foot, but we certainly accomplished the distance faster than we had done with two horses in the morning. All the way the officer—I really do not know his right German title—continued conversing with Lawrence, who did not understand a word of German, and with myself, for whom his German was a world too fast. I gave him, however, all the information I could, and as his language has the strange peculiarity of being easier to speak than to understand, I made him master, I believe, of every little incident of the last eventful night.

My description of the face of the man who had first nearly strangled me and then nearly dashed my brains out, and of whom I had caught a glimpse by the flash of the pistol, seemed to interest him more than all the rest. He stopped when I gave it to him, called several of the girls and young men about him, and conversed with them for a moment or two with a good deal of eagerness. The greater part of what they said escaped me, but I heard a proper name frequently repeated, sounding like Herr Katzenberger, and the whole ended with a sad and gloomy shake of the head.

Soon after we resumed our advance we came to the mouth of the vault. It required no torches, however, to let us see what we sought for. The sun, still low, was shining slantingly beneath the heavy brows of the rocky arch, and the rays receded to the spot where the body of the poor girl lay.

All steps were hurried as we came near; and boys and girls, men and women, crowded round. It was evident that every one present recognized a friend in that lifeless form. "*Ach, die Carlina!*"—"*Ach, die arme Carlina!*" arose from a hundred voices; and some eyes were seen to shed bitter tears.

They made a little bier of vine poles and branches, and laid the fair corpse upon it. Then they sought for various green leaves and some of the long-lingering autumn flowers, and strewed them tastefully over the body; and then four stout men raised the death-litter on their shoulders and bore it away toward the village. The men and women, without noise or bustle, formed themselves into a little procession, with a native sense of reverent decorum which is more strongly felt among the German peasantry than among any other people I ever met with, and followed the corpse, two and two.

I had the policeman for my companion; and beseeching him to speak slowly, I asked if he could give me any explanation of the strange and terrible events which must have happened.

"We know very little as yet," he answered; "but we shall probably know more soon. This young lady, poor thing! was the only daughter of a rich but cross-grained man, living at a village a short way further down the Rhine, on the other side. Her mother, who died three years ago, was from our own village. She was dancing away gayly last evening with our young folks, just before the storm came on; for her father had brought her up in his boat, and left her at her aunt's. When it came on with thunder and lightning, they all went into the house, and, as misfortune would have it, that young lad who is carrying the head of the bier sat down by her in a corner, and they could not part soon enough. He was a lover of hers, every one knew; but her father was hard against the match, and before they had been in the house an hour the old man came in and found them chatting in their corner. Perhaps he would have staid all night had it not been for that; but he got very angry, and made her go away with him in his boat in the very midst of the storm. He said he had been on the Rhine many a worse night than that—though few of us have ever seen one. But he was obstinate as a bull, and away they went, though she cried terribly, both from fear and vexation. What happened after, none of us can tell; but old Herr Katzenberger has a gray beard, just such as you speak of."

They carried the body to the little old church, and laid it in the aisle; and then they sent for the village doctor to examine into the mode of

her death. I was not present when he came, but I heard afterward that he pronounced her to have died from drowning, and declared that the wound on the temple must have occurred by a blow against some rock when life was quite or nearly extinct. "Otherwise," he said, "it would have bled much more, for the artery itself was torn."

For my part, I was marched up with Lawrence to the Ampthaus, and there subjected to manifold interrogatories, the answers to which were all carefully taken down.

In the midst of these we were interrupted by the inroad of a dozen of peasants, dragging along a man who struggled violently with them, but in whom every one present recognized the father of the poor girl whose body we had found. The peasants said they had found him some six miles off, tearing his flesh with his teeth, and evidently in a state of furious insanity. They had found it very difficult to master him, they declared, for his strength was prodigious.

He was the only witness of what had taken place during that terrible night upon the river, and he could give no sane account. He often accused himself of murdering his child; but the good people charitably concluded that he merely meant he had been the cause of her death by taking her upon the treacherous waters in such a night as that; and the fact of his boat having drifted ashore some miles further down, broken and bottom upward, seemed to confirm that opinion. I made some inquiries regarding the unfortunate man during a subsequent tour; but I only learned that he continued hopelessly insane, without a glimmer of returning reason.

GALVANOPLASTY.

EVERY one knows the eastern tale of a certain king and his court, who strove to exhaust the power of a complaisant fairy by requiring her to perform feats continually increasing in difficulty. The same may be said to pass now between human industry and electricity. This mysterious agent, this genius of the thunderbolt, whom the Orientals, why, I know not, represent as a being of extremely diminutive size, seems to have overpassed the limits of the wildest human requirements, and given far more than the most exacting spirit ever dreamed of demanding. In the Milesian school of Thales, six centuries before our era, it was remarked that a bit of yellow amber, called *electron*, being rubbed, drew light bodies toward it, as the loadstone attracts iron; and from the time of Thales to that of Descartes, numerous theories were promulgated to explain the phenomenon.

Toward the middle of the seventeenth century, Otto of Guericke, the inventor of the pneumatic machine, constructed an electrical apparatus by means of a globe of sulphur, as large as a child's head, mounted on an axis. This globe, in revolving, rubbed against an elastic cushion, and produced electric sparks. From that epoch, philosophers began to question nature through experience. Laying aside the sterile theories which, during more than two thousand years, had enchained and enervated the human mind, they renounced all guessing at the causes of phenomena, and contented themselves with determining what the phenomena really were.

What then were the answers of the electrical agent to the questions of experimental science? Is lightning electricity? Yes, for with artificial electric batteries the same effects on animal life are produced as by the action of thunder-clouds. Yes, for electricity may be drawn from the sky, the air, and the earth, and employed as an artificial battery. These facts led Franklin to the useful invention of the lightning conductor.

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrum que tyrannis."

"He wrested from the skies Heaven's forked brand,
And tore the sceptre from the tyrant's hand."

Or, to give a burlesque paraphrase:

"He with a kite brought lightning from the sky,
And like a kite he peck'd King George's eye."

The physical philosopher, Charles, has frequently appeased storms by sending to the clouds a kite attached to a metallic thread, which conducts silently downward the fluid lightning. At the Conservatory of Arts, in Paris, may be seen the varnished stool which supports the metallic string: the wood is scorched by the lightning, which fell over it like a cascade of fire. The physiological effects of electricity are very remarkable. Without speaking of the shock of the Leyden jar, and the sensation caused by sparks, it is certain that all animal organization, as to sensibility, motion, the digestive functions, nutrition, the development of the organs, etc., is under the empire of the electricity of the living being.

When Volta had invented the apparatus which bears the name of the voltaic pile, Aldini, the nephew of Galvani, who was the first to observe the facts which led Volta to his great discovery, tried its action on animals which had been killed, and on criminals who had been executed. The head of a bull, detached from the body and placed on a table, when excited by the electrical current, opened its eyes, rolled them furiously, inflated its nostrils and shook its ears, as if the animal were alive and prepared for combat. On another table, the plunges of a dead horse were near hurting the spectators, and did break the apparatus placed near the animal.

Afterward, in England, some physiologists purchased from a criminal condemned to death his own body (strange bargain!) in order to test the animal electric theories, and also with the charitable intention of (if possible) recalling the hanged man to life. The result was terrific. The corpse did not return to life, but a violent and convulsive respiration was produced, the eyes opened, the lips were convulsed, and the face of the assassin, no longer obeying any directing instinct, presented such strange contortions of physiognomy, that one of the spectators fainted with horror, and remained for several days in a species of bewilderment. Fuseli, Reau, Talma, in their mimicry of criminal passions, fell far short of this fearful reality.

Lightning and electricity sometimes set on fire

edifices and combustible substances which come in their way; it was, therefore, sought to produce heat by the electric agent. The following was one of the many experiments tried. Solder metallic wires to both extremities of a pile, then bring the other ends of those wires into contact, so that an electrical current may pass from one to the other; then place any, even the most insoluble body, in the midst of the flame surrounding the meeting ends of the wires, and it will speedily become fluid. Refractive metals, minerals otherwise insoluble, earths, flints, nothing can resist the action of such a furnace.

From the brilliant fugitive light of lightning, and of electric sparks, philosophers were led to seek in electricity a constant and useful light. The preceding arrangement, slightly modified, succeeded to admiration in producing the desired effect. Two pieces of charcoal placed at the point of contact of the soldered wires, become ignited, and shine with a light fully as dazzling as that of the sun. It was attempted to substitute this light for that of gas in shops, public rooms, etc., but it was found unsuitable on account of its overwhelming brilliancy hurting the eyes. It is, however, constantly employed in the service of the huge microscope usually called solar.

With the voltaic pile a strong motive power has been obtained, able to impel vessels on the water, and to work machinery on land. Voltaic electricity also acts on the magnetic needle. Under its influence the loadstone accomplishes so many wonders that it well deserves its ancient name, "the stone of Hercules."

We may imagine that one day it was said to the electric current, "Don't you think you could travel as a courier from Paris to Marseilles on metallic wires?" Before the word "Marseilles" could well be uttered, the answer had already reached the extremity of France. Ariel, who boasted that he could "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," was a laggard when compared with the electric telegraph. How true were the memorable words of Napoleon I.: "The sovereigns who preceded me never understood that in modern times the power of science makes part of the science of power."

Modern physics have established the fact that our globe is one grand electric machine, whose currents direct the magnetic needle, which in its turn serves as a guide to navigators. Chemistry owes to electricity so many compositions and decompositions, so many various molecular actions, so many metals produced for the first time, that, in a word, the most comprehensive chemical theory is that of the electrical properties of the primitive elements of simple or compound bodies. Lightning and electricity draw with them a small quantity of matter, divided into excessively minute portions. With these they *coat*, so to speak, the bodies with which they come in contact. I have seen specimens of coarse marble or compact limestone, forming the pointed summits of some promontories in the bay of Cannes, in Provence, and which, struck repeatedly by lightning, are covered with a layer of silver equal in thickness to a silver dollar. The art of electro-plating in gold and silver, coming every day into more general use, owes its origin to the enlightened observations of M. de Larive, of Geneva.

Galvanoplasty is the latest adaptation of this process. The idea occurred to M. Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, that electricity might be made to bear along the metals, such as copper, silver, or gold, contained in a chemical bath, and to deposit them in great thickness on a sculptured plate, in order to take off a faithful impression, a regular metallic mould. By this process an engraved plate, a medal, a cup of Benvenuto Cellini can be reproduced without any other agent than electricity and time. The great merit of the antique bronzes is the lightness and extreme tenuity of the sculptured metal. These are much more eminently the characteristics of M. Jacobi's metallico-electric sculptures, produced simply by electricity taking up the metal in a chemical bath, and then depositing it in an even layer on the exterior or interior of any mould whatever. It is, in a word, the art of carving, modeling, and moulding by electricity.

Let us enter the workshop of M. Coblentz, in the Rue Charlot in Paris. It is a miserable-looking den, in which a series of dirty buckets, filled with a metallic fluid, subjected to the action of voltaic piles, work silently at their artistic labor, whose elements are borrowed from the science of electricity. The labor consists in filling the buckets with fluid, and in keeping together the plates of copper and zinc which constitute the active part of the process. You turn your eyes from the operations of these unconscious artisans, and in a neighboring hall, filled with thousands of the objects produced, you will find much to excite your admiration. There are bronzes of astonishing lightness, and in beautiful relief. There are the great state seals for the reign of Napoleon III., reproduced in silver, with all that fineness of artistic engraving which renders the medals and the coins of the present day almost impossible to be counterfeited. There are ornaments carved in alto-relievo with a grace and beauty which would have seemed fabulous to those who lived before 1850. One has only to bring to M. Coblentz a model in wax, plaster, earthen-ware, armorial bearings, the impress of a seal, or any other object, natural or artificial, and he will return you an exquisite metallic fac-simile. By this same process, flowers, fruits, even anatomical specimens, and objects of natural history, have been (if I may coin a verb) *fac-similized* in metal. At the war-office there has lately been established a workshop for the galvanoplastic reproduction of the copper-plates of the map of France, in order both to reduce the price, and to render additions and corrections possible; for if a defective portion in a galvanoplastic plate be removed, it can easily be produced anew in the metallic bath.

Galvanoplasty is to sculpture and engraving what photography is to painting. To equal a photographic proof with the hand would require years of industry and a consummate knowledge

of art. In the same way, to reproduce, otherwise than by galvanoplasty, a statuette or a bas-relief, with the precision and fidelity of the electric agent, would require more than the talent of a first-rate artist.

Let us now turn to the galvanoplasty of nature. This entire globe, with its magnetized atmosphere, its solid continents, its internal nucleus in a state of igneous fusion, and the electrical reactions which are its consequences, is, in fact, a regular electrical machine or pile, having its currents directed from east to west, as indicated by its action on the needle of the mariner's compass, which it directs north and south. These currents circulate incessantly beneath the soil, and traverse all the materials of which the crust of the earth is composed, opening for themselves a path whose direction, and especially the quantity of the fluid, depend on the state and composition of the soil. These electric currents, however weak they may be, draw off at length the metallic portions of the soil, and bear them along as far as the first obstacle they meet, or diminution of strength which they experience. Then they leave them, and there is formed a deposit or vein of metal. This principally takes place in the great fissures or crevices of the soil, filled by heaped-up fragments which have fallen from above, or by lava which has bubbled up from the interior nucleus. These are the veins which the miner explores by means of subterranean galleries, cut through that portion of the soil which has been impregnated with metallic substances, either in their pure and native state, as gold and mercury, or in an oxydized or earthy condition, as iron, copper, zinc, etc.

A beautiful experiment, first tried, I believe, by Mr. Cross, shows this process clearly. You place on a platform a large mass of moist potter's clay, blended with any species of metallic particles of extreme minuteness, and under the earthy form of a metallic oxide. You divide the mass of clay in two, by means of some cutting instrument, such as the blade of a large knife or of a sabre: you then bring together, until they touch, the two portions momentarily separated. Then, by sending an electrical current through the whole mass, there becomes formed in the cleft a metallic deposit, a vein in miniature, revealing to us the secret of nature's treasures laid up in the vast fissures of the primitive and secondary strata.

M. Becquerel has tried with electricity the argentiferous soils of France and of other countries, and the question of the electrical extraction of the precious metal by a voltaic current, which bears it along, is completely solved in a scientific point of view. It remains to be considered under an economical aspect. I remember perfectly to have seen enormous ingots, formed of silver, drawn thus from metalliferous soils. This silver was of extreme purity. Nature has then her interior galvanoplasty, as she has, according to an ancient crystallographer, her subterraneous geometry: "*Natura geometriam exercet in visceribus terra.*"

It is not easy to conceive how so impalpable an agent as the electrical current can carry along with it metallic particles, in order to abandon them whenever any obstacle impedes their progress. It is thus that a torrent rolls stones and sand along its channel, in order to deposit them in the plain. In physical experiments may be remarked numerous instances of matter transported by the electric current. Thus, take two vessels half filled with water, and establish a communication between them by a simple wetted electrical wire; one of the vessels will empty its contents into the other by a mysterious process. The saltness of water even can thus be sent from one vase into another; and you can even cause to pass innocuously through a substance a body which, if not conducted by electricity, would act violently upon it. All the admirable mechanism of nutrition, secretion, digestion in living beings, is founded on electrical movements; and this is so certain, that in animals whose nerves communicating with the stomach have been severed, digestion has been re-established by replacing the missing portions of nerve by a metallic plate or wire, which restores the electrical communication. It has been frequently remarked that the power of the great Creator is most vividly displayed in the smallest objects of nature. For those who know how to observe, what can be a more striking evidence of the might of a Divine directing hand than these grand silent operations, fulfilling their end without effort, without resistance, without shock—producing, developing, nourishing, and preserving the living being? while when man wishes to command the elements by opposing them one against the other, fire, water, wind, steam, hammers, and levers—a host of natural and of artificial powers—hiss, growl, and roar with a thousand inharmonious voices, ever ready to escape from the empire and the sway of mere *human* intelligence.

If you plant in the ground, at a certain distance apart, two large metallic plates united by a long metallic wire stretched in the air, this wire is passed through by an almost continuous current. As the currents of the terrestrial globe go from east to west, we might expect that the metallic deposits of nature would principally occur along the chains of mountains or the fissures in the soil running from north to south, and which would naturally impede the passage of the electric currents moving from east to west. Such is in effect the auriferous chain of the Ural, which separates Europe from Asia. It appears very probable that the same holds good with the mountains of California and Australia; but sufficient observations have not yet been made to establish its certainty.

In the galvanoplasty of nature, we ask whence come these metals—that native gold which the earth contains in considerable masses. *Nuggets* have been found worth more than four thousand pounds. Physically speaking, nothing is produced, and nothing is destroyed. All the great forces of nature, mechanical, physical, chemical, vegetable, and animal, which pervade the entire globe, can neither produce nor annihilate a single particle of matter; but these forces can move,

unite, and condense the metallic particles disseminated through the soil, and *galvanoplastize* them into a piece of pure gold, or *nugget*.

M. Sage, professor of chemistry at the French mint, has discovered the existence of gold in the soil surrounding Paris. Trees, shrubs, and especially the vine, take up from the soil nutritive juices which become incorporated with their stems and bark. In burning vine branches, all the carbonic particles disappear, and nothing remains but a trifling residuum of ashes. By collecting a sufficient quantity of these ashes, and subjecting them to chemical processes, a small quantity of gold appears. By this process, M. Sage collected sufficient to coin four or five twenty franc pieces. We may remark that, in a utilitarian point of view, this beautiful experiment was by no means successful. The price of fabrication, including every thing, amounted to upward of one hundred francs for each piece. Thus, the expense was five times as great as the value. This recalls a saying current in Spanish America: "The first man who discovers a silver mine loses his fortune; if it be a gold mine, he dies in the poor-house."

Galvanoplasty, born as it were yesterday, among the electric sciences, every day augments its theoretical and practical domain. The science considered complete to-day, ceases to be so to-morrow. What would the artists who lived before 1840 have said, if they had been shown a bronze statue obtained without fusion and marked with incredible fineness of detail?

In the above explanation of some of the effects of electricity, we have not even mentioned the aurora borealis and the electric currents of the sun and moon, which have a sensible effect on the magnetic needle. Other phenomena of electricity have also been observed in the planets. Thus our picture is very incomplete, and yet, two centuries ago, the name even of this vast science had no existence! Why is the domain of electricity so vast? Because, through its mechanical, physical, chemical, and physiological properties, the electrical agent reigns in reality over all nature.

SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES ABOUT COLORS.

TO ladies who make cunning use of color—not by painting their faces, but by a deep and subtle study of costume; to artists, house-furnishers, ornamental gardeners, and others, there have been officially delivered at Paris and Lyons, during the last quarter of a century, sundry lectures by M. Chevreul, upon the practical effect of certain laws connected with the contrast of colors; and these lectures, which were formed by him into a book fifteen years ago, have been lately translated into English. Having read the translation, we write what follows:

Monsieur Chevreul, learned in the law of colors, was appointed long ago to superintend the dyeing department of the manufactory of the Gobelin tapestries. One of the first questions asked of him was, Why are the black tints bad that are employed as shadows in blue draperies? He answered that the black was of course spoiled by contrast. M. Chevreul followed up his hint by arranging together various masses of colored wool taken from the warehouse, observed how colors put side by side mutually affected one another; and, from that point, carried on his researches in various ways to maturity. We state some of the results, chiefly having in mind the uses to which ladies may put them.

First must be set down two very plain rules. One concerns the setting side by side of two different shades of the same color. Put side by side squares tinted with Indian ink, each square having one uniform tint, but no two squares of the same intensity. Arrange them in a row, according to a regular scale, beginning with the lightest and ending with the darkest. Then every square will be seen to be modified by those on either side of it; the border next a darker square will be lightened in effect—the border next a light square will be darkened in effect. The whole row of tinted squares, seen from a little distance, will be made in this way to appear not flat, but fluted. Such is the effect of tints upon each other.

The effect of hues, or contrasting colors, may be expressed in the second main rule—Contrasting or complementary colors are such as when blended together give rise to the perception of whiteness. The most perfect of these relations is that existing between blue, yellow, and red; for, mix those three colors, and they produce white; consequently a color complementary to each of these is made by blending the other two. Because blue with yellow creates green, green is the complement of red; because red and yellow create orange, orange is the complement of blue; because red and blue create violet, violet is the complement of yellow. The eye itself can perform these changes; look upon a blue and a yellow, and in a little while both will appear to be green. Again, take a square colored red, and observe it. Take also a square colored blue, and observe it. Place them side by side. The red square where it is near the blue will have a yellower tinge than the rest; and into the blue on the other border some little shade of green will enter. That is because every color tends to suggest its opposite (or complement) around its borders, and, as we have explained, the opposite of red is green—the opposite of blue, orange.

It is also to be remembered that the eye, fatigued with looking at one color, is disposed to receive the impression of its complement. Let us suppose, for example, that a lady in a draper's shop is looking at red stuffs; and, after having seen five or six pieces, begins to complain of the bad color of those subsequently shown to her. The color is not bad; but her eye, weary of red, no longer receives the impression of it vividly, or as a source of pleasure. Let the prudent tradesman not allow ten or eleven red stuffs to be looked at in succession; but, after about the fifth, contrive to submit for inspection something green. A very good green it is sure to seem if it be only of a tolerable color; and, after dwelling on it for

a little time, the customer may go on looking at the reds, and will be sure to see them to the best advantage.

Accustomed to a little application of these principles, and knowing pretty well how colors stand related to each other, any person may avoid gross errors of taste in house-furnishing, in dressing, in the arrangement of a nosegay, and in all such matters. The main relations of color to be borne in mind are these: Green is the opposite, and complement, to red; green, therefore, reddens adjacent hues, and red adds a green tinge to them; but green and red set off each other to the best advantage when placed side by side—the green looking greener, the red redder—and this is, of course, most thoroughly the effect when the two colors are alike in depth of tone. What green is to red, yellow is to violet, and blue to orange. In the same way it may be said that the yellow tints of green suggest their complements and opposites, the violet-reds; the yellow-oranges contrast with violet-blues, and the orange-reds with the blue-greens.

Thus the pink of the complexion is brought out by a green setting in dress or bonnet; and any lady who has a fair complexion, that admits of having its rose tint a little heightened, may make effective use of the green color, but it should be a delicate green, since it is of importance to preserve harmony of tone. When there is in the face a tint of orange mixed with brown, a brick-red hue will result from the use of green; if any green at all be used in such a case it should be dark.

But for the orange complexion of a brunette there is no color superior to yellow. This imparts violet to a fair skin, and injures its effect. A skin more yellow than orange has its yellow neutralized by the suggestion of the complement, and a dull white effect imparted. The orange skin, however, has the yellow neutralized and the red left; so that the freshness of complexion is increased in black-haired beauties.

As the complement of violet is yellow, which no lady desires to see added to the color of her skin, it follows that violet is only suitable for dress when it is very deep in tone, and worn by those who wish to have the complexion whitened by contrast.

Blue imparts orange, which enriches white complexions and light flesh tints; it also of course improves the yellow hair of blondes. Blue, therefore, is the standard color for a blonde, as yellow is for a brunette. But the brunette who has already too much orange in her face must avoid setting it in blue.

Orange suits nobody. It whitens a brunette, but that is scarcely a desirable effect, and it is ugly. Red, unless when it is of a dark hue, to increase the effect of whiteness by contrast of tone, is rarely suitable in any close neighborhood to a lady's skin. Rose-red destroys the freshness of a good complexion; it suggests green. For this reason it ought not to be chosen for the lining and hangings of the boxes of a theatre, if ladies who frequent it are to look well in their evening toilets. Rose-red, wine-red, and light crimson boxes give a green tint to the ladies in them; if they would rather have the best made of all natural rose in their faces, the hangings they should wish for ought to be light green. But they would suit best pale or fair complexions, just as the amber hangings at the opera-house in the Haymarket used to be best suited, and, in fact, only suited, for brunettes. The dark crimson of the draperies adopted at the rival house were more impartial, since they tended by contrast to the whitening of all faces to which they served as background.

Enough has been said now to display some principles that may be carried into application in a thousand ways. The painter upon canvas knows that if he places certain colors side by side, though they be as pure as tube can hold, yet they may look dirty because they spoil each other by the complements that they suggest. He knows that in painting from the model, wherever there is much contrast of color in small compass, he must not directly imitate each color that he copies with a stroke of the same color from his brush; he is compelled to use false tints to get the true ones. Upon the same plan must a lady go to work in the compounding of a nosegay or the trimming of a bonnet, keeping apart those colors that can not come together without quarreling. Thus she would do well to trim a yellow bonnet with violet or blue, and a green bonnet with rose, red, or white flowers, and to follow the same general idea in grouping the colors of a dress.

Contrast of rich color is familiar to us in the dress of soldiers, and it has an economic use. The soldier in his bright uniform of green and yellow, blue and scarlet, or whatever else it be, will seem to be well clothed when all the seams of his coat, perhaps, are white, and he is really threadbare; for if the colors be but well contrasted they will set each other off and remain to the last intensified. Just in the same way a civilian may wear in the summer a black coat that is not new, and over white trowsers it will be made to look by contrast excellent as to its color. But let him buy in the winter a new pair of black trowsers and put them on: the old coat causes them to seem fearfully black and glossy, and is made by them in return to look really much older and whiter than it is.

The same ideas M. Chevreul carries into the business of house-furnishing. Dark paper-hangings he proscribes, as absorbing too much light, red and violet as damaging the color of the skin, orange as tiresome by reason of intensity. He recommends only yellow and light tones of green and blue. Yellow combines well with mahogany furniture, but spoils the look of gilding. Light green suits well both with mahogany and gilding. Light blue suits with mahogany fairly, and with gilding admirably: it also combines better than blue with yellow and orange woods—is therefore good for drawing-rooms. A gray pattern on a white ground—pattern and ground being balanced pretty evenly—is, however, very strongly recommended. As a general rule, says M. Chevreul,

the color of the covering of the chairs should be complementary to the prevailing color of the paper-hanging. The window curtains should be of the color of the chairs, having fringes of the color of the paper-hanging. The carpet should he chosen by the same rule, to give distinctness to the effect of the furniture; green and black being better dominant colors under mahogany than red, scarlet, or orange. To mahogany chairs green covers are good when uniformity is not desired. In small rooms a harmony should be sought by carrying throughout an analogy of color—the contrast should be of tones and hues of the same color: it is only in large rooms that the contrast of color can be thoroughly well carried out.

It is not worth while to multiply examples of this theory. We have desired only to amuse ourselves and at least one section of our readers.

STOOPING TO CONQUER.

ON a fashionable-looking morning, ten years past, a gay group, consisting of three ladies and three gentlemen, came out of a cake-shop in the main street of an Irish spa-town, chatted awhile beyond the door-step, and then parted; the ladies turning *up*, the gentlemen *down street*, as is the country phrase. At that moment a young man in mourning, with a frank, fine countenance, darkened by what looked to be unusual sternness, was walking rapidly up the street toward them.

"Good-mo'nin', Checkley."

"How d'ye do, Checkley?"

"What's in the wind, John, eh?" cried the three gentlemen at once.

"How d'ye do, gentlemen?" rejoined the young man addressed, passing the speakers as if indisposed to further parley.

"That's a match," said one.

"Who? Checkley and Jane Delmege?"

"Yes."

"No, I say: an old fox is not trapped so easily. Report says all is not right over the water."

"By Jove!" cried the first speaker, after looking back, "she's distanced him already, or he's taken himself off. Her fortune wouldn't do, maybe."

"It won't do, depend upon it, if it would—of which I know nothing," was the rejoinder.

The ladies had made a little move preparatory to the pause to speak, and looked blankly at one another as Mr. Checkley raised his hat and passed on—abruptly rather than hurriedly, as if he lacked the inclination rather than the time to stay.

"What on earth ails him?" exclaimed the eldest of the three.

"I'm sure *I* don't know," answered the second.

"Nor do I," was expressed in the countenance of the youngest, but she did not speak. She watched the young man's progress until his moving round a corner into a street off the main one took him out of sight; and when, after a moment, as she and her companions turned in the same direction, she saw him go by her door without a glance toward the house, an expression of both pique and perplexity gathered round her parted lips and soft brown eyes. When left at home, she entered as if scarcely seeing whither she was going. She walked into a parlor, sat down on a sofa, and remained for some minutes pulling at the ends of her sash, absently, as if her thoughts had got into a cross-knot which she was endeavoring to disentangle. A knock at the hall-door startled her out of her reverie; she rose, and moved toward a large bow-window; as she reached it, the subject of her thoughts walked into the room.

"You are alone?" said he.

"Yes," she replied, "I am, Mr. Checkley."

Intent on his own thoughts, he did not seem to notice the coldness of her manner. He took her unoffered hand, dropped it, and, turning to the window, looked thence for some minutes before he spoke again. Then he said slowly:

"I came to bid you good-by." The lady's countenance changed, and changed again. She looked relieved rather than otherwise when he had added: "I am going—to emigrate. Not to America," he continued, following her eyes to a large map hung upon the wall; "nor to Australia. I am going further from you, Jane. I am going to do what will divide us more widely, more finally. I am going to quit the position, and not the place which I was born in. After this week, you can no longer give me your acquaintance—I can no longer accept it. I came to see you once more, upon the footing of old times—happy times to me. I came to make a parting request to you—that you will hear me for a few minutes, and without reply. This morning, all I possessed was swept from me—at a blow. I was left but the bare means of maintaining my orphan brothers, by entering at once upon a servile employment. I have made up my mind to do so. But I had my heart too, to—I could not reconcile that to my debased position. I can not meet you upon an equal footing; I would not meet you upon any other. Before I leave you forever, I came to tell you, *in words*, that I love you; that I sought you with the hope of winning you; that I only waited to feel it would not be presumptuous in me to expect your preference. Remember that I loved you fondly and frankly, as long as I dare ask you to become my wife; I tell you so now solely as an avowal due to you, not for my own sake. When I entreat your silence, you can not misconceive my motive. You could answer me now in one way only, and I do not need to be rejected. Give me your hand once more, for old times. You could not hold acquaintance with a carrier? No words? God bless you! Good-by, Jane—good-by."

This strange monologue was spoken without pause, although deliberately. The speaker had quitted the house before the lady, whose breath he had taken away by the surprise, could have spoken, had he wished it. She was disappointed, bewildered, pained. She had been awakened, and found the treasure-trove of her dream-time gone. The mystery that had hung like a

golden gossamer between two young lives and the world was withdrawn. That unspoken confidence had been explained away. That pleasant relation, so familiar, yet so distant, so fond, and yet so fearful, was to be no more.

And he was to be a carrier!

And what could she do? What *could* one do in whom the genteel instincts, tastes, and sympathies, loves, hates, and aspirations, of three county families were interwoven and bound up closely as the three strands of the broad auburn plait wound round that fair and puzzled head? What could Jane Blakeney Dawson Delmege say to a declaration from a carrier? Nothing. And she could not be sorry that confusion had been beforehand with reflection in preserving silence. For a long time she stood still where he had left her—no eyes lived over the way to watch her. Spring Lane was a one-sided, semi-rural street, stretching toward the country, like a fashionable forefinger extended by the town to the neighboring rusticities. Its upper windows looked into the deer-park of the manor; the lower ones upon the blank dead-wall. At last she moved away, went up-stairs, put away her gloves and bonnet with a sigh, as though something else was laid aside with them in the wardrobe. She walked into the drawing-room; opened the windows wider—she felt as if the room required more air; sat down with her hand under her head; and glancing along the soft green grass and shadowy trees, so well known to both herself and him, her mind ran over that strange interview: then further back, to other conversations, other mornings, till a mist came over both. For a moment, she could not see quite clearly; but it passed away in the twinkling of an eye; and as Sir Harry's carriage rolled by to a call next door but one, she could distinguish every member of the party. She closed her meditation by resolving to say nothing to her family of what had occurred—to let John Checkley's course disclose itself. It was enough that his heart was wrung, poor fellow!—it would ill become her to bare it to the world. Then came her mother's knock; and as a first step to her part, she retired out of the way of question as to whom she had met since breakfast. On coming down to dinner, she found that some passing town-topic had diverted all probability of embarrassing inquiry. It was not till the same hour next day that the facts of the change in John Checkley's prospects came coherently before her. He had "outrun the constable" in the report of his own misfortunes.

"He should have kept matters quiet for a little," said a guest at table. "He might have bolstered up the property with some pretty girl's fortune."

"That could but break his fall, and give him a new companion in it," replied Mr. Delmege. "But that he *might* have done so, I have very little doubt. Jane's cheeks burned; but her father avoided looking toward her side of the table. "That he *might*, and did not, should increase his friends' esteem for him. Checkley is a sterling fellow—a thoroughbred gentleman, be his position what it may."

"Well, I think he might have done better for himself, and for others too," rejoined the guest. "A fellow of decent family can not sink alone. A man owes it to his connections to hold his head up, if he can at all. Checkley ought to have interest enough to get a commission."

"'Live horse, and you'll get grass!'" quoted Mr. Delmege, with an expressive shrug.

"Fact!" returned the guest, smiling. "I only hope his brothers may be willing to do as much for him."

Here the conversation dropped. The heroism of John Checkley's resolution—time, and place, and circumstance considered—was tacitly recognized by all present; but every one had a motive, through politeness or prudence, for not choosing to enlarge on it just then.

Not quite one year before, John Checkley entered on possession of a middle interest, old as Queen Elizabeth, in a large tract of land in "good heart" and favorably located. It brought with it the burden, or, as he would rather say, the privilege, of providing for two brothers, twins, and many years younger than himself. As playthings and darlings to him and his bride-elect, he looked forward to rearing and training them, to settling them in professions, or dividing with them, in due season, a property trebled in value by his care and skill and the "good time coming"—the millennium of the farming interest. He saw nothing to prevent his completing all his schemes, realizing all his dreams. He planned and experimented, studied and worked; and through all he loved. Absorbed in the small pleasures and trials of his daily life, sun and wind, meeting and parting, took his time and thoughts from the one serious circumstance most likely to affect him. In the distance, like a rain-cloud far away, but so lying that a single change may bring it down, there was a danger he had scarcely looked to—a bond guaranteed by his father for a sum extravagantly beyond his means to meet. John Checkley, senior, had the satisfaction of rescuing the county-treasurership from the hands of a prudent, well-principled plebeian, and so went to rest with his fathers. His aristocratic friend, the treasurer, "robbed Peter to pay Paul"—it was so he drank claret. He used the county funds for his own immediate purposes, fully bent on making his tenants pay up to the grand jury; but, meantime, he died. The heir came into possession, but considered that his own debts should take precedence of his father's; the rather that, they being yet uncontracted, there was no obligation whatsoever to discharge them. It was a mere extension of the common law of honor. He shut his ears and his pocket on the creditors; and down came the county upon poor John Checkley. In an hour, his all was seized—crops, stock, furniture—every thing except two horses and two carts purchased by himself. It was, indeed, rather to foil the bailiffs, so far, than to serve "the master," that these were claimed and kept for him by his workmen; so worthless were they

in comparison with what the law had laid fast hold on.

Then John Checkley looked around him. It was easy to estimate his resources. He had relatives; but through them nothing could be gained without delay, perhaps not more even with it; and he could not afford time for the trial. He put that chance out of sight. In fact, he possessed nothing but these carts and horses: he could count on no other reality for support of his orphan brothers. On these, then, he was to speculate.

When he had quitted the presence of Miss Delmege, he returned to his own home, only to yield it up to strangers. He gave up his accounts with his lands to a receiver, and then resolutely turned his back upon Monally, and, so far as was possible, on all associated with it. He took lodgings for his brothers and himself, and by the week's end had disrated himself from the genteel company of a ten-miles-wide circuit around Fountainstown by means of advertisement, that "John Checkley, carrier, solicited public custom for the conveyance of goods, etc." By being his own "guide," he would himself have all the profit of his undertaking; and he had no desire to avoid that office. His pride was of that proudest sort—that when down, will second circumstance in sinking itself further; and, progress being the law of events, strikes the bottom to make sure of an uprise. From Fountainstown to the next seaport, twenty miles distant, carriage paid ten shillings the ton. He could accomplish the journey twice in six days, and thus average at the outset £2 5s. per week—£117 a year. And when his horses were fed and stabled, there would still remain sufficient for a young man and two boys to live on.

Coals were the steadiest article of import; to these, after a trial, he confined himself; and "John Checkley solicited the public of Fountainstown to try his coals." Of his former associates, some dealt with him for their own convenience; others gave him their custom through good nature; and others, again, patronized him through impertinence. The money of all went into the same purse, and that purse was filling; John Checkley was prospering beyond his hopes. Not a few of his old companions met him almost as familiarly as ever—when they saw him; for his frieze-coat and felt-hat could easily pass unobserved *as his;* and the distance from the footway to the middle of the street, where he walked after his cars, might as well be miles as inches to those who did not chance to look across. He had had, too, invitations to some parties—of bachelors; but steady and good-humored refusals following each, they ceased. The feeling that dictated them was neither gratified nor offended: it died away quietly, like most good easy things.

The relation that he himself had prescribed existed unvaried between him and Miss Delmege. They avoided each other so cautiously, that accident had all the credit of keeping them from meeting. If reliance on her sympathy had had any part in his motives or expectations, he was disappointed; she had accepted in full his renunciation of their acquaintanceship, but she had gone no further; she had not fulfilled his bitter prediction, "that she would marry into the next marching-regiment, to do away with all remembrance of her courtship with a carrier." Two years from their parting interview passed by, and such a marriage, if not any marriage, was seemingly as far as ever from her prospects.

At the close of that time an accountantship in the Fountainstown Bank became vacant. The manager, a stranger in the town, who had taken a fancy to John Checkley's mode of doing his own business, offered him the place. The twins then conducted the home-business during bank-hours, still, by a little management, not omitting a fair share of school-duty; and the eldest brother's salary was added to the common stock. After six months more, there came another change. John Checkley quitted Fountainstown, for, report said, a situation of more ease and trust in England. One of the twins succeeded to the place in the bank. "The interest in Mr. John Checkley's store, a large quantity of coals, a number of horses, cars, etc.," were "cried" and sold, and the proceeds lodged for the second of the twins, who earnestly desired to attain a profession hereditary in the family. The lad himself departed with full light heart to enter on his new pursuit. The twin accountant soon followed in his eldest brother's steps to England, and a higher post; and the Checkleys were lost sight of in Fountainstown for a time; seldom even named, except that, at the club-meets, if the fox ran toward Monally, some passer-by conjectured that, when the debts were cleared off—yet a distant prospect—some member of the family would repossess the old place.

John Checkley returned as manager long before any body looked to see him back. His thorough knowledge of the complicated relationships and connections of the neighboring gentry was of no small commercial value in troubled and changeful times: it secured him the place of his now superannuated friend. It happened to be at the same season, and nearly at the very hour, that saw him part with Jane Delmege some summers gone, that he now re-entered Fountainstown; but he felt this forenoon much finer than that well-remembered one, which had left a chill upon his recollections. His heart opened to the old places, and the old people too—"the neighbors."

That Miss Delmege was still single, was a fact that made itself known to him, unasked, during the first hour's exercise of his new duties. Mr. Delmege had engaged in milling; and to spare the time of a confidential clerk, and avoid the risk of trusting other parties, Jane sometimes walked to the bank, to lodge or draw any considerable sum. Here her old lover encountered her. Hearing her name called out, he turned round, and found her standing before him. Her hand was extended with a check; but he could not do less, for old acquaintance sake, than offer to take both together.

"You've returned here," observed she, with some embarrassment of manner.

"Yes:" he refrained from adding, "as manager." She could perceive that fact—and continued: "And I am not sorry to find myself once more at home."

Some indifferent remarks followed reciprocal inquiries for Mr. and Mrs. Delmege, and the twins. His years of absence lay, bridge-like, between their past and present: it was ground on which both stood at ease.

"May I thank you to look at that," said the lady at length, glancing at the check, "I am rather in haste."

"Certainly; excuse my detaining you so long," replied the gentleman, as he took up the fluttering bit of paper. Then adding: "One moment; pray pardon me; I am still new here," he moved toward his own office, reaching, as he passed, the check to an accountant. Miss Delmege saw, or thought she saw, his countenance changing, meantime, to the official dubiousness of "account overdrawn?" It was with a proud swell of the heart she felt she had come to claim money, not to ask credit. She could expect no tender remembrance of the past from the young manager, and she looked for none in transacting business with him. And yet she misjudged somewhat the feelings and motives that she canvassed; they leaned over the counter far more than she supposed. Never had John Checkley been so little disposed to quarrel with her conduct as at the moment when she was questioning herself of its necessity, or even its dignity. He *had* condemned her weakness before he had had opportunity to estimate his own. It was with a thrill of the heart he remembered that his old avowal was to that hour unretracted and unrejected—that he was, in fact, her suitor still, if he desired to appear in that relation. It was this returning love, that had swept across her path and ebbed away with changing circumstances years before, which now said to itself: "It might perhaps serve her better than in aiding her father's projects if—" Here a great letter D cut short suppositions. A fair balance in the book before him, showed that the Delmeges in nowise needed friendly aid. They were yet well to do—remarkably well for these overwhelming times. The paying of the customary parting compliments was all needed at his hands just then; and he returned, feeling himself a little put aback, though why he would have found it hard to say. While the teller and Miss Delmege counted and recounted the money, he filled up the time for himself with a vague and rather careless expression of "having purposed to inquire for Mrs. Delmege as soon as business would permit." Whether it was, that through the obviously increased coldness of his manner, Miss Delmege saw something of what really had been passing through his mind, or that she was prompted by the habit of hospitality, she thought proper to reply, that mamma would be very happy to see him.

They parted: the lady to go home, and make a very observable miscount in her transfer of cash received; the gentleman to go through his books with a brain not altogether clear. Through debits and credits flitted many strange items. Hopes, fears, doubts, took place of pounds, shillings, and pence; ranging themselves down the double columns, mingling and changing, till at length the manager brought them to a check.

"Why not to-day?" said he, shutting up the book. "It is not I who should be backward, if she *is* willing to recall old times; and if not, the sooner I know her mind the better for my own." This settled, he was able to give all his attention, if not quite all his heart, to the interests of the worthy governor and directors to whom he was indebted for the means to press his own just then. This very thought was enough to make a hopeful lover a zealous, earnest man of business; and the new manager gained the top of the wheel in the rapid revolution of genteel opinion that day in Fountainstown. Long-headed vice-chairmen of poor-law boards, starched J. P.s, and affronted forty-fifth cousins affiliated with as kindred genius, or hailed as the triumphant and irrepressible aspiring of thorough breeding, what the manager set down to a simple, honest instinct, favoring circumstances, and perhaps one little incident that he would not return on to analyze. The county club talked of the height of his forehead; he in his inmost soul thanked Providence. When the clock struck three, he sprang, like a school-boy, from his seat, oversaw the closing arrangements, and hurried away once more to the old house in Spring Lane.

The ladies were at home. Checkley began something to the younger of "fears he might be even more occupied the next days," but her mother's welcome and inquiries cut short an explanation that was not much needed. Jane scarcely spoke. Mrs. Delmege invited him "to stay, without ceremony, for the day, believing that he was free from home engagements." He confirmed her suppositions; then paused, and looked at Jane. Jane looked out of the window; she remembered he was now manager. He, too, remembered the same fact, and it prompted acceptance of the invitation, even though she would not second it. He laid by his hat, and with it the remnant of constraint that had hung round him previously. Conversation was resumed and kept up between him and the elder lady; the younger sat in the window, listening or thinking, as might be—Checkley wondered which. Yet when, on the entrance of a second guest to Mrs. Delmege, an opportunity of ascertaining offered, he would not use it. Mr. Delmege was expected home to dine; and the manager desired to make sure that, taking one thing with another, he would be acceptable as a son-in-law. He was not wholly sanguine of the result. For himself, he had attained a full sense of the 'nobility of labor;' and could look with ease—without envy or contempt—on those who had not had opportunity to make a like acquisition. He could make ample allowance for the sway of feelings that, save on one point only, could no

longer give him trouble. His apprehensions of refusal were just strong enough to make acceptance *delightful*. Meantime, he made his passing companionship agreeable to Mrs. Delmege and her friend; and meantime, too, Jane withdrew from the window, and joined their little group. Perhaps the recollections wafted thither, with the odor of the primroses and cowslips from over the park-wall, were not *altogether* pleasant.

Mr. Delmege arrived in due time. His welcome to "our new manager and old acquaintance, my dear," was both hearty and discriminative—he was just the man to make his feelings felt. The manager was made to make himself at home. He might have forgotten there was such a thing as coal in creation, had he not been keeping it determinedly before his mind's eye all that livelong summer afternoon.

"Take your wine, Checkley. Here's your good health, and further promotion!" cried his host, when the ladies had passed away to the drawing-room.

As a most natural apropos to his acknowledgments, came an avowal of the young manager's "entire satisfaction in his present place, if, only, the position he had some time held in Fountainstown, formed no bar to his pressing an old, unchanged attachment to Miss Delmege—"

"Not a bit of it," answered her father, interrupting him. "Am I not dabbling in trade myself now? A miller may shake hands with a collier any day. Jesting apart, my dear Checkley, that thorough-bred idleness we Irish gentry used to pique ourselves upon, is fast becoming obsolete—may all our woes go with it! If Jane be pleased, as I have very little doubt she will be, I know no one in whose hands I should hold her happiness more safe. I know, my dear fellow, and *feel* how handsomely you acted toward my family, at a time when Jane's little fortune would have been a matter of some moment to you."

John Checkley sprang up stairs three steps at a time. The two elder ladies looked round in surprise to see a gentleman so soon in the drawing-room; Jane kept gazing straight before her, till, at a whisper of "Will you allow me to speak one moment with you there?" she rose and walked with him to the window.

"Do you remember, Jane," said he, "the last time we stood here together?"

"It was not here—it was down stairs," she replied with a blush and half smile.

"True: so it was indeed. That is a favorable omen. Will you reconsider now what I said to you then? On my side, all is the same. I took your hand then without hope or wish to keep it: there is mine now; will you take it?—'tis a hand with a heart in it."

"I did not expect you would ever think of me again," said Jane ingenuously.

"Do you suppose I ever ceased to think of you?"

"Not quite, perhaps. I did not deserve remembrance from you."

"I am not sure of that," said the young manager frankly. "If you had made me at all less miserable then, I might be far less happy now."

One month after, John Checkley gave Jane Delmege a partner's right in the honors and emoluments of the "Bank-house." Across the river, in the distance, lies Monally, its old trees and gray walls fair in the sunshine of a pleasure yet to come.

THE BETROTHED CHILDREN.

IT is not uncommon in Egypt, both among Christians and Mohammedans, when children of opposite sexes are born to friends near about the same time, for the parents to betroth them, either by a verbal promise or by binding ceremonies. From that time forth they are looked upon by all the world as belonging to one another, almost as part of the same being; and the female marriage-brokers, the professional match-makers of the East, never feel any interest in the beauty of the girl or the accomplishments of the boy. The maiden, however, is esteemed to be especially fortunate. The probabilities of the future are in her favor. At any rate, she is protected from the chance of being sold to some man five or six times her age. She has a reasonable expectation that what happiness can be secured by parity of years and conformity of education it is in her power to enjoy. There are plenty of chances of misery left.

Ideas of this kind formed the staple of the conversation of Zacharias and Mathias, two Levantine merchants established in Cairo, when they resolved, as they smoked a friendly pipe together, that Yazir, who had been born about a year previously, and Lulu, who was then only a month old, should in process of time be united. The proposal came from Zacharias, the father of the boy. He was a widower, and could therefore venture to form an energetic resolution, and carry it into effect, without crossing his threshold in the interval. Mathias was not so free; but his companion's eloquence persuaded him into giving a sacred promise in the name of Lulu, the Pearl. It is true that in his own mind he said, "If my wife has any reason to urge against this, and abuses me, I can retract and lay the sin of falsehood at her door."

He returned home in a timid mood. The gate of his courtyard was shut, and it was only by battering it with a stone, and making a great noise, that he succeeded in obtaining admission. He found his wife sitting in the courtyard in company with an ill-looking woman. A black girl, squatting near, held Lulu on her knees, and sometimes put her lips to its cheek. The heart of Mathias swelled with delight; and, lifting up his great mustaches with both hands, he stooped to kiss it.

"Verily, O my lord," said his wife, looking pleased, "thou hast reason to be proud of thy offspring."

"She is indeed beauteous as a pearl, and will resemble thee."

"That is not it," quoth the mother, who was occupied with other thoughts. "There are many

beautiful children; but few are destined, like ours, to be won in marriage by a prince—a ruler of many lands and of much people."

Mathias glanced from his wife to the ill-looking woman, and from the ill-looking woman to his child, and back again to his wife; and, being of confined intellect, remained puzzled.

"Thou must learn," quoth the mother, "that this woman is one who knows things, who can dive into the mysteries of the past and of the future, who can see what is invisible, and sound what is fathomless."

The merchant made a sort of courtesy of respect toward the learned lady; but an ironical suppleness about his knees displeased her.

"Yes, unbeliever," she exclaimed, "all these things and much more am I able to accomplish; and I have foreseen that the child Lulu will, within fifteen summers, become the wife of a powerful sultan."

"Then what shall I say to my friend Zacharias, to whose son Yazir I have this day betrothed her?"

The ambitious mother became pale with rage; and, not having the prudence of her Western sisters, did not content herself with uttering sharp words, that pierce so deep and sting so sharply, but took off her slipper, and threw it in Mathias's face. Then she began using all the descriptive epithets that were disparaging with which her memory was stored; so that the young slave girl, who had only just come from the uncivilized parts of Africa, opened her mouth so wide that she might almost have swallowed the object of dispute. Perhaps because she thought she would do it, the mother seized Lulu, and, running to a well in the corner of the courtyard, held her babe over it, and declared that if Mathias did not promise instantly to go, quarrel with his friend, and break off the arrangement— Her gestures expressed the consequence. The worthy man promised any thing.

He was quite right, say those who tell this story, to get the child out of the angry mother's hands at any cost; for, although at first there was only a threat, there is no knowing how far she might have been provoked by contradiction. A tolerable number of "I will's" and "You shant's" rapidly interchanged (for they are expressions as current in Arabic as in English), may irritate a passionate woman to murder. But when Zara had taken the child out of reach, up-stairs, and was stilling its cries by putting her great black thumb in its mouth, why did not Mathias seize a stout palm branch, and administer a little wholesome correction? That is what the narrators want to know; because, if he had, a great deal of misfortune might have been averted.

As it was, Mathias went another way to work. He approached his wife, and fondled her, and repeated his promise, and took a great many unnecessary oaths, in hearing of the ill-looking woman, and went out again to find Zacharias, at first with the resolution of explaining the whole matter to him, and begging his indulgence. However, he could not make up his mind to admit his weakness in so straightforward a manner. Weak people never can do such a thing; otherwise, indeed, they would be strong.

"Zacharias," said he, entering his friend's warehouse, "I come to repeat my promise, and hear you repeat yours; but I have remembered a foolish prophecy that I once heard, namely, that if ever I betrothed a child before the age of ten years it would surely die. This is nonsense; but were my wife to learn what has happened she would be unhappy. Let us agree, therefore, to keep it to ourselves; or, if thou hast mentioned it to any body already, thou must deny it. I ask this for the sake of our friendship."

Zacharias looked very hard at his friend; and, seeing him blush, suspected that he was not telling the truth. However, not having attached much importance to the betrothal, and being occupied with matters of business, he easily agreed to what was required of him. Mathias went away delighted, saying to himself, "In ten years who knows what may happen? Perhaps my wife may be in Paradise?"

Time passed away, and every year the Pearl became more beautiful; so that when she had reached the age of nine, already the marriage-brokers, from whom the betrothal had been kept a secret, began to come to the house and compliment the mother, and suggest that foresight was a great virtue, and that it would be well to look round for a good match. They had seen the child at the bath, and had turned the heads of five old gentlemen, three wealthy merchants, and a good many youths, with descriptions of her charms. In three years more, they said, she would be worthy to be the bride of a prince.

When they repeated these compliments to the mother, that ambitious woman smiled proudly. They were not accustomed to this, and redoubled their efforts to open negotiations. One of them especially came almost every day on behalf of Sidi Yusuf, who was said to be the richest, and was certainly the oldest, merchant in all Egypt. But all was in vain. The wife of Mathias waited patiently for the appearance of a prince.

Meanwhile, Yazir also grew, and became the pride of his parent. Before he was ten years of age he could read like an Effendi, and was capable in accounts. One day in the bazaar, during the absence of his father, he concluded a bargain for a bale of goods as if he had been a merchant all his life. The excellent Zacharias was never weary of boasting of Yazir's cleverness and beauty. He still remained desirous of uniting him to the daughter of his friend; and, when he heard much talk of Lulu's perfections among his fellow-merchants, some of whom openly, and others secretly, had determined to ask her in marriage, he smiled to think how certain their disappointment was. Occasionally he reminded Mathias on the subject, to that worthy man's extreme annoyance; for there was no sign that the mother of the Pearl had for the present any longing to be admitted into Paradise, and no hope that the coming prince would be forgotten.

When the ten years were fulfilled, Zacharias,

taking his son by the hand, went to Mathias, and said before witnesses, "There is no longer need of concealment. It is fitting that the ceremony of betrothal between my boy and thy daughter should now publicly take place."

The by-standers opened their eyes till they became as round as the eyes of owls; and exclaimed "Yeh!" in token of astonishment. Mathias stammered, and turned red and pale, and twitched his cloak with his hands. There was no escaping. So, making up his mind to be courageous, he frankly confessed that his wife would not betroth Lulu to any one, because she destined her to be the bride of a prince. When he had told all, the auditors laughed heartily from various causes. Some of them had been paying a marriage broker for years, to plead their cause with the mother of Lulu, and they laughed to hide their vexation. Others were delighted to observe the angry face of Zacharias, and the deprecating posture of Mathias: and all were amused at the idea of a Christian prince coming from some unknown kingdom in search of this Pearl. The fact is, as they knew, that there is no princely family existing whose theological tenets do not distinctly differ from those of their people; so that, as they could not conceive the possibility of Lulu taking a husband from another race, the whole affair appeared to them infinitely comic. These Levantines intermarry until it is a wonder they retain any respectable qualities, mental or physical.

A good sturdy quarrel, perhaps a little beard-pulling, seemed likely to take place; but suddenly Yazir, who, though only eleven years of age, fancied he had some right to an opinion in this matter, stepped boldly forward and said, "O my father, what is there in this Lulu that we should be unhappy on her account? Let her wait until her prince comes to ask for her. Perhaps the sun may one day rise and shine upon her in beggar's rags. Then she will fall at my feet, and ask me to have pity on her."

"And then—what then?" said an old man with a long white beard, who had watched the scene with interest.

"I will say, 'Sister, thy misfortune is not thy fault.' I will clothe her, and feed her; and perhaps God may reward me."

Few noticed these childish words, except as an evidence of amiability; but they served to prevent any further dispute between Mathias and Zacharias. The old man with the white beard patted the boy on the head, and muttered a prediction of good fortune. In the East the words of the aged are believed to be prophetic. The verge of the grave is there regarded as the verge of all future time—the point at which the mists of life begin to thin away, and let in the beams of eternity. All the by-standers, therefore, were satisfied that whether Yazir ultimately possessed the Pearl or not, he was destined to happiness.

As the prediction was founded on an evidence of goodness, perhaps this confidence of theirs was not altogether ill-founded. It is a common thing to say that the strokes of ill-fortune fall with impartiality upon the evil and the virtuous. But this is not quite true; for many mishaps are the consequences of our own bad passions, which have their origin within and not without. The Orientals firmly believe that all disasters that have merely external causes are compensated even in this life.

The two merchants did not trouble themselves much about what the old man in the white beard said. They were both angry, although the child's words put a stop to further conflict. Zacharias went away resolved to look out for a bride for his son, if possible, fifty times more beautiful than Lulu; and Mathias returned home to quarrel with his wife, and then to humble himself before her. Age had rendered her more fierce than ever, and more confirmed in her superstitious belief.

Retribution, however, soon came. Not many days afterward, news was brought to Mathias, that a caravan which he had dispatched to Syria laden with precious merchandize, had been attacked by the Bedouins, and robbed. This was a heavy blow, for he had not only embarked all his disposable capital in the venture, but had borrowed money to speculate on a grand scale. It is true that he expected one or two more caravans to return about this time; their arrival would have enabled him to meet all the demands that would be made upon him. But no news of them came; and Mathias began to fear that Providence had determined to punish him by utter ruin. At another time he would have gone to his friend Zacharias, certain of assistance; but now he knew that he would be repulsed with derision.

The news of his disaster spread through the city; and the shroffs or bankers who had lent money to him began to press for payment. He begged them to wait until the arrival of his caravan from Soudan, which was expected every day; but the more he prayed for time, the more fierce they grew, and menaced at last to cite him before the Shah Bander, and send him to prison.

That was an uncomfortable season for the wife of Mathias. Even had he been unable to trace his misfortune to her, it is probable that she would have still borne the chief brunt of his ill-humor. We often profess to envy women because they are exempt from all pecuniary cares; but in truth there is not a loss nor a disappointment of any kind which men suffer, that does not embitter some hour of family life. When the Eastern merchant has failed in a speculation he generally finds the meat ill done, and the house out of order. Mathias felt that he could reproach his wife without injustice; and of course he made the most of the opportunity. The poor woman's sin after all, was merely misplaced anxiety for her daughter's welfare; but this had led her to disregard her husband's honor, to diminish his respect, to separate him from his friends, and to endanger the fortune of Lulu herself—for the little girl had been brought up with ambitious notions. Already she began to talk with contempt of her companions, and even of her parents, saying, "I am born to be a princess, and this is sufficient for the happiness of all those who belong to me. It

is necessary that my wishes should be satisfied. I must have finer dresses than any one else—even than my mother."

Mathias, therefore, had much to say, and the fame of his domestic dissensions spread abroad. The poor women of the neighborhood, whose husbands brought them home a few piastres daily, and contented them, were not sorry to talk of the fine lady who never went out except on the back of a high ass, with two slaves to attend her—one to clear the way with a whip, the other with his hand on the saddle, to prevent her falling—and who now, it was rumored, passed her days in weeping and wailing. It soon became known, indeed, that Mathias, when too late, had asserted his right of authority; and had become master of his own house, just as he was about to abandon it. The creditors were eager; and there remained salvation only in flight. One day, therefore, Mathias collected some household property, sold it to a broker, made a parcel of a few valuables, and when sunset came, started with his wife and daughter, leaving Cairo by the iron gate. He intended to take boat for Damietta, and that way escape to Syria, where he had some relations.

He had not gone far before a rapid step was heard behind; and a soft voice called his name. He pressed on hastily; but soon Yazir came running up out of breath. The wife of Mathias recognized him, and began to curse him; but the boy said: "Be not angry, O mother. This is a misfortune which can not be avoided. But behold, father Mathias, thou shalt not go forth without assistance. My father has heard of thy departure, and sends this purse for thy expenses on the way."

So saying, he placed a leathern purse in the hands of the merchant, who stooped down toward him and kissed him. All hearts beat high. The mother of Lulu felt the tears run down her cheeks; and Lulu herself, wayward girl as she was, came to Yazir, and taking his hand, put it to her lips, and said:

"O prince—may happiness encircle thee as the halo encircleth the moon!"

Her parents felt that this was a renewal of the betrothal; but they said nothing, and presently were pursuing their flight, while Yazir remained standing by the road-side.

The boy was now nearly twelve years of age, tall, strong, and handsome; and more intelligent and knowing than lads are at fifteen in Western countries. He had already acquired all the instruments of knowledge necessary in the East. He could read, and write, and was capable at accounts. He already understood business, and his father had confidence in him. But the words of Lulu entered his mind. They had talked so much in his presence of the betrothal that he understood something of his father's wishes, though he knew not their importance. It seemed to him that his life had an object, which was the possession of Lulu; and he was too young to debate much on the means. If he had spoken to Zacharias he would have learned that circumstances had altered; that he had now no longer any desire to promote this marriage, which had seemed so appropriate at a different time. But a certain shamefacedness withheld the boy; who, moreover, misinterpreted the import of his father's generosity on the night of Mathias's departure. A bias was given to his mind and increased every day.

Time passed; and the thoughts of Yazir dwelt always on the absent Lulu. At first he was influenced by filial affection. If he saw his father sad, he said to himself, "It is because I am not the husband of Lulu." If he were urged to become wise and rich, he thought, "It is that I may be worthy of Lulu." His soul ever aspired in one direction toward Lulu.

The time came, when every thing in this outward world began from some mysterious cause to appear more beautiful in his eyes; when the majesty of the heavens at night, with all its throbbing stars, was revealed to him; when the breeze at eventide, that had formerly been voiceless, seemed full of magic eloquence; when the trill of birds and the hum of insects in the pomegranate and mulberry groves filled him with strange sensations; when the prattle of children smote his heart, and the glances of women pierced his brain like gleams of sunshine. Then it was that Lulu ceased to be a mere name, and was changed into a lovely form never absent from his dreams.

Zacharias, from whom propriety had not departed, seldom spoke of his absent friend; but talked frequently of finding a peerless bride for Yazir. This would have been easy; for all mothers noticed the youth in the street, and wished that their daughters might have the good-fortune to please him. But the merchant was now in no hurry. If any one spoke to him on the subject he said, "There is a time for all things." The truth was, that time, which destroys all passions—even love—had in him destroyed anger. Besides, it is no rare thing for the aged, when they feel life slipping from them, to return to some caprice they formerly cherished, which reminds them of younger days, and allows them, in fancy at least, to step back from the inevitable doom.

Zacharias had written recently to Syria, endeavoring to learn some tidings of Mathias; but his correspondents told him that they had searched in vain. Mathias had indeed arrived safely in Beyrout; but, after remaining there a year, had disappeared. Some speculations in which he had engaged had utterly failed; and it was believed that he had gone away in absolute poverty. This intelligence made Zacharias sick at heart; but there was no remedy, and he devoured his chagrin in secret.

One day Yazir, now a fine handsome youth, came to his father and said that a caravan was about soon to start for Bassora, by way of Damascus, and that he wished to take this opportunity to travel and see the world; for without experience of many countries what merchant can prosper? Zacharias was now old, and heard this wish with a deep-drawn sigh, but he knew it to be reasonable, and gave his consent, and collected a large amount of merchandise, and bought cam-

els, and selected the most trustworthy servants, and made a present to the chief of the caravan. The old man with the white beard who had prophesied happiness to Yazir, gave him fresh encouragement, and furnished him with a rule of conduct which he saw might be of use to him: "Never be astonished—neither at danger nor good fortune."

Yazir parted with his father after both had wept, and went forth into the desert. In the recesses of his own mind there still lingered a hope that he might be one day united to Lulu; and it was to endeavor to ascertain her fate that he had wished to go by way of Damascus. On arriving in that city, instead of endeavoring to dispose of his merchandise, he occupied all his time in fruitless inquiries. After a stay of three months he departed for Bassora; but when the caravan had traveled for twenty days, a cloud of Bedouins, mounted on camels and horses, surrounded them and attacked them, slaying those who resisted and making prisoners of the rest. Yazir, remembering the advice that had been given him, and seeing that successful defense was impossible, sat down quietly and waited until the Bedouins came to him, and ordered him to follow them. They seemed surprised at the tranquillity of his demeanor; especially when they learned that he was one of the richest merchants of the company; and treated him far more favorably than the rest, abstaining from tying his hands, and promising to keep him well until such time as he could get friends to come with a ransom.

As he was left at liberty Yazir found no difficulty, after spending two or three days in the Bedouin encampment, in selecting the best horse belonging to the tribe, and in riding away one night at full speed. From words that he had heard, he knew that the city of Ardesh was at no great distance, and he felt confident of being able to reach it. He rode all night, and expected to see palm-trees and green pastures by the morning. But a plain of sand stretched on every side. He had mistaken the direction, and entered a boundless desert, which even the Bedouins do not traverse. He did not know whether to advance or retreat, so he allowed the horse to gallop whither he would. Thus he proceeded all day, until at length, just as he was about to give himself up to despair, he came in sight of a splendid city, built according to a style of architecture wholly unknown to him. He rode forward and entered the cultivated country that surrounded it. The roads were full of people, seemingly waiting for some arrival. When he approached they advanced with drawn swords and brandished spears, shouting:

"Wilt thou be king over us?"

Believing he had to do with a company of madmen, and remembering the advice that had been given him, he replied calmly:

"Certainly. I came with that intention."

Upon this, there was a huge sound of human voices, and trampling of feet, and clanging of gongs; and Yazir was conducted into the city, amidst the acclamations of the populace. He was installed in a splendid palace, and requested to dispense justice, and execute the laws.

He soon learned that it was the custom in that city when a king died, for the population to sally forth in the direction of the desert, and to wait for the first wanderer who, separated from some caravan, had lost his way, and was expecting naught but death. According to their notion, a king raised to the throne from the extremity of despair would not be likely soon to acquire pride and ferocity. Sometimes they had found themselves mistaken; but they had a remedy in their hands. It was their practice to test the courage of the newcomers by running at them, as they did at Yazir, shouting and brandishing their weapons; and they continued for some time playing the same trick. If a monarch, therefore, showed a bad character, they soon contrived that an accident should happen; the throne became vacant, and the population went out again to the borders of the desert.

Yazir, though he would have preferred continuing his journey to Bassora, or returning to Cairo, consented to rule over this strange people; whose manners he found to be in many respects harsh and repulsive. When not in want of a king, they received all strangers roughly, and compelled them by ill-treatment to depart from their territory very quickly. Yazir, by an edict, ordered that this should no longer be, and contrived to instill hospitable views into the people of Gorân, for such was the name of the place. He made it a custom that all strangers who arrived should be led into a certain room of his palace, and kindly received and fed; and he used to go and look at them through a vailed window. All people celebrated his goodness; and the fame thereof spreading, travelers for the first time began to arrive at the city of Gorân.

One day it was told to Yazir that three persons, a man and two women, apparently beggars, had been taken to his reception-room. The strangers were no other than the merchant Mathias, his wife, and his daughter Lulu, reduced to the extreme of poverty. Lulu, ripened into perfect womanhood, was more beautiful than ever. Yazir gazed at them with tears falling from his eyes. They were evidently worn with travel and suffering, and ate as if they had been long famished. When they were somewhat recovered, he called them before him, revealed his name and his condition; and before, from very wonder, they could find time to answer, he turned to Lulu, and said:

"O fair one, wilt thou have a prince for thy husband?"

Mathias hung his head; and his wife threw herself at Yazir's feet. But Lulu ran to his side, and seized her mother's hand, and commanded her in the tone of a queen, not to humble herself. The marriage was soon celebrated; and all the people were glad for three weeks.

Then, certain great families, who had hoped to raise one of their daughters to the throne, began to stir up dissatisfaction. A revolt was imminent. So the prince, making his preparations secretly, stole away one night with his wife and

Mathias, and the wife of Mathias, and they hastened in the direction of Ardesh: leaving the people of Gorân once more without a sovereign. On their way they met a cobbler escaping from his creditors, and informed him of the good fortune that awaited him if he arrived in time at Gorân. Whether he succeeded to the throne they never knew; for they hastened with all speed back to Damascus, and thence to Egypt, and gladdened the heart of Zacharias: who lived long to witness the happiness of his son, who had been a prince, and of his new daughter who had been a beggar.

THE NURSE'S REVENGE.

WHAT a splendid wedding was that of Dorinda, Countess of Leverglen, expected to be! Just twenty-one and come (though, alas! by the death of a loving father) into possession of her title and fortune, with beauty enough to have drawn half the nobility of England to her feet without either, and about to be wedded to one of the handsomest and most fastidious of noblemen (Charles, Marquis of Willsbury), her earthly felicity seemed perfect and assured. Perhaps though her style of beauty might not have suited every taste, it was of a regal kind. Tall, commanding in figure, the height of a Juno, though not the full proportion of one, swan-like neck, head firm and well set, hair glossy and black when left to its natural color, eyes dark and flashing, with a skin which would have seemed marble had it not been relieved by the full bright color of youth and health. A grace and majesty which spoke of association with courts and courtliness all her life, and that pride which however unamiable it may be in the sight of One before whom the best and noblest of us are but as dust, yet sat on Lady Leverglen not amiss for the fire it lent her eyes or the grace it imparted to her mien. Her marriage was to take place as soon as possible, and finely the dressmakers and jewelers were hurried to get ready to deck the noble young bride in time. The dowager, Lady Leverglen, doted on her daughter, though there was so little resemblance between them personally that no one would have supposed them mother and daughter, Lady Leverglen, the dowager, being short and slight, and not even in her youth could have boasted of much beauty. The late lord himself, I believe, was any thing but a handsome man; therefore both parents rejoiced exceedingly in their daughter's queenly and surpassing charms. The young Lady Dorinda's mother had been unable to nurse her own child, and the infant had been confided to the care of a Welsh nurse, and had resided in Wales, till at two years old she was restored to her doting parents, an infantine model of strength and loveliness. A pension had been settled on the "Welsh woman," who came frequently to London to visit her foster child, till her visits becoming tiresome and inconvenient, Lord Leverglen, from whose example his daughter seemed to take her great pride, forbade her future coming. Some of the old servants of the family, who remembered Gynneth Apreece, say that her brow darkened, and she clutched her fist in my lord's face when he told her this, and said that he should one day rue his barbarity; but it had all no effect, except to give additional force to his determination; so Mrs. Apreece, at that time a woman past forty years of age, went away heaping curses in Welsh on the earl and his tyranny, as she chose to call it; and indeed I can not help thinking it did seem a little hard to the poor woman—foster mothers often having the tenderest affection for the children whom they have nourished at their bosoms. Perhaps she was as much mortified at the indifference of the child, who even then put up its little hands to push her, and said in its baby accents, "Do away—do away." But she never came to my lord's grand mansion in Pimlico any more, and they had ceased to hear any thing of her for years, except that she still lived and took her pension, which was paid her through a solicitor in a Welsh town contiguous to the village where Mrs. Apreece resided. Lady Dorinda, I believe, had entirely forgotten her old nurse, and if she ever thought about her, was satisfied with the reflection that her infirm years were provided for. As to affection, she would have smiled in contempt at the thought of such a feeling subsisting between the Countess of Leverglen and an old Welsh woman of low degree, merely because the said woman had had the honor of nursing her. Oh, pride! how many, many shapes, Proteus-like, thou canst assume! now wearing the garb of charity; then vain of thy silken robes and velvet trappings spun by a worm like thyself; anon rejoicing and holding aloft thy head, because thou art decked with bright and colored stones whose value is fictitious; then puffed up, because mayhap in the reign of the first William thy remote progenitor was known to be a silken fawning Norman adventurer, graced by the tyrant with the title of Baron in reward, maybe, for some ruthless sanguinary deed, or exulting over thy poor fellow for thy abundance of wealth which not thyself hast scraped together, or—but no wonder thou hast ascendency over the souls of mortals when thy promptings caused the downfall of angels. . . . . Lady Leverglen's was but the baser sort of pride, I fancy, for her station was surely high enough to admit of any condescension without such derogating from her nobility. So the last stitch was put into the wedding gown—a white satin sacque and tiffany petticoat—I remember it to have been richly embroidered with roses—and the last stroke of the pen was added to the settlements by which her title and possessions were to enrich the already overflowing coffers of the house of Willsbury. Proudly, and with almost the condescension of a sovereign, did Lady Leverglen receive her noble friends' congratulations; and at length the important morning was ushered in—portentous omen!—by a lowering leaden canopy of sky that seemed momentarily about to deluge London with a fit of atmospheric weeping. It kept off, however, this untimely rain, and at eleven o'clock the carriages almost blocked up Piccadilly. The ceremonial was fixed to take place in St. James's Church, and a dean was there to unite the happy

pair. There were dukes, countesses, earls, and even royalty nearly related to the throne, to grace the auspicious union of mutual rank and wealth, with the additional felicity that Hymen at this altar was kept in countenance by Cupid. I had been in waiting at the bride's dressing, to give the last touch to her attire, and afterward proceeded on foot to the church to see the ceremony. I remarked, I believe, to Mrs. Pomander, the young countess's own woman, how dull and oppressed my lady seemed, and she answered, that it was no wonder, for she had been compelled to sit up all night, to preserve her "head," after it had been under the hands of Coiffère, the French hair-dresser. Ah! dear me, what we underwent for fashion's sake in those days; no one would believe now, only that it has become matter of history.

But, to return to the wedding, there was a rare crowd about the church door, and the beadles in their gold-lace coats and gold-headed sticks had enough to do to keep order. Such a procession of rank and beauty as filed off into that church! So there they were—satins and feathers, and flowers and tiffany, and lace, and pearls, and diamonds, flashing in the gloomy morning, as if to atone for the sun's absence. And after awhile, the splendid crowd having arranged itself into order, a deep solemnity pervaded the church, and the dean began the service of matrimony. He had read the opening address, and came to that solemn adjuration—"I require and charge ye both (as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed), that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in holy matrimony, ye do now confess it, for be ye well assured that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's Word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful." As the dean slowly and impressively uttered the last word, there arose amidst the breathless silence in that church a strong, deep, yet slightly tremulous voice—"I forbid this marriage." Every one turned round to look for the intruder, and a pause, terrible for the short time it lasted, came—while each one was asking himself if it was not a dream, or a trick of the imagination. The dean, who, of course, had discontinued reading, demanded, "What impediment exists?" Then a woman, tall, bony, and hard-featured, as one who had been accustomed to wind and weather, to hard and open toil, yet bearing traces of having possessed in her youth great beauty, came forward. There was much shrinking among the dainty court dames, as this old, coarsely clad, homely object advanced toward the altar. She looked round at the grand company with an air of defiance, partaking, too, of a strange sort of exultation. "She is mad," said the dowager, Lady Leverglen, who was well-nigh fainting with terror, and whom—her ladyship being much addicted to hysterics—I every minute expected to see go off screaming. She reserved them, however, till she had more time; then I remember three men could scarcely control her. "She is mad."

"It would be a good thing for you and myself, my lady, if I was mad," said the strange, odd woman, with a low reverence. "But I am not: only a sinner, my lady—a great sinner," she cried, throwing her arms up wildly over her head, and looking, I thought, like some necromantic crone, or one of the weird sisters in Macbeth.

"Speak, woman," said the dean; "though how you gained admission here among this noble company I know not—there must have been strange neglect;" and his reverence looked severely at the gaping officials who were leisurely surveying this singular scene. "Speak, I say," he continued, "and say how and why you have dared to interrupt the ceremonial of marriage between these noble persons."

"Just because, please your Reverence, or your Grace, as the case may be," said the audacious woman, "for I don't presume to understand the dress of High Church, being myself of the fold of the Reverend Jonas Carnaby, of ——"

"Silence!" said the dean; "keep to the subject. Your objection?"

"Just this—that yonder fair bride is, my lord, an impostor, and not what she seems."

Here was a general exclamation of horror, and a demand of what was meant. The bride, as white as her own sacque, was supported by the bridegroom, who looked, poor man, hot and bewildered.

"This—that your fine young countess there is no countess; she was changed at nurse. I was the nurse: I ought to know my own child—for I am her mother. And now, my lord, the bridegroom, you can marry as fast as you please. I, for one, make no objection to my own flesh and blood being a lady in earnest. Only I have told my crime—saved, saved my precious soul," she said, again flinging her arms aloft.

"Take her into the vestry," said the dean. "I can not, my Lord Willsbury, proceed with the ceremony till this strange matter be cleared up." He was interrupted by the bride falling heavily to the ground, for somehow Lord Willsbury was no longer supporting her; and there she lay, cold, and white as the nosegay in her breast. She was laid on a heap of pew-cushions in the vestry, where the friends of the families adjourned. The guests were politely requested to disperse, for there seemed no chance of the marriage taking place that day. Constables were called in, and the strange woman was given into their charge. And one by one, or in pairs, the company departed—many of them, I am afraid, to spread this strange business over the town, which afforded the fashionable world food for gossip many a day after.

It turned out to be too true. The Welsh woman being examined strictly, the truth came out too certainly. It seems that the first thing that put the temptation in her heart was the fact that the real heiress of the Leverglens had taken the small-pox, and was so cruelly disfigured, that the nurse dreaded taking her home to my Lady Leverglen, whom she knew to wish that her little

daughter should grow up a beauty. "There was my own girl," said Gynneth Apreece, "a perfect picture—healthy, pretty, and full of spirit. The thought came across my mind, how the poor defaced baby would be looked down on by her grand relations, and how no wealth, or being called 'my lady,' could ever make up to her for the scorn her ugliness would bring down upon her; and then I thought how my beautiful Polly would become a title; and so, the thought once admitted, the Evil One kept whispering in my ear and my heart, till I persuaded myself it was the best thing I could do. It was the wish to see my darling, and not to be forgotten by her, which made me take many a journey on foot from Wales; and then I got abused by my lord, and it was a great sorrow to my poor heart. My Polly came to forget me, and beat me away with her tiny baby hands. I was very wroth at that, for I loved my child, and nothing but the sense of my great, great sin even now would have made me tell the truth. But I have been converted lately, and I could not die with such a sin on my soul. Besides, it is hard for a child to look down on her own mother, and, in short, I could bear it no longer."

Such was the miserable woman's statement, sworn to on the Bible before a magistrate; and the strong likeness, allowing for age, hardship, and poverty, between Gynneth and the unfortunate girl whom she claimed, was strong presumptive evidence. Lawyers were employed; for poor Lady Leverglen's heart and hopes were wrapped up in her supposed daughter, and revolted from the young woman, who, plain to positive ugliness, and rustic and ignorant in her manner and converse, had been fetched up from Wales to be introduced—poor thing—if necessary, to a fortune and title. Here again the truth was painfully apparent. Through the disfigurement of that scourge, the small-pox, the resemblance to her parents, Lord and Lady Leverglen, was manifest.

The motive of revenge on the Leverglen family was, at first, supposed to be the cause; but in the course of these proceedings, the old woman was taken ill in London, and, it was apparent, had been arrested by death. In her last moments, she made a request to see the Dowager, the lawyers, and the Marquis of Willsbury, as well as the two young women; but she who has hitherto been called the Countess of Leverglen refused to come. Even in death the Welsh nurse's eyes flamed with passion.

"Never mind," she said, "we shall soon meet where she *must* come."

She reiterated her statements on oath, made still more sacred by its being her dying one; and taking the sacrament, soon afterward expired. . . . . And she to whose pride this crushing blow had arrived, she would not believe, for a long time, that this dreadful discovery was true. What! she, the delicately bred, the refined, the beautiful, made of the common clay which formed wretched Welsh peasants? Impossible! She shut herself up in her chamber, and caused it to be darkened, and became more imperious than ever. Lady Leverglen, who was distracted, came and sat by her, and soothed her awhile with flattering hopes and promises; but the defection of my Lord Willsbury, who had never recovered from the shame and disgrace of his wedding morning, affected her too powerfully to be mastered. It was in vain that they who were admitted to see her said that if his affection was for her wealth and state, instead of for herself, it were well that she had found out her mistake. She would not acknowledge any thing to be well that involved the loss of worldly homage. It was of no use to represent that her charms and accomplishments being personal, she could not be deprived of them. "Of what use were they," she said, "to poverty and disgrace?" Lady Leverglen, to comfort her, assured her that, in the worst case, an allowance should be hers to live like a gentlewoman.

"I thank you, madam," she said, her eyes flashing scorn; "and I have doubtless your consent to marry the chaplain, or the hairdresser, or any who will take the vile disgraced changeling."

Then her mood would alter, and she would fling her arms round my lady's neck, and crave indulgence, and passionately implore her to remember if she knew not of some sign or mark by which she could be identified; and these scenes went on till Gynneth's death and final declaration, which there was no getting over. Lady Leverglen was compelled to say she would receive the real Countess of Leverglen as her daughter, and to intimate to Dorindo, or Polly as she had been christened, that she must depart to a retreat in the country till her feelings softened. My lady would gladly receive her as companion, still feeling for her like a daughter. Mrs. Pomander told me that to her dying day she would never forget the look of the *ci-devant* countess, but she only answered my lady with a "Certainly, madam; you shall be obeyed in every circumstance," and turned round on her bed, which she had never quitted since they brought her to it after that terrible morning, and buried her face in the pillows, as if she wished no further discourse; so my lady, who was nigh broken-hearted herself, left the room, and some hours after the invalid complained to Mrs. Pomander of a racking pain in her shoulder.

"It is cold," said the woman, who vowed that she knew not how to term her mistress.

"I suppose so," said Miss. "Send, Pomander, for some laudanum to rub it with."

The laudanum was got—a pint bottleful—from the apothecary's, and the shoulder well rubbed with it; and then Mrs. Pomander took her leave for the night.

"Leave the bottle," said her mistress, "on the toilet, lest this terrible pain returns."

The woman did so.

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When Mrs. Pomander drew her young lady's curtains next morning, there she lay in the stillness of death. Alas! alas! it was a death self-inflicted—the haughty and impatient spirit had dared to rush to its Creator, not in humiliation and prayer, but in desperation and anger. He who is more merciful than the most merciful of

His frail judging creatures, had, it is to be hoped, pity on her wrath and rash madness. The laudanum-bottle was half empty—she had swallowed enough to kill two or three strong men. * * * * She was buried in the churchyard through which, a few weeks before, she had been led to become a bride. Lady Leverglen, the dowager, did not live long after her. The uncouth, poor, ignorant countess became a great devotee, under the guidance of the Reverend Jonas Carnaby, who had converted her foster-mother. She brought him up to town, and built for him a chapel, which yet exists under her name. I have seen a picture of her, an old engraving, in which she is represented as standing by a tomb, under a funeral cypress, with gloom and more cypresses in the distance.

I can safely say a more ugly or revolting looking woman it never fell to my lot to behold, though, of course, poor soul, she could not help that; but I greatly doubt if a more cheerful religion would not have made her look to the general eye more comely. As it was, her favorite views were typified in that dark and gloomy picture.

A GREEK CARNIVAL.

"WELL, Demetraki, what do you want?" Demetraki is a paunchy man, and the Carnival appears to have had a rubifying effect upon his nose. He is a shuffler, as all the Greeks, I think, are. He could not say twice two are four in a plain manner; but, at last, as I am turning to my newspaper again, in despair of being able to get any thing out of him, he hitches up his clothes, and tells me that there are great doings going on upon the other side of the mountain. To-day, the Greeks must make the most of their time, he thinks; for to-morrow begins a fifty days' fast, and a fast among the Greeks is a serious business. It is their idea indeed of fulfilling the duties of religion in an exemplary manner; and all who will not eat meat in Lent have a passport for heaven.

It is a fine breezy morning. I clamber over the rocks, in front of my house, and follow Demetraki, as he waddles toilsomely up the hill; at last, after a moderate number of falls, and one or two dashing leaps, we get into the tide of the holiday-makers. It is pleasant to see them go trooping along, hand in hand, and singing in chorus. It is pleasant to notice their homely, decent dresses, and the joy which God has given them reflected even on the faces of rayahs and slaves. After a little time they begin to form into close companies of six or seven each; and they huddle together any where to be at once in the shade and out of the wind, which is still blowing freshly. Yet five minutes more, and the enormous black bottles which are circulating so freely will begin to do their work. First, there is a loud solitary laugh, which goes off from the midst of one of the furthest groups like a shot. It is soon answered, and one of the parties, which has been drinking stoutly for the last ten minutes, opens the festivity of the day with some rude music. The *Palicaria* (young men) begin now to rise in all directions; the dancing, singing, and laughing has become general; and, as far as the eye can reach, the uncouth revel is going on, while the same large black bottle is being handed about every where.

About this time, if you look away yonder, toward the brow of the hill, you may begin to see bands of gayly-dressed women and children watching the scene below. By-and-by they come nearer, always timidly, however, and they never join in the games or dances of the men.

I am standing at this moment on one of the most magnificent sites in the world. Beneath lies the Gulf of Adramiti, to the right I can see almost to the plains of Troy, and to the left nearly to Cape Baba. Before me there is neither tree nor shrub visible; nothing but one grand amphitheatre formed of sea and mountains; but behind lie the rich woods and emerald meads, the gentle hills and picturesque valleys of beautiful Lesbos. Along the winding shore stretch the pretty houses of the rich citizens; a lofty Turkish mosque from whence the *hoia* is calling; two light-houses, and the harbor crowded with vessels waiting for corn to take to England. As my eyes fall musingly on the ground, I see a little oblong piece of metal; and, stooping to examine it, I find that it is a coin, at least two thousand years old.

But there is no time for musing. About, around, touching me, pushing me, the Greek Palicaria hold on their revel; and magnificent as the scene is, I am bound to confess that the quaint pictures which every where meet my eye, of another life than ours, are no mean addition to it. Presently we find a band of Greeks sufficiently busy. They take a block of wood, and they dress it in some old clothes which they tie on with cords. It has neither head, nor hands, nor feet; but one can see that it is meant for a very fat man. No wonder indeed that he is fat, for I find on inquiry that he is intended to represent the Greek Carnival: a glutton, if ever there was one. The busy group I have described now take two stout poles, and fastening them together with some cross sticks, they make a sort of bier. On this they place the Carnival, who is just dead: and some six or eight *Palicaria* supporting the bier set off to bear him to the tomb. They are preceded by a company of others who dance in line, hand in hand. There may be some ten abreast of them. They are soon joined by all the other revelers, and away they go dancing and singing ribald songs in the same manner as the priest chaunt the "*De Profundis*."

I watch them as they wind over hill and valley toward the town; and almost fancy I am witnessing some pagan saturnalia; for it is wonderful how old games have been always kept up by popular traditions. On they go, performing all sorts of uncouth buffooneries; but they are not the less picturesque and interesting: at last they disappear in the dirty narrow little streets of the distant town, and I know that they are going about from house to house begging; as I can not very well follow them in such an expedition, I am afraid I shall lose the burial of the carnival,

and I am sorry to add that my fears have been verified.

I enter the town by a street distant from my own house, and pick my way daintily amidst foul gutters, where fever always sits brooding, and over slippery stones, rendered dirty and dangerous by all sorts of garbage thrown into the street. I am lightly shod, and I do not make much noise, nor am I a very fearful apparition; for I have too much to do to take care of myself to meditate harm to others; but I have no sooner entered the street than a change comes over it. When I first turned the corner, young women were gossiping and laughing every where in the doorways, and from the windows: now I hear the click of many doors closing stealthily; and the lattices are shut every where. A Frank is a rare sight in this obscure quarter, and the women are wild as young fawns. They are watching me from all sorts of places; but if I staid there for hours, not one would come out till I was gone. I know why the Greek girls are as shy as young fawns, and it pains me to think of it. A thousand tales are fresh in my memory of harmless young women who caught the eye of some terrible Turk, by chance, and soon after disappeared mysteriously, or were torn shrieking from their homes by armed men, and were never heard of afterward. I hope such times are gone by now, but I am not quite sure of it; and, therefore, I have no right to wonder that Greek maidens should tremble at the step of a stranger.

Gradually I emerge into a more frequented quarter, and every where the sound of nasal singing, the clapping of hands, and the jingling of glasses, comes from open doors and lattices; while here and there a Turk smokes his nargilleh, sitting cross-legged upon a stone, apart and disdainfully. A long string of mules tied together are lading with oil-skins for a journey. They are standing in a perfect quagmire of filth, for we have had heavy rains of late; and I can almost see the noxious exhalations steaming out of it in the noonday sun. I hasten my pace, and light a cigar, for such a neighborhood is dangerous; and the best antidote for this kind of poison I know of, is tobacco. Further along the street come a troop of broad-backed *hamals* (porters); each carries a slain lamb upon his shoulders, to be sent off by the Austrian boat to Constantinople this evening. Other people are also carrying pretty baskets full of the white sheep's milk cheeses, made in the Levant. They are eaten with honey, and form, perhaps, the most exquisite dish in the world.

But here come a band of mummurs, with masks and music. They are begging, and they will stop me, for I am not supposed to know them. There is one cub drunk with unaccustomed eating, whom I should know from his stifled guffaw in a minute, and from a thousand. I know also that he would follow me about all day if I did not buy him off. I take a handful of small coin, therefore, from a pocket where it has been reposing gingerly many days, and as I pass on they are all rolling and squabbling in the mud about it.

The afternoon has stolen on while I have been wandering about, yet I can not make up my mind to go home: and I halt once more before some young men at play. I think they are all among the most powerful lads I ever saw; and I watch them with the natural pleasure one has in seeing health, and strength, and beauty. They are playing at a species of leap-frog, but the "back" is made by three youths, instead of one; they form a triangle as they stoop down, and they do not "tuck in their twopennies" by any means in sporting style. However, the runners charge them gallantly; they bump their heads with great force into the back of the first boy, whose hind-quarters are turned toward them, and they turn a complete somerset over the other two. The first who falls makes a "back," and relieves one of the others. It is rough sport and dangerous; but it is the first time in my life that I have ever seen Greeks in violent exercise; and I notice now, that the players are the lowest of the low. Whenever there is any dispute, I also notice that they toss a slipper to decide it, and "sole" or "upper-leather" wins the day, as the case may be. It is needless to add, that they are all playing barefoot.

By-and-by, they grow tired of leap-frog; and the game by which it is succeeded is as severe a trial of strength as I ever witnessed. One of the young giants takes another in his arms. The man carried has his head downward and his legs gripping the other tightly about the neck. Two young men now go down on all fours, and place themselves close together, while the two other players, twined together as I have said, turn a somerset backward over them, and the man whose head was downward before is now upward, and the other has of course taken his position. So they go backward and forward, and if they come apart or fall, they have to kneel down and make a "back" for others to tumble over in the same way. I remarked two young men clinging together in this way who turned a somerset twenty-three times in succession. At last they fell from a feint of one of the "backs," who began to grow tired of the sport. They went on playing till evening gradually crept over us, and the sun was quite lost behind the snow-capped mountains. Then, as the dews fell heavily, and the chill air grew keener, they tied up their trowsers, and, shuffling on their slippers, returned to our little town, bawling rude, monotonous choruses, and dancing as they went, if hopping would not be a better term for their uncouth manœuvres.

I have returned home. A wood fire burns cheerfully in the hearth, and a lamp sheds a pretty tempered light on the desk I am to use presently. The books and maps, the dumpy pens, and the well-worn penknife, the cigar-case, the broken tea-cups on a side-table, and the milk in a glass, all made ready by kind hands, seem to smile a silent welcome to me, like old friends. Five minutes at the window, a few cups of tea, a short game with pen and ink, and then to bed.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR Record for the month is saddened by a dreadful disaster. The steamer *Arctic*, of the Collins line, during her return voyage from Liverpool, was struck by the *Vesta*, an iron propeller, on the 27th of September, about sixty-five miles from Cape Race, a few feet forward of her paddle-boxes, and so seriously injured that in about three hours she filled with water and went down stern foremost—engulfing in her ruin, so far as known, all her passengers but about twenty-five, and a number of her crew. She was running through a dense fog at the time, and when the collision first occurred, the shock was so slight that any serious injury to her hull was not apprehended. It was soon found that two large holes had been made in her, through which the water poured at a rapid rate, and which it was found impossible to close. Captain Luce evinced great coolness and self-possession, and a steady determination to share the fate of his ship; but he seems to have lost all command over his crew, most of whom indeed abandoned their duty, seized the boats, and sought to save themselves, regardless of others. An attempt was made to construct a raft, but before it was completed nearly eighty persons, mostly seamen, firemen, waiters, and others employed upon the ship, leaped upon it and perished. The ship had six boats: in four of them some seventy of the crew, officers and men, with about twenty passengers, made their escape; the other two have not, at the date of our writing, been heard from—the hope is cherished that some of the passengers may have been rescued by them. Captain Luce's young son went down with the wreck. Among the lost were the wife, son, and daughter of E. K. Collins, Esq., the projector and principal proprietor of the line; Mrs. Allen, the daughter of Mr. James Brown, another of the owners of the vessel, who also lost a son, daughter, son-in-law, daughter-in-law, and two grandchildren; Edward Sandford, Esq., a distinguished member of the New York bar; the Duc de Grammont, an *attaché* of the French Embassy at Washington; Abner Benedict, Esq., and wife, of New York; R. S. Williams and wife, of Natchez, Miss.; Professor Henry Reed, of the University of Pennsylvania, F. Catherwood, Esq., the distinguished artist, Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Day, of New York, and a large number of others who were less generally known. Intelligence of the calamity first reached New York on the night of October 10, by the ship *Lebanon*, which had picked up a boat load of the survivors. The propeller which struck the *Arctic* reached St. Johns on the 12th with thirty-two of the *Arctic's* crew. This dreadful calamity, the first that has befallen the Collins line of ocean steamers, created the most intense interest throughout the country.

Political movements during the month have been of considerable interest. Elections were held in several States on the 10th of October, of which the general results alone are known. In Pennsylvania, Hon. James Pollock, Whig, has been elected Governor by a majority probably of over ten thousand; and in that State, as well as in Indiana and Ohio, a decided majority of the Congressmen elected are opponents of the Federal Administration. In none of these cases have full or reliable returns been received. In other States the political movements have been preliminary to the elections which are yet to take place. In New York the Whig State Convention was held at Syracuse on the 20th of September, and adopted resolutions denouncing the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and assuming that this act, on the part of the South, releases the North from any obligation to admit any new Slave States into the Union. No resolution concerning the Fugitive Slave Law was adopted. Myron H. Clark was nominated for Governor, and Henry J. Raymond for Lieutenant-Governor. On the 26th, the Anti-Nebraska Convention assembled at Auburn, according to adjournment at Saratoga, and adopted the Whig ticket, as did also the State Temperance Convention, which met at the same place on the 27th. On the 29th, Governor Seymour, at an interview with the State Democratic Committee, signified his willingness to accept the nomination for a re-election—feeling bound to do so, since the Whig party had taken ground against the principles of his Message vetoing the law of last session prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks. Judge Bronson, since his nomination, has written two or three letters, in which he declares himself opposed to the passage of a prohibitory law.——In Massachusetts a Democratic State Convention met at Lowell on the 26th of September, at which resolutions were adopted re-affirming their adherence to the Baltimore platform of 1852, recognizing conformity to its principles in the administration of President Pierce, and supporting the Bill to organize the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, as embodying the great principle of self-government in its application to Territories as well as to States. Henry W. Bishop was nominated for Governor, and Caleb Stetson for Lieutenant-Governor.——Agricultural Fairs have been held in New York, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and other States, during the past month, which have attracted general attention, and been attended with a good deal of interest. Premiums were distributed, addresses delivered, and a stimulus given to the agricultural interest which will undoubtedly be felt in the increased production of the several States.

The Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Provisional Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New York, died at his residence in that city on the 21st of September. The Diocesan Convention, which met on the 28th, elected Rev. Horatio Potter, D.D., of Albany, to be his successor. This result was reached after eight ballots, Dr. Potter on the last ballot receiving 97 out of 173 clerical, and 75 out of 147 lay, votes cast. Dr. Wainwright was widely known and universally esteemed as a learned scholar, an able divine, a laborious and faithful bishop, and a gentleman of most excellent personal and social qualities. His successor is admirably qualified to fulfill his duties, and his election has given general satisfaction throughout the diocese.——The Right Rev. Dr. Gartland, Roman Catholic Bishop of Georgia, died at Savannah on the 21st September. He was a native of Dublin, and widely esteemed for his learning and piety.

From *California* our intelligence is to the 16th of September. The State election, which had just taken place, had probably resulted in the triumph of that section of the Democratic party which was opposed to the election of a United States Senator at the last Session of the Legislature. Full returns had not been received, but enough was known to indicate this result. The anniversary of the admission of California into the Union was celebrated on the 9th. The mining operations are generally

successful, though difficulty is experienced in some localities from a lack of water. During the first six months of the present year, no less than 10,000 Chinese left the port of Hong Kong for California. They are becoming an important portion of the population, and one which in some respects is undesirable. The grain crops and fruit in California promise to yield abundantly.

From *Mexico* we have intelligence of the entire suppression of the revolutionary movement on the Rio Grande, to which allusion was made in our last, and also further details of the defeat of the hostile force at Guyamas. The Mexican troops were commanded by General Yanez, who had contrived to make himself popular even among the French commanded by Count Raousset de Boulbon. In the engagement, which took place early in September, Yanez was completely successful, and immediately liberated 187 whom he had taken prisoners, and whom he sent with $15 each to San Blas. The Mexican Government refused to sanction this lenity, and not only threw the Frenchmen into prison, but disgraced General Yanez. On the 9th of September Count Raousset de Boulbon was tried by court-martial, and on the 12th was shot in accordance with its sentence.—Santa Anna, on the 11th, issued an address to the soldiers, exhorting them to renewed devotion to the independence of their country, and to the union by which alone it can be preserved. It is said that financial difficulties again begin to embarass the Government. General Cruz, in an official dispatch, gives an account of an action which he fought at Mogotes on the 12th of August, in which he claims to have defeated a rebel force of 300. The British Minister has issued a circular, warning British subjects in Mexico from contributing to the Russian loan.

FRANCE.

Public attention has been in a great degree absorbed by the grand military display at Boulogne, prepared by the Emperor for the purpose of entertaining Prince Albert, the King of Belgium, Pedro, the young King of Portugal, and other distinguished visitors. About one hundred thousand troops were collected at Boulogne. The Emperor on the 3d of September addressed a proclamation to his Army of the North—of which he takes command in person—explaining to them the necessity, in all military operations, of so disposing the troops that they might procure subsistence without exhausting the resources of the country, and at the same time be able to reunite itself promptly on the field of battle. The reviews which took place on the 7th were characterized by great magnificence. The troops now in camp are to be drafted for service in the Eastern war as they may be required.

Prince Czartoryski, the recognized representative of the banished aristocracy of Poland, has issued from Paris an address to his countrymen on their relation to the events which have again involved Europe in war. He says that some of the powers which aided the partition of Poland are now forced to acknowledge the fatal results of that step to Europe, and to contemplate the advantages of her re-establishment. All Poles, whatever may be their differences concerning internal affairs, agree in the desire for national independence, and in the conviction that if called upon to carry on a contest to secure it, they must have a military government until it shall be decided. This fact, he says, will exclude from admission any party which would disturb their unanimity by a premature discussion of forms of government. When independence shall have been conquered, the nation alone will have the right of deciding on the form of government she will adopt, and will spontaneously feel the propriety of taking into account the advice of friendly powers. He advises the Poles to remain tranquil until some one of the contending powers shall declare in favor of Polish independence, and form a Polish army under Polish chiefs. Such a course will preserve them from intestine divisions, and do more than can be done in any other way to secure the accomplishment of their highest hopes.

SPAIN.

No important changes have occurred in the aspect of Spanish affairs. Queen Christina, whose trial on charges of peculation was universally demanded, left Madrid on the 28th of August, accompanied by her husband and children, for Portugal. There was a riotous popular demonstration against her departure when it first became known, but it subsided without any serious results. A squadron of cavalry was provided as an escort for the Queen, and the garrisons on the route were notified in advance to see her safely from one post to another. The Ministry, soon after she had left the city, published a decree suspending the payment of the pension allotted to her in 1845, detaining all her private property to answer for any charges that may be established against her, and ordering her to quit the kingdom, and await the decision of the Cortes in regard to her future residence.——Serious charges have been brought by public rumor against Mr. Soulé, the American Minister at Madrid. It is alleged that he was directly concerned in instigating the outbreaks which attended the departure of the Queen Mother on the 28th, and that he has distributed among disaffected persons sums of money, which have been raised among the European liberals, for the purpose of exciting an insurrection in Spain. The Spanish Ministry took measures to investigate these charges, but it is not known that they succeeded in obtaining any evidence that could implicate him directly. Mr. Soulé left Madrid, after taking formal leave of the Court, on the 30th of August. He had given great offense by a letter, written on the 13th, in reply to an invitation to attend a banquet of the Liberal Press, in which he highly praised the invincible constancy of the friends of Spanish liberty, and assured them that they had only to unite their party in order to achieve a complete and final triumph over the shameful despotism which has so long crushed freedom of thought, and stifled its most legitimate aspirations. He said he hailed with delight the revolution which had succeeded thus far, and only hoped that those who had originated it would carry it forward to still more complete success. Spain may, if she chooses, peacefully consolidate in a few months the liberties which England had only secured by two revolutions. The heart of Young America, he said, would welcome the news of the complete enfranchisement of the Spanish people.

A letter from Ledru Rollin, written at London on the 1st of August, has been published, in which he expresses the opinion that the revolutionary movement in Spain will eventually lead to the proclamation of the republic. Whether this should take place within a few days, or weeks, would depend on circumstances; but he could not doubt that the main desire of the country pointed to that result. Monarchy has been thoroughly tried in Spain, and there can be no desire to perpetuate it. M. Rollin also urges upon the American government the duty of taking an active part in the contests of Europe.

and especially of encouraging all liberal republican movements every where. This, he thinks, is the policy dictated alike by principle and by interest. ——Apprehensions continue to be expressed in Spanish journals of designs against Cuba on the part of the United States, and renewed efforts are made by the Spanish government to fortify the island against such attempts. The number of Spanish troops now in Cuba is stated at twenty thousand infantry, one thousand cavalry, and five or six batteries of artillery.

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

Some further diplomatic correspondence calculated to throw light on the present relations of Austria and Prussia to the pending war, has been published. Count Nesselrode, on behalf of the Russian government, in a note dated 30th June, apprised Prussia of the fact, that without sharing the opinions with reference to the occupation of the Principalities as put forward by Austria and participated in by Prussia, the Emperor, nevertheless, out of consideration for the special interests of Austria and Germany on the Danube, and the peculiar nature of the obligations which the Courts of Vienna and Berlin have entered into with the Western Powers in the Protocol of April 9, had agreed to withdraw from the Principalities, and to enter into negotiations for peace on the basis of the three main principles laid down in that protocol, or at least to pave the way for such negotiations by agreeing to a truce; securities, however, would be required as a preliminary step. On the 24th of July, Manteuffel, the Prussian Secretary, issued a circular note to the allied courts, in which this offer of the Czar was recommended to their earnest and favorable consideration. He expressed the hope that the English government would "consider with calmness and impartiality the late overture of Russia—that it will remember there are sufficient grounds to conclude on its side upon the points before it—and that it may in this manner assist the real intentions of the several governments, which are to make their views clear, and to cast out uncertainty as to the points which are the objects of the war." And he felt the greater confidence in this expectation from the fact that the Russian explanation, so far as it refers to the protocol of the 9th of April, sets up three definite principles—namely, the integrity of Turkey, the evacuation of the Principalities, and the security of the municipal and religious rights of all the Christian subjects of the Porte. Now, these three principles constitute the substance of the guarantees which the protocol, by the care of the Powers, recommends in order to bind the Ottoman Empire with the greater firmness to the European system. On the 21st of July, Count Buol, on behalf of Austria, also issued the circular instructions of that government to its agents at Paris and London, in regard to this offer of Russia. The common aim of all the Powers, he said, had been the re-establishment of a solid and durable peace—one which, by re-establishing the rights of the Porte, should give to Europe guarantees against the recurrence of perturbations, such as those which disturb it so profoundly at the present moment. The importance of the interests which are associated with the object is so great, that he was convinced no Power would willingly expose itself to the reproach of having neglected any means whatever likely to bring about a good understanding. The belligerant Powers would, therefore, feel it their duty to examine these questions carefully and conscientiously, in order to see if the reply of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg does not contain some germ of conciliation that might lead to the preparation of a definitive pacification.

On the 10th of August the Austrian Secretary addressed a note to the Austrian Minister in St. Petersburg, rehearsing his efforts to impress upon the Western Powers the fact that the proposition of Russia might, if properly received, lead to negotiations for the re-establishment of peace. He was compelled to admit, however, that the impression produced in both England and France had not come up to his expectations. Both in Paris and London, he says, the continued stay of the Russian troops on the Turkish territory seemed to deprive of its chief worth the Russian accession to the principles laid down in the protocol of April 9. The Cabinets of France and England persist in looking on the evacuation of the Principalities as the preliminary condition of every arrangement, and express their astonishment at the assertion of Count Nesselrode that the integrity of the Ottoman Empire would not be threatened by Russia as long as it was respected by the Powers that at this moment occupy the waters and the territory of the Sultan. These Cabinets repudiate energetically the analogy which the dispatch of the Russian Chancellor of the Empire seems to be desirous of drawing between the presence of the allied troops, which were invited by the Sublime Porte, and in virtue of a diplomatic document, the effects of which were to be determined by common consent, and the fact of the march of the Russian army into the Ottoman territory. They furthermore complain that the Russian Government should have avoided all reference to the guarantees which they feel bound to require against a return on the part of Russia to new acts of violence that threaten the equilibrium of Europe. The sacrifices they have already made are too considerable to warrant them in withdrawing their forces before they have attained a certainty that they will not soon be compelled to renew the war. On these grounds the maritime powers feel compelled to reject any proposition, the object of which should be to promote a speedy cessation of hostilities on their part. They had, however, communicated the guarantees which seemed indispensable to peace negotiations; and they were substantially the revision of the existing treaties between Russia and Turkey, the discontinuance of the Russian protectorate, and the freedom of the Danube and the Black Sea. These, Count Buol said, were the consequences of the principles laid down and acceded to by Russia in the protocol of April 9, and Austria, therefore, could not do otherwise than recommend them most warmly for serious and mature deliberation.

In a note dated the 26th of August, Count Nesselrode distinctly and emphatically rejects these proposals, and charges Austria with bad faith for having consented to make them. He declares that in retiring from the Principalities, out of consideration for the wishes of Austria and of Germany, Russia had confidently hoped that Austria would cease to make common cause with the Western Powers for the avowed object of reducing the strength and influence of the Russian empire. But how was she disappointed when she found that the next step of Austria was to give her assent to the ulterior condition of the Western Powers—conditions involving the abrogation of all former treaties, the destruction of all the Russian naval establishments, and the restriction of the power of Russia in the

Black Sea, and to bind herself to treat on no other conditions! Russia therefore complains that she has obtained from Austria no compensation for the sacrifice she affects to have made; but that, at the very moment when her troops are leaving the Principalities, the Cabinet of Vienna enters into closer and more extensive engagements with the other belligerent Powers, her enemies. Upon the receipt of this reply a council of the Austrian Cabinet was held, at which it was decided not to consider the rejection of its proposals as a *casus belli* on the part of Russia.

The correspondence, of which we have thus given so full a summary, shows that the German Powers persevere in their policy of absolute neutrality, but that they are becoming involved in fresh difficulties thereby with the Western Powers. In her note of the 10th of August, Austria substantially presented her ultimatum to Russia, urging the demands of the Western Powers, assenting to them as the only conditions on which peace could be restored, and pledging her co-operation in the endeavor to secure them. They are peremptorily rejected by Russia; and yet Austria declines to quit her position of neutrality. It is obvious that it can not much longer be maintained.

THE EASTERN WAR.

The reports alluded to in our last Record have been confirmed, and steps have actually been taken for an offensive movement by the invasion of the Crimea for the purpose of effecting the reduction of Sebastopol. The enterprise has been officially announced in an order of the day issued at Varna, on the 25th of August, by Marshal de St. Arnaud. The moment, he says, has come to fight and conquer. As the Russian troops have retired from the Danube Providence summons them to the Crimea and to Sebastopol, the seat of Russian power, within whose walls they are going to seek the guaranty of peace, and of their return to their firesides. The enterprise is to be attempted by the most formidable military and naval apparatus the world has ever seen. The allied fleets, with their three thousand guns and twenty-five thousand seamen, will bear to the Crimea an immense army made up of English, French, and Turkish troops. The expedition was to consist of one hundred thousand men. Intelligence had been received of the landing of fifty-eight thousand at Eupatoria, on the 14th of September, without encountering any resistance. They had started immediately for Sebastopol, which was distant about fifty miles.——The campaign in the Baltic is at an end for the present, and the British squadron is about to return. The fortresses of Bomarsund were blown up by the Allies on the 1st of September.——On the Danube no events of importance have taken place. The Russians had entirely evacuated Wallachia and crossed the Sereth, burning the bridges behind them. The evacuation of Moldavia is also complete. The Austrians have entered Bucharest, and the commander has presented Omer Pacha with a formal demand, calling upon him to withdraw the Turkish army from the Principalities. To this the latter replied by a note, stating at some length his refusal.

CHINA.

From China we have intelligence of the visit of the United States ship Susquehanna to Nankin, with the American Commissioner, Mr. M'Lane, on board, for the purpose of procuring information in regard to the progress and character of the revolution, which still continues to make progress. Mr. M'Lane proposed an interview with the celebrated leader of the rebellion, but declined to comply with the demands of the latter in regard to the ceremonies by which it was to be regulated. The whole of China, and especially the seaports, continue to be greatly disturbed by the movements and apprehensions of the rebels. Shanghai, the principal port for foreign trade, continues in their hands, and was besieged by the Imperialists, who make, however, but little progress toward its reduction. Letters from the late Commissioner, Mr. Marshall, to the Government at Washington, have recently been published, in which he gives at length his views of the revolution and of its leaders. He thinks there is no ground for believing that the new order, if it shall be successfully established, will be any more favorable to a liberal intercourse with other nations than the present. The new chief, he says, proposes no broader basis for the government than that occupied by the present Emperor. The rumor that he is in any degree friendly to Christianity Mr. Marshall believes to be utterly without foundation. He will maintain the ancient customs and religion of the Empire, preserve the etiquette of the Court, and seek to conform as nearly as possible to the prejudices and prepossessions of the people. His real troubles will begin when he endeavors to levy taxes, or make any change in the civil government of the country. Thus far he has met no formidable resistance, and has attempted no exercise of authority. Mr. Marshall sees no sign of progress or improvement for China in this rebellion: he regards it as merely a war of factions contending for power, and as only the harbinger of a storm which is soon to overwhelm the commerce, industrial interests, and whatever there is of attainment and civilization in China. Long years of civil war must succeed the overthrow of the existing dynasty before order and good government can be restored. Mr. M. says he would prefer the chance of securing important changes of policy, on the part of China, from the fears and hopes of the reigning Emperor, to the prospect of introducing them simultaneously with the rule of a new dynasty. He is very earnest in warning the Government of the United States against being led into false notions concerning the progress of the rebellion, in which he declares none of the substantial business portion of the Chinese people have taken any part, and with which they have no sympathy. Missionaries and political dreamers, who see events through the discolored medium of their hopes, may represent the evangelization of China and the establishment of republican equality, of free trade, and other political advantages, as certain to result from this war; but he warns the administration that these are unsafe and extravagant conclusions. He sees nothing to induce the United States to depart, in any particular, from the policy it has hitherto pursued, except to urge the residence of their Commissioner at the capital of the Empire. This point once secured, will lead of necessity to free intercourse between the capital and the consular ports, and thus gradually to the opening of the whole Empire to travel, either for business or pleasure.—These views, on Mr. Marshall's part, are of the more importance from the fact, that they differ very widely from the opinions expressed by nearly all others who have written on the subject. Mr. M., during his stay in China, became involved in controversies with Commodore Perry, Commodore Aulick, Dr. Parker, and others with whom he came in official contact; but the details of these collisions are not of sufficient interest to be embodied in this Record.

Editor's Table.

THE TRUE SOURCES OF OUR NATIONAL STRENGTH.—The thoughtful minds of our country have not failed to notice that there is a growing disposition among us to investigate the causes of our national prosperity. We begin to have an American Philosophy. If not original in spirit, it is distinct in its sphere, seeking to analyze the different elements that have combined to form our social organization, and to determine the laws of their relations. A general comprehension of our political strength no longer satisfies us. The time has come for us to penetrate deeper than the surface. Once, it was sufficient for us to rest in those great ideas which the past bequeathed. They addressed our noblest sentiments; they were connected with our most venerated names, and surrounded with the most splendid associations of our history. But the age has called us to a higher task. We feel it incumbent on us to examine into the foundation of these principles, to know their reasons, to measure their claims to Providential agencies by applying the standard of experience. Nor is this at all surprising. The same circumstances that stimulate the imagination—that give birth to poetry and eloquence in the opening stages of national life, soon take a serener form, and awaken the philosophic intellect. If it is necessary for us to have the truth in the glowing style of beauty and sublimity, it is equally necessary to have it in the substantial shape of abstract science. For in this way its circle is completed. Its various phases pictured upon the firmament, can thus become objects of study; and the orator, poet, philosopher, standing side by side, and happy in a common fellowship, can each contribute his share to the stock of national wisdom.

Not every season is fitted to this work. Periods of struggle, agitation, and convulsion, demand men of quick and fiery temperaments—men of muscle—men of heroic action. But in the breathing-times of the world, when a gentler spirit is abroad, and a Sabbath atmosphere covers the landscape, the offices of meditation may be indulged. It is then that our best thoughts are born of the revolving hours—that patriotism and philanthropy enjoy a peaceful festival, and visions of a restored and perfected humanity ascend above the horizon of the future. Brief they may be; but they are long enough to bear witness to the mercy that sent them to our faith and hope. What is more short-lived than the rainbow? And yet, what is a surer token of Infinite truth and love? Like those hues, painted on the moving air, the lustre of these tranquil moments may pass away, but, like them, their lesson of promise and pledge may remain, to allay our fears and animate our exertions.

It may not be that we have just such a season at present. But, comparatively, we live in an era favorable to a correct appreciation of the main elements of our national character. Whatever attributes of strength belong to us have been brought out in full development. The sources of our weakness, too, have been shown. All our characteristics have had an opportunity to demonstrate themselves. The line of movement has been clearly and broadly drawn. If the extent of our action is hidden in the future, its nature, modes, and purposes have been fairly unfolded. Americanism is now a well-defined thing. It is embodied before the world—not merely in institutions, in policies, in governmental usages, but in established opinions, in the heartfelt creed of the people, in permanent reverence for the Christian idea of democracy, and the rights, immunities, prerogatives which it represents. Where we are, what we are, and what we expect to be, can not be mistaken. If it might be a poetic exaggeration to speak of Freedom as the Angel of the Apocalypse, standing in the midst of the sun, and clothed with its gorgeous effulgence, it is still permitted us to say that its position is central and commanding. A great sentiment is indeed incapable of a perfect manifestation in outward forms. By its grandeur it transcends the limits of expression, and leaves the imagination a large field for the play of conjecture. But in our history, the doctrines of republican liberty have been translated into so many interests, touched active life at so many points, and spread themselves over so vast a surface, that the most practical understanding can not fail to penetrate their divine meaning. The student of political science, if he turns to other countries, is compelled to engage his mind chiefly with the debates of parliaments, the intrigues of diplomacy, the decisions of courts, the decrees of sovereigns. But here, the magnificence of the government is not apparent, since the government itself is the least prominent and ostensible. Our true philosophy—our strength—our pride, come forth most significantly in the freedom and force of personal life. The marts of commerce—the thoroughfares of trade, where every man demonstrates the value of his citizenship, and graduates his worth on the open scale of nature—here is the practical congress of the land. One of our thriving cities, full of eager enterprise, buoyant with young blood and elastic with fresh nerves, abreast with the age, and pressing forward with those impulses which the century is driving through every channel of plodding care or ambitious hope: one such city, with its happy homes and hallowed altars, with its manifold ministries of watchful service, and its multitudinous means of fellowship and communion, is a richer, better, nobler exponent of our national ideas than all the statute-books of the country. It is not what the institutions of our land have made us, but what they have allowed us to make ourselves, that constitutes their highest glory. Man carries power within him. It is in his blood, his brain, his spirit. Every sense is its servant; every angel is its friend. If used as his own gift, sacred by original endowment and anointed in the priesthood of the universe, it can not miss its honors or lose its rewards. And this is what our political economy has permitted us to do. It has not conferred prerogatives or privileges, but it has given us to ourselves. It has acknowledged the position of man, as man, and left him to fulfill his own destiny. The results of his prudence and skill—the sagacity that foresees, and the tact that executes; the fruits of toil and intrepidity; the household benefits, gladdening and sanctifying human existence, are now before us, as the legitimate products of wise government. All nations make this revelation of their character sooner or later; ours, fortunate in its freedom, has anticipated the lapse of years, and portrayed its grandeur by aggregating the most matchless resources within the scope of a single century.

What then is the secret of American character?

One specifies the moral tone of our early mind; another cites our inherent love of liberty; a third dwells on Anglo-Saxon hardihood and persistency; a fourth fastens on a wonderful concurrence of circumstances. There are not wanting those who attribute every thing to the interposition of Providence, while others regard the race of mankind as having educated itself up to the mark of an advanced civilization. Such generalizations are partial and incomplete. Whatever truth may belong to them, it is certain that they have not the whole truth. Nor are they in harmony with the methods of nature. A single phase of character—a set of agencies, limited by its individuality and confined to its own instinctive operations, never effects vast ends. Where there has been a solitary outworking of one predominating and overmastering element, no high and consistent civilization has ever been attained. The reason is obvious. Human nature is a complex thing. It has soul, spirit, body. It has numerous sentiments, passions, affections. A thousand ties unite it to a thousand objects. Its relations, reaching from the clod beneath its feet to the Throne beyond its vision, and encircling every form of existence earthly and divine; its wants, large enough to exhaust universal creation; its intuitive aspirations, yearning for undiscovered realms of beauty, and panting for the home of Eternal Blessedness; all these are to be met, answered, gratified. And hence, there must be an eclectic action in all its grandest movements. There must be a rich exchequer to satisfy its demands, or it is a wretched bankrupt. The world must have a law of union, a law of combination, a law that blends parts into a whole; otherwise, the race must perish as a mockery and be forgotten as nothingness. It is this law, instituted by the Creator and directed by His providence, that has formed American character. But for its sway, never more sovereign than when least perceived, we should have had no history, no experience. Our forefathers were actuated by the same motives, and they sought, with singular integrity and sympathy, the same ends. But, in various respects, they were unlike one another. The water no sooner falls from the clouds and enters the earth, than it is impregnated with new ingredients; and just so, the same impulses, stirring the hearts of men and shaping their deeds, may be modified by the peculiarities of personal character. Looking back to the days when our independence was achieved, we see the representatives of North and South—the Puritan on the one side—the Cavalier, the Huguenot, and the Scotch-Irish on the other—standing firmly and closely together in the mighty struggle. They had strong points of similarity; they had strong points of antagonism; and yet, changed into oneness by the solid front which they opposed to British aggression, and leagued for the achievement of liberty, they presented a massive completeness such as has never been witnessed. Deficient in numbers, in resources, in all the auxiliary instruments of resistance, they were yet a tremendous host by the facility with which they could interact on each other. It was their moral power no less than physical bravery that bore them triumphantly through that unequal conflict. And how could that power have been generated, how could it have suffered so long and so patiently, how could it, at last, have entered meekly and honorably on the possession of its hard-won heritage, but for the fact that each contributed its ideas, sentiments, and passions—its whole and hearty self—to the emergency of the occasion? Whether Virginia or Massachusetts spoke first for freedom, need not now be examined. Wherever the inspiring tone was earliest rung out on the echoing continent, it was heard, felt, and obeyed by all. Our success was the result, *not of mere union*, but *of such an union* as the co-operating and combining elements created. Each brought what the other needed. If the impulses of one part were fiery, they excited the colder nature of the more stern and calculating. If one section relied on principles, the other trusted to those ardent instincts that burn their way to victory. There was commerce to be protected; there were agricultural interests to be guarded. Every sort of independent life—merchants at their business and planters on their estates—gave its glowing and earnest impulse to the effort. Philosophy pondered and chivalry aroused. But Providence blended all together. Out of the union came a harmonious result. Had the Puritans determined the contest, we might have had a liberty disfigured by local tastes and religious exactions. If the Cavalier had triumphed alone, his warm fancy and hot blood might have over-stimulated our intenser feelings. Had the Huguenot and Scotch-Irish been left out of the struggle, we should have felt the absence of the high-minded bearing of the former, and the bold, impassioned emphasis of the latter. As circumstances directed this wonderful blending, a paramount object subordinated all sectional peculiarities—all the diversified modes of thought and action—and made every kind of individuality tributary to the sublime end. A magnificent sanctuary of Freedom has been built by their joint labors. Not this one can claim the merit of its vast rotunda and swelling dome—capacious for millions—nor that one its uplifted altars, where the noblest ministry of earthly citizenship swings high the censer, filled with the fragrant offerings of a glad and grateful people. But as in Solomon's Temple, that adorned the brow of Moriah, there were gifts from all climes and treasures from all lands; as the Tyrian gave his purple and the Canaanite his toil—as Lebanon yielded its cedar and Ophir its gold, to honor the abode of the Majesty of the universe, so here, amidst the grandeur of a reserved continent, the elect minds of the noblest nations have erected a Temple in which patriotism may nourish its hopes and philanthropy advance to meet the future, leaning upon the arm of Jehovah.

The progress of our country has illustrated the truth, that, in political science, we owe the beneficent working of our government to the same causes which gave a fortunate issue to the war for independence. It must not be forgotten that the Puritan and the Cavalier had each his marked characteristics. The former had been deeply wronged in the mother country. His ancestry had been oppressed, his ministers dishonored, his rights sacrificed, his affections crushed, his conscience derided. There was no sort of power that did not array itself against him. Literature satirized and authority insulted him. No wonder, therefore, that he organized a stern protest against England. Loyal he was, but nevertheless he legislated the past into his system, and always acted in full view of all he had endured and suffered. His object was to guard himself against any recurrence of those evils which he had borne; and hence, while his doctrines embodied ancient grievances, they looked to provisions for the future. To some extent, they anticipated circumstances. On the other hand, the Cavalier was sincerely attached to Royalty in the State and Prelacy in the Church. He had no *à priori* theory

—no system to forestall the operation of events—no preoccupancy of mind with a favorite ideal of government. His whole nature was open to the sway of circumstances. The plastic agency of time, never so valuable as in shaping political institutions, was perfectly free to control him. Owing to these causes, it must be obvious, on philosophical grounds, that the Puritan and the Cavalier, types of Northern and Southern character, could not occupy in all things precisely the same level in political matters. The leading sentiment of Republicanism was the same in both; but in its minute applications, in organic arrangements, to execute its general principle, they could not but differ. Puritanism leaned toward a strong government. It wished the central authority to be as energetic as it could be in consistency with popular rights. It felt that universal sovereignty was an experiment; and hence, it endeavored to set up rigid safeguards around the free institutions of the country. But the Cavalier advocated the simplest and most restricted form of government. The trustworthiness of the people was one of his prominent ideas. He was jealous of consolidated power. Once free, he was free indeed. If he had any aristocratic tendencies in his nature, they never showed themselves in regard to popular liberty; but turning their full force toward Federal sovereignty, he exerted all his ability to establish such an economy as should be most in harmony with local and personal rights. The interaction of these sentiments—their final affinity, their perfect adjustment in the shape of Federal and State sovereignties—is one of the most remarkable triumphs of wisdom in the annals of political science. A broad foundation, on which both sections of the country could stand, was secured; neither surrendered any thing vital. The peculiarities of their views grew out of the peculiarities of character, position, and interests; and while they were not distinct enough to render them irreconcilable parties on the great issue before them, they were just sufficiently marked to create a safe and healthy antagonism. There was not such antipathy as to generate malignant discord: there was only that degree of diversity which is necessary for unity. If, therefore, we contemplate their work in the constitution of these States, do we see the Puritan or the Cavalier? Is it a portraiture of either? The manhood of both—the essential manhood that Republicanism has liberalized and Christianity exalted—the wise and generous manhood that accepts life as a compromise, and society as a continuous interchange of individual and general feelings—the manhood of noble sentiments and lofty impulses, is the first and last impression it produces. It has Northern and Southern principles, but they are subordinated to universal ends. As one studies its doctrines, he observes the beautiful indications of rural politics learned amidst the open scenes of nature. The spirit of the fields, where freemen walked in the conscious strength of independence, and felt the high destiny awaiting them, is in its provisory restraints. But it is not alone. The necessities of trade and commerce, the wants of compact cities, the active industry of the North, are all here in fair, full acknowledgment. It is a latent prophecy of whatever the South shall need for the security of her homes, the prosperity of her agriculture, the enjoyment of her tropical blessings. It is equally a token of all that is requisite for the North in the exercise of her hardy enterprise, in the stretch of her vigorous muscles, in her conquests over stubborn soils and ice-bound seas. It recognizes man as the creature of circumstances—it recognizes him as a being of permanent relations. Its faith is the faith of equal citizenship. Its inspiration is the dictate of perfect patriotism. Its sanctity covers the country as a country; and wherever there is a right to be protected or a wrong to be avenged—wherever there is a legitimate interest to be upheld or a common obstacle to be removed—wherever there is an American thought to be honored or an American hope to be encouraged, there it exerts its influence, gives law to opinion, subdues prejudice, and establishes the reign of common brotherhood.

If we turn to the social forms of American civilization, we see the same law of diversified action and mutual support. The respective elements of life, North and South, are indeed the same, so far as innate constitution is concerned. But these elements are variously organized. Human nature is easily modified. It is not absolutely necessary to introduce new ingredients to effect great distinctions in character. The same principles and passions—if left to themselves, or put beneath the sway of external circumstances—may be arranged so as to give the ascendency to opposite faculties. All thinking men know that it is not the sentiments we cherish, but those to which we allow prominence, and which fall in with our individual biases, that decide the force or weakness of character. It has been so in the social developments of our country. The original differences of the colonists, drawing around them local institutions, and moulded into individual and sectional shapes of striking contrast, have continued to operate. The intellect of the South has never been theoretic or imaginative. It has not been perplexed by traditionary ideas or enslaved to precedents. Whenever it has had to grapple with momentous questions, to strike out new paths, to adapt the fortunes of empire to the emergencies of stirring occasions, to direct thought or communicate impulse, it has never failed to win the highest credit for sagacity and intelligence. Its common sense is bold, because it is spontaneous; and its passions, earnest, single-aimed, and impetuous, always sustain its decisions. Literature has never been suffered to destroy its native freshness, nor the enjoyment of books to supplant its inherent tendencies. Its consciousness is acute and vivid. Once possessed of an idea, or consecrated to a purpose, it will stand fearlessly forward against the world, and defy reproach and assault. Its predominant sentiment is the love of personal independence. Find it as you may, it seems to be instinctively assured of its natural birthright. Without any argument, it takes itself and its position for granted, and asserts its inborn dignity with an entire indifference to whatever prejudices it may offend. Its social affections are tender, strong, and permanent. Hospitality is a religious virtue, and kindness a paramount law. His ancestors are dear to the Southerner, but he holds no public festival to celebrate their virtues. Seated around his fireside, you will hear him expatiate on their worth until every tone is eloquent with truthful love. Beyond this he cares not to go. The praise of the world is a matter of cool indifference, and he is perfectly content to rest in what his forefathers are to his own heart. Public opinion is never a terror to him. If he respects and obeys its laws, it is because it echoes his own convictions. He lives in no conventional atmosphere; he can not tolerate interference; nor can he bear excess of fellowship. Intercourse must leave him as it found him—a free,

fearless, decided man. If he can gratify his taste, he will have his house in a large lot or secluded in the country. With all his sociability he loves space. A wide horizon is as necessary to his happiness as it is to the beauty of a landscape. There is very much of the Anglo-Saxon in him, but there are other peculiarities besides. The neighborhood of the tropics; the bold and unfettered life he leads; the exposure to frontier-danger which he so long experienced; the habits of authority and control belonging to his position, have all acted on his temperament and history.

The genuine type of Northern mind is quite different. Its operations are slower; its steps are more cautious. Logic or its substitutes must be consulted on all occasions. Its respect for education is so sincere and profound, that it deprecates every thing outside of certain rules. A main article in its creed is, that man is to be formed and fitted for human life; and hence, wherever it can command means to contribute to this end, it is sure to seize them with earnest solicitude. Its capacity to receive and reproduce ideas is singularly great. Never forsaking its own ground, never yielding its own distinctive tastes, it can yet learn of French and German, and, moreover, beat them on their own field, if it happen to be intent on rivalry. Its perceptions are quick; its reflections are deliberate and well-timed. When it gets through the hurry of sensation, it is disposed to ponder thoroughly and decide correctly. All its faculties are exceedingly active; and yet they generate little heat in their movements. Muscle predominates over nerve. It has a sharp eye for all sorts of expedients, and a prompt step for all just advantages. Not strikingly original in the higher realms of thought, it nevertheless delights to pursue metaphysics with Jonathan Edwards, to reward the labors of Bowditch, and to honor the gigantic understanding of Webster. Full of sharp points and angularities, it has a hospitable brain for all manner of speculative inquiry. Its best scholars have a chivalric love of truth, that impels them in every direction where it is possible to find the least degree of success. The exactness of physical science and the boundless mysteries of transcendentalism are both welcomed. It has the sense of property in every thing. Beauty and utility are loved and cherished. If an iceberg could be used, it would certainly be arrested in its southward floating; and the next moment were a troop of angels to alight on New England soil, it would be received with most reverential honors. Steady in all its plans, persistent in its purposes, tenacious of its own methods, resolute and brave in meeting difficulties, sure of its aims finally, and never yielding to counteractions or discouragements, it presents one of the most unique and remarkable forms of character that the world has ever witnessed.

Nothing in our history is more interesting and impressive than the practical bearings of these two distinct casts of character on the progress of our country. For certain spheres of activity, Southern mind has been pre-eminently fitted. It has been the parent intellect of many of our noblest political truths. Strong in the numerical ratio of its statesmen, it has been even stronger in the men themselves. We owe to them the earliest movements in behalf of the severance of Church and State. We owe to them the earnest defense of general suffrage and popular sovereignty. We owe to them, in no small degree, the ideas of a limited Federal Government—its balances and checks—as well as that breadth of margin outside of organic law, where the free will and free hearts of the people are resigned to themselves. The political sentiments of Jefferson, Madison, Mason, Calhoun, Jackson, and Clay, are too well known to be mentioned here. But of them, it may be most truthfully stated, that they have exerted a most potent and diffusive influence over the national faith. Nor is this all. Southern civilization has given us distinguished generals in war, as well as celebrated councilors in peace. Its peculiar circumstances have favored the growth and culture of military genius. By the habits of personal independence which their modes of life have encouraged—by their familiarity with danger and trial from early boyhood—by their exposures to the savage on the borders of the southwest, and the hazards of frontier-forests, they have acquired an extraordinary facility in the arts of warfare. Justice demands a yet fuller acknowledgment. To their enterprise we are largely indebted for the opening of the Valley of the Mississippi. The early pioneers of that vast colonization were chiefly Southern men. Boone, Kenton, Ridley, and a host of others, were trained amidst the wilder scenes of Southern life. None have known better how to use the ax and the rifle—those mighty instruments of American strength and valor. None have plunged more freely into the depths of the wilderness, and marked out the great avenues of trade. But has the North been idle meanwhile? Has it been a careless spectator of this moving panorama? Its wonders rise on every hand. If in many instances the Southerner has pursued the trail of the savage, the Northerner has followed on with the manufactured fabric, the necessaries of food and clothing—the products of his untiring skill and honest industry. His Lowells, Lawrences, and Lynns have supplied a constant and growing demand. His ships have trafficked every where. The remote islands of the sea have contributed to his wealth, and aided to build up the civilization of the country. Enterprising in the highest degree, a sovereign of the soil, surpassing Ceres on the land and Neptune on the ocean, he has drawn the revenues of his greatness and rule from every quarter of the globe. We might almost venture to declare that the North has made a revelation of the grandeur of human labor somewhat analagous to the moral disclosures of Christianity. At least, it is an astonishing exhibition of what man can accomplish in subjecting the material universe to his tastes and enjoyments. The records of our race present no such example of the competency of man to master the most rebellious circumstances, to triumph over the most formidable evils, and to secure himself a place and a power on the globe. It is an inspiring witness to the inherent majesty of mind, that no eloquence can fitly represent. Nor is this its only praise. Men of the North have left their abiding impress on the statesmanship of the country. The genius of its ablest men—of its Adamses, Hancocks, Otises, Hamiltons, Woodburys, and Websters—has been dedicated to the service of national interests. It calls its heroes by our name. It points to Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill, to Monmouth and Saratoga, as its tokens of devotion to the honor and glory of the land. Reposing its brightest hopes on the truths of American Republicanism, and cherishing its blessings as the most precious earthly trust, it has given a practical demonstration of its faith and love by laboring to embody its sacred import in every thing within its reach. It has translated its divine significancy into industry, commerce, science, and art. It has exemplified its sentiments in schools,

churches, and society, anxious to image forth the beauty of the Republic in whatever met its eye and charmed its heart.

If the North and the South had ever dreamed of shutting themselves up within the sphere of their own immediate sympathies, the physical laws of the country would have interposed to prevent it. The great events of our history, and especially the war of 1812, and the war with Mexico, have strangely conspired to induce an exodus from the earlier homesteads of our land. North and South have met and mingled on the prairies of the West. North and South have united anew their fortunes and their fame on the Mississippi, the Sabine, and the Sacramento. North and South have bordered the lakes and fringed the far valleys that stretch toward the Rocky Mountains. The laws of circumstances are divine laws. Not on tables of stone or plates of brass are they written, but in the enduring instincts of our race. And these laws have asserted their supremacy just as much in our recent territorial occupancy as in the original colonization of the continent. Let any reflecting man look at the facts of inter-emigration, and how can he fail to see their tendency to unite and consolidate the great interests of the country? About one-fourth of the American people leave the States of their birth and settle in other portions of the Union. Virginia has sent out in this way 335,000; South Carolina, 163,000; North Carolina, 261,000. Among the Northern States, Connecticut and Vermont have lost 25 per cent. of their population. These persons have scattered over nearly every section of the country. Virginia alone has 85,762 in Ohio, and 41,819 in Indiana. All these individuals, in a greater or less degree, take their home-sentiments with them. But they are soon met by other sectional peculiarities. If, at first, prejudice resists prejudice, a better state of things quickly ensues. The various elements fuse together. A practical compromise silently and effectively follows. Habits of social intercourse, necessities of business, Sabbath worship in the same sanctuaries, bring them into closer alliance. The great American ideas dwell in them all alike, and hence, a common sympathy drawing them toward one transcendent object, they blend in holy, happy harmony. The new regions of the West would seem to be designed to epitomize the united interests of the country. Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, are all there, and consequently the peculiarities of physical condition and daily occupations are in full force to educate that vast and thriving citizenship into large and liberal views. The most prominent Atlantic States are striving in peaceful emulation to reach their resources. New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia, have either projected or extended their railroads into the Valley of the Mississippi. What an influence on the unity and strength of the country must this exert! Independently of our own choice—ay, in despite of ourselves—we are bound together. Mountains and vales, rivers and lakes, prairies and oceans, wheat and cotton, mills and factories, capital and labor, marriage and religion, legislation and providence, have all co-operated to establish and perpetuate our union. One we are, and one we must be. No sophistry can evade this conclusion. No logic can overthrow it. No bad blood can weaken its force. The truth—"*E Pluribus Unum*"—is the moral of our life. It is written on every battle-field of our heroic age. It is written on every page of our national records. It is written on every monument that rears its white shaft to departed worth. Heaven has set it broadly and brightly before us. "*E Pluribus Unum*" is the memorial-motto of the past—the prophetic motto of the future. If this zenith-star, serene in its high sphere, and radiant with the focal splendors of thirty-one revolving orbs, shall continue its hitherto undimmed brightness to our vision, never shall our footsteps be dark for the want of guidance, or our hearts sad for an anthem of thanksgiving.

Editor's Easy Chair.

SITTING in our Easy Chair, and watching with critical and curious eyes the progress of affairs abroad—listening to the clash and clang of arms upon the Danube, and hearing the dull, muffled thunder of explosions of solitary forts in the Baltic—catching across the sea some flash and gleam of the new Field of Cloth of Gold, whereon the Emperor of France has received his ancient foes as friends—we see clearly one thing, and that is, that Sir Charles Napier is coming home to take a fresh dinner and a fresh start. When the present Eastern war commenced, and England resolved to take part, she waved all her banners and charged with all her chivalry. Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., with an irresistible fleet, was discharged from a triumphant dinner, amidst a roar of hip-hip-hurras, and by the time the noise of the toasts, and the speeches, and the general gratulation had died away, we expected to hear the thunder of English guns against the walls of Cronstadt, and the merry reveillé of a returning army of victors. The well-directed dinner was to have landed Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., plump in the imperial palace of St. Petersburg, where he was to dictate terms to a crest-fallen Czar, and distribute Circassian principalities, *ad libitum*, to cornets and younger sons. It was so probable that, after refraining from war during all the years of trouble, Nicholas would begin at such a moment and in such a way that a highly-peppery English dinner would at once demolish him! It seems that somehow the aim, or the scope, or something, was miscalculated, and Admiral Sir Charles, K.C.B., must come home and be belched again upon the scene of action by a superior dinner-power.

It is astonishing how entirely the war has gone against Russia—in England. Punch has swept every chord of comedy to sound a laugh against the Czar. It has even been pathetic, showing the high-born ladies carrying jellies and sugar to the bereaved families of hapless soldiers. For whose comfort this prospective picture was painted, Punch did not state. It was rather a forcible foregone conclusion to present to the eyes of an army *partant pour la Syrie*, or any other distant and dangerous land. But it was supposed to be sufficient consolation to a soldier hurrying to perish for the Honorable East India Company (for at bottom the quarrel is India) that the lovely Countess of Calvesfoot Jelly would carry some of the same to his weeping Molly.

Certainly our sympathy is with England, as against Russia; but certainly also England has managed this quarrel mysteriously. Such marching and countermarching upon the Danube—such sailing of fleets—such progresses across the Continent of royal dukes and generals—such nervous anxiety in the minds of commanders-in-chief about neck-ties and shirt-bosoms—such dreary fun in *Punch*—such drearier rhetoric in the *Times*—such masterly inactivity while Omer Pacha led his Turks

to actions which made the world believe better things of all Mohammedans—such custard and compliment—such a mild demonstration upon a poor old lonely fort, which, having successfully blown up, the allied armies return home to take breath—all these things, seen coolly across the Atlantic, have a very absurd air, and are by no means that pleasing and beautiful mirage, which is popularly supposed to float forever along the eastern horizon.

Meanwhile, our newspapers steal a few columns from Nebraska and the elections, to speculate in a sparkling manner upon the chances of battle and the destinies of the world. Old Gunnybags, in his little counting-room, reads with immense interest the theories of French policy and English policy, as they are developed with minute exactness by the "able Editor." Gunnybags is not quite sure where Sebastapol is—but certainly it was a masterly stroke to blow up Bomarsund—and if Cronstadt could only be pitched into, those rascally Russians would get no more than they deserve.

Few readers, however, care for the painful details of marches and investments in regions hitherto unknown to their geography. The careful analysis of the composition of armies, also, and the views of astute observers in small upper back rooms as to the secret intentions of Louis Napoleon, do not command a very wide nor profound interest. Ask Gunnybags, as you meet him to-morrow morning going down town in the omnibus, what is the precise position of the two armies, and you will discover how vast his knowledge is. Ask him the names of the Danubian Principalities, of which he reads so much every day—demand what he understands by a Bashi-Bazouk—inquire what the whole quarrel is about—and it would not be strange if Gunnybags prevaricated so that you would be compelled to doubt his complete mastery of the subject.

It is not seldom that we are obliged to enlighten the airy gossips about our Chair as to this very fact. The secret of the war is no religious zeal of France or England, nor any such toleration as would lead them to wish Turkey to have the head in religious cities, rather than Russia. It is no greater sweetness of charity toward Mohammedans than toward Greek Christians. Nor is it a national sympathy with the integrity of Turkey *per se*. What cares John Bull for Mohammed? "Nobody cares for any body, you know," said an agreeable diplomatist, at a select dinner. The truth is, that Turkey is a convenient barrier between Russia and the Mediterranean and the East. England dreads to see Russia upon the sands of Africa. The lion growls as he scents the cold coming of the bear. Russia once seated upon the Mediterranean, and pouring down through Central Asia, would naturally want to sail up the Nile and cross the desert. Her direct force would be gathered about the narrow gate through which England passes to her Indian Paradise. Is there not a remote possibility of a collision under such circumstances? and in that event would Russia be in the worst situation for success?

Thus taking our place among the astute observers in small upper rooms, we play Sir Oracle in our Easy Chair, and expound the Eastern Question. And it is truly in some sense a home question. If a pestilence were desolating Africa, should we not feel that we were not quite safe? And if not from a pestilence, how can we suppose that in no event should we be drawn into interest in a war? We do not suppose that kings are so much longer-headed than other mortals, nor that Nesselrode and other imperial chancellors have the faculty of foreseeing events that are only contingent possibilities. The game of war is not so very profound after all. There is a general result aimed at—but the processes are very uncertain. The gamesters are no more masters of the details than two players of chess are masters of all the moves of the game. It is still chance which, when some grave eye scrutinizes it, is supposed by the spectator to be fully perceived by that eye. But the eye is grave because the brain is astute, and knows that the appearance of gravity deceives the spectator. Your lawyer, for instance, knows little more of your case than you do, for all his fine winking and solemn thinking. And your doctor shakes his own head and that of his cane, but one is quite as wise as the other.

It is, therefore, well for the cautious reader to be a little upon his guard against the imposing speculations with which we scribblers in Easy Chairs favor him. Print is very powerful. Count no man happy until he gets into print. The Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's is pleasantly mentioned in books of travel, and Ovid, the amorous old Roman, celebrates the House of Fame. But what are all such facts and fancies compared with this colossal force of print? If you saunter into our office, and lean upon the arm of our Chair, you do not very much mind our wise saws and sombre suggestions. But let the same speculation open upon you in a many-columned leader of your morning paper, and you are amazed and impressed. You would laugh at the idea of asking your father-in-law if he had heard our oral opinion of the final cause of tomatoes; but you ask him with respect if he has seen this morning's paper, by which you mean our tomato views, embodied in the solemnity of rhetoric, and given to print. It is the difference between talking to ten and to ten million. Print is an endless echo. The pen speaks and types echo the word to the end of the earth. If you remember that each article in the *London Times*, which is surnamed the Thunderer, by reason of the great noise with which it states its opinions, is the private opinion of some quiet fallible gentleman, you will perhaps regard the thunder with less terror. There is always a strong other side. Here is Surtout, who insists that Rum is the only Beelzebub, and that the blaze of burning distilleries is the red dawn of the millennium. He has capital reasons, and a splendid array of facts on his side. Dreadnought, on the other hand, considers Surtout a milksop, and not a philosopher at all, and laughs at his fancy that he has found the secret of sin. Dreadnought has great common sense, and somehow the private conviction of many other men upon his side. Now if you consider Surtout to be an editor, with the advantage of print to support him, remember that Dreadnought, reading the editorial over his mutton chop, and interiorly protesting, is precisely of the same weight, minus the echo. A man's opinions are no truer because he roars them through a trumpet.

We will put in our text at the tail of our discourse. What we say is, that we express our own opinions when we speak in our Easy Chair. You have no occasion to get red in the face, and swell, and swelter, because we say what you may not think to be true. You have a perfect right to your opinion, and to divulge it from your Easy Chair. There is only one thing in the world equally true; and that is, that we have precisely the same right. Don't be juggled by this legerdemain of print. When you read the newspaper, or pull open an *Editor's Drawer*, or lean your head upon your el-

bows and go to sleep upon an *Editor's Table*, or sprawl lazily and aimless in an *Editor's Easy Chair*, you have only had to do with that small, unimportant individual, for whom personally you have no very high consideration, and therefore, can not like him any the better, nor believe in his observations any more unreservedly because he talks from a fog, through which you can not see him. Let us hold on to our individuality, whatever else we may let go. Judge England, and France, and Russia, according to the facts stated by the "able editors," and not according to their estimate of those facts. Every man his own "able editor," would be a good motto for us.

Our sympathies can not all exhale along the marshy shores of the Danube. Other shores and rivers nearer home

"A voice of weeping heard and loud lament,"

during the few weeks that ended the summer. Ruin in the most awful forms, pestilence and storm, has been rioting and reveling at the South. The acccounts that have reached us describe a state of things as terrible as that in Philadelphia during the yellow fever scourge at the beginning of the century. One city fled into the fields and encamped there. In another hotels were closed and business suspended. In all reigns a sorrowful silence and desolation, the palpable presence of death. There is nothing in the memoirs of the plague in Eastern cities which is more melancholy than the stories of this summer's tragedy at the South. Scarcely had the reports of cholera, the strained anxiety of the public business mind, the general low spirits and apprehension of the hot season, begun to subside at the North, than from the South came, like an echo more fearful than the sound which summoned it, the reports of devastating disease, followed by an elemental storm, which, sweeping from the coast along the quiet rivers, bore destruction on every hand far inland. Men lost fortunes in the fury of a moment. Whole crops were ruined. The year's income was drowned in irresistible waters. Fields were submerged and buildings carried off. Did any listener hear in the wild uproar of the tempest, a piercing voice wailing and wailing, "Riches take wings and fly away?"

But men's manliness was not swept away with their garnered crops. The very individuals who suffered most largely were instantly hard at work helping those who had suffered less. At the North, Southern gentlemen who, either resident for a season or traveling for the summer, learned by the mail that their fortunes were diminished by thousands of dollars, headed subscriptions for the relief of the general calamity, and charged themselves with collecting and managing the funds. In the churches sermons were preached and collections taken. Let us record with joy that they were ample and cordial. It was a practical Christian charity, and we were all the better for knowing it. It was suggested that there were mercantile reasons at the core of the charity; but we are very slow to believe it. In the country church where we saw the collection taken, the commercial reason must have been very imperfectly comprehended. In great misfortune, even more than in great happiness, the world recognizes its common kindred. A sudden crisis annihilates conventions, and the mouldy traditions of etiquette fall shriveled before the throb of a genuine emotion; and even if mercantile shrewdness happened to be this time on the side of charity, why believe that the charity was not sincere and gracious?

Shall we say that it was, at this time of heated difference, doubly pleasant to see the North extending its hand to the South, in the church, and amidst the offices of religion? The hymns had a sweeter sound that day, the prayers a diviner unction. Had we not just confessed that we were all miserable sinners? Was it not perfectly true, whatever the peculiar kind of sin which we preferred? Did not this service of Christian fellowship seem to say, "Here, you men struggling bravely in the deep waters which have overflowed your fields, we are not agreed in many things, and we do not spare each other hard names, when the sun shines and we are all prospering. But the day is changed; this is a real woe, and we too are human. Next year fire may lay us low, as water has now smitten you; what are we on this earth, if we do not help each other? Here are our hands. Take them to help yourselves; and let us mutually believe, that where there is so much genuine sympathy, there must be warm feeling in common; and that therefore, however widely we differ, yet we also most closely agree. In those fierce waters be some of the acerbity of our differences drowned, some of the bitterness burned away in the fire of that fever!" After such a sermon, would not the benediction seem indeed a blessing, and the Sunday sunshine more softly fall?

Perhaps, if there were oftener great misfortunes of this kind, we could better estimate the amount and the force of real sympathy between the men of one section and those of another. When appeals are partisan only—when differences can be transferred to the domain of theory and abstract discussion—there is no limit to hot feeling and sharp denunciation. But if the orator you are scathing falls suddenly in a fit, or breaks his leg, or loses his best beloved child, or parent, or wife, there is an instant demand upon your great human sympathy, which will not only help him and honor you, but will inevitably pour balm into the yawning wound of difference that galls you both. We are sure there must be hearts who feel this now, and who felt it when the news of the heavy affliction of sickness and storm came from the South, and was met by the hearty sympathy of the North.

It is our privilege to have singular questions referred to us for decision. It is perhaps considered that an Easy Chair gives opportunity for that quiet relaxation and reflection which are supposed to be so auspicious an atmosphere for the solution of doubts. We receive numberless letters—some not in a masculine hand—desiring advice upon a thousand points which he were a wise man who could decide. Some, we would have you to know, are not purely literary. There are correspondents who offer us the implied flattery of supposing that we can worthily suggest proper action in the most tender circumstances, as, where Sybilla lately desired to know whether, when a gentleman of ample income offered to marry her and she consented, she was bound to relinquish him at the end of three months, when he protested that he loved her no more. "When he came wooing," wrote Sybilla, "he mentioned his ample income, and I, being desirous of generous means, accepted him. Now, what fair ground of separation has he in saying that he loves me less, when he does not say that his income is impaired? Had he said that his income was gone, but his love was tenfold greater, I should

have answered that our original compact was null, and that he was at liberty."

We did not answer, except in the most general way, this epistle of Sybilla; but we sent by the next post to the lover to urge him to persevere in parting.

A more perplexing, if not more generally interesting problem was only yesterday presented to us. A young man, who gave his name as Narcissus, and who was evidently young in authorship, called upon us, and modestly suggested that he had a question to ask, if he could only summon the necessary courage. Admonished by our bland reception of him that we should undoubtedly hear approvingly and decide wisely, he ventured, after a little prefatory discourse upon the weather, to open the subject which weighed upon his mind.

"I have lately published a small effusion," said he; "a tale, in which, under imaginary names, I have described actual characters, and in circumstances only slightly altered from the fact. Scarcely did it appear when I was waited upon by the brother of the young woman whose character had suggested to me my little sketch, and he summarily, and in a dangerously bellicose manner, demanded if I meant to insult his sister. I replied, that, far from any intention so base, I was full of profound admiration for the many noble and virtuous qualities of that lady, and could never mean harm to her or to her friends. He then inquired why I had allowed myself, under the thin disguise of a fictitious name, and a mild paraphrase of circumstances, to publish incidents which were purely private, and expose the character of a woman justly so admired. I replied again, that purely private circumstances did not become public by being published, for the very reason that only the most limited circle knew that there were any such circumstances, and that circle was very sure not to betray the knowledge; and then, that no character was exposed by any such publication, because all the figures of fiction were studied from life, and in the multitude no single figure could fairly be selected as a subject of especial complaint. The bellicose brother, upon hearing my defense, and partly, perhaps, from seeing how truly mild and womanlike my manners were, here raised his hat, in a distantly polite but unconvinced way, and bowed himself out. Now, my dear old Easy Chair, I want to know what are the limits which must bound an author's treatment of subjects. How much may he choose from life—how nearly exact may he make his portraits of character—how accurately should he reproduce circumstances. In truth, is not a private fact as much fiction when it is published and removed from the setting of privacy, as if it were what is called a pure invention?"

Narcissus seated himself as he concluded, and we also lay back for a few moments in our Chair, that we might better consider what we had to say. Unfortunately we had no scribe at hand to record our words, but our thoughts were these:

"The material of Literature is Life and the play of human character, just as the material of Art is Nature. It is Shelley who says of poets, in his Julian and Maddalo,

> ——'They
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
> And learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

Human experience thus lies at the foundation of all literature. Pure fiction, in the rigid sense, is about as impossible as the pure ideal. You, my dear Narcissus, may paint for me a flower you have never seen. But it is only an aggregate of parts of various flowers that you have seen; and you may describe circumstances that never occurred in the sequence in which you state them, but they are still reminiscences or new combinations of possibilities—the essence of the possibility lying in the fact of general resemblance to actual events.

"Now in coming to treat real characters as subjects of literary art, the author is to remember that the little peculiarities of manner or appearance which individualize a person, whether ludicrously or otherwise, are things which instantly proclaim the personality. And they injure the artistic effect, so far as the resemblance, by being unmistakably individual, is inevitably confounded with, and interpreted by, the person. Thus, if you should write a novel, and depict a naval hero as thin and ardent, with one arm, and an absorbing devotion to another man's wife, you would have simply painted a portrait of Nelson, with more or less success. But you might very properly make your idea of Nelson the substance of your naval hero, and, by omitting the betraying details, show in an entirely unprejudiced light the quality of his character and its play in life. Or if among your friends there be one only known in her own circle, and whose character may or may not be justly apprehended by that circle, it seems to be perfectly legitimate for you to describe her with all the delicate discrimination you can command; and if some sharp eye, having seen the original as you do, should also detect the likeness, it can only recognize the truthfulness of your work. No such observer can have the right to challenge your choice.

"'It resembles Perdita,' he may say.

"'Do you think so?' you may answer.

"'But you intended it?' he may demand.

"'I have not said so,' you may reply.

"It is the treatment of circumstances of which you must beware, my dear Narcissus, because circumstances realize and individualize. There is a certain sanctity in all privacy—an old Easy Chair has no right to run into the parlor and shout aloud that it heard you making love to Perdita in the garden; but it has a full and free right to describe you and Perdita as it conceives you both to be, and to depict you in the attitude of lovers. There is nothing so pointedly singular in the circumstances as to occasion or to justify remark. The moment that there is such peculiarity in the circumstances that all who know them say directly "this is the unhappy Narcissus who perished for the love of Perdita," then the sanctity of privacy is violated, and every delicate and sensitive mind recoils. It is more important that some secrets should be kept, than that men should benefit by the knowledge of them. But even this you may do if you will only remove the circumstances into an infinite remoteness. Transfer the scene of your tale from New York to New Zealand, and make Perdita a woman of a thousand years ago. This will not be always possible, for often the very point of the story will require the modern manners and dress. Then let it be done so that nothing more is published than is already known. You read the *Newcomes*, but you do not know how much is accurate daguerreotyping of actual character and circumstance. You say, in general, that you know people like Barnes Newcome and the Countess Dowager Kew. But the author might take you to the opera and show you the individuals of whom those characters are the most accurate likenesses he could draw. Probably he would not do it. There is great virtue and good policy in keeping a secret. But you see, Narcissus,

that the originals of those characters are not injured by the publication of their portraits. If any indignant youth called Mr. Thackeray to account for 'serving him up,' do you not believe that Mr. Thackeray would blandly reply, 'My estimable young man, if you find any marked resemblance between my puppets and yourself, don't insult me. You may be sure no one else will discover it, but those who know it already and knew it before my puppets began their play. If you insist that it is you, that is surely your own affair and not mine.'

"The whole thing is a matter of delicate instinct. It is not easy to give rules for obeying sentiments. No man has a right to pain another by the exposure of what is, in no fair sense, public property or interest. The author's mind is the alembic in which the ore of fact must be smelted and purified until the pure metal of beauty and truth is extracted. Shakspeare doubtless knew Lady Macbeth, but not under the precise circumstances of his drama, nor with that title. Yet Lady Macbeth is a personage not at all dependent upon Scotland nor a castle. As the artist sees in the same landscape which we see so much more than we apprehend, so does the poet, or the author, look at the persons who surround us. Fiction is our life thrown forward into phantasmagoria. It is fact projected."

Narcissus listened blandly.

"I agree fully," said he, "and I feel acquitted. I see that no one personally knows the heroine of my sketch any the more because I have described her, and the circumstances are as fabulous to you and to all other readers as those of Sidney's Arcadia."

"But how would she feel, Narcissus, if she came to read your sketch?"

He was silent a moment; then replied, "If she recognized it, which I doubt, because she knows herself so little, she would be indignant."

"What right have you to pain her for the amusement of an uninterested and dull public?"

Narcissus was again silent; then said slowly, "I suppose I have none at all."

"Certainly not, my dear young friend. If you mean to describe people and things do it so that the description shall not be destroyed in beauty and influence by its personal individuality."

If every young author listened as blandly to our advice and followed it so faithfully as Narcissus, what a very Easy Chair of counsel would ours immediately become. Yet it is something to have raised one rose, even though we may not have a garden; and we are glad to know that Narcissus, at least, will never again, even in the remotest manner, allow any friend of his, or of his friends, or indeed any person whatever, to feel harmed by the sketches he may write.

We have been diligently inquiring among our young friends of the Osric breed, as we met them among the promenaders at Castle Garden, and as they swarm around our Chair, what novelties and surprises will adorn the world of fashion during the coming season. Osric smiles and shakes his head, and, in his English way, says that "the Governor" grumbles about hard times, and economies, and extravagances, and little matters which do not interest Osric, and which he had much rather have omitted. It seems to be generally understood that after so disastrous a summer there must be a placid winter. There will be less disposition to plunge fiercely into the revels which resound so gayly through the long cold nights. And since the Empress Eugenie has failed to inoculate us with a frenzy for white velvet and gold powder, what more can we hope from France?

We have indeed heard allusions to hoops; but they were mainly in the circles of retired dealers in commodities which require the use of barrels. It was even whispered that an eminent belle from Greytown had figured at the Florida Springs, before the bombardment of her native city, in undisguised hoops. And it is perfectly well known that in the most fashionable of the summer resorts, upon occasion of the public street-sweeper falling ill with the cholera, a company of the most lovely ladies, eminent at charity-schools during the winter, proceeded to sweep the streets with their own silk dresses. It is believed that for this generous act they are all to be presented with the freedom of the town. Nor is it to be supposed that their charity is confined to particular places; for we learn that since their return to their various native cities the same young ladies have been seen engaged in the same public duty. The heroism which such a proceeding implies, may be partly estimated, if it is only considered that the young men, of whose admiration these young ladies may be innocently desirous, are naturally repelled from ladies whose dresses are frayed and soiled by contact with all the garbage of the streets. The Epicurean youths, deceived by the appearance, do not know in what an act of self-sacrifice the ladies are engaged, and really seem to be entirely forgetful of the public good. The pigs, too, which have been accustomed to a monopoly of street-dirt, and which have been immemorially regarded as natural scavengers, are reported to regard our new benefactors with grunts of dissatisfaction.

If hoops are uncertain, the long skirts are matters of fact. How far they will go, no one as yet ventures to predict. Nor is it quite agreed among the commentators whether the long skirts in the street owe their origin to the Empress Eugenie or the Queen of the Cannibal Islands. This seems, however, a secondary question while they do their work so well. If it is not fair to look a gift horse in the mouth, how much less so is it to speculate upon the origin of things which do the State such service?

But while Osric was discussing these weighty matters with us, his cousin came in; and, upon learning the subject of conversation, said with a smile, "I am going to introduce a novelty." We demanded its nature, and he answered gayly, "I am going to live cheaply. I am going to have my gloves mended and cleaned. I am going to have my coats turned, and wear old boots. I am going to walk when the weather does not compel my wife to ride. I shall have friends to eat a simple dinner, and not have more expensive wine than the Czar. I shall play whist at a shilling a game, and not five dollars, and I shall laugh at the man who undertakes to pity me or to look solemn. I will get on with old things when I can not afford to buy new. I had rather live within my income than out of some other man's pocket. In short, if I am poor I shall not pretend to be rich, nor be afraid to deny myself what neighbor Midas enjoys because he can afford it. And as my wife is of the same opinion, and because I love her and she loves me, I do not anticipate a very dreary winter," perorated Osric's cousin, smiling gayly and turning upon his heel.

"Clearly my cousin's wife is not one of the charitable young ladies who are to receive the freedom of the town of which we were speaking," said Osric as the door closed upon our friend.

But certainly his proposition is a novelty, and if

he perseveres—if he really does live cheaply—if he resists the tendency to a foolish expense, which seems to be very hard to withstand, so little is it resisted—Osric's cousin will have introduced a fashion which hundreds will gladly follow the moment they see some one brave enough to lead.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVEN at the first glance over the foreign files at our elbow, our eye catches the blurred fragment of a little French drama which is worth rendering into the English of our gossipy columns.

A year ago, and the public balls of Paris—about which every body knows (more than ever now, since Mrs. Stowe, in her "Sunny Memories," records a visit to the Garden Mabille!)—could not show a prettier face or a more deft figure than those belonging to the accomplished grisette Elise G——.

She was the toast of all the foreign habitués (numbering very many Americans among them); and many was the time she was followed, at the close of the dance, by a dozen eager lookers-on, to watch if there might be any chance of handing her a dropped *mouchoir*, or of begging her attendance to a *petit souper* at the Café de Paris.

But with all her beauty (frail, no doubt, as that of all the dancers at the scene of Mrs. Stowe's visit), she seemed coy and difficult of access. She was scarce turned of eighteen, and her color was as rich as the cheek of a nectarine, which they sell you in the market of St. Honoré, in the month of August. Her movement in the waltz had a certain crazy grace in it that drove one mad; and her bounds at the close of a quadrille were only less wonderful than the traditionary movements of the great Taglioni.

Among those who gazed admiringly on the beautiful Elise, there happened, on a time, to be a certain Edward Blank, of excellent family, who was visiting an old friend of his father's in the quarter of the *Chaussée d'Antin*. Like the rest, he became thoroughly smitten with the grace and beauty of Elise; but bolder than her other admirers, or more impassioned, he resolutely pushed his addresses; put himself on terms of easy acquaintanceship; placed his *coupé* and his purse at her disposal; and finally, infatuated by her grace, insisted upon presenting her in the circle of his old friends as the Baronne Blank.

True, Elise was not altogether accustomed to the habit of the society upon which she found herself suddenly foisted; but a few hints from the lover, in respect to the observance of silence, and the abandonment of gesture (so prettily characteristic of the grisette class), aided by the quick observation belonging to every French woman, enabled her to baffle suspicion, and to carry out her new rôle with entire acceptance.

But at a certain *soirée*, after curiosity had almost gone by, it chanced that the new Baroness, whose grace every one admired, was engaged in a quadrille, and, excited by the eager looks of those around, and mindful only of her old triumphs at the Ranelegh and the Bal Mabille, she unwittingly gave rein to her old-time accomplishment, and executed one of those startling *pas* which, however elegant in gauze short-clothes, are certainly not of a kind to draw down the plaudits of dowager chaperons.

A buzz of astonishment ran through the room; it came to the savage Edward, who suddenly disappeared. The frighted girl, collecting herself, and remembering her lover, found no way of excuse, or, indeed, of escape. It was dangerous for gentlemen even to express the sympathy they may have felt. The evening entertainment broke up in disorder.

The pretty Elise, with that strong French horror of ridicule become now a fever in her heart and brain, returned to her old rooms, lighted a brazier of charcoal, closed the doors and windows tightly, and the next day they found her fallen upon the stifled fire, dead and cold, with the face which had charmed so many half burned away!

The end was more dramatic, but no more sad, than that which belongs to nearly all of the great sisterhood of Parisian grisettes. Two, or, maybe, five years of rollicking glee and triumphs—of Bois de Boulogne drives—of liveried coachmen—of silks from the Maison Delisle—of suppers at the Maison d'Or—and then other five years of joylessness—of wasting cheeks—of cheap hats from the Rue St. Martin—of hard needle-work—of doubtful subsistence—and then other years of sous-catchings at the box-doors of theatres, or of hospital-lingering; or, better still, a narrow place in the close graveyard of Mont Parnasse!

Alas! (as people say in print) for the poor grisette world! Dashing, brilliant, careless—all smiles and sunshine—and then—hollow faces, hoarse voices, haggard limbs, all shuffled off in a deal coffin to a pit that has no sign over it, and never a wreath of everlastings! Let us thank our stars that, with all our catchings of Paris ways, we have not yet caught the infection of grisettedom.

To tie to this story, what a gay border we have, of the proud scenes of the camp of Boulogne! And how this new Napoleon is living up to that scheme of action and energy which was planned for him by Napoleon the Great! We may smile at him, if we will, and make damaging comparisons, and never fancy his thin face and long nose; but there is a mettle in his movements, after all, which was scarce foreshadowed in the *Idées Napoleoniennes*, and never read on his face when he tarried so long in London, showing his horsemanship on Pall Mall.

It was no small matter of work he laid out for himself in the summer gone; dictating letters to Ministers at Vienna and Berlin (to say nothing of Nicholas)—pushing Paris streets through such a series of transmigrations that it looks now (they say) like a new-built city—organizing a *fête* which eclipsed all former *fêtes* by its gay lampions and its perfect tranquillity—railroading to Bordeaux, and laying the foundations of an imperial villa at Biarritz as a play-house for the invalid Eugenie—then tramping with his new, blue-coated Cent-gardes back to Paris—opening the Opera on a gala-night—and gone, as soon as come, to welcome King Leopold, and the young royal Portuguese, and Prince Albert, all in a breath, with a hundred thousand men in tents, meanwhile, waiting his orders!

It will hardly do for an idler, who has *flanered* the summer out on the Newport cliffs, or between the Congress Spring and Mr. Marvin's colonnade, to sneer at such action as this! He must needs be "up i' the morning" who accomplishes so much and so thoroughly.

As for the Cent-garde, the returning world from Paris (whence the world returns now as it did ten years ago from Saratoga or Sharon, and with as little thought)—the returning world, we say, do not speak favorably of the new uniform; and it would seem that sky-blue coats and deep mulberry-colored trowsers did not harmonize easily: indeed, we should scarce imagine it; but when the same pet retainers of the Emperor are mounted (as they are

when on special service), with heavy cavalry-boots, and snow-white buckskin breeches, with a snow-white plume fanning their brazen helmets, they offer a figure worthy of old-time chivalry.

Nor are they only noticeable in way of dress; but they carry a rifle-grooved carabine, armed with a long polished sword, which is itself a contrivance of the Emperor, and a very dreadful weapon.

We have read how the Chasseurs of Vincennes picked off the Russians who ventured to show so much as an eye through the embrasures of Bomarsund; and the carabines of the Hundred Guards are even more deadly than the arms of the Chasseurs.

Our sharp rifle-shooting, it would appear, is becoming matter of large practice over the seas; and should the cut-and-thrust aspect of the times cloud into a storm of cross-ocean war, we must look to our barrels and triggers, and never trust to such cast-away guns as have traversed the seas latterly in the mysterious ship *Grape Shot!*

And what do people say, on the other side, of the war? Almost every thing, it would seem, that is said here, and with quite as little nearness to the truth. French journalism is (under the Imperial *régime*) quite shy of any expression of opinion whatever; and even the gossiping columns of *Galignani* rarely venture a remark that does not praise the conduct of the war, and augur a very speedy close of hostilities. The English papers, now that the great Perry tragi-comedy has blown over, and people grown tired of hearing that the troops in Turkey have no porter to their beef, are really at a loss for material. The grouse and the salmon season added to briskness of chit-chat for a while; but now the game is gone by, and there is a strange eagerness for some news of battle.

The old bourgeois accountants bite the ends of their quills, not knowing if the worst has come yet, or if business is to slip backward or forward in the twelvemonth which is opening. Even political *quidnuncs* are at fault, and can not so much as venture a guess upon the chances of the Allies in the Crimea, or upon the winter destination of the army and the fleet of the Baltic.

From time to time some bugbear story gains a form and currency—either that the Marshal St. Arnaud has fallen out with his generals, or that the British and French admirals are at loggerheads, and the effect shows itself in a little tightening of the purse-strings at the Bourse; relaxed, however, very possibly the next day by a trumpet-like telegraph in the *Moniteur*.

Meantime, the English visitors come and go, and their shopping-visits are untiring, as of old, throughout the whole length of the Rue de la Paix. But the new devices are not multiplied as they were when peace brooded over the nations; and those who look on tell us that the shop-windows show now the same rich jewelry trinkets which they showed at the burst of spring. There hardly seems to be any hearty preparation for the great Exhibition of May; and though the building is taking on its white glazing to the roof, and is showing the first traces of those pictured windows which will light up into an Aladdin's palace its vast length of galleries, we do not hear of any great efforts on the part of the tapestry men or the artisans in gold and silver.

Indeed, if the war lingers, as the stubborn Nicholas, with his threat of erecting Poland into a nation (for the discomfiture of Austria), seems to promise it shall linger, who will be rich enough to buy, or who will be joyous enough to visit even the costly wonders of a new World's Fair?

The energy and the spirit of an Emperor can do very much, it is true; and he may decoy people by lampions, and tempt them to stay by his nervous order and brilliant street fronts; but he can not fill their pockets with money, or their hearts with gladness: least of all, when the fathers, and brothers, and sons are staving off the pestilence of a Dobrudscha, or dodging the hot shot from the embrasures of Sebastopol.

And as for American journeyers and buyers, is their freedom of money and of rambles to outlast forever the breaking down of railway securities, or the doubling of coal-capitals? After our pleasant experiences in that way in the neighborhood of the Croton reservoir, one would think that investments would be small for a year or two to come, even in the better-ordered devices of a Parisian palace of crystal. Yet it may interest some to know that the stock in this French show-place, issued at twenty dollars the share, still holds its value, and is selling for some ten per cent. over cost. Indeed it is something rare—judging as well as we can from the quotations in the *Presse*—for a French stock, of whatever character, to suffer depreciation; and while our great lines of railway have nearly all of them brought losses to the original subscribers, there are very many in France which are now selling for double their cost; and the average market-value is some twenty per cent. above par.

And we beg to remark in this connection, that every man there connected with railway management has his own special duties to perform; and any divergence from them, or any neglect, will cost him very dearly. Thus, upon a pleasant day last summer, a certain director of the trains upon the line of Scraup, thought it worth his while to pay a visit to a station near to Paris upon a special engine. His authority forbade any interference on the part of engineer or of station-master; but, unfortunately, he miscounted his time—a collision ensued. Two lives were lost, and some half-dozen were injured.

The courts took quick cognizance of the matter; there was a thorough investigation (not such as we give to Norwalk bridges and Henry Clay burnings); there was no shirking of responsibility from president to superintendent, and from superintendent to engineer, and from engineer to signal-man; but the niceties of the administrative organization enabled the court to trace the responsibility to the man with whom it belonged; and the director is now, with cropped hair (as short as should have belonged to the superintendent of the New Haven-Norwalk-bridge-break-down), and in the company of other criminals, working out his period of imprisonment; while the company, whose servant he was, is made chargeable with all the damages which followed his lapse from discipline.

Speaking of Courts and Court-decisions in France, reminds us of a trial, just now ended, of two men charged with a murder committed ten years ago, but which has at length worked itself to the light.

A certain Captain Gronan, being a retired officer of the army, lived, ten or twelve years ago, in a little country-house called La Grange, just without the pleasant town of Blois. He kept his little chariot, he lived easily, and was reported in the neighborhood to be a man of very much and very ready money.

Upon a day of midsummer in the year 1844, the

neighbors observed with some surprise that the gates of his little inclosure remained unopened. The shutters were all fast at mid-day; none of the servants were astir. This was the more surprising, as he was known to be a man of early habits, and he rarely failed to take his morning drive through the streets of the little provincial city of Blois.

Some few who approached the doors opening upon the court of his little country-house, fancied they heard slight groans from within. A nephew of the Captain, who lived at Blois, was sent for, and in company with an officer of the provincial police, he broke the outer gates and entered. They found the poor officer lying in a pool of blood by the hall-door dreadfully wounded but still breathing. There were traces of a violent struggle, and the wounds appeared to have been inflicted with some blunt implement, which at first could not be discovered.

The three domestics who occupied the house with the Captain were all murdered in their rooms. The drawers and desks of the officer's apartment had all been rifled; but it could not be ascertained if the murderers had succeeded in finding money, or indeed if the poor Captain had any at the time in his house.

The fastenings of the doors and gates were in their usual condition, and it was impossible to determine in what way the guilty parties had made their escape. Upon close search a bloody spade and pick-ax were found in a cistern in the court. Nothing further appeared to give a clew to the murderers.

At that time, however, the railway was in course of construction which now runs along the banks of the Loire, in the immediate neighborhood of the old town of Blois. A company of the workers upon the embankment had their quarters not far from the country-house of Captain Gronan. Suspicion naturally fell upon these; and two, who were noted for their dissolute habits, were arrested on suspicion.

Meantime the wounded officer, under very cautious treatment, had recovered his strength and was considered out of danger. But either the terror of the assault, or the injuries he had received, had disordered his brain; and he never recovered the use of his reason.

Upon being interrogated in respect to those who had attacked him, his only reply was—"The railroad! the railroad!"

This of course served to increase the suspicion against those in custody; but, after long inquiry and patient investigation, no positive evidence could be found against the prisoners, and they were discharged.

The Captain continued to occupy his country-house, in a pitiable state of body and mind. He rarely spoke, and only incoherently. At times, as if suffering from terror, he pressed his hands upon his temples, exclaiming, "The railroad! the railroad!" It must be observed, moreover, that upon being confronted with the individuals arrested on suspicion, he had looked vacantly at them, and given no token of recognition.

Some two years after, this fact was the subject of mention in a cottage not far from the scene of the murder, when a woman who was present said, "Of course he did not recognize them, for *they say* they were masked."

"Who says they were masked?" asked another. The inquiry drew attention to the first speaker, who appeared confused, and with evident embarrassment said "she had heard so."

The matter was the more remarked, when it was known that the woman who had manifested confusion had lived, about the time of the murder, with one of the men accused, who was since dead. The police of the district were informed of the circumstances, but contented themselves with keeping a close watch upon the woman.

Nine years passed by, and the poor Captain still lingered; yet nothing appeared to throw new light upon the terrible events of that fatal night at the country-house of La Grange. Not long since, however, a most trifling circumstance called the attention of the neighborhood anew to the almost forgotten crime. A woman living in the vicinity, of the name of Cousin, in the course of a violent altercation with a neighbor, said, "I am not so indiscreet as you; for I have seen things which would make a hanging-matter, and yet I have said nothing."

"Ah! it's the murder at La Grange," said the other. Whereupon the woman Cousin was confused, and would say nothing.

The police, informed anew, ordered the woman Cousin to the *Mairie* for examination. Being strongly pressed and terrified, she reported what she knew.

At the time of the murder she had kept a little wine-shop for the workers on the railway. Upon the fatal night, being out at a very late hour, she had overheard a noise in the country-house of La Grange and screams. Afterward she had seen three men grouped together under the wall; she knew them: one was the man who was since dead, and who at the time had been arrested on suspicion. The names of the other two were Boyer and Rottier.

Inquiries were immediately instituted, by which it was found that Rottier, at the time of the murder, was living in a small house near La Grange with an abandoned woman of the name of Jolly. Some few years after the crime he had quit the country in company with Jolly, and, falling very sick at Tours, he had, imagining himself to be near death, confessed the crime to Jolly. But now being recovered, he stoutly denied this fact, as well as the allegations of the woman Cousin.

Boyer was also discovered, and a woman with whom he was known to be living at the time closely questioned. At first she denied every charge; but becoming confused in her answers, and betraying more than was safe, she at length avowed his participation in the murder, and testified that his repeated threats of her life had compelled her silence.

The trial was short and the evidence conclusive. The men Rottier and Boyer were both condemned to death, and will suffer execution on the guillotine just ten years and two months after their long-concealed murder at La Grange.

We have, on occasions, plaited out our weave-work of foreign gossip with the crayonings of Jules Lecomte—a gay, conceited, Parisian trifler—than whom no man knows better the merit of a pun, or has studied more zealously the harmony of a pretty *mensonge*. There is about his letters (published weekly in a paper of Brussels) an absence of earnestness, an artful hilarity, a French vanity, a rhythm of language, a foppishness of intent, and that utter good-for-nothingness of fact and excellence of falsity which make them quite charming.

In one of his later ones, writing from the Rhine (whose wines are so meagre, as he thinks), he gives us a pleasant picture of the annoyance to his vanity caused by the ever-present English. He has evi-

dently lost a good look-out for his cultivated eye by some first-coming English people. And from his back-room looking only on the dry vineyards, whose wines vex his French sympathies, he thus vents his indignation: Every where these English men and long English women have taken the chambers looking on the Rhine. They pass their days with a long spy-glass in hand, counting the trees on the hills, and recording these lively impressions in an album, with a detailed account of their breakfast, and the cost of washing!

They record their names from town to town; and, by arrangement with their fellow-travelers who follow after, manage to secure the front rooms to their compatriots for a season together. No other traveler has even a remote chance of gaining a view.

In fact the English traveler is the plague of all routes, large or small. One can not travel in the same direction with him without becoming enraged by his impudence. In the hotels they engross the best rooms; in the railway carriages they seize upon the best places, and stuff the wagons with their innumerable carpet-bags. At the tables they snatch the best bits of chicken or beef, and serve themselves twice to a dish from which a poor Frenchman has never the chance of a single venture. All the bells in the house are for the special service of the English traveler; all the servants are at his special disposition. In the winter he barricades the chimney-side for himself and his long wife, and in the summer usurps every agreeable bit of shade upon the parterre of the hotel.

If a fine point of view is reached by railway or diligence, he thrusts his long neck and brown Macintosh in the front of all others; his umbrella, his cane, and his gloves are in every body's way. If he passes you, he crushes your toes; and if he sits beside you, your limbs and lungs are in danger from his elbows. If he reads the journal, you may reckon on his keeping it by the hour. In short, he is every thing, and you count for nothing in comparison.

And yet, to make the matter still worse, your modern British traveler is a skin-flint (*il liarde*), and the times of the "Milords" belong to ancient fable!

It is a droll reason, moreover, says our French commentator, which drives the British in such shoals along all the avenues of travel. They travel more to be out of their own country than to find any enjoyment in another. For it must be known to every body that all the necessaries of life are excessively dear in England, except pheasants, lobsters, and flannel!

From this it happens that the English world travels for cheap comfort and an economic livelihood. The moral aspect of things makes no part of their consideration. What matters it to them whether scenery is beautiful or tame—the Rhine swift or muddy—except indeed there is mention of these phenomena in Mr. Murray's Hand-book; in which case they are all madly bent on verifying the statements of their great publisher of Albemarle Street!

Ask, if you please, the valets and the cicerones; they will tell you that an Englishman goes always to the top of a tower or spire—further, perhaps, than any one else—and, arrived there, he sits down, not to look, but to read Mr. Murray's description! If it be the Cathedral of Cologne which thus tempts the Englishman and his wife, they sit down in the evening to record the matter in their album, thus: "Wife and I went up the Cathedral tower; 883 steps; lit my cigar at the 223d; a nail in my boot hurt me at No. 247; gave three small silver *groschen* to the guide, who said it was not enough; the Germans are an impertinent people."

I know nothing of it, continues our valorous and observing Frenchman, but I will venture a good wager that the East is just now full of such voyagers; not traveling for observation, but—to have been there.

I remember that upon a time, in Switzerland, I happened to see, at twilight, three or four men—mere points they seemed in the distance—on one of the highest peaks of the Jungfrau.

I called the attention of my companion, and said, "Do you see those three Englishmen?"

He laughed, and said—"Why English?"

It appeared afterward that I was right: they had gone there (the guide told us) to see the view—in Murray!

One might suppose that our American brotherhood would come in, nowadays, for a share of French raillery, considering the crowds who have flocked in the summer past to the inns of Switzerland and the Rhine-side houses.

But before taking leave of our spirited Jules Lecomte, in his pretty tirade about English travelers, we excerpt from him a paragraph or two more, which are very typical of what we may call the Frenchnesses of travel.

One day our paragraphist was in his chamber—his back chamber—and hearing a knock at his door, gave the order to enter; upon which there appeared a tall, blue-eyed German girl, of exceedingly pretty countenance, who, with considerable gesticulation, entered upon what seemed a tirade of abuse of Frenchmen generally.

Our hero, Lecomte, not being very skilled in the language, and perhaps nettled by the English usurpation of the front chambers, rang the bell for the servant, who gallantly came to his relief.

The servant, who seemed to know the visitor, dropped a hint or two which quieted the girl, and sent her away shortly after, in tears.

Her story proved to be this: Being beautiful, and living in the neighborhood of Bonn (where the album of Lecomte is filled up), she had met with a dashing German student, who studied at the university of the town, and who illustrated his Ovid by frequent visits to the little vineyard chalet, where lived the pretty girl of our story. The student, young and warm-hearted, loved the Flora of the fields of Bonn; and she, young too, loved the dashing student who came to her father's vineyard. And weakness was joined to love; and promises were passed that they would become man and wife. She hoped it; and he, warm-hearted and generous, believed, and intended it too.

But there came to Bonn in this time a French friend of the German student; and dining together, and scrambling over the hills together, as friends will, in the neighborhood of the Drachenfels, the Frenchman came to know the story of the loves of the German student, and saw the pretty damsel who had spirited away his heart.

But the Frenchman, with his Parisian experience, laughed at the student's idea of marriage, and assured him how much bolder a triumph it would be to dash away some fine morning, and leave the poor girl to catch a new lover among the vine-dressers of the country of Bonn.

And the young student, over his Steinberg wine, listened to the chatty Frenchman, and adopted the Frenchman's scheme. The story came, I scarce know how, to the ears of the poor girl; and weeks after her desertion she came to the town to find the

Frenchman of the hotel at Bonn, who had wrought such fatal change in the mind of her German lover.

It happened that Jules Lecomte, as the only Frenchman there, was the one to receive the maidenly rebuke which came from the infuriated and abandoned girl. He makes a pleasant joke of the matter, nor counts it half so serious a thing as that the English travelers should have shut him off from the river half of the hotel.

The English may be eccentric and disagreeable, especially in their fits of traveling; but, after all, they usually bear about with them a sense of honor and of honesty, which such Frenchmen as Jules Lecomte are very slow to appreciate.

We have no doubt that he is as buoyant in character and as piquant as his quill: if there were more weight, 'twould be better worth keeping.

We shall sum up with a story of Guinot's, who has been whiling out the summer past at the various watering-places of Germany. The matter we take in management now belongs to his summer story of the Baths of Wiesbaden.

Every body nowadays knows these baths, and the immense caravanseries there, where people go, not not only to cure the salt-rheum, and the gout, and dance, but to make what show they can (with coin) against the chances of *roulette*, or the great red and black game of "Thirty-one."

Well, among the visitors there, in the summer just now gone out of remembrance, was a certain Major Medlitz, the son of a harum-scarum father, and the grandson of an old gentleman of fine estate, who had died many years before, of a lingering disease—of gout. The father too was dead; and in dying had bequeathed his son (the Major Medlitz of our story) a tedious lawsuit, and not a penny with which to push it forward.

There is an old notion—perhaps not altogether a false one—that the gout, though an inheritable disease, is wont to skip every alternate generation; in virtue of which Major Medlitz had a constant fear of being overtaken by the same gout which had carried his grandfather to the grave.

His father indeed had escaped, and had showed his joyfulness in spending all the estate, which should have passed down to the grandson—the Major of Wiesbaden. Finding himself poor, or at least dependent only on his small army-pay, and liable, as he thought, to pass away some summer with the hereditary disease of his fathers, Major Medlitz had determined never to embroil himself by marriage; least of all was his proud temper disposed to entertain the thought of repairing his fortunes by a marriage for money.

(A droll notion, to be sure, for a Frenchman; but M. Guinot is responsible for it.)

It happened, however, that Major Medlitz, being stationed with his regiment in the old city of Strasbourg, fell in while there with the pretty daughter of a wealthy old banker. He admired the banker's daughter, and came soon to love the banker's daughter; and the banker's daughter, whether captivated by the military rank of our hero, or what not, came soon to love the gallant Major Medlitz.

But the banker was one of those sensible men who would listen to no mention of a son-in-law who had not either a fortune in hand or one in expectation. The Major knew this, and therefore made this appeal to him: "I value your daughter for herself; I have no wish to enjoy her fortune; let me marry her without a dowry; we can live comfortably upon my army-pay; and, should you be disposed ever to show favor, let the fortune you may have intended for your daughter be settled upon her children."

The old banker thought the proposal romantic; he disliked romance; he had no regard for it. Every woman should have a *dot*. He should give his daughter on her marriage a hundred thousand florins; when a suitor offered with an equal fortune, he would consider his application.

The Major despaired; but the daughter encouraged him still. She urged him to press forward the old claims which his father had left in the toils of the courts; a sum of fifty thousand florins was involved; it might be decided in his favor.

Whereupon the Major, who had long ago given up all hope from this quarter, renewed his urgence; and the banker, acted upon perhaps by the daughter's earnestness, threw out a hint, that, in the event of a decision in the favor of the Major, he might be induced, possibly, to consider the application anew.

A year's full-pay of Major Medlitz went to the prosecution of his claims. His character was good, and no objection could come from the banker on that score. The daughter was full of hope while the trial lingered. At length the decision came. It was against the claim of the Major!

He took his leave despairingly of the daughter of the banker (who still, however, ventured encouraging words), and withdrew himself to the baths of Wiesbaden, to fortify himself against the gout, and to nourish his blasted hopes.

The sharpness of his regrets brought on a fever, in which he raved of money; and as he recovered slowly, all the intensity of his thought was bent upon devising some scheme by which he might enrich himself, and display to the hard-minded banker the coveted thousands of florins.

With such fancies flaming in his mind, he retired one night of the July last past, slept as it appeared to him soundly, woke at his usual hour in the morning, and, upon looking around his chamber, was amazed to see a pile of gold coin upon his table! He examined the doors; they were closed as he had closed them the night before; the windows—they too were untouched.

He counted the gold; there was nearly ten thousand florins. Hiding it in the drawer, he called his servant. He asked who had entered his room in his absence? No one. Who had come to visit him at night? No one.

He suspected him of concealing the giver; he offered the servant double bribes, if he would inform him by whom a packet had been left in his chamber. The servant, seeming bewildered, could tell him nothing.

Two nights after the same extraordinary occurrence happened again. Ten thousand florins, and more, in gold and in bank notes, were found upon his table when he rose in the morning. Again every outlet of the chamber was examined: he even searched the floor for some loose tiles; but all was firm and sound, and the matter as inexplicable as at the first.

The servant, subjected to new inquiry, could throw no light upon the affair.

A week after, the circumstance was repeated again. The Major grew terrified; he observed, or fancied he observed, that he attracted unusual attention upon the walks of the town. He fancied he was somehow become a subject of conversation. He saw men whispering, and pointing after him as he passed. He determined with himself, that, on

a renewal of the gift, he would give information to the police.

The very next morning he was preparing to put this determination in force, and was counting with a distracted air the new supply of bills and coins when he was startled by a rap at the door. He had only time to cover the money with a corner of the table-cover when the banker of Strasbourg abruptly entered.

He seemed in no very pleasant humor; he looked very keenly and very curiously at the perplexed countenance of the poor Major.

"Was the Major's health bad that he had come to Wiesbaden?"

The Major blushed to tell of his family failing; but nevertheless he did acquaint the banker with his fears of the gout, which had skipped one generation, and so might possibly afflict him.

The banker looked incredulous; he thought the Major had more probably inherited a weakness of his father's.

The Major asked what that might be?

"Gambling."

The Major was incensed; but, remembering the pretty daughter, controlled himself, and hazarded only a simple and firm denial.

The banker smiled with the air of a man who knows; and lifting with his cane the cloth upon the table, asked how the Major had come suddenly into the possession of so large a supply of gold.

The Major was naturally confused: he did not know. The banker left him with the assurance that all must now be at an end between his daughter and himself; and begged him, on his return to Strasbourg, to discontinue his visits.

The Major was overwhelmed; but could only insist stoutly upon his innocence.

At another hotel of Wiesbaden, within a second-floor corner room, passed a little family scene, on the same day, between the banker of Strasbourg and his daughter. It appeared that they had arrived twenty-four hours before, the father being decoyed thither by an invalid plea of the daughter. He knew nothing of the presence of the Major Medlitz, and on passing through the Conversation Rooms, at a late hour the previous night, he had caught sight of that military gentleman, playing with a great deal of ardor and success at *roulette*. He had forborne addressing him at the time, but had delayed his rebuke to the following morning, when it was conveyed in the manner we have described.

The scene between the father and the daughter was caused by the recital of the affair of the evening before, and of the morning interview with Major Medlitz. It is needless to say that the poor girl, in an excited state, trusted fully in the innocence of the Major, and believed her father to have been the victim of some strange mistake.

To quiet her aggrieved feelings, and to satisfy her more effectually of the justice of his charges, he determined to delay the departure which he had previously decided on, and to make further inquiries.

That very evening, at an hour bordering upon midnight, the father and the daughter were in the Conversation Hall, in attendance upon a concert, when who should enter but Major Medlitz! He traversed the *salon* without looking to the right or left, passed into the adjoining room, took his place at the *roulette* table, staked rouleau upon rouleau of Napoleons, and astonished every one by the success and the boldness of his play.

The banker, with his frighted daughter clinging to his arm, had followed the Major thither, and looked on with amazement for a time, until, unable to control his indignation at recollection of his firm denial, he stepped forward to call his attention.

The action was, however, arrested by a tall gentleman in spectacles, who, placing his finger on his lip, drew the banker aside and whispered him thus:

"If you rouse him, it may be his death! Watch his eye—you see how fixed it is? He is a somnambule!"

As they lingered in a corner, with looks fastened upon him—sweeping the money toward him mechanically, placing upon the table the largest ventures without a pause or a tremor—there was a sudden pause in the play, and the rumor flew round that the bank was broken.

The rumor proved correct: the Major, gathering his winnings together, seized them eagerly, and passed out of the hall, without bestowing a look upon a person present.

The next morning the banker called again at his rooms—this time, however, with a more kindly face than before. The poor Major, however, self-rebuked, in view of the new pile of coin which lay exposed upon his table, could only say, "Circumstances are against me once more, but I swear to you I have not the slightest knowledge of the quarter from which this money has come."

Quietly and slowly the banker and the physician who had attended him explained the matter to the bewildered Major. The intense desire, acting feverishly on his brain, had wrought itself out in dreamy clairvoyance; and the hundred thousand florins were secured to him.

It is true that the Major insisted upon refunding every penny of the sum to the bank; but upon the representation of the prudent banker of Strasbourg, that the father of the Major had lost double the money at the same table; and the further representation that it would make a very pretty sum to join with the other hundred thousand which he was about to bestow upon his daughter, whenever she and the Major should have fixed the happy day, he abstained.

We presume the matter must have made a great deal of talk at Wiesbaden, though Guinot does not mention the fact.

Editor's Drawer.

"WHAT is there saddening in the Autumn-leaf?" asks an American poet, now dead and "gone to his long home." And the "mourners who went about the streets"—in the beautiful language of the Bible—when he took his departure hence to another and a better world, have doubtless most of them followed him; or if not, they must *soon* follow him; for "Death is continually going the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door."

But, poetry aside, there *is* much that is saddening in the autumn-leaf. "Look around you," let us say to our readers, not in any particular locality, for that is not needed, since "Death is in the *world*"—in the "world," too, of all our great and beloved country—"look around you, and think for one moment of how many have been taken, and you have been mercifully left; some by pestilence; some by the fierce diseases which await the order of the King of Terrors to war singly against families and friends; and some, to mow our fellow-creatures down "by battalions."

And how *can* we but think—and how can we but

be *sad* to think—in the autumn-time, that we "*do all fade as the leaf?*" Like the leaves that are dying, like the flowers that have faded, or are fading, we, and ours too, are fading—falling—"passing away."

Let us, however, think of this inevitable fate of our race—of our friends, and those who are near and dear to us by ties of blood and kindred—with *solemnity* rather than with *gloom*. If it be "sad" to be reminded by the autumn-leaf, with its faint hold upon the parent spray, that *our* stay too is brief at the longest, there is yet consolation in the thought, that when we depart, so that we have done our duty, and wrought out our better designs (which are of our Great Creator), we may pass to that glorious realm where HE "lives forever," and

"Endless *summer* reigns."

THE other evening, at an unceremonious sitting around a cheerful October fire in the country, there was present a gentleman, apparently of some sixty, or perhaps not more than fifty-five years of age. Attention was attracted to whatever he had to say, by the air of truthfulness and earnestness with which he expressed his opinions concerning any particular topic which was being discussed, or related any narrative of personal adventure with which he himself had been connected. During a slight pause in the somewhat confused and various conversation that was going on, the old gentleman remarked to a little boy, of some fourteen years of age, who chanced to have come into the room:

"So you had a narrow escape to-day, William, did you not?"

"Yes, Sir," said the lad, blushing, and partly shrinking behind his chair; "but I didn't *mean* to do wrong."

(Perhaps it would have been better if all this had been said privately to the boy—but it wasn't.)

"Where was the patch?"

"The water-melon patch, you mean, Sir?"

"Yes—no other. I think you know what I mean. I have heard all about it. So you were made sick by eating the stolen fruit, eh?"

"Stealing! I didn't *steal* the melons. I went in with Tom Howland, and he picked two, and gave me one—and I ate it. It was a *very* nice one."

"But it made you *sick*, did it not?"

"Yes, Sir—I was very sick."

"How was that, William? What was the matter with the melon?"

"Some one had plugged a square hole in it, Sir, and had put in it some medicine—an emetic—and Tom Howland and I were both sick. His melon had a hole in it, too, and neither of us tasted the medicine at first. It must have been kind of sweet."

"Well, William," said the old gentleman, "I don't wish to question you any further, or to say any thing more about the water-melon patch. It is always wrong to take what is not your own, even though it be apples from a crowded orchard, or musk-melons or water-melons from a crowded patch. You sometimes say, 'They belong to Neighbor Hopkins, or Uncle Ben Thompson, and *he* won't care—*he's* got enough.' But let *him* say so, my boy—don't you say it *for* him—and then how different your fruit will taste afterward!"

The old man looked very solemn as he said this, and seemed to be thinking of something very deeply. Presently he said:

"I want to tell you of something that once happened to me, and which I shall never forget. When I was a little boy—I don't think I could have been more than seven or eight years of age—I went with my brother, who was a year or so older, into a peach orchard belonging to an uncle of ours. He was a kind-hearted and very conscientious man; and if we had *asked* him for fruit, he would have given it to us unhesitatingly. But we chose rather to steal it.

"We repaired to a tree 'that was in the midst of the garden,' and which bore an enormous-sized peach, of which there was a great abundance. After eating a great number of these 'rare-ripes'—a very choice variety, and the only ones our uncle possessed—we filled our pockets and our hands, and were about making off, when we saw Uncle G—— approaching!

"I here experienced my first idea of *real guilt*. We crept slyly around a 'barrack,' as it is called, of standing hay, and by the pegs at a corner-post we climbed up to the top of the hay-mow, under the straw-thatched roof, and lay down, congratulating ourselves that we had escaped—that good old Uncle G—— had passed on.

"But what was our surprise, while we were devouring our stolen fruit, and saying, 'They're sweet—I love 'em!' to see the broad-brimmed hat and blue eyes of the old gentleman peering under the roof of the barrack?

"'Do you know what you have been doing, boys?' said he, in a mild tone. '*You have been stealing!* And now there is but one thing more to be done. You are eating stolen peaches now—so that you must at once be sent to the state-prison. I must go and get a man to take you there; and don't you stir from here till I come back with him!'

"And so saying, Uncle G—— disappeared down the peg-ladder at the corner, by which he had come up.

"And there we lay, we two guilty culprits, on the top of that hay-mow, trembling in every limb, and pale with apprehension, awaiting the return of the messenger who was to come and take us away to prison, and lock us up in a dark cell. We could not go home; and what would father and mother say? and where should we be, after dark, when they were expecting us around the evening fire?

"Full of these dreadful thoughts, we waited until a late twilight concealed us partly from sight, when we descended, and with trembling footsteps, and 'many an anxious look behind,' ran with all the speed that we could command, until we reached home; when we at once 'opened up all our griefs and fears' to 'father and mother;' and having confessed our guilt and asked forgiveness, we went to bed; but our dreams were troubled. All night long we were either on our way to prison, or locked up in a dark cell.

"In the morning Uncle G—— called, and our terrible alarm was renewed. But he soon reassured us by telling us that we were forgiven; at the same time reading us a lesson upon the danger of the first tendency to crime.

"Years after this," said the old gentleman, "I was taken to the Auburn state-prison. And as I walked along the concealed alley-ways, and looked upon the long, dingy rows of degraded wretches at their hard tasks, I bethought me of my theft of fruit; and from that time forward, *I* could not (nor will ever one of *my* children do it now) pick so much as a cherry from the tree of a neighbor without asking permission."

Perhaps this "experience"—simple as it truly is—widely read in the "The Drawer," may not be without its salutary uses.

THE charm that hangs about the reminiscences of Washington seems to increase with time. Fortunately, from his own habit of keeping a diary, and the written recollections of his contemporaries, we know more of his personal history than of any other great man that ever lived. A correspondent of the *Daily Express* of Petersburg, Va., writing from Clarke County, gives us the following interesting items: "This neighborhood is not without historic interest. A few miles to the southwest is Greenway Court, where lived about one hundred years ago the eccentric Lord Fairfax, who had a grant from the Crown of the whole northern neck of Virginia; but he is chiefly notable in our own day—when his seigniorial rights are all 'lapsed'—for having employed GEORGE WASHINGTON, then a boy of sixteen, to survey his possessions. From Washington's diary, published in Sparks's edition of his 'Life and Writings,' I have been able to fix, without difficulty, the exact time and the precise localities of his visit. He crossed the Blue Ridge at Ashley's Gap early in the year 1748, forded at Berry's Ferry, yonder, a mile off, and went to 'Lord Fairfax's'—that is, Greenway Court. He then surveyed up and down the river—no doubt passed directly over the mountain spur, from which I write, and then took his way westward to the South Branch of the Potomac, the lands along which, by and above Romney, he laid out—making, he says, five or six pistoles or a doubloon every day. Thus rose the sun of American Independence! I have visited 'Greenway Court,' where he stopped, and where the eccentric Lord Fairfax lived; and found the old building much dilapidated, but well worth seeing. You will find a picture of it in Howe's Virginia Historical Collections. Near at hand was the old stone cabin where Lord Fairfax slept, surrounded with his deer hounds—he was passionately fond of the chase—and where the title deeds of all this section of country were executed. It is strange to think of those old times and their characters; to think how every thing has changed. The boy who was to be the instrument of Providence in our great Revolutionary struggle, passed yonder, with his surveyor's chain and compass—a boy then, unknown, and not knowing himself—soon to be the star of victory and the hope of nations—nay, of human freedom throughout the world. How strange!"

THERE was once an itinerant preacher in "West Tennessee," who, possessing considerable natural eloquence, had gradually become possessed of the idea that he was also an extraordinary biblical scholar. Under this delusion, he would very frequently, at the close of his sermons, ask any member of his congregation who might have a "knotty text" to unravel, to announce it, and he would explain it at once, however much it might have troubled "less distinguished divines." On one occasion, in a large audience, he was particularly pressing for some one to propound a text, but no one presuming to do so, he was about to sit down without any opportunity of showing "his learning," when a chap "back by the door" announced that he had a Bible matter of great "concarn," which he desired to be enlightened upon. The preacher, quite animatedly, professed his willingness and ability, and the congregation was in great excitement. "What I want to know," said the outsider, "is, whether Job's turkey was a hen or a gobbler?" The "expounder" looked confused, and the congregation tittered, as the questioner capped the climax by exclaiming, in a loud voice, "I fotched him down on the fust question!" From that time forward the practice of asking for "difficult passages" was abandoned.

AMONG the curious things brought to light by an Albany Health Committee, in search of the causes of the cholera, was a strange history of an Irish widow's pig, that altogether and entirely beats any thing ever recorded in "owld Ireland." In one house, somewhere in the suburbs, was found an indefinite number of poor families, remarkable for their squalidness—their wretched poverty. One floor after another was examined, until the officers reached the "illigant accommodations" in the garret. Here every room—and there were several—was looked into, until one door was blockaded by a buxom widow, who seemed to be determined her apartment should be sacred. The determination, however, was invalid, and the door was thrown open, when, to the astonishment of the "Committee," there was found living in this airy abode, not only the widow aforesaid, but an immense hog, weighing over two hundred pounds. One of the gentlemen, remembering the rickety state of the narrow stairs, asked, with much curiosity, "how this great unwieldy animal had been brought up to its then lodging place?" "It was not brought here at all," said Biddy, with triumph; "it was born in this very room!" No imagination was ever equal to this romantic fact; no American ideas of life could conceive of such household inmates; and yet this beast had been thus reared, and the human beings under the same roof, in their selfish, noisy, death-producing apartments, never discovered its presence.

"CRITICS are ready-made," particularly critics on Art; therefore, it is very painful to witness with what levity some persons will write down the severe labors of an artist, and by a mere flourish of the pen send months of hard work to the shades of obscurity. We wish this were different; for Art, at best, in our new country, is a tender plant, and its disciples require every thing to encourage rather than depress them in their labors. We were amused, the other day, with the following vivid illustration of how thoughtless are the criticisms of Art in some of our most respectable journals. A certain portrait-painter, of excellent merit, and remarkable for his personal amiability, was, year after year, assailed in a particular paper. As regularly as the "Academy opened," he got the most unwarrantable lashing. One day a lady, elegantly dressed, accompanied by two sweet children, called at his studio, and desired to have the portraits of the juveniles painted, the lady remarking that she had for a long time admired the artist's works. In due course of time the pictures were finished and sent home. They were for the editor and publisher-in-chief of the paper that had so often embittered the artist's feelings. When the gentleman paid for the pictures, he took occasion to compliment the painter on his success, and mention the high position he (the artist) occupied in the public eye. The artist was overcome with astonishment, and remarked, "I am equally surprised at your compliments as I was with the order for your pictures, for *your* journal has taken occasion, year after year, to speak of my labors with the most unsparing abuse." "Is it possible?" said the editor, with unaffected emotion. "Why, the fact is," added he, laughing, "I hire those criticisms done every spring, and never read them myself."

SHOCO JONES of North Carolina—what has be-

come of this once so celebrated individual? A volume might be written of his strange life. Among the many things he ventured upon was writing the history of his native State. The commencement of the preface alone has reached us; it ran this wise: "Having nothing to do one afternoon, I concluded I would sit down and write the History of North Carolina." Many years ago, at Washington, Shoco got into a difficulty, and the affair was proposed to be settled by a duel. The "meeting"—a bloodless one—came off in Rhode Island. A while afterward the Governor of that little State issued a formidable proclamation, demanding Shoco's body on account of his breaking the peace of the Commonwealth. Shoco got hold of the terrible document, and, in his reply to the Governor, made a profound apology for what he had done, and promised, on "his honor," that the next time he fought a duel it should be *across* Rhode Island, and not in it.

One of the most amusing incidents of the late excursion to Rock Island is thus related by *The Utica Telegraph*. A gentleman in the wash-room said to the Captain of the boat, "Can't you give me a clean towel, Captain?" "No," said the Captain, "more than fifty persons have used that towel there, and you are the first one that's said a word against it!" This reminds us of the easy-going chap, who, upon a crowded Western steamer, took up a tooth-brush, and deliberately commenced "scrubbing" his grinders. The owner of the instrument, in great indignation, demanded what the individual meant by thus appropriating his private property. "Private!" said spooney, putting down the ivory and bristles—"*Private!* why, stranger, I thought this 'ere tooth-cleaner belonged to the boat!"

Dr. Nott and Professor Gliddon must turn their attention to the following "skull," which, according to the "Poughkeepsie Press," is still circulating up and down the earth. The characteristics are related thus: "As a dusty-looking 'colored child,' about 40 years of age, was passing under the scaffolding of the building now being erected on the corner of Main and Catherine streets, a brick came down, and struck upon his head, and broke in two. The victim was stunned for a moment, but soon recovered sufficiently to get off the following, and leave those who had gathered around him in a roar of laughter: 'I say, you white man up dar, if you don't want yer brick broke, jes keep him off my head!'"

Although "Old Hickory" was a blunt man in all matters of business, and reached his purposes by the straightest road, still he was courteous in an eminent degree, and had a high respect for the forms of social intercourse. While President of the United States, his receptions of foreign Ministers and eminent citizens were distinguished by his courtly etiquette and noble bearing. On one occasion, a foreign Minister, "just arrived," had a day and hour appointed by Mr. M'Lane, then Secretary of State, to be presented to the President, and misunderstanding the Premier's French, and perfectly at fault by the apparent simplicity of republican manners, the Minister, at the stated time, proceeded to the "White House" alone, and rang the bell.

"Je suis venu voir Monsieur le President?" said the plenipotentiary to the Irish servant.

"What the devil does that mean?" muttered Pat; and continued, "He says President though, and I 'spose he wishes to see the old General."

"Oui, oui," said the Minister, bowing.

Without further ceremony the gentleman was ushered into the green-room, where the General sat composedly smoking his corn-cob pipe, and on the instant, he commenced a ceremonious harangue in French, of which "Old Hickory" did not understand one word.

"What does the man want, Jemmy?" asked the General, without concealing his surprise at what he witnessed.

"It's the French that he's spaking in; and, with your lave, I'll sind for the cook to find out what the gentleman wants."

In due time the presiding officer of the kitchen arrived; the mystery was explained; and, to the astonishment of the cook, the servant, and the old General, an accredited Minister from a foreign Government was developed. Fortunately at the instant the Secretary came in, and a ceremonious introduction took place, and all parties were soon at ease; but the matter never could be afterward alluded to, without throwing the old General into a towering passion.

Among the curious records to be found in old Trinity church-yard is the following:

"Sidney Biesse. June 9th, 1776.
"Made by himself.
"Ha, Sidney, Sidney! I here lie
'Till time is flowed."

Who can decipher the above? What did Sidney mean by the passage "made by himself?" Was he "a self-made man," or did he, with commendable prudence, and in imitation of the Egyptian monarchs, prepare a tomb for his mortal remains while he had life and strength to attend to it in person? And mark when Sidney died—not quite four weeks before Trinity bells joyfully announced to the world that America was free—that its people had been born into the nations of the earth. Standing, as it were, upon the very threshold of the most momentous event in modern history, the curtain of death fell upon his manhood; yet he may, with those who prepared the great event, have assisted nobly in the preliminaries that led to the consummation. There are strange lessons taught one in the old church-yard—they are useful, apt, and well calculated to make us all better and wiser men. A little familiarity with those decaying records, lets one into the primitive character of the city a hundred years ago, when stone-cutters were no sculptors, and epitaphs were affectionate rather than remarkable for eloquence, or neatly-turned periods. "Died in his British Majesty's service," either as an officer or subaltern, seems to have been a proud memento before the "Revolution." We notice that comparatively but few names occur whose representatives remain among us; a new race has come in with the increase of population—and how little the throng cares for the old weather-beaten graves of the early city. Yet to us there is no place that affords more solemn gratification or useful reflection than their midst. We therefore sometimes step out of the living current of Broadway, and among the time-furrowed tombs for a moment forget the cares of the present in thinking of the peaceful dead—remembering that they present the same picture that is soon to be composed of the bodies of those who now so thoughtlessly tread the pavements, and in splendid equipages gayly rattle through the crowded streets. The vernal gloom indicates repose; and ten thousand living, beating hearts in our metropolis would, in their sorrow and disappointment, find a sad pleas-

ure, would they witness, in old Trinity, how peaceful is soon to be their own future.

"I RECKON I couldn't drive a trade with you today, Square," said a "ginooine" specimen of a Yankee peddler, as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I reckon you calculate about right, for you *can't*," was the sneering reply.

"Well, I guess you needn't git huffy 'beout it. Now here's a dozen ginooine razor-strops—worth two dollars and a half: you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't *want* any of your traps—so you may as well be going along."

"Wal, now look here, Square, I'll bet you five dollars, that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we'll have a trade yet!"

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a by-stander. The Yankee deposited a like sum.

"Now," said the merchant, "I'll give you a picayune (sixpence) for the strops."

"They're your'n!" said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes!

"But," said he, after a little reflection, and with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't *want* them strops, I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened.

"You are not so bad a chap, after all," said he. "Here are your strops—give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the sixpence.

"A trade is a trade; and, now you are wide awake, the next time you trade with that 'ere sixpence you'll do a little better than to buy razor-strops."

And away walked the peddler with his strops and his wager, amidst the shouts of the laughing crowd.

THE following *Character of the Russians*, as given by a Turkish inn-keeper, was published many years ago in a "Journal of a Visit to Constantinople." There has been no "love lost" between the two nations since thirty years ago:

"Having landed at Buyukdere, with many of the English, we went to the hotel, a clean, comfortable, well-fitted house, with a good cook and good wines. It was very laughable to hear the landlord execrating the Russians.

"'They never spend a penny; stingy fellows, who would eat a tallow candle down to the very end, and leave not a drop for the waiter! He wished to Heaven,' he said, 'that they were at the bottom of the Black Sea, with the English fleet anchored above them. Then,' said he, 'we should see the porter-corks fly, the tables swim with grog, cigar-boxes burst their cedar sides, the cook roast all day, and I should be happy in the general scramble; but, alas! there is no such luck nowadays!'"

If one were to judge from the description, given in the English and French reports from the seat of the present war on the Danube and ports of the Black Sea, of the food which is served out to the Russian troops, the Turkish Boniface's picture is not at all over-colored.

"DR. FRANKLIN, the poor printer's boy," has been cited a thousand times as an instance of what an American boy, of good habits, good character, good principles, and sound intellect, might attain to in a republican country like our own. Dr. Franklin, however, with all his genius, lived and flourished at a period when "great *occasions* made great *men*." He has been followed, in so far as "rising in the world" goes, by many who, without his talents, have yet been enabled to emulate his example, in part at least; and here is an instance, which found its way into our private "Drawer" many years ago. But no matter how old. Such a lesson can never be untimely:

"Thirty years ago a barefooted boy floated down the Susquehanna river on a raft, and arrived at Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania. He came from the North, and belonged to a large family. He had all his worldly goods tied up in a small red-and-yellow cotton handkerchief. He sought, and with a good deal of difficulty at length obtained, employment in a printing-office, as an apprentice. From an apprentice, he rose to be a journeyman; then to be a reporter in the State Legislature—then an editor.

"The barefooted printer's boy had thus worked his way against obstacles which the poor only know. But the persevering follower in Franklin's footsteps began now to realize the fruits of his patient toil and privation. The young aspirant became printer to the State, and by frugal management was soon enabled to accomplish the object nearest to his heart—the establishment of his mother in a home above want—in the possession of every comfort that she could desire.

"His brothers were his next care; and, like Napoleon, he had a strong arm with which to aid them—an *indomitable perseverance*, that nothing could successfully obstruct. In a few years *they*, too, with his sisters, were independent of the world. The once barefooted printer's boy was in possession of affluence, and surrounded by a young and affectionate family.

"But he did not stop here. He was the friend of the friendless—the patron of merit—the encourager of industry. He rose in honor and in office; until the poor barefooted boy, who entered a printing-office at Harrisburg hungry and weary, laid down his bundle on a pile of wet paper, and asked to become a printer's apprentice, was elected a Senator in the Congress of the United States.

"That man was SIMON CAMERON, of Pennsylvania."

This is an isolated case, out of many similar cases that may perhaps arise to the mind of the reader. But *where*, save in our own glorious country, could these *true* histories be written?

WHEN the cold winds of November howl around our coasts, let us who are on the "solid land" bethink us of the perils of those "who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters." Here is a native poet who has had them in mind, and who has drawn a very vivid picture:

"God help the Mariner!
Over the sea
Cometh the winter wind,
Howling and free;
Like the strong maniac
Loosed from his chain,
Moving all terribly over the main;
Hurling the mountain wave,
Writhing in foam,
Driving the mariner
Leagues from his home!
Lo, it breathes mournfully,
Sobbing aloud,
On bow-sprit and mizen-mast,
Halyard and shroud.
Hark! on the fore-stay,
Shrieketh it wild,

As shrieketh the young mother,
Torn from her child!
Dippeth the gallant ship
Low in the wave;
Riseth unharmed again,
Proudly and brave;
Flingeth the hissing spray
Off from the prow,
Straining the martingale
Under the bow;
Rushing along her course
Like to the steed
Urged by its rider,
And proud of its speed:
Yet doth the freshened gale,
Following fast,
Strain at the bellied sail,
And utter its moaning wail,
Bending the mast.

"Cold doth the sky look,
And colder the sun,
Glad is the helmsman now,
His watch is near done;
Slipping his icy feet,
He graspeth the wheel;
Numb though his hands are,
His grasp is like steel.
'West no'west b' no'th' and
'A-quarter the wind,'
And a wake like the maelstrom
Is foaming behind.
Slowly the starboard watch
Come from below,
Warned by the larboard watch
'A rough night in tow.'
The spray on the deck now
Falleth like hail,
And the coats of the sailors
Have frozen to mail!"

We have often thought that one of the best aids that could be adopted in furtherance of the cause of temperance would be an authentic exposure, by persons well acquainted with the *modus operandi* of the various ways in which pure liquors are adulterated, through the cupidity and evil practices of those who deal in "potent poisons."

At Cambridge, in England, a landlord, in a moment of convivial conversation with some of his guests, who had made him "merry" by inviting him to drink with them, to some considerable excess, of his own wines, thus "lets the cat out of the bag." The dialogue is particularly rich and "telling:"

"You can't deny it, landlord; your wines of all kinds were detestable—port, Madeira, claret, Champagne—"

"There now, Sir! hold up a bit! To prove how much a gentleman may be mistaken, I assure you, as an honest man, that I never *had* but *two* sorts of wine in any cellar in the world."

"Only *two* kinds! What were they?"

"That's all—two kinds—port and sherry."

"How can you have the brass to say *that*, landlord? You know I have myself tried your claret, your—"

"Yes, Sir—that's it—*my* claret! One is obliged, of course, to give gentlemen every thing they *ask* for, Sir. Gentlemen who pay their money, Sir, have a right to be served with whatever they please to order, Sir. I'll tell you how it was, Sir. I never would have any wines in my house, Sir, but port and sherry, because I *knew* them to be wholesome wines, Sir; and this I will say, Sir—my port and sherry were the—very—best—I could procure in all England—"

"How!—the best?"

"Yes, Sir—*at the price I paid for 'em.* You must know, Sir, that I hadn't been long in business when I discovered that gentlemen know very little about wine; but that if they didn't find some fault or other they would appear to know much less—always excepting the young students from Cambridge, Sir—*and they are excellent judges.* (He was talking to a man who had been one.)

"Well, Sir, with respect to my dinner-wines, I was always tolerably safe; gentlemen seldom find fault at dinner; so whether it might happen to be Madeira, or pale sherry, or brown, or—"

"Why, just now you told me you *had* but *two* sorts of wine in your cellar!"

"Very true, Sir—port *and* sherry. But this was my plan, Sir: If any one ordered Madeira: From one bottle of sherry take two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of brandy, and add thereto a slight squeeze of lemon; and this I found to give general satisfaction—especially to the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir. But, upon the word of an honest man, I could scarcely get a living profit by my Madeira, Sir, for I always used the best brandy I had!

"As to the pale and brown sherry, Sir, a couple of glasses of nice pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call my '*Delicate Pale*;' and for my 'Old *Brown* Sherry,' a little burnt sugar was the very thing. It looked very much like sherry that had 'been twice to the East Indies, Sir;' and to my customers who were *very* particular about their wines, I used to serve it as such!"

"But, landlord, wasn't such a proceeding of a character rather—"

"Ah! I see what you would say, Sir. No; I knew it to be a wholesome wine at bottom, Sir. But my *port* was the wine that gave me the most trouble. Gentlemen seldom agree about port, Sir. One gentleman would say:

"'Landlord, I don't like this wine: it is too heavy.'

"'Is it, Sir?' said I; 'I think I can find you a lighter.' *Out* went a glass of wine, and *in* goes a glass of water. 'Well, Sir,' I'd say, 'how do you approve of *that* wine, Sir?'

"'Why—um—no—I can't say—'

"'I understand you, Sir; you like an *older* wine—a *softer* wine, Sir? I think I can please you.' (Pump again, Sir.) 'Now, Sir,' says I, wiping the decanter with a napkin, and holding it triumphantly up to the light, 'try *this*, Sir, if you please.'

"'That's the very wine; bring another bottle of the same!'

"But one can't please every body the same way, Sir. Some gentlemen would complain of my port as being poor—'without body.' In went one glass of brandy. If *that* didn't answer, 'Ah, gentlemen,' said I, '*I* know what will please you; you like a fuller-bodied, rougher wine!' Out went two glasses of wine, and in went two or *three* glasses of brandy. This used to be a very *favorite* wine—especially with the young gentlemen from Cambridge, Sir!"

"And your claret?"

"My good wholesome port again, Sir. Three wine out, three waters in, one pinch of tartaric acid, two ditto orris-powder. For a *full* claret a little brandy; for a *light* claret more water!"

"But how did you contrive about Burgundy?"

"That was *my claret*, Sir, with from three to six drops of burgamot, according as gentlemen liked a full flavor or a delicate flavor."

"Well, how about your Champagne?"

"That *of course* I made myself."

"How do you mean 'of course,' landlord?"

"Oh, Sir," said he, with an innocent and waggish look, "surely every inn-keeper makes his own Champagne—*else what can become of all the gooseberries?*"

How many who "tarry long at the wine," and who "drink mixed wines," awaking after an evening's debauch, with aching heads and disordered stomachs, are the foolish victims of just such unscrupulous poisoners as this plain-spoken English Boniface!

We remember reading, when a boy, an account of a rather ignorant leader of a choir in a New England meeting-house, who, when the minister gave out the psalm by "interlining," as it is called—that is, separating the verses by two lines alternately—went on singing after the psalm had been concluded, the direction of the clergyman to desist, and when the direction was repeated, *singing it over again*, until the affair became so ludicrous that the whole congregation were compelled to join in the laugh which the blunder occasioned! Here is a fragment from an English journal, which is not unlike the circumstance to which we have alluded, with a regret that we can *only* allude to it:

"A constable, who had lately been inducted into office, was in attendance on the Court, and was ordered by the Judge to 'Call John Bell and Elizabeth Bell.'

"He immediately began at the top of his lungs:

"'John Bell and Elizabeth Bell—*John Bell and Elizabeth Bell*—JOHN BELL AND ELIZABETH BELL!'

"'One at a time,' said the Judge.

"'One at a time—*one at a time*—ONE AT A TIME!' shouted the constable.

"'Now you have done it!' exclaimed the Judge, out of all patience.

"'Now you've done it—*now you've done it*—NOW YOU'VE DONE IT!' yelled the constable.

"There was no standing this. The court, bar, and by-standers broke out into a hearty laugh, to the perfect surprise and dismay of the astonished constable."

"I AM going to write a work '*On Popular Ignorance*," said a young physician to Dr. ——, the other day.

"I am glad to hear it," said the sarcastic Doctor ——; "for I know no one more competent to the task!"

There are two modern instances of keen "cuts-and-thrusts" which rise to our mind at this time and in this connection, which we will jot down "for future reference."

"How do you do to-day?" asked an eminent American artist, now deceased, of a friend who was not remarkable for being any thing besides a good-natured, but sometimes very tiresome bore:

"Well, not exactly right. I slept very indifferently last night; bad dreams, and all that. Besides, I've got a 'cold id by head.' In fact, I'm not *myself* to-day, at all."

"Well," replied the artist, "you've no reason to complain of *that*; for whoever *else* you may be, you are *a gainer by the change!*"

The second is on this wise:

When the late lamented Daniel Webster made his last address before the New York Historical Society, the great saloon at Niblo's was crowded to very repletion. In this crowded state of the room, a gentleman entered with a friend, and with great difficulty moved down one of the thickly-packed aisles between the seats. He had come from a late dinner at his hotel, and although not intoxicated he had the "reminiscence" of a bottle of wine in his head, and a faint reflection of it in his face.

Seeing an aged man, with white hair and tottering steps, assisted upon the platform, and to a seat beside Mr. Webster, he addressed a young gentleman, who was sitting by the side of two very lovely young ladies, with,

"Can you tell me, Sir, who that venerable old man is, who has just taken his seat by the side of Mr. Webster?"

The person addressed looked at his interlocutor for a second or so, and then made reply:

"That, Sir, is *General Washington!*"

The questioner now returned the previous gaze of the wag with interest; while the young ladies buried their faces in their handkerchiefs to smother their laughter.

"*Thank* you, Sir," said the aggrieved questioner, "for your very gentlemanly courtesy. You may perhaps want some information from *me* at some time or other."

"No, Sir," answered the wag, without moving a muscle, "I guess *not*, Sir—I guess not!"

That was the "unkindest cut of all!"

The subjoined laughable instance of the ludicrous perfection of "*Irish Flattery*" has been for many years preserved in our "Drawer," and we are sure the reader will consider it worthy of a transfer to another one more public:

"Not very long ago, I had occasion to undergo the tonsorial operation in Ireland. I was ushered into a handsome apartment, furnished with mirrors of all dimensions. A fine muscular man, whose crop of hair and whiskers bore evidence of excellent culture, presented me with a chair. I sat down, and he had scarcely drawn his comb through my somewhat wiry wig, ere he began to remark, in a fine rich brogue, on the quality of my hair:

"'Beautiful, thick, strong hair, this of yours, Sur. It'll wear well, I'll ingage. Faith, Sur, dhere must be some good stuff inside to send out such fruit as dhis.'

"As I conceived that there was something equivocal about the remark, I held my peace. But my gentleman had now commenced operations in good earnest; and, judging by sundry contortions of my features that the twitchings of his comb and scissors were not over-agreeable, he was in duty bound to enlist my attention to something else.

"'Did you iver study phrinology, Sur?'

"'No.'

"'Well, then, it's yersilf dhat *ought*, for you've a beautiful hid, intirely. Troth, Sur, I never saw such a hid in me life. Whew! Why, here are all dhe organs as large as life, Sur. Benevolence, combativeness, veneration, conscientiousness, locality, individuality, time, secretiveness, and caution, all of them of a thundering size; and marvelousness, self-esteem, philo-progenitiveness, and destructiveness well diviloped. Docthur Spurzhum would have given a thousand pounds to see such a hid. All the divilopments are grand, Sur.'

"I could not help laughing at this enthusiastic sally. 'If *all* the developments are so prodigious,' I remarked, 'you must allow that the bad propensities are as prominent as the good ones.'

"'Och! by no manner of manes, Sur. Sure you

can't think I mint any but the good ones. Didn't I name all dhe good ones? Haven't I dhe hid before me, with it's beautiful bumps? I should think, Sur, yer hid must be twinty-six inches round from philoprogenitiveness over the two *supercilious* ridges.'

"'Why, you discourse quite scientifically.'

"'Sure it's mesilf dhat ought to know how to do dhat same. Wasn't I intinded to be a surgeon-apothecary? But I could not afford to go through dhe forms for a diploma from dhe college.'

"'Oh, oh! so as you could not qualify yourself for full professional practice, you have taken to one of the minor branches. You are aware that the College of Surgeons sprung from the College of Barbers?'

"'Exactly so, Sur. Faith, Sur, you ought to wear yer hair so—off yer forrhid, Sur. You've got a beautiful forrhid, Sur.'

"'You are determined,' quoth I, as he finished his job by passing the brush over my coat, 'to set me on good terms with myself.'

"'Faith, Sur, you may take yer oath that I've tould yer nothing but the naked truth. I'd scorn it, Sur!'"

THE following novel expedient for catching a thief was adopted in a provincial town in England some twenty years ago:

"A miller residing near a place called Beverly, whose premises had been entered for some time previously almost every night, and a considerable quantity of grain abstracted, hit upon a very ingenious expedient for the detection of the offender:

"The means of ingress was by putting a finger through a hole in the door, which uplifted a latch. On the night in question the miller set a large fox-trap, and hung it inside the door, so that the thief would be obliged to touch the spring in opening the door.

"Having taken this precaution, he left it for the night, and on going the following morning his expectations were realized, by finding a fellow suspended from the door by his finger! The miller, after severely admonishing the thief for his crime, and taking into consideration the sufferings the poor wretch had undergone, gave him the choice of abiding by the law, or receiving a good horse-whipping.

"It is needless to add, that he preferred the latter alternative, which the miller administered, with the full power of a stalwart arm. The writer, a correspondent of a provincial paper, who witnessed the punishment states, that with every lash the culprit's body 'crouched to the earth, and almost doubled up with the ecstasy of pain!'"

THE subjoined strikes us as an excellent "take-off" of a style of *Art-Criticism*, which is a good deal more common than it ought to be:

"*Picture of a Peasant-Girl stirring the Fire.*" A rare specimen of rural simplicity. The figure is remarkably graceful, *but the poker is perhaps rather too stiff.* A curvilinear delineation from a right line toward the line of beauty would have given to this useful kitchen utensil a much more picturesque effect. Dominichino, Salvator Rosa, and Michael Angelo would have avoided this defect. The chiaroscuro of the tongs, in subdued shadow, is a wonderful effort of art. The shovel, on the contrary, lacks depth and buoyancy."

A PROFESSOR of Mathematics in one of our colleges, being engaged in conversation with a gentleman who advocated dueling, threw his adversary completely *hors du combat* by the following acute and characteristic reply to his question:

"But what could you do, Sir, if a man, for example, told you, to your very face, 'You lie!'"

"What could I *do?* Why, I wouldn't knock him down, but I'd tell him to *prove it!* 'Prove it, Sir, *prove* it,' I'd say. If he *couldn't* prove it, *he'd* be the liar, don't you see; but if he *did* prove that I had lied, I ought to pocket the affront: and there I expect the matter would end!"

THE following anecdote is related of Hon. Governor Kent, of Maine, our former Consul at Rio Janeiro; a man of rare, quaint wit, and very sly, quiet humor. The reader will wonder, perhaps, what there is droll about it, but it will make him laugh notwithstanding. It is not unlike that drollery embodied in Lamb's story of the man who was carrying an English hare under his arm, and was asked, "Is that your *own* hare, or a wig?"

The Governor was going on a steamboat from Portland to Bangor, and he noticed a collection of people on the promenade deck, gathered round a tall man who was talking in a very animated manner, swinging his arms, and otherwise gesticulating with great violence. Every now and then the listeners would pair off from the circle about him, and express the utmost apparent surprise at what they had heard.

Presently a by-stander came up to Governor Kent, who was reading a newspaper at the moment, and said:

"Governor, who *is* that tall man a-talking in that crowd? I never heard any thing like it in my life—never! He says he don't believe there's a heaven, nor he don't believe there's a hell, nor he don't believe there's any hereafter. What *is* he? He is an *atheist*, isn't he?"

The Governor rose up, that he might see him more clearly, and replied:

"Oh, no—he's a *Druggist;* he lives not very far from where I live when I'm at home!"

The man looked at the Governor for a moment—"smelt" the joke, and felt the queer pun—burst into a loud guffaw, and turned away.

THE celebrated preacher Rowland Hill, was very fond of mending old clocks. Once at a friend's house he had retired, as the company supposed, before preaching, to consider his sermon; but on his host's entering the room to inform him that the time had arrived for going to the place of worship, he found him with an old clock all to pieces on the table. Mr. Hill said to him:

"I have been mending your clock, and I will finish it to-morrow."

He preached with more than usual ease and fervor, and drew several beautiful images from the occupation in which his friend, to his surprise, had found him engaged.

He rode a great deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed, to be always so well, he replied:

"My physician has always been a *horse*, and my apothecary an *ass!*"

THERE must have been "*Food for Reflection*" to the congregation who were thus addressed by an Irish clergyman:

"Brethren, next Friday is my tithe-day, and those who bring their tithes, which are due to me, shall be rewarded with a good dinner, but those who do

not, may depend that on Saturday they will *dine on a lawyer's letter!*"

Old Edie Ochiltree, the "Gaberlunzie man" in the "Antiquary," was not a more independent philosopher than his American counterpart, who held the following colloquy with a rich stock-operator:

"Just you take notice that God has given me a soul and a body, as good for all the purposes of thinking, drinking, eating, and taking my pleasure, as he has you. It's a free country, too, and we are on an equality. You and I have the same common master—are equally free—live equally easy—are both traveling to the same place, and both have to die and be buried in the end."

"You pretend, then, that there is no difference between us?"

"Not in the least, *as to essentials.* You swagger and drink wine in company of your own choosing; I drink a simple beer, which I like better than wine, in company which I like better than *your* company. You make a thousand dollars a day, perhaps—I make a quarter of a dollar, maybe. If you are contented, so am I. We're equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes—I am just as happy in old ones, and am not afraid to *use* them. If I have less property than you, I have less to care about. If fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; and if I don't make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement. I am as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies—meet with fewer losses—carry as light a heart, and sing as merry a song as the best of you."

"But, then, is the contempt of the world nothing?"

"The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt, and *worse* too, I think. You have the one, and I suppose I have a share of the other. We are matched *there* too. And besides, the world deals in this matter equally unjustly with us both. You and I live by our wits instead of living by our industry; and the only difference between us, in this particular, that is worth mentioning, is, that it costs society more to maintain you than it does me. I am content with a little; you want a great deal, and are not a bit happier when you *get* it. Neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture any thing useful. We therefore add nothing to the common stock—we are only consumers; and if the world judged with strict impartiality, I think I should be pronounced the cleverest fellow of the two!"

That rare Daguerreotypist of Humanity, the late lamented "*Georgia Lawyer,*" has drawn a picture of a "*Vegetable Man,*" which is a perfect picture in its kind. Two friends and brother lawyers of the writer are traveling across the wide sandy region that forms the northern boundary of the Altamaha, when they are overtaken by a storm. They are in a sad plight, and almost in despair, when all at once a clumsy, ill-shapen log hut, with gaping interstices, beckons them to its welcome shelter:

"A fire of pine, or 'light-wood,' as it is called, blazed in the clay chimney. In one corner of the fire-place were huddled a baker's dozen of 'yellow-complected' children. A tall, gaunt female, with long uncombed tresses, or bunches of coarse red hair, was seated upon the floor; while in front of the fire, and occupying the only stool in the hovel, sat the 'lord of the soil,' shivering under the malign influence of the tertian ague.

"'Good morning, my friend,' said one of the visitors, who is celebrated for his politeness and urbanity.

"''Morning!' was the laconic reply.

"'Fine situation you have here.'

"'Fine *sit-u-a-tion!*—what is it fine *for?*'

"'Why, I should suppose you would have good sport here in hunting.'

"'Then you'd suppose a lie. You can't hunt 'cepting you got something to hunt *at*, kin ye?'

"'No; that's a very clear case. I thought, however, that so near the river there would be plenty of deer. Still, if it is not a good *hunting*-ground, it is a good place for raising cattle.'

"'It *is*, is it? S'posin' the cattle gets into the swamp, and the river rises onto 'em, and the 'tarnal fools don't get out o' the way, but get drownded—how you gwine to raise 'em then, eh?'

"'That is certainly very bad; but there is *one* comfort left to you. If you have not the richest soil, nor the best hunting-ground, nor the greenest pasturage, you have what is better than all—you have health.'

"'I *have*, eh? Do you see them yaller-complected critters in the corner there? *Them's* got "health," *ain't* they? The old 'oman there, *she's* got it, *ain't* she? And look at me, with this cussed ager shakin' my bones into a jelly. You call that "*health*," do ye?'

"'Look here, my friend,' said the lawyer, 'answer me this question, and I won't ask you another one. If you can't get any thing to grow here, and nothing to hunt, if all your cattle drown, and your family are all the while sick, why in the name of common sense do you not up sticks and off? Why do you stay here?'

"'*Oh, 'cause the light-wood knots are so 'mazin' handy!*' . . . . . .

"Now *that* is what I call a man of the *vegetable* species. I can't tell whether a vegetable thinks or not; but if it does, I have no doubt that that man's idea of heaven was, that it consisted of a large pine barren, where the light-wood knots were ''mazin' handy,' and where he would shiver the whole day with fever-and-ague over a large fire of the aforesaid light-wood knots.

"The storm was raging without; the rain descended in torrents; the red lightning darted its forked tongue through the darkness. And here, within, in unbroken silence, and almost motionless, sat the woman and her children, as cold and inanimate as the stone itself."

(This "human vegetable," it should be premised, is all this while playing an endless monotonous tune on an old dirty violin.)

"'Why don't you stop that tiresome fiddle? Why don't you stop the leaks in your house?'

"'You wouldn't have me go out in the rain to do it, would ye?' was the reply, accompanied by the fiddle.

"'No; but why don't you stop them when it *don't* rain?'

"'Oh, *they don't leak then!* what's the use?'"

This is a specimen of what in Yankee-land would be termed a very "shiftless fellow!"

Literary Notices.

Illustrations of Genius, by HENRY GILES. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The author of this volume has acquired a brilliant celebrity as a popular lecturer on subjects connected with literature and art. Few public speakers exert a more potent influence on an intellectual audience. Nor is his attractive power confined to scholars or highly cultivated circles. The mixed assemblies of a country lyceum listen with charmed attention to discourses from his lips, that would delight the most fastidious hearers in the halls of a university. This universal admiration may be ascribed in part to the kindling earnestness of his manner—his deep, electric tones of passion—the melancholy but impressive music of his cadences—the sudden bursts of inspiration with which he thrills the hearts of his audience, in the midst of an almost colloquial narrative, or a didactic critical discussion. But these causes do not fully explain the secret of his spiritual magnetism. It must be traced to a deeper source than any rhetorical expression. No mere declaimer, however forcible or adroit, could command the respect and sympathy which wait upon his words, whenever he speaks in public. Mr. Giles, then, possesses the uncommon gift of combining ideas, that are just above the common grasp, with those that are familiar and on a level with the average power of comprehension. He never soars so high as to be lost in the clouds, nor dives so deep as to touch a muddy bottom. His suggestions always have the air of novelty, and are in fact so far original, that they are not copied from others, but emanate from his own mind. They often act as a pleasing surprise, even on persons addicted to reflection, and seldom fail to bring a swarm of delightful associations in their train. Instinct with thought, they excite thought in the hearer. Fully charged with feeling, they communicate the contagious glow to the whole audience.

These qualities are certainly better adapted to give success to a popular speaker than to furnish materials for a volume. But Mr. Giles loses nothing by exchanging the lecture for the essay, and using a book, rather than the desk, as the vehicle for instruction. His fine critical skill gives a charm to his composition. As a critic, few writers in this country can sustain pretensions equal to his. His taste is appreciative, though not weakly tolerant. His positive nature leads him to search for beauty in the sphere of art, rather than to grope for the detection of faults. He has nothing mean, or malignant, or merciless, in his intellectual structure, rejoicing more in the contemplation of excellence than exulting in the discovery of æsthetic short-comings. Nor is his criticism ever cold and negative in its character. The examination of a favorite writer often entices him into fascinating episodes of his own. Many of the excursions in which he thus indulges are admirable specimens of a rich poetical diction—are filled with invigorating thoughts—abound with wise and benign counsels—and appeal to the noblest sentiments of the human heart.

In the present volume we have a number of essays on eminent authors, including Cervantes, Wordsworth, Burns, De Quincey, and Hawthorne, together with several papers on more general themes, but all of them marked by the richness of fancy, keeness of discrimination, strength and elevation of passion, and exuberance of expression, which are as natural to Mr. Giles as the air he breathes. His hearers will easily recognize some of their old favorites, but will give them a no less cordial greeting on account of the new garb in which they make their appearance.

The Illustrated Natural History, by the Rev. J. G. WOOD (published by Harper and Brothers), presents the subject in a manner suited to interest and instruct the general mass of readers. It aims to combine accuracy of information and systematic arrangement with brevity and simplicity of treatment. The materials of the work are derived both from personal experience, from the most recent zoological writers, and from the private communications of well-informed travelers in almost every portion of the world. The descriptive portions in the various branches of natural history, are marked by vividness and simplicity. Numerous original anecdotes are introduced, illustrative of animal habits and peculiarities, in connection with scientific details, and a great variety of spirited engravings give a life-like aspect to the whole volume. It possesses equal interest for juvenile and for mature readers.

Literary Recreations and Miscellanies, by JOHN G. WHITTIER (published by Ticknor and Fields), is a collection of the author's prose productions, originally written for newspapers with which he has been connected. They well deserve preservation in a permanent form, and make a welcome addition to our stores of graceful and agreeable literature. The volume consists of miscellaneous essays, historical sketches, literary criticisms, and descriptive narratives, with an occasional paper "bearing directly or remotely upon questions which still divide popular feeling and opinion, the entire omission of which would have done injustice to the author's convictions, and been a poor compliment to the reader's liberality." Mr. Whittier's style is never cold, or languid, or commonplace. Inspired with genuine human sympathies, it brings the heart into a warm and kindly atmosphere, while his animated pictures of nature, his touches of quiet humor, and his frequent keenness of remark, create a perpetual interest for the intellect. Without encroaching on the province of poetry, Mr. Whittier's prose is such as none but a poet could write, abounding in felicitous combinations, and betraying a lively play of fancy, even amidst the most homely details. His views of life, as expressed in this volume, are elevated and generous. With an ardent faith in the capacities of man for good, he does not permit the presence of evil to dim his hopes, and quench his genial aspirations in cheerless misanthropy. Among the pieces now published, "My Summer with Dr. Singletary" is the longest, and perhaps the best adapted to become a general favorite. It gives the portraiture of a solitary old humorist in a country village, whose mind was teeming with past memories and present fancies, and from whose overflowing storehouse the author draws several chapters of delightful narrative and description. The traits of this fine specimen of one of "Nature's noblemen" may be recognized in many an original among the hills of New England.

Rudolph Garrigue has brought out a collection of *German Poetry*, translated into English verse by ALFRED BASKERVILLE, which claims the attention alike of the lovers of poetry and of German literature. It embraces specimens from a wide range of writers, arranged according to priority of birth, from the middle of the last century to the present time. In company with the veteran standards, whose chief productions have become familiar by frequent trans-

lation, we here find selections from modern writers, who, though less celebrated, show that poetic inspiration is by no means extinct in the German Fatherland. Among these, are several of the recent champions of European freedom, whose fiery strains still echo with the excitements of revolution. For the most part, the translations are executed with spirit and fidelity, preserving the metre of the original in every instance, and usually reproducing the thought with literal exactness. A minute verbal criticism could doubtless discover many imperfections in the version, but it would be ungracious to dwell on errors in a work which, as a whole, bears the marks of conscientious care and literary accomplishment. The original text is presented on the page opposite the translation, furnishing an almost resistless temptation to the German scholar to look out for discrepancies.

One of Ticknor and Fields's most interesting reprints is Mrs. NEWTON CROSLAND'S recent work, entitled *Memorable Women—the Story of their Lives*, including biographical sketches of Lady Russell, Madame D'Arblay and Mrs. Piozzi, Mary L. Ware, Mrs. Hutchinson and Lady Fanshawe, Margaret Fuller, and Lady Sale. The prominent incidents in the lives of these "memorable women" are reproduced from authentic sources, and placed in a light adapted to awaken an interest in the highest traits of their character. Mrs. Crosland writes with liveliness and charming simplicity. Her narrative is enlivened with true womanly sympathies, although she makes no attempt to give a false brilliancy to the virtues of her favorites. One of the most agreeable papers in the volume is that devoted to Madame D'Arblay and Mrs. Piozzi. Apart from its happy sketches of character, it is filled with illustrations of the literary society of that period, and abounds with amusing anecdote. The author has done justice to the memory of our countrywomen, Mrs. Ware and Margaret Fuller. She cherishes a loving appreciation of the quiet disinterestedness and rare feminine wisdom of the one, while she does not lose sight of the strong affections and heroic spirit of self-sacrifice of the other, in admiration of her bright and sometimes dazzling intellectual gifts. The purpose of the volume is "to set before the young women of the present day examples of wives and mothers who have done their duty under difficulties and temptations," rather than to "encourage a liking for individual and isolated instances" of exceptional adventure. We think the author has successfully accomplished her design, and produced a work equally excellent in its tendencies and delightful in its spirit.

The Captains of the Roman Republic, by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. (Published by Charles Scribner.) Commencing with Scipio Africanus, and closing with Julius Cæsar, this volume celebrates the great Roman commanders whose names are identified with military glory. Mr. Herbert summarily disposes of the claims of the Camilli, the Curii, and the Decii, as belonging to the world of romance rather than of authentic history, and maintains that Scipio, the conqueror of Hannibal, was the first Roman who is entitled to the name of an eminent Captain. The subjugation of Italy to the arms of Rome was not due to the individual science and prowess of her generals, but to the extraordinary constitution and peculiar organization of her people. Prior to the conqueror of Zama, no single man displayed such remarkable qualities as to authorize his pretensions to the praise of decided military genius. In every respect, Scipio is a prime favorite with the author. As a general, he commands his warmest admiration. From his first to his last battle, he can not discover an error of judgment or failure of execution. Even his imperfections as a man have a strange fascination. The extraordinary influence which he possessed over all with whom he came in contact, was owing in a great degree to his unusual dignity of deportment, his singular personal beauty, his brilliant conversational talents, and his winning suavity of address. Still, the author discusses the defects of his hero with great impartiality, and, in some points of view, presents a less favorable estimate of his character than that given by Dr. Arnold. In the composition of this volume we find numerous passages of uncommon splendor of diction, and showing almost unequaled powers of scenic description. As a whole, however, we do not think it comes up to the average standard of Mr. Herbert's productions. There are frequent instances of careless writing, occasional repetitions, and sometimes a train of thought is suggested rather than developed. The volume is also disfigured with numerous typographical errors.

Life's Lesson is the title of a domestic story, abounding in natural sketches of character, and frequent pathetic and touching scenes. The plot shifts often to different and distant localities, affording scope to the writer for portraitures of a great variety of social phases. In some instances the characters are copied from famous originals, and the fidelity of their representation will be easily recognized. The volume is recommended by its air of reality, its excellent moral tone, and the flowing ease of its language. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

A Complete Treatise on Artificial Fish Breeding, edited by W. H. FRY, comprises the substance of the reports on the subject made to the French Academy and the French Government, with particulars of the discovery as pursued in England. The artificial mode of multiplying fish in illimitable numbers, it appears, was found out in Germany nearly a century ago, but has been lost sight of until recently, when it has attracted the attention both of practical and scientific men. An appropriation was made for its encouragement by the French Government in 1852, and the result has been of a quite satisfactory nature. In the first six months of its operation the superintendents of the establishment had artificially fecundated 3,302,000 eggs, and produced 1,683,200 living fish, of which 600,000 were trout and salmon. The present volume sets forth all the details of this curious discovery, and explains the methods by which, "at little care and little cost, barren or impoverished streams may be stocked to an unlimited extent with the rarest and most valuable breeds of fish, from eggs artificially procured, impregnated, and hatched." (Published by D. Appleton and Co.)

The Virginia Comedians, edited from the MSS. of C. EFFINGHAM, Esq. (published by D. Appleton and Co.), betrays the pen of a gifted writer who has already laid his native State under obligations by his life-like illustrations of her history, in the garb of attractive fictions. The volumes before us portray the state of society in Virginia during the period immediately prior to the Revolution—the characters of the plot are entirely taken from authentic tradition—and are made to contribute to a piquant and often highly-amusing story. Entirely at home among the scenes which he describes—glowing with a filial affection towards Old Virginia—combining the tastes of an antiquary with the temper of a hu-

morist—and possessing a fine instinct for the varieties of character—the author has wrought up the materials at his command into a narrative no less remarkable for its vigor of description than its dramatic effect. With his former productions—which have found such a favorable reception from the public—this story fills a peculiar place in our native literature, and legitimates the claim of its anonymous writer to original talent.

Birds of the Bible, by the Rev. H. HARBAUGH. (Published by Lindsay and Blakiston.) In this elegantly illustrated volume we have one of the earliest gift-books of the season, and one well-adapted to the gratification of the religious circle. It consists of a series of animated descriptions of the various birds alluded to in Sacred Writ, with selections of poetry appropriate to the respective subjects. The engravings which accompany the letter-press are in a high style of excellence; and, together with the beautiful typography of the volume, make it a tasteful ornament for the drawing-room table, as well as a valuable addition to the library.

E. H. Butler and Co. have issued a new and enlarged edition of Professor HART'S *Female Prose Writers of America*, containing brief sketches of their biography, and selections from their works. The volume is brought out in a style of sumptuous beauty, and is embellished with portraits of several of the celebrated women whose writings from a portion of its contents. In his biographical notices, Professor Hart has, perhaps, erred by an excessive brevity; but he is uniformly kind and gallant to his fair subjects—preserving as great a degree of impartiality as could be expected of frail mortals where living characters are the theme. The specimens which he has given of their writings are favorable to the character of female literature in this country. They present a singular variety of taste and talent, and certainly can not in every instance claim the highest rank; but they all show an admirable cultivation, great purity of sentiment, rare facility and gracefulness of expression, and not unfrequently the marks of original and vigorous thought. They do not appear to imitate any foreign model; nor are there often any traces of imitating one another. Most of the pieces are marked by a certain air of spontaneity—showing that they had their origin in a genuine inward impulse, rather than in any compulsion of circumstances. Doubtless the influence of our free institutions is friendly to the development and exercise of womanly genius. The universal spread of education calls out intellectual force wherever it exists; while the prevailing equality of social position gives ample scope for its unfettered action. Hence, though perhaps no American authoress has attained the eminence of a De Staël, a Somerville, a Browning, the catalogue of female writers in this country presents a variety and uniform excellence of which no other literature can boast.

Ida Norman (published by Sheldon, Lamport, and Blakeman), is the title of an original novel by Mrs. LINCOLN PHELPS, depicting the varied fortunes of a heroine, from the days of school-girl prosperity, through numerous reverses and trials, to a happy denouement. The plot is a hackneyed one, and is incumbered with too great a multiplicity of incidents, but it conveys a wholesome moral, and is developed with considerable ability.

Spenser and the Fairy Queen, by JOHN S. HART, LL.D. (Published by Hayes and Zell.) The design of this volume is to open the treasures of thought and sentiment concealed in the poetry of Spenser, for the enjoyment of our excited and busy age. With a profound and tender admiration for the great allegorical bard, the editor would fain make his glorious and ennobling ideas familiar to the appreciation of men and women among his contemporaries. In carrying out this plan, he has presented the thoughts of the poet, partly in prose, in the language of the editor, and partly by extracts, in the language of the author, with the spelling in some degree modernized. Although we do not suppose that the subtle and delicate conceptions of Spenser will gain any sudden accession of popularity by this effort of an admirer, we none the less welcome it as a devout homage to poetical genius, betraying a sincere sympathy with the highest spiritual beauty, and an enviable skill in its illustration.

Later Years is the title of a new work by the author of "The Old House by the River." It is distinguished by the same sweetness and pathos of sentiment, the same picturesqueness and vigor of description, and the same graceful flow of diction, which have won such a flattering welcome to the former productions of the author. He has made his place good among our most natural and forcible writers on rural scenes, and the present work will enhance his enviable reputation. Though selecting prose as his medium for expression, he has the eye and the heart of a poet, and his words will always find an echo among readers of a poetical temperament. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Synonyms of the New Testament, by RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH. (Published by Redfield.) This volume, by one of the most acute and ingenious word-critics, occupies a place which has hitherto been left almost entirely vacant in sacred philology. Without claiming to exhaust the subject, it discusses several of the most important synonyms of the New Testament, and points out their analogies and differences with sagacity and force. The volume forms a valuable addition to the apparatus of the Biblical student.

Empirical Psychology; or, the Human Mind as Given in Consciousness, by LAURENS P. HICKOK, D.D. (Published by G. Y. Van De Bogert.) The former work of the author on Rational Psychology has established his reputation as a profound and sharp-sighted metaphysician. In some sense, the present volume may be regarded as a sequel to that important production. Leaving out of view the primary, absolute conditions of all Intelligence, in its subjective idea and its objective law, it deals only with the facts of experience as brought to light in the common consciousness of humanity. It makes no claims to the prerogatives of an exact science, and prefers to be deemed less a psychology, than a description of the human mind. Still, the author has endeavored to group and harmonize the facts with which he deals in an integral unity; and, in this point of view, demands for his system an equal place in science, to say the least, to that held by chemistry, geology, and botany. His work is intended as a preparation for the study of metaphysics in more advanced stages of philosophical inquiry, and is written in a manner to be comprehended by intelligent students, with an ordinary gift of introspection, enabling them to fall back on the actual data of consciousness on which the whole method of the author is founded. The peculiar merit of the volume is its clear recognition of the world of consciousness, irrespective of the sphere of sensuous observation. It presents the interior

facts of human experience in a clear and convincing light. At times, the language is too technical for the novice in psychological inquiries; but, as a general rule, a lucid expression is given to definite conceptions. Several of the topics treated of are subjected to a vigorous and powerful analysis, and the results set forth in the transparent medium of apt and original illustrations. In the devotion to material studies and pursuits—which is just now so much the order of the day—the rare merits of this treatise may perhaps fail of due appreciation; but no competent judge can give it a thorough examination, without being deeply impressed with the exceeding value of its instructions, and the uncommon didactic accomplishments of its author.

A new volume of *Poems*, by THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS (published by Ticknor and Fields), is one of the most noteworthy productions of the month, on account of the severe classical form of its composition, and its utter freedom from the melo-dramatic vagaries which have been so absurdly affected by many popular modern poets. It is strongly marked by terseness of language and energy of thought. The prevailing severity of its tone is happily relieved by specimens of brilliant humor, and occasional passages of pathetic tenderness. With none of the transient glare which allures a swarm of superficial readers, the strong, sinewy qualities of this poetry are a pledge of the permanent esteem in which it will be held by the lovers of healthy and masculine literature.

The Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul, by the Rev. W. J. CONYBEARE and the Rev. J. S. HOWSON, is issued by Charles Scribner, in two large octavo volumes, and will doubtless be regarded by the religious public in general, no less than by theological students, as an acquisition of almost inestimable value. The high reputation of this work in Great Britain makes any comment on its merits superfluous, and we need only announce to our readers the appearance of a publication illustrative of an important portion of the Scriptures, in which they may be sure of not experiencing any disappointment.

Jerusalem and its Vicinity, by W. H. ODENHEIMER (published by E. H. Butler and Co., Philadelphia), is an elegant Christmas offering, composed of a series of lectures delivered in St. Peter's Church during Passion Week, and illustrating the most important scenes and localities of the Holy City. They combine description, instruction, and religious counsels in an impressive manner, and are admirably adapted to awaken pious associations with the interesting places which they portray. In point of typographical execution and pictorial embellishment, the volume will bear comparison with the most beautiful editions of a similar character, and can not fail to gratify a refined taste.

Memoirs of Celebrated Characters, by ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Among the celebrated characters of whom sketches are given in these volumes, are Nelson, Heloise, Columbus, Palissy the Potter, Cicero, Homer, Joan of Arc, Fenelon, and others of no less wide a diversity of position, fortunes, and age. They appear to have been culled, without any very obvious principle of selection, from the universal mass of biographical records; but, in every instance, they furnish apt materials to the author's plastic imagination, and prolific pen. What a versatility of taste and talent, to be sure, does he exhibit! How quickly is he kindled by the contemplation of every form of beauty! What glowing sympathies with all that is noble in character, lofty in genius, or heroic in action! His passion for the ideal may often lead him to give a too brilliant coloring to the virtues of his favorites, and to throw a too sombre hue around the lives of those whose base and vulgar qualities call forth his detestation. He must be read with the allowance that is always due to the statements of excitable and impassioned writers. The silver vail of ideality, which he casts around his figures, may blind the eye of the spectator to their true features. But the tinge of romance, in which he delights, gives a charm to his pages as æsthetic compositions. We linger over his radiant pictures with such fond admiration, that we do not care to scrutinize their fidelity with too curious an eye. The volumes now published exhibit the characteristic traits of their author in strong relief. A series of vivid portraitures, they exercise a resistless spell over the beholder, who is satiated with their enchantments, and is not tempted to question their truthfulness.

An Address before the Louisville Horticultural Society, by Dr. T. S. BELL, is an eloquent and finished performance, descanting on the attractions of flowers and fruits with the taste of an amateur and the knowledge of a scientific botanist. Such discourses are among the few productions of the day which remind us of the glow and freshness of the Garden of Eden.

Sermons for the People, by T. H. STOCKTON. The modest announcement of this volume will hardly prepare the reader, accustomed to sounding book-titles, to appreciate the extraordinary merit which its pages contain. Its author has long been known as one of the first of living pulpit orators. All his life a severe sufferer from ill-health, he has had but limited opportunities of filling that space before the public eye which his powers qualified him to occupy. The present work can scarcely be regarded as more than an indication of the richly-cultivated mind which it represents, but it will be cordially welcomed as a most interesting and eloquent contribution to the literature of the pulpit. Sound in doctrine—able in exposition—fruitful in suggestive hints—picturesque in style, whenever the topic in hand admits—and with a wider and more tasteful selection of natural images than the genius of the ministry gathers from landscape and firmament, it is altogether one of the most varied, charming, and instructive volumes ever offered to the Christian intellect of any land. (Published by English and Company, Pittsburgh.)

Mr. B. J. LOSSING, the well-known author of the Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, has formed an association with Mr. LYMAN C. DRAPER, the Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, for the purpose of preparing a series of popular volumes, to be illustrated in the highest style of the art of wood engraving, descriptive of the history and biography of the Great West. They will embrace the lives of Boone, Clark, Siever, Robertson, Kenton, Crawford, Brady, Wetzel, Lewis, Shelby, the Campbells, and other pioneers who settled the Western Valleys. They will commence the preparation of the series, and produce the volumes as rapidly as possible, after Mr. Lossing shall have completed his elaborate and fully illustrated History of the War of 1812–15, now in hand, and for which he has obtained much valuable original material from Mr. Draper's Western Collection. In the mean while a *Life of Daniel Boone* will be completed and issued, probably at the close of autumn or early in the ensuing winter.

The Old World and the New.



COMING TO AMERICA.



RETURNING FOR A VISIT.



CHILDHOOD.



YOUTH.



YOUTH.

TWO PATHS IN LIFE.

THESE contrasted pictures furnish texts for a whole volume of sermons upon human life and destiny. The CHILD stands at the parting of the ways, and he may run through in succession all the phases depicted in either series of portraits. The essential elements of either course of development lie alike in those smooth features. Which shall be actually realized depends mainly upon the influences brought to bear upon him from without. A few years of training in our schools upon the one hand, or in the streets upon the other, will make all the difference, in the YOUTH, between the characters that stand opposed to each other in these opposite pictures. A youth of study and training in a few years moulds the lineaments of the face into the resemblance of the first picture of MANHOOD; while, by a law equally inevitable, idleness and dissipation bring out all the lower animal faculties, which reveal themselves in the depressed forehead, the hard eyebrow, the coarse mouth, and the thickened neck of the opposite picture. The short-boy, and rowdy, and blackleg, if he escapes the state prison and the gallows, passes, as he reaches the confines of MIDDLE AGE, into the drunken loafer, sneaking around the grog-shop in the chance of securing a *treat* from some one who knew him in his flush days; while he who has chosen the other path, as he passes the "mid journey of life," and slowly descends the slope toward AGE, grows daily richer in the love and esteem of those around him; and in the bosom of the family that gather about his hearth, lives over again his happy youth and earnest manhood. What a different picture is presented in the fate of him who has chosen the returnless downward path, another and almost the last stage of which is portrayed in the companion sketch of AGE. The shadows deepen as he descends the hill of life. He has been successively useless, a pest, and a burden to society, and when he dies there is not a soul to wish that his life had been prolonged. Two lives like these lie in possibility enfolded within every infant born into the world.



MANHOOD.



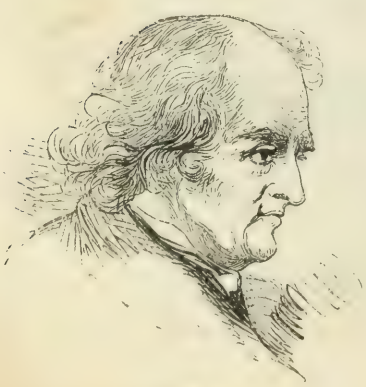
MANHOOD.



MIDDLE LIFE.



MIDDLE LIFE.



AGE.



AGE.

Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Promenade Costume.

THE distinguishing features which marked the prevailing styles for CLOAKS during the past winter—yokes and box-plaited skirts—still remain favorites. They are, however, modified by being cut in such a manner that the lower portion of the skirt falls with great fullness. That which we illustrate this month is quite unique. It is composed of Napoleon blue satin. Its peculiarity consists in the cut and great depth of the cape, which occupies nearly one half of the length of the back. From the centre, which is left in a decided point, arches spring boldly to the sides, and from thence to the breast; the points thus formed being terminated with rich tassels. The skirt, box-plaited behind into a concealed yoke, is plain in front, the arm-holes being covered with flaps ornamented with drop buttons upon the rear sides. The whole garment is elaborately ornamented with needle-work.—In regard to the materials for Cloaks, cloths are most extensively used. Satins dispute the favor which has been hitherto accorded to velvets, which they seem to be gradually displacing. In richness and elaboration of ornament, cloaks will exceed even those of last year. Every thing at present seems to indicate that furs, those especially of a costly character, will be a favorite trimming.—The DRESS is of damask silk, of which the richest fabrics are displayed in profusion. The skirt is made in flounces alternately wide and narrow, of which the number is left to the discretion of the wearer.—The BONNET is of light blue satin, having a soft crown, and is trimmed with marabout feathers.

The Chemisette, Cap, and Sleeve require but few words in explanation of the illustrations. It will be perceived that they are *en suite*. Through the fulling which borders the centre-piece of the cap is passed a ribbon, which terminates in a three-looped knot. Similar nœuds ornament each of the other pieces of lace. The sleeve is in like manner enriched by a ribbon passing through the lace at the wrist. The laces illustrated are Valenciennes, but Maltese, or any other fabric, may be similarly fashioned.



FIGURE 3.—CAP.

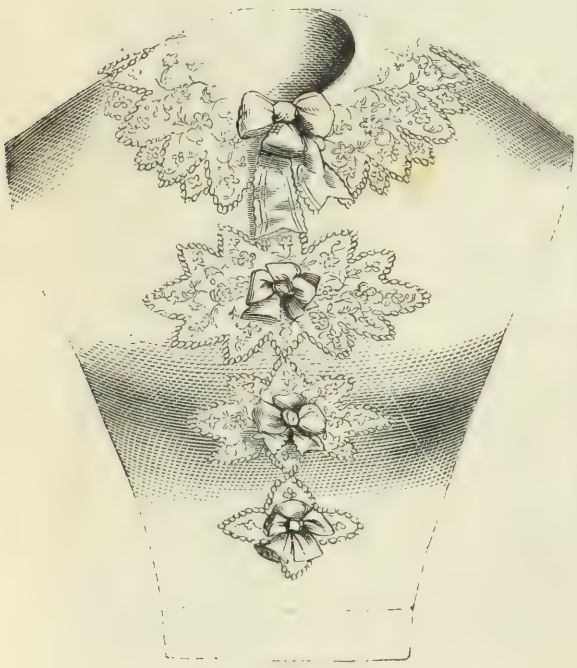


FIGURE 2.—CHEMISETTE.



FIGURE 4.—SLEEVE.